

VNIVERSITAT
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The Neglected Poetry.

**The Study of a Legacy:
the Poetry written by the XV International Brigade
and by the Supporters of the Spanish Republic**

Doctoral Thesis

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Herbert Read supports the Spanish Republic in the survey *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War* (1937):

“IN SPAIN, and almost only in Spain, there still lives a spirit to resist the bureaucratic tyranny of the State and the intellectual intolerance of all doctrinaires. For that reason all poets must follow the course of this struggle with open and passionate partisanship.”

“If we are to preserve the heritage of our fathers, we must be prepared to fight as the gallant loyalists of Spain fought and died, holding back with their bodies and blood for two and a half years the flood of barbarism that swept over Europe until they succumbed to the strange indifference of democratic nations in whose defense they were valiantly fighting. World War II began in Spain 1936.”

Claude G. Bowers, former Ambassador of the United States of America in Spain 1933-1939.

My Mission To Spain. Watching The Rehearsal

For World War Two

New York, November 1953 (foreword vi)

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Preliminary. The Neglected Poetry

The First World War was the last European war which was only fought on the battlefield. Eight million soldiers died and there were six million disabled. During the inter-war years, the time between the Great War and the Second World War, there was another war in Europe, called the Spanish Civil War.

The Spanish war was considered an isolated conflict during this twenty-one year parenthesis of relative peace in a Europe that had made room for four dictators: Adolph Hitler, Benito Mussolini, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar and Joseph Stalin. The Second World War involved more countries than the First World War; its duration and the use of massive new military technology caused nearly seventy million deaths. The First World War lasted four years and took place mainly in the trenches. There were periods when the front stayed in the same position for at least a year. This prolonged wait was sometimes filled with the writing of spontaneous poems or verses which collected the soldiers' feelings about their experiences at the front. The majority of the soldiers lacked primary studies and there was a high percentage of illiteracy which made it difficult for them to write poems. Nevertheless, there was an important amount of poems written in English (as well as in other languages) by Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, Isaac Rosenberg, Thomas, Graves and so on. The majority of them would not be known until many years later because most of their works were not published regularly until the mid-twenties. However, when their poems were released, given their literary and historic value, the poets were not neglected for having participated in that war. Neither their pacifist ideology, nor their satirical themes were marginalised and nowadays they are considered canonical poets in the English language.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out, in spite of the enduring work of the Pedagogical Missions and the impulse for public schooling during the Republic, the illiteracy rate among the native population was extremely high. Langston Hughes explained this in his book *Escritos sobre España* (2011). For example, he said that the kitchen head at the Albacete base had problems to make the kitchen work, because what the brigadists wanted was to fight, not to cook, and the majority of the Spaniards could neither read, nor understand the orders, nor the menus.

This has meant a double task for Louis who speaks little Spanish. He evidently depends on an interpreter. However as many of the kitchen workers did not know how to read nor write, writing down the orders and making lists of menus was impossible at the beginning.

Out of 27 cooks and helpers, only 7 knew how to read and write and therefore, Louis organised classes for them. After five months seventeen have really learned to read in their own language, Spanish. Due to this achievement, the U.G.T trade union, to which the kitchen workers belong to, have congratulated Louis in an official letter. (Hughes, 2011:80, the translation is ours).

During the war and in spite of the difficult conditions, the Alliance of the Antifascist Intellectuals for the Defence of Culture, in which the majority of the poets from the Generation of '27 participated, developed a project of literary diffusion which materialised in *El Mono Azul*,¹ among other activities.

At the same time, and this being a fundamental question for our study, the government, different cultural associations, trade unions, political parties, and military units also edited their own monthly, weekly, or daily publications.

As a consequence of the proposal of the agreement of non-intervention² and the large scale military collaboration between the European fascist powers, and the Moroccan Legion, supporting the rebels, the International Communist, at the request of Joseph Stalin, organised the formation of the International Columns after September 1936 (Castells, 1974: 56). The French Communist Party (FCP), led by André Marty, carried out the recruiting and organization. Many of the volunteers who joined came from countries with dictatorships, such as Germany or Italy, but the majority came from democratic countries, such as France, England, Ireland, Belgium, the United States, Argentina and Chile, among others. However, not all the brigadists were Stalinists, as Casanova states, "There were a good many in the Brigades who were Stalinists, especially at the organisational level, but there were thousands who were not" (2010: 95).

The volunteers of the International Brigades came spontaneously to defend the Spanish Republic because of their ideals of solidarity; many of them sacrificed their lives for the Republic's defamed right of self-defence because they knew that, what was at stake in Spain was the liberty of the entire world.

The birth of the brigades cannot be understood without the existence of the Non-Intervention Committee that had blocked Democratic Spain. Confronted with all the evidence of Hitler's and Musollini's tangible support to Franco, the Republic declared that the neighbouring countries hid behind the hypocrisy of the words "the keeping of world peace" to disguise the reality of the facts: the breaking of all the previous agreements of collaboration of mutual help among democratic countries, with France and Great Britain as their head (Núñez, 2004: 121, the translation is ours).

The International Brigades were consolidated into five brigades; the XV was the English speaking brigade, mainly formed by English, Irish, Canadian, American and Australian brigadists.

The volunteers from the working class had a tradition of writing poetry, given that the leftist publications in England or Ireland promoted the publication of stories and

¹ *El Mono Azul* was a magazine published on the Loyalist side during the Spanish Civil War under the auspices of the Alliance of Antifascists Intellectuals.

² The Committee of Non-Intervention, promoted by the French Government at the beginning of the war, ended with an agreement which was signed in London on the 3rd of September of 1937. Twenty-seven countries, including the great European powers, signed a pact in which they committed themselves not to get involved in the Spanish War.

poems about their personal experiences (Jump, 2006: 15). Different from the recruited men in the First World War, these men formed part of the first literate worker generation (Jump, 2006: 15). Newspapers, such as *New Writing*, *Left Review* or *Poetry and the People*, encouraged the writers and poets mainly from the working class to publish poetry. Continuing that blossoming tradition, any volunteer brigadist could feel free to express an idea or a feeling without feeling inhibited for not being a professional writer. Some of these poems were published in *The Volunteer for Liberty*, the XV International Brigade's weekly paper written in English and edited in Madrid from February until March 1938, when the publisher moved to Barcelona because of the development of the war. The majority of the XV International Brigade poetry was practically unknown. Only the names and the works by John Cornford, Stephen Spender and Charles Donnelly, writers who enlisted in the International Brigades, were known.

The brigadists, who fought for the defence of the Republican cause, left a valuable testimonial legacy in which the poetry that was written in the battlefield stands out.

Nevertheless, the subsequent war development, with the Second World War following the Spanish War and after this the Cold War³, had negative repercussions on this legacy, since one of the consequences was the global polarization into two main political blocks, one communist and the other, capitalist. Sectarianism imposed the rules of the game. Everything related to communism or leftist issues was instantly attacked, chased or ignored in the capitalist sphere. The same thing happened in the communist countries regarding the countries under the influence of capitalism.

³ The Cold War was a historic period of tension between the capitalist block, with United States as head, and the communist block, headed by the USSR, which lasted from 1945 to 1991. Its origin was the end of the Second World War, and it was called this because no war between these nations was started, probably because of the fear of a nuclear war. During this conflict two wars occurred where both powers directly or indirectly intervened: Korea (1950-1953) and Vietnam (1964-1975).

INTRODUCTION

Motivation

The motivation of this dissertation seeks to expand and deepen the knowledge based on the thesis of the Master in Languages and Literature (González Biosca, 2012) done at the University of Valencia. The thesis focused on the poetic legacy written in English in Spain by a group of brigadists from the XV International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. One of the first steps of this present research will be to establish the state of the question again because we will include two new groups of poets, the Retrospective and Abroad Groups. Thus we will turn to the bibliography, which will be detailed later on, in order to revise the editions and anthologies where those poems were published and the historical context in which that poetry was written.

Our personal motivation is to approach this poetic legacy written in favor of the Spanish Republic which has been completely unknown by us. With this investigation, we would like to contribute to the acknowledgement that, in our opinion, this poetic legacy deserves.

Justification for the Research

The anthology assembled for the abovementioned M.A. Thesis (González Biosca, 2012) contained a selection of the poems written by some brigadists while participating in the struggle against fascism in Spain, a few of which were included in well-known anthologies, or in left wing magazines, but others had just been published in their weekly newspaper, *Volunteer for Liberty*.⁴ Each of the original poems were accompanied by a translation, sometimes my own because there was no available translation, and sometimes by other authors. Brief information about the poet-brigadist was also included. In the conclusion for that thesis it was established that this legacy had mainly been neglected for so many years due to political reasons.

Nancy Cunard, helped by W.H. Auden and Stephen Spender, carried out a survey among the English and Irish writers to know who supported the legal government of the Republic, who did not, and who did not choose either of the two options. The survey was named *Authors Take Sides On The Spanish War* and its results were published in *Left Review*⁵ in 1937.

Thanks to initiatives like Cunard's, poetry was written in English from Canada, England, Ireland, Australia, and evidently, also from other countries and in other languages. This poetry had two clear functions: on the one hand to defend the Spanish democracy, and, on the other, to let the citizens from those countries know that, in spite

⁴ Official organ of the English-speaking battalions of the International Brigades which fought in favour of the Spanish Republic during the Spanish Civil War.

⁵ Nancy Cunard in 1937, together with W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender, distributed a questionnaire about the war to writers in Europe; the results were published by *The New Left Review* as *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*.

of the non-intervention agreement, an invasion, supporting the rebel's coup d'état, was being carried out by Nazi and Fascist Italian troops. The function of this poetry was evidently used as propaganda:

The immense majority of writers, as is known, adheres to the cause of the young Spanish Republic, although voices which celebrated the coup d'état were not lacking- the most notorious case, not only for the large amount of verses, which were dedicated to it, but also for the undisputable quality of some of them, is that of the South African poet Roy Campbell. The ideological answer is heterogeneous among the committed or sympathizers writers of the Spanish Republic, as diverse as the mosaic of forces of the "Spanish labyrinth" (Álvarez and López, 1986: 5, the translation is ours).

Regarding the poems written by the brigadists during the war in Spain, the references to the territory where the war was fought were fundamental and continuous: the trenches, the bombed cities, the ambulances, the hospitals and so on. The temporal axis corresponded to that of the brigades during the civil war, from their arrival in Spain at the end of summer in 1936, until their departure in November 1938. This poetry, as Álvarez and López (2006) indicate, did not have the function of propaganda or, at least, not at first. The experience and the reality of the war did not admit its idealization, nor its violence, although the brigadists fought for and revindicated ideals:

Paradoxically, we find the most intimate notes and a language with smaller doses of political propaganda, especially in the writings of the poets who fought in Spain. On the other hand, the verses with the largest ideological accent were produced far from the battlefronts. The poetry by "poets in uniform" generally springs from their own experiences in the trenches; they know "blood and death," and do not admit the heroic touches, nor the idealization of violence which usually decorates the propagandistic poetry (Álvarez and López, 1986: 6, the translation is ours).

This research extends the scope of the previously mentioned thesis (González Biosca, 2012) and, apart from analysing the poems included in the anthology more in depth, it also includes a subgroup of poems written by brigadists who wrote them after going back to their countries; this subgroup is called Retrospective, and poems written by those poets who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad, most of whom were canonical poets at that time; that was the case of Wallace Stevens or Cecil Day-Lewis. Therefore, as it will be seen, we have classified the poems according to spatial criteria regarding those poems written in Spain or written from abroad, and temporal criteria, during or after the war.

Poems for Spain was the first anthology published in 1939 by Stephen Spender⁶ and John Lehman. In 1964, Robert Skelton published an anthology under the name *Poetry of the Thirties*, where there is a chapter dedicated to a few poets who supported

⁶ See González Fernández (2009) for an insightful analysis on Spender's Literary Commitment.

the Spanish Republic and to some brigadists. As far as the United States was concerned, in 1965 Ford published a monographic study of this poetry, but as the title *A Poet's war: British Poets and the Spanish Civil War* indicates, American poets were not included in this anthology. This may be due to the fact that the United States was at the height of the persecution of leftist intellectuals, known as *The Witch Hunt*, headed by the republican senator Arthur McCarthy. Ford gave an accurate account of some canonical poets, such as W.H. Auden, Herbert Read, Stephen Spender and many other poets of the 1920s and 1930s, even those from the First World War. He did likewise with the brigadists, such as John Cornford, Christopher Caudwell, Julian Bell and so on.

The year 1966 was when John M. Muste published *Say that we saw Spain to Die: Literary Consequences of the Spanish Civil war*. The author reviewed the literature from the Spanish Civil War. He commented on some poems written by the volunteers, like John Cornford, Stephen Spender and Edwin Rolfe, and supporters, such as Margot Heinemann and W. H. Auden. In 1969, Maxwell reviewed the poets of the 1930s and published *Poets of the Thirties*. Three brigadists were studied: Christopher Caudwell, John Cornford, and Stephen Spender, who already was a canonical poet; and two canonical poets who took side for the Spanish Republic, Daniel Day Lewis and Louis MacNeice.

Valentine Cunningham published *Spanish Civil War Verse* in 1980, an anthology that contained many previously unpublished poems. This anthology not only included poems written by British poets, but also included letters, press articles, personal memoirs, and Spanish poems translated into English. As Cunningham indicates there are several factors which make this anthology special:

Special too, about this collection are the previously unpublished things it contains: Several poems by Miles Tomalin; several by Clive Branson, among them his unique concentration camp verses... My Introduction is also the first account of this War's relation to English literature that's been able to draw on the valuable new Archive of the International Brigade... For one prime intention of this anthology is to put firmly the work of those undeservedly too-little known poets Charles Donnelly, Ewart Milne, Clive Branson, Tom Wintringham and Miles Tomalin. Another is to reveal the considerable (in every sense) extent of Stephen Spender's contribution, in verse and prose, to the literature of Spain (1980: 16-17).

In the United States in 2002, Cary Nelson published an anthology that assembled poems written by American volunteers, some poems of supporters and others written by late contributors. In 2006, a British brigadist's son, Jim Jump, published the last anthology written by British and Irish brigadists who volunteered for the Loyal Spanish front, *Poems from Spain*.

There are also two anthologies published in Spain, one bilingual by Álvarez and López in 1986 *Poesía Anglo-Americana de la Guerra Civil Española* and another in Spanish by Montero (AABI) in 2001, *Voluntarios de la libertad*. In 1981, Bernd Dietz, published a monograph under the title *El Impacto de la Guerra Civil Española en la Poesía Inglesa (1936-1939)*.

Most of these poets grew up in a world that had kept strong memories of that conflict, and especially because that poetry was not broadly published until the late 1920s or 1930s. The poetry from the First World War impacted the brigadists, due to the fact that some of them were sons or relatives of soldiers who had fought in that war. That was the case of John Cornford, whose father had fought in the First World War and, in the case of Captain Thomas Wintringham, he himself had fought.

The consultation of primary sources for evidence on original works, such as biographies, diaries and memoirs, photos, letters and so on written by the brigadists or war correspondents, referring to their daily routine during the war, will be crucial for our research in order to connect this legacy to the social context where the poets lived and to explore the complex set of factors that determined the commitment they held, either as participants or supporters.

Objectives

This research will take into account the considerations stated by Álvarez and López (1986) about the differences between the poetry written by the brigadists and the one by poets who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad.

Using field research techniques will be indispensable to gather data that later will be the evidence obtained after the application of qualitative and quantitative research methodologies. Our main objective in this research is to **contribute additionally to the study of this poetic legacy** by, firstly, developing an insightful stylistic analysis of the poems in order to understand the interaction between the poems, their authors and audience and, secondly, focusing on the criteria employed to select the poems, singling out their structure and poetical devices, themes and tone and then compiling the evidence and results from these poems by using tables and graphs (objective 1). We would also like to show that the tone of some of these poems written abroad is different from those based on personal war experience, because they had been written mainly as propaganda to collect money, food and other goods needed by the Spanish Republic, or to prompt governments to repeal the non-intervention agreement.

A second objective, thanks to the first-hand testimonies found in the poems written by the three groups of poets, is aimed at **elucidating and understanding some of the reasons behind the fact that this poetic legacy has been neglected and is still neglected today** (objective 2).

Hypotheses

As mentioned in the Preliminary, Álvarez and López (2006) consider some differences between the poetry written by the brigadists and the one by poets who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad. Their anthology opens a door for future research, since they do not illustrate what those differences are. Therefore, we found this anthology inspiring and understood it as an invitation to deepen the study of this legacy. Thus, as our first hypothesis, **our extended research will allow us to substantiate not only those differences, but also the similarities** (objective 1)

between the three groups of poets; that is, the Brigadist, Retrospective and Abroad groups.

Following this, the poetic legacy gathered in our research is first-hand evidence of the reality, on one hand, based on the direct war experience of the brigadists and, on the other, on the direct experience of the viewer from abroad. Although we will analyse each group through their poems separately, at the same time, we will approach them as a whole, as a single voice which will make the poems alive again, the testimony of their memories. Upon reading and analysing the contents of the poems, we also believe that **this research will shed light on and help us understand some of the causes why this poetic legacy has been neglected and is still neglected today** (objective 2).

Structure of the Research

This research has been divided into six chapters, with the intention of conveying the historical context of the research, with the methodology, the corpus of the poems and their respective analysis.

The first section after the **Preliminary** is the **Introduction**, where we contextualize the historical background of the research. It also contains our personal motivation, justification, objectives and the research questions we would like to answer through the PhD process.

Chapter 1 deals with the methodology and procedures used to develop the investigation. **Chapter 2** establishes the historical, political and diplomatic frame and the reasons why the International Brigades fought on the side of the Spanish Republic. It also has to do with the general situation of the brigadists after the Spanish Civil War within the historical international context. **Chapter 3** focuses on the international press and the war correspondents. The International Brigades also published their own press. **Chapter 4** describes the literary influences from the World War I poets and the aesthetic currents on the Brigadist and Retrospective groups. **Chapter 5** contains the corpus of poems from the three groups of poets, the Brigadist, Retrospective and Abroad groups and its corresponding stylistic analyses. **Chapter 6** deals with the presentation of evidence and results. Next, a general comparison is made of these results. **Chapter 7** is the conclusion of this research, followed by the **Bibliography**. **Annex 1** provides biographical information about all of the poets and the publication dates of the poems.

1. METHODOLOGY AND PROCEDURES

1.1. Preface

This section covers the development of the procedures employed in the PhD process whose research guidelines are based on the justification of our study and its methodology. Thus, it begins with the approximation to the first clues which led us to this poetry and to its historical context.

1.2. First clues

The study and analysis of the International Brigadists' poetry was born as a project which had to follow some principles and a specific methodology to become an academic investigation. The first phase, which we never imagined would be so arduous, consisted of collecting all the material and, at the same time, following the objectives of our investigation; we studied and approached the historical causes which gave rise to the formation of the International Brigades in the Spanish Civil War.

The first contact we made with the International Brigades was through the bibliography suggested by Antonia Cavanilles, professor of Comparative Literature in the "Master en Investigación en Lenguas y Literatura" at the University of Valencia and my mentor during the Master thesis process.

We began the investigation with two fundamental books. The first one is *Los brigadistas de habla inglesa en la Guerra Civil Española* written by Rodríguez Celada, González de la Aleja and Pastor García (2006). The book, as its title indicates, reviews the literature written in English during the Spanish Civil War. What is most interesting for our research are the bibliographic sources which are used and which helped us to find poets and poems written during the period of the conflict on Spanish soil. The second book is a bilingual anthology edited in 1986 by Álvarez Rodríguez and López Ortega, *Poesía Anglo-Norteamericana de la Guerra Civil Española*. This book did not have a bibliography. Therefore, we could not find the origin of the untitled poem written by the American brigadist, Joseph Selligman. Our interest in this poem was personal since the first time we read it, because we noticed that its refrain and the narration echoed the poem written by Alfred Lord Tennyson, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (1854). We only found this information in *The Last Great Cause*, a book written by Stanley Weintraub in 1968, a study about the literature written by the Americans involved in the Spanish war.

The next steps were the searches for more data, personal memoirs and photographs through anthologies, literary magazines published by brigadists, internet sources and websites, biographies, catalogues, libraries, battlefields and museum websites, as for example, the Imperial War Museum, among others.

We contacted the Asociación de Amigos de las Brigadas Internacionales in Madrid by telephone and Severiano Montero, the president of the association at that time, answered our questions about a topic which was new for us. We wondered where

they had fought, and if they had been in the trenches for long periods of time. Severiano Montero, a scholar of history and professor, suggested that we participate in the guided marches to the battlefields where the brigadists had fought. He also told us to visit the Conde Duque Newspaper Library in Madrid, where microfilmed diaries of *The Volunteer for Liberty*, published from February 1937 until February 1938, are preserved on microfilm. Reading those old periodicals published at that time in English in a country, where the majority of the population was illiterate, was an emotional moment of the research. Then, our field work continued when we rang the newspaper library of the Pavellón de la Republica which belongs to the University of Barcelona and, fortunately, the archivist confirmed there were some issues of the *The Volunteer for Liberty*. However, the archivist told us we needed a letter of presentation from the decan of the University of Valencia to have access to the newspapers. Other places, such as the Humanities Library at the Valencia University, the newspaper library in Valencia, the newspaper library of the Ateneo Mercantil and the Institute Française of Valencia, have been very useful. One of the most interesting archives that we worked with through the Internet is the Abraham Lincoln Brigades Archive in New York, where there is a great deal of official and personal data about the American brigadists.

Other valuable sources of first hand information were the diaries, biographies or novels written by brigadists, where they relate their memories, and the ones written by war correspondents that tell a great deal about their experiences and implications with the “causa.” Many war correspondents, such as Martha Gelhorn, Virginia Cowles, Sefton Delmer, Josephine Herbst, Ernest Hemmingway, Langston Hughes, Charly Buckley, Herbert Mathews and John Whitaker spoke clearly about the facts of the war where they lived close to the fighting. Their vision of the personal tragedies of the brigadists, the popular army and the Spanish civilians reflected the professionalism of the good journalists who wrote what they saw without being afraid of the threat of censorship and its consequences because they were observers, journalists and protagonists all at the same time.

Even though we found books in the archives they were not sufficient enough for our investigation. Therefore it was necessary to look for and buy all the anthologies, and most of the personal memoirs, essays, criticisms, biographies and history books on the Internet and from abroad. Sometimes there were handicaps because some books did not arrive on time, others were out of print and we had to look for them in other places. We had to reorder books and cancel other orders. Finally we were able to compile a great deal of information to be able to carry out our research.

Another helpful source of information has been Ray Hoff, the son of Harold Hoff, an American brigadist of the XV Brigade. Ray sent us a facsimile of all the issues of *The Volunteer of Liberty*. He also sent other documents about the brigades, poems, pictures, and letters and has always been willing to help in any way possible.

1.3. Development of the Research

Taking into account that this chapter also deals with the necessary field work for the qualitative research, the methodology depends to a large extent on the knowledge of

the historical context to which the brigadists belonged, and the consequences that the Spanish war had on their lives. The normal day-to-day routine of millions of citizens was interrupted by the coup d'état led by a group of rebel generals against the legality of the Spanish Republic government. The experience of the war is reflected in their poetry; they protagonized events that would change their lives forever. The worldwide scenario was changing dramatically during the Spanish Civil War, so, the intellectuals from abroad, who supported the Spanish Republic, answered the tragic appeal of Spain with their poetry.

A comparison between the legacy of the poetry written by the three groups will help to single out what issues and aesthetic currents influenced these poets. Visiting natural scenarios, such as Belchite, Benicasim, Brunete or Jarama, where the brigadists fought and that inspired most of the poetry they wrote, is a part of the global process of the qualitative research of how things took place and how they progressed. Therefore, we visited some of the battlefields and places where events occurred. We also had the opportunity to listen to the experiences of some brigadists through the testimony of their children, Raymond Hoff and James Neugass, the sons of Harold Hoff and James Neugass, both of them members of the XV Brigade.

One of the most touching moments of the research was during the homage in November 2012 to the International Brigades at the Complutense University in Madrid, one of the first places where the brigadists defended the city from the attacks of the rebels. There I introduced myself to one of the last British brigadists who was still alive, David Lomon. I thanked him for what he had done for my country, Spain. Then he held my hand, put it against his chest and said, "You do not have to thank me. I did it because it came from my heart." After the homage, I interviewed him, and I also asked about Clive Branson, another brigadist who had been captured with him by the Italian fascist infantry during the retreats in March, 1938, after the fall of Belchite. Both of them had been sent to the concentration camp of San Pedro de Cardeña in Burgos, where Branson had written poems and made sketches of the brigadist prisoners. Then David remembered that Branson had made a charcoal portrait of him. This picture is presently at the Max Memorial Library in London. David Lomon died a few weeks later.

1.4. Selection of the Poets from the XV International Brigade

Traditionally, poetry has been used as propaganda of war with the intention to gain support of the people, and that was what the Spanish Republic needed in order to collect funds for the refugees, food, medicines and other supplies for the Spanish people. Thanks to the initiative by Nancy Cunard to publish the survey "Are you for or against the war?" in 1937, many poems from Canada, England, Ireland, and also from the United States were published in favour of the Spanish Republic. This made the Spanish "causa" very popular around the world. It also helped the citizens to be aware of what really was happening with the agreement of non-intervention. The questionnaire explained that the agreement was a farce, because two of the nations that had already

signed it, Germany and Italy, had invaded Spain and supported the rebel General Francisco Franco.

The corpus of poets chosen for the aforementioned Master thesis (González Biosca, 2012) contained poetry based on the experience the brigadists went through while serving on the Loyalist side. Poems written by the nurses and journalists, as for example, Langston Hughes, who had spent three months with the XV Brigade, were also included.

The continuous references to the land were crucial: the trenches, the anguish, the fear of death, the blitzed cities, the hospital, the ambulance, etc. This poetry, mainly based on personal experience of the war, did not idealize it, although the poets defended the fight for their ideals.

1.5. Selection of the Retrospective Poets

The first selection of poetry written by brigadists, nurses and journalists who were involved in the war, has been extended with the poems written by those who wrote them after the end of the war. As mentioned before, we have called this group Retrospective Poets.

Therefore, we decided to separate this group from the one of the brigadists, because their poems were written after they had returned to their countries. These poems echo their remembrances of the war. Some were written while the war was still in progress and others were written many years later.

1.6. Selection of the Poets who supported the Spanish Republic from Abroad

As we have already mentioned in the introduction, this third group of poets, who for different reasons supported the loyalist side of the Spanish struggle with their poetry, left an important legacy. There were poets both from Europe and from America and Canada. The selection of these poets has been made from different newspapers and anthologies of poetry from the Spanish Civil War, some from the 1930s and some published more recently, as for example, the *Anthology of American Poetry* by Oxford University Press, published in 2006. Some authors were already canonical at that time; others were not recognized until a few years later.

1.7. Translating Poems

When we were looking for a topic for our research, we found a little book of poems written by a group of men who had arrived in Spain to fight against fascism. Most of those men were workers; there were also university students, professors, war correspondents and others among them. What first caught our attention was that it was the first time we had ever heard about them. Those poems were written in English in Spain during the Spanish Civil War. Nevertheless they had almost been neglected from poetry publications for decades. Therefore we decided to translate part of this legacy that had never been translated because we wanted the Spanish audience to listen to these

poems in their own language and to know the ideas and feelings of the brigadists who had fought and died for Spain.

We have tried to reflect the message of the poems in the translations, and also respect how the poets wrote them. This does not mean translating word by word and using the literal translation. Instead we approached the reality both in the original poem and that in the translated one. As Niknasab and Pishbin quote in their article “ On the Translation of Poetry: A look at Sohrab Sepehri’s *Traveler*”:

Abbasi and Manafi Anari (2007, pp. 67-68) in their article on strategies of poetry translation have mentioned that literal verse translation itself can be subdivided into several categories...

2.3.1.3. Stanza Imitation

In this strategy translator presents a literal rendering of the original poem and at the same time he/ she imitates the stanza pattern or the structure of the source poem. In other words translator tries to be faithful to the original content and also reproduce something of the form (Niknasab and Pishbin, 2011: 6).

Translating a text, in this case, poetry, implies intuition beyond time and space on what has remained from the poets in their verses. We also tried to remain consistent regarding their identities and the ideals that moved them to commit their own lives to their moral principles. The poetry of the brigadists and the supporters of the Spanish Republic mirrored the day-to-day language they brought from their countries. On translating their poems we wanted to restore their value, connecting past and present, without leaving behind the cultural references, neologisms, spelling errors, idiomatic expressions and so on. For instance, in the poem by the Welsh brigadist Joe Monks, he wrote the name of the Andalusian village Fuenteovejuna as he pronounced it, “Fuente-O-Venjuna.”

As this research will indicate, the poetry written by the Brigadist and Retrospective groups and the Abroad group that supported the Spanish Republic paid special attention to imagery and symbols, even though it was realistic poetry. The poets who wrote from abroad depicted the striking crudeness of war by combining simple vocabulary and, in some cases, complex diction. It was a poetry which focused on propaganda, as it wanted citizens of other countries to open their eyes to the advance of fascism. On the other hand, the poetry of the Brigadist and Retrospective groups conveyed the reality of a shock-force soldier with his own fears, feelings and hopes; thus, they also used plain diction to describe specific moments and situations. They did not use extra words, just the necessary ones to reflect their emotions and the intensity of war. By contrast, even though the supporters used simple language as well, we can extract from the reading of the poems, that their language was more rhetorical and enveloping; sentences were complex and longer. Therefore, the translation of these poems was more complicated.

Reading the poems aloud again and again, recording, listening and reading them again is a technique we used to grasp the iambs, rhyme and the intensity of the poems. Many poems were written in free verse; however, classical types also abound, as the

sonnet, elegy, apostrophe and classical stanza, like the heroic quatrain. A classic device of Georgian and Pastoral poetry profusely used by these poets is the capital letter at the beginning of each line of the poem. Even though there is an extensive use of the enjambment, (the linked continuation of the phrase or clause across the line boundary, creating a certain tugging effect (Kinzie, 1999: 407), we decided to translate the beginning of the continuing line in a low case letter, if there was an enjambment, in order to avoid confusion in the Spanish translation.

1.8. Methodology of the Analysis of the Poems

Before we began to write the thesis and analyse the poems, one of the first things we decided to do was to visit the battlefields, where the brigadists had fought and that had served as inspiration for their poems, in order to contextualise the research. The contextual analysis is an effective tool in the process of reading and comprehension of a poem; this approach helped us to understand the poetry written in such terrible circumstances, as was the case of the poetic legacy written by the brigadists. They wrote their poems mainly at the front, in the hospitals, in an ambulance or just during a moment of rest. The brigadists, who were writing at the front, wrote about war, what they saw and felt. Everything was destruction and death, but also hope.

On the other hand, the poets who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad were mostly canonical. This group was mainly composed of modernists who had received the influences and their complexities from the literary vanguards. The relationships established between the social, historical and literary context of the poets and the influences they received from the poets of the Great War and the canonical avant-garde poets emerged from the analyses of the poems.

We also sought for specialized articles and books to find guidance dealing with this part of the research. The first book we consulted was *Linguistic Criticism*, by Roger Fowler:

The ultimate process in linguistic creativity is the formation of a whole new code, a system of new linguistic arrangement encoding a whole new area of knowledge. These effects can be used by the use of a vast range of very diverse linguistic techniques: metaphor, clashes of style, parody, breaking of syntactic rules, invention of new words, etc. (1986: 40).

One of the guides we used to approach the linguistic analysis of the poems is *A poet's guide to poetry* by Mary Kinzie (1999), where we found explanations and techniques, such as, versification and stylistic analysis, the category of the poem (sonnet, ode, romance, song, etc.), the type of stanzas, different rhymes, lexical meanings (substantial words, adjectives) and poetical devices (hyperbaton, anaphora, personification, onomatopoeia) and so on. The book also deals with the consideration of the contents, ideas and themes of the poems and how to find the thread that is woven throughout.

The interpretation is another step where we entered the creation of the poem to discover its message through the understanding of the elements of the lyric, such as, lyrical object, theme, tone, attitude and speaker or persona, who sometimes acts as the voice of the poet, but other times is the voice of the protagonist.

We have used several books to help us understand the texture of this literary genre, war poetry. In *The Art and Craft of Poetry*, by Michael J. Bugeja, chapter five deals with this topic:

The combination of poetry and war seems oxymoronic, a type of water and oil mix. When we think of poetry, we think of beauty- images so lovely or stunning they take our breath away. When we think of war, other images come to mind- destruction, sacrifice. Death. And yet war poetry remains one of the earliest categories of verse in western literature... War poetry is universal. War is war, pain is pain, loss is loss; the topics and themes seldom change - only the names of battles, casualties and weapons do (1994: 85).

The first poems we analysed had some clues and connections to other poems we had already read, for example the poem, “Twenty of Us” by Joseph Rosenstein maintains a similar structure to the one of *Spoon River Anthology*,⁷ also a long epic poem divided into five parts, by Edgar Lee Masters. This second poem is also influenced by the long epic poem “The Waste Land” written by T. S. Eliot.

Another guide that we used is *How to Read and Understand Poetry Part 1*, by Professor Willard Spiegelman. The book consists of a collection of lectures and begins by explaining what to look and listen for in a poem:

Instead of asking, ‘what does this poem means?’ the questions I shall encourage you to think about all the time are these:

1. What do I notice about this poem?
2. What is quirky or peculiar about it?
3. What new words do I see or what familiar words and new situations?
4. Why is it the way it is, and not some other way? (1999: 1).

Spiegelman also explains how to listen to the poems; the rhythm, rhyme and the words all create an effect on the meaning of the poem and, since this is war poetry, the reader can hear the sounds of war: the bombs, the explosions, the shouting, the confusion. In “Lecture Five” the author deals with metaphor and metonymy, which are poetic devices used extensively in figurative language to enhance what the poets are saying in order to give the reader more impact.

⁷ Edgar Lee Masters’ collection of post-mortem autobiographical “epitaphs,” makes 244 former citizens of the fictional Spoon River, Illinois, tell us the truth about their lives with the honesty no fear of consequences enables. For more information you may consult: <http://www.bartleby.com/84/>

In *A Linguistic guide to English Poetry* by Geoffrey N. Leech, there is a chapter, 11.4, about “Situation and Action.” This chapter deals with the importance of approaching the context to understand the where and when of the poems and, thus, to understand their meaning. Leech explains: “how essential implications of context are for the total interpretation of a poem. The constructed context is in a sense the corner-stone of the interpretative process” (1969: 201).

The data obtained from the stylistic analysis of the poems set the ground which we designed two types of tables from. In the first place, the tables were used as a preliminary draft where we reflected the criteria used to select the poems, their poetical devices, the themes and the tone. Secondly, we presented these findings in Excel tables, showing the complex relationships and patterns obtained from the analysis. The outcome of these tables was reproduced in graphs, providing a clear and concise visual display of the evidence.

1.9. Summary

At first glance our subject may appear to be a non-empirical study. However, we needed to connect the research with its historical and social background. Accordingly, in this chapter we have explained the methodology that we have followed in this dissertation. More specifically, during the field work stage, we collected data and, secondly, we planned to combine qualitative and quantitative methodologies because of the dimensions of the analysis of the poems. Our field work has involved a range of methods which have been a crucial tool in the phase of collecting data, namely: bibliographical research and study of data from different sources, photographic research, and informal interviews and direct observation.

2. THE INTERVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES: THE ANSWER TO A FALSE AGREEMENT OF NON-INTERVENTION

2.1. Preface

In this chapter we would like to shed some light on what actually happened in Spain and the actors who decided its future from abroad. The historical and social contextualization of the research is crucial because it helps to explore the factors and different perspectives that surrounded the poets who, in one way or another, contributed to the support of the Spanish Republic with their poetry. In addition, the situation of the brigadists once they left Spain will also be considered.

2.2. The World-Wide Political Scenario

The decade of the 1930s endured an economic depression preceded by the strain of the First World War. The scenario of disenchantment and social marginalization, that followed the Wall Street Crash of 1929, created the beginning of the ten-year Great Depression that generated huge rates of unemployment. It penetrated into the most unfortunate classes and caused the loss of property and capital in the upper and middle classes.

A couple of years before the beginning of the Spanish war, Edna St. Vincent Millay stated her pessimism about the social conditions and the political situation of those years in her poem “Apostrophe to a Man”:

In 1934, Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote *Apostrophe to Man*, a poem of unmitigated pessimism and scorn. Her line *Put death on the market*, echoed the anger after World War I at the so-called war profiteers who had supplied shoddy materials to armies at vast profit. Millay’s disgust with the false patriotism used to promote war reflected her desire for radical reform along with many of the intellectuals and artists in America, especially in her Greenwich Village political and cultural circles. Their ideas for social changes will result in their strong support for the Republican side in the coming war in Spain (Sheldon, 1999: 78).

Consequently, poverty and hunger helped to spread fascism and racism in Europe, as well as, in the United States. Then, the social impact of the Depression of the thirties turned left political movements towards Communism, a doctrine that was seen as a new social model which could develop a more equalitarian society; its principles were based on Marxism, a political ideology that also exerted its literary influence on new leftist poetry.

The point was that Capitalism versus Marxism put the reality of that hungry and angry decade into words. The left-wing poetry of the thirties found new inspiration in the labour problems, as well as racism did in the United States. Richard Wright was a

black communist American poet, who belonged to the Chicago Black Renaissance. Wright joined the Chicago branch of the John Reed Club⁸ in 1933 and in 1937 he published a manifesto, *Blueprint for Negro Writing*. In *Writers of the Black Chicago Renaissance* Butler states (2011: 349):

Blueprint for Negro Writing calls for a radically new form of Black American literature, which is centered on the actual experiences of the masses of black people using “channels of racial wisdom,” black folk art as it is expressed in the blues, spirituals and folktales. The essay also called for an end to the isolation of the earlier African American writers replacing it with a deeply social and political consciousness embedded in the responsibility to express “a collective sense of Negro life in America.”

Meanwhile in Great Britain, the inhabitants of the town of Jarrow were enduring the consequences of the economic crisis of 1929. There were no jobs for coal and shipyard workers; therefore, they embarked on a great march against hunger, the Jarrow March. Two hundred unemployed workers from Jarrow, in County Durham, gathered in a crowd and took the road to London. Since the beginning of the crisis, a number of similar marches were held, but that of Jarrow⁹ has remained the most memorable in history; it became known as the *Jarrow Crusade*. The proletarian movements strongly influenced the poetry which was later written by the brigadists and the poets, who supported loyalist Spain from abroad, because the Spanish Republic had become a symbol of the class struggle.

At that time the United Kingdom was the first imperialist world power; half the world was ruled under the slavery of colonization. The next colonizing power was France. Therefore, these countries could not support the Spanish democracy; they could not support the freedom which they themselves denied to their colonies.

Langston Hughes, an American writer and war correspondent who worked for the *Baltimore Afro-American*, narrates in his memories *I Wonder as I Wander*, the encounter he had with a young negro at the beach of Valencia:

Thinking he was perhaps an American or a Jamaican from one of the International Brigades, when he came out of the water I spoke to him in English, but he replied in Spanish. He was an African from Guinea on the west Coast, who had come to study in Spain before the war. He had enlisted in the People’s Army, he told me, but having been a university student, he was assigned to the officers’ school in Valencia to study for a commission.

⁸ Radical intellectuals of the 1930’s first discovered a collective identity in the Communist party’s John Reed Clubs, which had been founded in 1929. Inviting “writers, artists, sculptors, musicians, and dancers of revolutionary tendencies,” the organization planned, so the party stated, “to assist in the development of a proletarian culture to inspire the workers, to interpret and publicize the events of the class struggle, to take part in the assault upon capitalism” (Carrol, 1994: 79).

⁹ For more information, see www.theguardian.com/century/1930-1939/Story/0,6051,127027,00.html.

I asked this young African what he thought about the war. He said, "I hope the government wins because the new Republic stands for a liberal colonial policy with a chance for my people in Africa to become educated. On Franco's side are the old dukes and counts and traders who had exploited the colonies so long, never giving us schools or anything else. Now they are making fight against the Spanish people using the Moors and my own people, too, to try to crush the Republic. And the same Italians who dropped bombs in Ethiopia now come over here to help Franco bomb Spaniards. You can pick up shrapnel in Valencia with Italian markings on it" (1993: 329).

Regarding Germany, after the Nazi party won the elections in 1933, the country massively extended its rearmament; the Nazi army occupied the Rhineland strip in March 1936. This remilitarization violated the terms of the Treaty of Versailles (Whitaker, 1943: 4). Conversely, Great Britain was doing the same as well, in spite of its politics of appeasement, among other things because it was not prepared to defend itself. As a colonial empire, it possessed a huge merchant fleet. However, the United Kingdom needed to gain time in order to manufacture modern weapons, such as aircraft bombers, anti-aircraft batteries, surface ships, submarines and so on. The appeasement policy was the strategy which Great Britain followed, while Germany annexed Austria in March 1938. The same year, on September 30, the Munich Agreement reached by Germany, Great Britain, France, and Italy, permitted Germany to annex the Sudetenland in western Czechoslovakia.

In this sense, the Field Marshal, the Viscount of Alanbrooke, wrote an autobiographical diary where he traced on paper what the situation of Great Britain was in September 1939:

When on September 3rd, 1939, Britain, carrying with her a deeply-divided and hesitant France, met Hitler's invasion of Poland by war, the bulk of her Battle Fleet had been rearmed against air attack and the first of the great ships laid down in 1936 was within a year of completion. And, having grown in four years from 500 to nearly 1,500 first-line aircraft and from 30,000 to 120,000 men, her Metropolitan Air Force, though still only a third of the size of the Luftwaffe, offered, in its small but superlative trained Fighter Command, some answer to the trump card of unopposed bombing with which for the past eighteen months Hitler had blackmailed Europe. For the first time, too, as a result of the rapid build-up of Anti-Aircraft Command, London and the principal ports and factory towns had some rudimentary ground defence against day bombardment from the air. (Bryant and Brooke, 1958: 41)

2.3. The Diplomatic Trench

At the beginning of the 1930s, the majority of the Spanish diplomacy, as well as that in other European countries, was represented by the aristocracy. However, with the arrival of the first Spanish Republic in 1931, the diplomatic career began to be professionalized. After the coup d'état conducted by the rebel generals, most of the Spanish diplomats sided with them, betraying their loyalty to the Spanish Republic. The answer of the Spanish Foreign Office was to defend the integrity and interests of the

Spanish Republic in the trenches of diplomacy against the false agreement of non-intervention and its violation by Germany and Italy. According to Casanova (2010: 86-87):

While international diplomacy was making moves to agree to non-intervention in the war in Spain, the Second Republic had been left with practically no diplomatic corps. As a result of the military uprising in July 1936, most of those working in the Spanish embassies and consulates in Europe deserted, while others who officially had not left their posts were in fact in the service of the military rebels. The ambassadors in Rome, Berlin, Paris and Washington resigned in the first few weeks and out of the large representation that the Republic had in Great Britain, only the consul general in London, the commercial attaché and the consul general in Southampton remained loyal to the Republic. The socialist Julio Álvarez del Vayo, the Foreign Minister of Francisco Caballero's government formed on 4 September 1936, calculated that 90 per cent of Spain's diplomatic and consular corps had left their posts. Under these conditions, with an overwhelming need to rebuild its diplomatic corps, it was very difficult for the Republic to obtain foreign support. To replace the disaffected diplomacy, it used distinguished intellectuals and university staff, almost all of them from the Socialist Party: the jurist Fernando de los Ríos, who had been a minister in the Republic between April 1931 and September 1933, was sent as ambassador to Washington; Doctor Marcelino Pascua to Moscow; the journalist Luis Araquistain to Paris; and Pablo de Azcárate, the only one who really had any experience in international diplomacy, was put in charge of the embassy in London.

Pablo de Azcárate was former Under-Secretary General of the League of Nations, Jurist consultant and Historian, and he had no political linkage to the Communist party. Azcárate served as ambassador of the Spanish Republic in London during the Spanish Civil War; he demonstrated with facts how the Nazi military intervention was not a mere drill of its weaponry; it occupied Spain by war and its alliance with the rebels gave them the victory against the Spanish Republic:

And on the 22nd of that same month the German Under-Secretary of State summed up the situation in a memorandum, referring to the petition that General Franco had sent to the German government at the beginning of October, for a significant amount of new war material (dealing with 50,000 rifles, 1,500 light machine guns, 500 heavy machine guns and 100 75mm tank gun pedestals), "do we want to try and help Franco until his final victory? Then he will need an even more important and superior military help than he is asking us for now. Does this deal with trying to keep Franco as equally supplied as the reds? In this case our help will also be necessary and the material that he asks for can be of great use. If our help to Franco is only going to be limited to the Condor legion, he will be able to intend another thing than any compromise with the reds." This was the situation of Spain in the eyes of the German government in the month of October 1938. How was it possible that in the following four months that same army, which even needed substantial German-Italian help to maintain equal strength against the Spanish Republic, could carry out a demolishing offensive which allowed the occupation of all Catalonia and forced the defeated, exhausted and practically paralysed republican army to cross the border and look for refuge in French territory? I do not know what the explanation of the enigma in the field of tactics and strategy will be. That of politics is clear to me, and it is reduced to these two factors. On one hand, the French and English attitude and humiliating cowardness before the negative of the Franquist authorities to accept the plan of control and retreat of the volunteers approved by the Committee on 5th of July and the cowardness which was shown, as we have so

insistently said, not only in their refusal to accept the end of the Non-Intervention Agreement, and the restitution of the Spanish government's right to freely acquire war material. On the other, the monstrous injustice of maintaining the French border closed, with the result that after a few weeks of fighting, the republican army found it impossible to offer even the minimum resistance against the advance of the enemy forces because of the lack of arms and ammunition, and the impossibility of replacing the material (2012: 258, the translation is ours).

2.4. Let Who is Free of Sin Throw the First Stone

According to George Orwell, the fate of the Spanish Civil War was decided in London, Paris, Rome and Berlin, but, by no means, in Spain (Muste, 1966: 173). Orwell emphasized that the Spanish Republic was tied hands and feet because the agreement of non-intervention was a real intervention. By subjecting loyalist Spain to an arms embargo, the Spanish Republic was defenceless against the fascist powers which supplied everything that the rebel army asked for. The declaration of Herman Goering at the trial of Nuremberg illustrates this issue perfectly:

I urged Hitler to give support under all circumstances, firstly in order to prevent the further spread of Communism in that theatre and, secondly, to test my young Luftwaffe at this opportunity in this or that technical respect. With the permission of the Führer, I sent a large part of my transport fleet and a number of experimental fighter units, bombers and anti-aircraft guns; and in that way I had the opportunity to ascertain, under combat conditions, whether the material was equal to the task. In order that the personnel, too, might gather a certain amount of experience, I saw to it that there was a continuous flow, that is, that new people were constantly being sent and others recalled (Mombeek, Smith and Creek, 2001: 2).

The republican government had no other choice than to buy weapons from Russia, that did not begin to supply them until the middle of October 1936. The government had received rifles and machines guns from Mexico from the time of the revolution of Zapata, and they were not very useful, except as antiques.

In October 1936, the socialist Deputy of the Spanish Parliament, Luis Jiménez de Asúa, attended the Labour Party Conference in Edinburg. The title of his speech was "The Agony of Spain: Socialist Appeal to British Democracy:"¹⁰:

In the papers this morning you will have read that there has been a terrible air bombardment by heavy bombers of the villages around Madrid. We could not stop that bombardment. Why? Because we had not the fighting aircraft to do it, because the Pact of Non-intervention has prevented us from getting them. What does it mean, the Pact of Non-Intervention? On the legal side-I'm a lawyer; I speak as a lawyer- on the legal side the Pact of Non-Intervention is a monstrosity. It has become the most powerful of interventions against the Government of Spain. According to International Law, we are the legal Government, and according to that law the

¹⁰ Spanish Envoys Tell The Facts, The Labour Party. Transport House, Smith Square, London, s.w.I. October 1936.

other Governments should say: "We are not going to mix ourselves up in your affairs. You settle your affairs; but in pursuance of the law we will let you buy what you need." But under this arrangement the rebels are being treated as a Government on an equal footing with us. They are receiving arms from the Fascist powers; and the democratic powers- France, Great Britain and the others- are not able to give arms to us. We have proofs – evidence – that the Pact is being broken by the fascist powers; that the rebels are getting arms from Germany and Italy, and that has been going on even since the Pact was made.

Without the fascist powers' participation and support to the rebels, together with the agreement of non-intervention, a threat and demonstration of force against the legal Spanish Republic, the war could have finished in a few months. However, it became an international conflict due to the obvious alliance of the fascist powers supporting the rebels, and the support of Republic by the International Brigades as a shock force, who, on the 6th of November paraded in Madrid, a city which was nearly about to fall.

The excuse for which the European powers sustained the arms embargo on Spain was that the Republican Government of the Popular Front was responsible for religious prosecutions, Calvo Sotelo's death and that Communism would convert Spain into Stalin's satellite. Nevertheless, in spite of the invasion by Italian and German troops and the indiscriminate bombings of the civilian population and their direct participation in all the battles, the invaders never declared war on the legal Spanish Government.

Joanes Trauloft, an aviation commander in the Luftwaffe, describes his participation in the Spanish Civil War in 1936 as a very gratifying personal experience:

On 1 August, we left Berlin by bus and drove to Hamburg where we embarked on the transport ship Usaramo. We helped in the loading of a quantity of large crates in which, I would quickly learn, our aircraft were stowed in disassembled components. We all enjoyed the voyage to Spain and on 7 August, we arrived in Cadiz, from where we took a train to Sevilla. The next morning, we found ourselves at Sevilla airfield, a frequent target for "Red" airmen. As early as 9 August, we started the job of rebuilding our six He 51s- a real piece of teamwork involving pilots and ground personnel. The Spanish personnel were quite surprised to witness us work with such energy, but we really were getting quite impatient and wanted to get out machines into the air as soon as possible. On 11 August, the first He 51 took off with "Oberleutenant" (in reality, we were civilians) Kraft Eberhardt at the controls. During the afternoon, I took off the second one. The next day, during the morning, our third aircraft took off as well (this time piloted Herwig Knüppel). We felt very proud of our aircraft and waited for the "Reds" ready for combat, despite the fact that we were still civilians and thus without uniforms. The day was very hot and we waited in sports clothing for our first operational mission. On 25 August 1936, my friend Eberhardt and I claimed the first German aerial victories in Spain-two Breguet XIXs. I sat in my aircraft in shorts and a T-shirt, my tennis clothes! The next day, our unit claimed two more Breguet XIXs. On the 27th and 29th we had one claim, we shot down two Potez 540s (one was which was my second "kill." But in spite of these encouraging results, it was clear that our aircraft were not superior enough for us to feel completely safe from the enemy. In fact, on 30 August, I was, for my part, shot down and had to bail out. I was lucky that I was not wounded and that I landed behind Nationalist lines. However, Franco's troops were, of course, not only surprised to see a tennis player landing in their positions by parachute, they were also very suspicious of me. I did not speak Spanish very well and I suppose they thought that I could have been a foreign volunteer for the "Red Army." I proved to them that this was not the case by

showing them my passport. In it was written: “Este aparate y su piloti Don. Hannes Trautloft, están al service del Ejercito Nacional del Norte (Mombeek, Smith and Creek, 2001: 8).

Another testimony is offered by the North American reporter John Whitaker, who transcribes an interview between the American ambassador in Madrid, Claude G. Bowers, and the Count of Romanones:

The rebellion? We planned it the day we lost the election, he said. Having laid their plans, the reactionaries decided, in the first place, to get in touch with the German and Italian governments and, in the second place, to create incidents and spread terrorism which was answered in kind, not by the Popular Front government, but by the more radical elements outside the government. The right murdered a popular leftist leader,^[11] and the left retorted in swift reprisal. They struck down Calvo Sotelo, the ablest politician among the rightist plotters. This murder was used to set off the military coup d'état. There was a military rising in Morocco on July 16 and it became nationwide on July 18, 1936.

In May of 1939-three years later- Hermann Goering and Galeazzo Ciano revealed that German and Italian specialists, many of them disguised as tourists, went to Spain to aid this revolt from its outset. The Nazis and the Fascists had prepared to assist the rebels long before the proclamation of revolt was raised in Morocco. Having denied their complicity through the whole of the “civil war,” the Germans and Italians boasted, once the war was won, that their intervention had been decisive. The official Italian *Informazione Diplomatica* proudly announced that “Italy replied to the first call of Franco on July 27, 1936: first casualties date from that time.” In his own newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini wrote: “We have intervened from the first to the last” (1943: 96).

The press was muzzled in the participating countries of the policy of appeasement; the majority of the articles were about the bombings of the civil population and the rebels' crimes were denounced, slanted or directly rejected. Luis Delaprée, from *Paris Soire*, who was now fed up with the censorship that his work underwent, decided to return to Paris to personally complain to his director. Unfortunately, he never arrived. According to Martin Minchom (2009: 64-65), the same day the newspaper announced his death, 12 of December 1936, Pierre Lazarev, the editor in chief, paid a personal tribute to his colleague on the front page of the newspaper:

¹¹ Undoubtely Calvo Sotelo was much involved the forthcoming coup d'état. Herr von Goss, who was the representative of the German Official NewsAgency (D.N.B.) in Madrid before the war, has written since Germany made her participation clear in *Die Wehrmach!* special issue on the war in Spain published in June 1939: ‘Calvo Sotelo was the man who had the mission of organising and utilising the forces of Falange to the best needs of the nation.’ But I think there is no doubt that his death was decided on the spur of the moment by the furious policemen who gathered around the corpse of Lieutenant Castillo who was murdered in such a cold-blooded way by the gunmen of the Right (Buckley, 1988: 312-313).

At the Spanish war fronts and on both sides of the barricades, you have been not only the most possibly objective, but also, the least indifferent witness, the one who rebelled the most against the atrocious fighting. At the beginning of 1937 Lazarus speaks about the very complicated conditions that the correspondents have to work in and their disillusion because their reports do not fit in the newspaper. “That’s the way this work is. It can kill you.” Five years later, Lazarus presents a new version, he says that Delaprée has explained to him that it was necessary to omit the superfluous words and the reports- the ones which didn’t correspond to their habitual style- because in this way the communist agents who control the censoring office would let the reports pass. On the other hand, Lazarus tries to make Delaprée use an expression like “the royal bitch” to refer to Mrs., Simpson; nevertheless, Lazarus didn’t contradict the veracity of the message when he should have done so in 1937.

During the Spanish Civil War, the Condor Legion, the *Aviazione Legionaria* and their submarines, not only sank Spanish military and civilian ships, but also, targeted any ship that was within range. On the contrary, the submarines of the *Regia Marina* were careful not to be identified. Cargo ships,¹² sailing under other nations’ flags, with non-intervention control committee certificates were not respected and many were attacked and sunk. Most of this aggressions happened while entering the harbour or while docking. Some cargo ships were attacked at the same time as the bombers blitzed large cities, such as Barcelona, Castellón, Valencia, Alicante, Gandía and so on. As an illustration, the sinking of the cargo ship *Woodford* on September 1st, 1937, off the coast of The Columbretes Islands, east of the coast of Castellón, pushed Anthony Eden, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the United Kingdom, to propose an agreement of marine vigilance in the Mediterranean by which some protected ways were created, so that ships were escorted in case of threats by pirates:

The agreement of Nyon caused the British and French to locate part of their floats near the Spanish coasts, but also on the high sea with the mission of enforcing the blockade, but with instructions to sink pirate submarines, actually Italians, who acted against their ships (Martínez Reverte, 2009: 215).

Great Britain, seriously worried by the frequency of the attacks on its ships, the majority being cargo ships coming from the colonies, made reclamations to the Italian Government. In those claims, Chamberlain explained what was happening with the cargo and told the Italians that, besides the material losses, there had also been many

¹² Information referring to the attacks and sinking of these ships is difficult to obtain. We include these links with all the necessary caution. For further data, consult:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_foreign_ships_wrecked_or_lost_in_the_Spanish_Civil_War
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_shipwrecks_in_1938
<https://lenathehyena.wordpress.com/tag/spanish-civil-war/>
Heaton, Paul, *Spanish Civil War Blockade Runners* (2006).

human losses. Finally, France and England convened the European powers to an agreement in Nyon to put an end to the pirate attacks. A few days later, on the seventeenth of September 1937, Chamberlain read a speech in Geneva about the agreements which were reached in Nyon. Anthony Eden referred to these circumstances in the following terms:

Each of the parties in Spain has disclaimed responsibilities for the acts of these pirate submarines. The problem, therefore, that confronted the Conference of Mediterranean Powers was that of the masked highwayman who does not stop short of manslaughter or even murder. You may perhaps ask why a conference was necessary. The reason is that we wished to mark clearly the horror which surely must be felt by all civilized people at the barbarous methods employed in these submarine attacks. Moreover, the size of the Mediterranean and the consequent extent of the problem made it certain that unorganized efforts would result in overlapping and confusion and might, in consequence, fail of their purpose (1939: 216).

Following this international situation, on 20th February, 1938, Mr Eden sent his resignation to the office of the Foreign Secretary to the Prime Minister at N^o.10 Downing Street. A few months later, June 1938, at Hasley Manor, Mr Eden referred to the foreign affairs and the international situation (Eden, 1939: 259). In the chapter “A WARNING OF DANGERS AHEAD,” from his book *FOREIGN AFFAIRS*, Anthony Eden states:

We have heard much in the last few days of the most recent developments in the Spanish War, and they have gravely troubled the conscience of the nation. The Government are deeply concerned, and rightly so, at the growth of bombing of civilians, the loss of life, the loss even of British lives and ships that has taken place. We must all share their concern, for it is indeed impossible to close our eyes to such events or to ignore their effect upon international relations and upon the feelings of the British people. This country desires to be on terms of friendship with every foreign country, whatever its political creed, but the disregard of engagements, the merciless bombing of open towns, the deliberate sinking of British merchant ships-with the best will in the world how can these things be the foundations upon which true friendship with this country can be laid? (1939: 285).

It is surprising that Great Britain, France, and other affected countries did not protest against, nor claim damages from, the nations responsible for these attacks, mainly Italy and Germany, after the Spanish Civil War and even the Second World War had ended. When some of those ships were refloated and repaired during the dictator Francisco Franco's rule and renamed with Spanish names,¹³ there was no claim for them. Then, those ships sailed under the flag of a country that was not recognized as a democracy by the United Nations Organization.

¹³ For further information consult this website: http://www.buques.org/Navieras/Elcano/Elcano-2_E.htm

2.5. The International Brigades Stand Up for the Spanish Republic: The Answer to a Farce

The Spanish Civil War began with an unjustified cruelty by the rebel army, sustained by the close collaboration of the European totalitarian regimes represented by Hitler in Germany, Mussolini in Italy and Salazar in Portugal.

When war broke out, the commander Vicente Rojo remained loyal to the Republic; in October 1936 he was promoted to lieutenant colonel and was named Head of the Junta de Defensa in Madrid. In March 1937 he was promoted to colonel, and in May, after the formation of the new government of Dr Juan Negrín, Vicente Rojo was named Head of the General Command Staff of the Armed Forces and Head of the General Staff of the Ground Forces. In September he was ascended to general. According to Martínez Reverte (2009: 24-25), General Vicente Rojo described the first moments of the rebellion like this:

From its conception and its beginning the coup d'état is a movement with a bloody character with enormous violence, from the beginning that violence is directed against the rebels' own colleagues, the death penalty is immediately applied to those who show loyalty to the Republican oath and to those who hesitated to support the coup d'état, without having any simulation of trail. The first victims of the civil war are military men, those loyal to the Government, with whom the rebels had shared dining room and office until the moment of the coup. There is no pity, no hesitation; the decision to shoot them is applied according to the self proclaimed "director" and head of the conspiracy, General Mola's doctrine. It is marked in his order, "who is with us or against us." The punishment for this cannot be any other but death.

Vicente Rojo would not have survived to the 18 of July, if the head of the conspiracy in Madrid, General Fanjul, had obtained the victory, and, it must be remembered that Vicente Rojo was a conservative catholic man in a military family, far from any leftist idea, who was only loyal to his oath and did not believe that the disorder which was lived in the Spanish streets could be redirected by governmental action sooner or later (the translation is ours).

In the opinion of A. Rodríguez Celada, González de la Aleja and Pastor Garcia (2006: 9-10) the genealogy of the foreign answer regarding the civil war begins with the proposal of the agreement of non-intervention, and with the creation of the Committee of Non-Intervention in August 1936. Between the 2nd and 4th of this month, Great Britain and France agreed to keep themselves outside the conflict. On the 8th of August, Italy and Germany joined the treaty and France closed its border. On the 19th of August, Anthony Eden, the British Minister of the Foreign Office, announced the blockage of weapon supplies to Spain. The USSR joined the agreement, but it had already begun to send pilots in October.

Nevertheless from the first day of the coup d'etat, before the signing of this agreement and also after it, the rebels had support from the fascist powers and from Portugal. Without the logistic help of the Savoia and Junker 52 planes, Franco would not have been able to carry out a manoeuvre which he would later boast about: the first air bridge of troops in history. According to Martinez Reverte (2009: 47-48), the navy sided with the Republic, so it was the fascist help that solved the problem of more than

30,000 men crossing from Morocco to the peninsula; these men, legionaries and Moorish troops, formed the professional army.

The events outlined in “The Background” on page 2 presented General Franco with the problem of transporting his troops, in particular a large number of Moorish soldiers, to the mainland to support the uprising. On 22 July, he made an urgent appeal, via the offices of Adolf Langenheim, head of the Nazi Party in Tetuán, and Johannes Berndhart, a German businessman in Morocco, to Hitler, who had just returned from attending a performance of the opera *Die Walküre* in Bayreuth, was initially cold about supporting the revolt, but after haranguing his audience about the evils of Bolshevism, he became a shrewd supporter. Still under the influence of the “Magic Fire” music which accompanies Siegfried’s passage through the flames to rescue Brünnhilde, he decided to call the German involvement *Unternehmen Feuerzauber* (Operation Magic Fire). The first aircraft to be sent to the aid of Franco were 30 Ju52/3ms which were flown to Morocco. Between the 29 July and 5 August, these aircraft flew 1.500 men from Morocco to Sevilla,...In 1942 Hitler said “Franco ought to erect a monument to the glory of the Junkers52” (Mombek, Smith and Creek, 2001: 4).

This agreement of non-intervention was the spark which provoked thousands of volunteers from all over the world to go and help the Spanish Republic. Some were already in Spain, not as brigadists, but as political refugees, when the coup d’état took place. On one hand, many Germans and Italians, who had fled from their dictator-ruled countries, had found refuge in Spain. On the other hand, in answer to the anti-Semitic Nazi Olympics in 1936, in which Nuremberg’s racial laws forbade Jews to participate, the event of Anti-Fascist games had been projected in Barcelona. On the 18 of July 1936, a day before the Anti-Fascist Olympic games of Barcelona were inaugurated, the coup d’état occurred and many athletes were evacuated. However, athletes from 22 countries joined the defenders of the city. The first columns of brigadists that marched to the front in Aragón had many of these athletes with them. Finally, others, such as Felicia Brown, were in Spain for other reasons. The first two English people who intervened in that war were in Barcelona in July 1936:

One was the sculpturer and painter Felicia Brown, who arrived here because of her work and at the age of thirty-two, she joined the columns that marched to Aragón, dying on the 28th of August. The other one was the poet John Cornford, who, without being a trotskyst and together with his friend from Trinity College, Richard Benet, enlisted in the militias of the POUM in the Stalin column, headed by the Italian Russo, who went to Huesca (Wintringham, 2009: 28-33, the translation is ours).

2.6. Knowing the XV Brigade: Who were they?

As we knew little about the XV Brigade, the writer and history professor, Severiano Montero, explained what the role of the brigadists had been while being in Spain. The International Brigades participated in the defence of the Spanish Republic, fighting as shock forces integrated in the Popular Army. They did not stay in the same

place a long time, because this kind of troop was characterised by its mobility and the high amount of casualties.

Figures vary according to the sources, but it can be established that the most repeated is the amount of 35,000 brigadists (Casanova, 2010, p.96) coming from 50 countries. The biggest contingent of brigadists came from France, followed by British, Irish, Americans, Canadians, Germans, Italian, Argentineans, Mexicans and so on. The presence of Jews from all over the world in the International Brigades was remarkable; it is estimated that at least 25% of the brigadists were Jews¹⁴. Since the rise of Hitler to power in 1933, the construction of concentration camps to imprison the “enemies” of Nazi Germany began. The racial laws of Nuremberg, which were approved in 1935, removed the Jews’ civil rights as German citizens. This was extended to the countries which the Nazis had occupied: Austria and Czechoslovakia. This led to the tragic Holocaust which finished with the lives of 6,000,000 European Jews. Although they were distributed in different brigades, the Jews finally had their own unit and edited *The Volunteer for Liberty* in Yiddish.

Approximately 2,300 volunteers left the Commonwealth; five hundred lost their lives. The majority of the brigadists came from the working class and from highly industrialised cities, such as Glasgow or Manchester, and from mining centres, such as Wales. The first ones to arrive in September 1936 joined the English speaking unit, called Tom Mann Centuria, in Barcelona. Afterwards they were transferred to the base in Albacete and there they joined the Thälmann Battalion of the XII Brigade. In November of that same year they participated in the defence of Madrid.

Two months before Christmas the rest of the battalion was transferred to Boadilla del Monte and practically all of them were annihilated there. Other Englishmen joined the Battalion of the Comunne of Paris and fought in several places in the capital at the beginning of November. La Casa de Campo and the Facultad de Filosofía y Letras at the Complutense University, the new campus that was going to be inaugurated in September, were crucial places to stop the rebel troops that were about to break into Madrid:

The British Brigadist, Bernard Knox, recalled how he had fought alongside Cornford in Spain in his memoirs of the events published in the biography of John Cornford, edited by Pat Sloan in 1938.

Aravaca was a costly failure – the only apparent result was the loss of the University to the Fascists in our absence. We were withdrawn immediately to retake it. And with its capture began a period when we were as happy as I think men can possibly be in the front line of a modern war. We were under cover from the deadly cold that so far had been our worst enemy, we had leisure to talk and smoke in physical comfort, and, greatest pleasure of all, it was safe to take our boots off at night. The only drawbacks to this battle paradise were the fact that we were a perfect target for artillery, and the realisation that we might be completely cut off at any moment. Here we discussed art and literature, life and death and Marxism during the long day, and as the evening drew on, we sang. Nothing delighted John more than the sort of crude

¹⁴ For further information consult: <https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/History/spanjews.pdf/02>.

community singing that is common to undergraduate parties and public bars alike (Sloan, 1938: 190).

The brigadists barricaded themselves there with brand new books from the library and desks removed from the classrooms. A large number of these brigadists died or were wounded.¹⁵

Soon after, in December 1936, the English speaking company of 150 men formed the Company Number One, which was attached to the XIV International Brigade, La Marseillaise. On Christmas Eve, the company was destined to the battlefield at Córdoba in order to liberate the city of Lopera. Since most of its members had not had military training, and many machine guns were useless, there were many casualties. It was a tragic day for the English speaking company. The writer Ralph Fox, in whose memory the hospital in Benicasim was dedicated, and John Cornford, a graduate in History, poet and writer who tried to rescue Fox, died. According to Medina Casado (2011), in *Creación de la 1ª Compañía de Brigadistas de Habla Inglesa en 1936. Escritores ingleses en la Batallade de Lopera y en otros pueblos de Jaén*:

It is a fact that among the volunteers who came to Spain during the war, although most of them belonged to the working class, there were also prominent intellectuals and writers ... This is the case of the English poets W.H. Auden, who wrote the poem "Spain," the best known poem published about the war, and Julian Bell...Other writers were fighting at the frontline of combat, as George Orwell, wounded at the Aragón front, or the literary critic Christopher Caudwell, who died fighting in the Jarama Battle... (2011: 34-35, the translation is ours).

The constitution of the XV International Brigade is recorded in *The Book of The XV International Brigade: Records of British, American, Canadian and Irish Volunteers* (1938):

When the XV Brigade was organised at Albacete in January 1937, there were cadres in each of its units that had already experienced war in Spain, groups of nationalities which between September and January had fought in other International Brigades and even in militia formations. This leavening of men with a brief but practical front-line experience was invaluable in stiffening the hastily trained volunteers who comprised the majority in each Battalion. (Graham: 1938 [1975]: 24)

The XV Brigade was composed among other battalions, by the British Battalion, the Franco-Belge, the Dimitrov (mainly formed by politic refugees from Croatia, Germany, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia and so on), the Lincoln Battalion, the Canadian volunteers (known as the Mac- Pacs), and the Irish Unit.

¹⁵ This issue goes beyond the scope of this thesis. Thus, to read a more detailed description of the events, you may consult (Castells, 1974: 126-127).

In January 1937 the English company located at the base in Albacete had 450 men; nevertheless, many Irish men preferred to join the American contingency for political reasons. At the beginning of February the first British Battalion, with 500 volunteers, was formed. They had to defend the road from Valencia to Madrid during the first great battle of the Civil War, that of Jarama; this was a vital point to sustain the city with food, war material and other logistic services.

Since its formation, the XV Brigade did not stop fighting in all fronts as shock forces: Jarama, Brunete, in the campaign of Aragón with the taking of Quinto, Codo, Belchite, Teruel, in the Retreats and, finally, in the longest battle of the war, the Battle of the Ebro.

2.7. After the Battle: The Withdrawal of the Volunteers

In *Negrín*, Moradiellos (2015) brings light to the biography of the last president of the Republic¹⁶ who made resistance his flag, waiting for the outbreak of World War II and hoping that the nazi and fascist troops would leave Spain, and thus fail to support the rebels. The military superiority provided by Mussolini and Hitler to their ally General Franco was much higher compared to that of the brigadists and the Republic, who were exhausted and had an irregular flow of arms, due to the stifling agreement of non-intervention.

Meanwhile, the situation of the Spanish Republic was critical. Dr Negrín proposed the withdrawal of foreign troops from Spain at the meeting of the League of Nations:

On September 21, with a blow of magistral effect, by surprise in Geneva, before the annual Assembly of the Society of Nations, Negrín announced the immediate and unilateral retreat of the International Brigades. He only asked that an official commission be named to control its fulfillment and verify that the republican army was formed and directed exclusively by Spaniards. After all, no country could object to that petition to put in practice the longest debated and desired purpose of the collective policy of Non-Intervention. And, in this way, Negrín made a virtue of the necessity for the retreats, given that the retreat had already been studied for months before, due to the scarce number of drafted volunteers and to the progressive mitigation of Stalin's military commitment to the republican cause. In fact, he had sought and obtained the favorable advice of General Rojo to carry out the measure and had announced his decision to Moscow for unappealable reasons (Moradiellos, 2015: 393, the translation is ours).

The day after the speech of the Prime Minister of Spain, D. Juan Negrín at Geneva, the XV Brigade fought its last combat at the Ebro River. There were numerous casualties in the British Battalion and from this moment on the brigade was basically constituted by Spanish soldiers.

¹⁶ As the book cover reads, "the most slandered figure in twentieth-century Spain" (the translation is ours).

Just days after, the Munich Agreement¹⁷ was signed by Germany, France, Great Britain, and Italy. This was another agreement by which “peace” was guaranteed in Europe and continued the extension of the appeasement policy. It was signed on September 29, 1938, while the Spanish war was still going on and the Ebro Battle had only a month to end. Dorothy Thompson, an American journalist, severely criticized that agreement in her column *Let the Record Speak* October 1, 1938 later published in her book *Let the Record Speak* (1939):

I SEE BY PAPERS

New York Times

October 1, 1938

‘Peace’ - And the Crisis Begins

‘What happened on Friday is called “Peace.” Actually it is an international Fascist coup d’état. “The Four-Power Accord” (sic) is not even a diplomatic document. It is certainly not a normal treaty. It is such a fantastic piece of paper that it is difficult to describe except as a hurriedly concocted armistice made in advance of a war to permit the occupation by German troops of a territory which by sheer threat and demonstration of force they have conquered by “agreement”...’ (1939: 223)

Not long after returning to Great Britain in November, 1938 and because war was at the doors of Europe, many British brigadists joined the army to fight in World War II, such as Clive Branson, who died in Burma, or Esmond Romilly, Churchill’s nephew whose plane was hit and sunk in the North Sea. Some of them regretted their participation in the brigades, as is the case of Stephen Spender, who enlisted as a fire fighter in London. Although there was rejection in some professions, as for example, teaching, because many of the brigadists were communists, they were generally well received and some homages were prepared. The situation was similar in Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Due to obligatory enlistments for the war, many jobs had to be covered, so some brigadists found work without many problems.

However, things were different in the United States, since war was not declared on Japan until 1943, after the bombing of the naval base in Pearl Harbour. As J. Yates narrates, the first people to know discrimination were the Negro brigadists, in spite of having received a warm homage upon arriving in New York:

As we emerged from the ship, singing and shouting, we saw the many people who had come to the dock to greet us. People lifted signs of welcome into the air and there were cries of, “*No pasarán*” The radio and the press maneuvered to get to us. The crowd embraced us and kissed us

¹⁷ For further information about this issue consult *The Spanish Civil War* by Hugh Thomas (1961).

and shook our hands. Relatives of some of the veterans wept joyfully. So many of us have been killed, it gladdened hearts to see that some of us were still alive.

It took hours who had organized a place for us to stay to free us from the crowd. We were taken to the Hotel Grand which was located around Thirty-third Street and Broadway. It was a small, clean, modest-looking hotel.

Several of the men had signed for their rooms, but when my turn came the clerk didn't even seem to look at me. "Sorry," he said. "No vacancy."

One of the organizers stepped forward, frowning.

"But thought you had plenty of rooms." The clerk still looked straight through me. "No vacancy," he repeated.

No vacancy? Or is it that you don't rent to Negroes?"

The clerk tone couldn't have been more indifferent; he remained as stonily unmoved as that of the man who'd stoped Elijah Collins many years ago at the Meridian, Mississippi, train station. I said, "*No vacancy!*"

Inwardly I winced. So soon? I had hardly left the boat and here it was. After having experienced being welcomed in cafes and hotels in Spain and France, I was doubly shocked to be hit so quickly. The pain went as deeply as any bullet could have done. I had the dizzy feeling I was back in the trenches again. But this was another front. I was home (1989: 160).

After World War II, American brigadists were persecuted for their Communist ideology. This governmental persecution, led by the republican senator Arthur McCarthy, is well known and receives the name of "The Witch Hunt." Edwin Rolfe, as well as other brigadists, was spied on by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Alvah Bessie and nine other film writers from Hollywood were questioned by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and did not answer whether they were Communists or not. They did not choose the Fifth Amendment, which is the right not to declare in order not to incriminate oneself, as a defence to prevent possible penalties, because maybe they did not want to seem guilty. Instead their defence was based on the First Amendment, the right to freedom of speech. Consequently, these ten people were found guilty and all of them were sentenced to one year in prison in 1950 and they were also blacklisted by Hollywood film makers. Alvah Bessie was denied work, and finally he could only find jobs as a stagehand in some film studios, in spite of being an acknowledged dramaturge, novelist and film writer. Neither was Langston Hughes free from this persecution; nevertheless, he escaped punishment by publicly renouncing his ideology, because he was disillusioned with the Munich Agreement signed by Stalin and Hitler in September, 1938. Hughes never denounced any comrades or friends in the public trial which he was submitted to by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1953.

Vincent Sheean, an American war correspondent in Spain, wrote his memories, *Not Peace but a Sword*, a dedication to the Lincoln and Washington Battalions who fought in the XV Brigade:

...But knowing their story, on paper or by hearsay, was not at all the same thing as seeing them there as they returned from the catastrophe, after three weeks of the most ghastly punishment that overwhelming superiority of aviation and artillery could inflict upon them. They had seen their friends butchered; they had been in such acute danger that it is a wonder any of them got across the Ebro again; they had been hungry and cold for a long time, and their clothes were in

tatters. A certain number of them had been, of course, dispirited by such a succession of calamities, and there was plenty of grumbling to be heard here and there, as well of some evidences of shell shock and demoralization. There had been (or so I heard) some desertions. But most of the ones I saw- and I wandered about among them pretty freely-startled me by their indomitable spirit, their refusal to recognize even implicitly that this defeat might affect the outcome of the war, their easy, cheerful and implacable resolution. I had been in Pennsylvania only a few weeks before, and had visited Valley Forge on a day of thick white snow when it was easy to imagine what the state of the Continental army must have been in the winter of 1777-78. These boys made me think of Washington's words inscribed on the national arch at Valley Forge:

"Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldierly." (Sheenan, 1939: 68).

2.8. Summary

In this chapter we have considered the historical context that conditioned the poets' decision to support the Spanish Republic with their poetry. Describing the issues connected to the historical background has helped us to understand why the brigadists came to fight on the side of the Spanish Republic. Besides, this chapter has described the situations and circumstances of the brigadists when they returned to their homes.

3. A SEA OF PAPERS: THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS IN THE SPANISH WAR

3.1. Preface

War correspondents reported the facts of the Spanish war to the world. These reporters put their professionalism above all, and they were the primary sources which many historians have based a great deal of their investigations on the Spanish Civil war, as for example, Paul Preston or Hugh Thomas. The importance of the press was also extended to the International Brigades, who had their own publications. The relationships between the war correspondents and brigadists, with their own professional writers and reporters, were very close and even developed into friendships. This connection between war correspondents and the brigadists is explored in this chapter.

3.2. The War Correspondents

The amount of literature which deals with the Civil War is enormous, and the press was the first to pour the development of the war into the world. The newspaper reporters became involved and were informing from one side and the other. In time, some of them also told their experiences. The press correspondents who were reporting from the Republican zone had more freedom to act, in spite of the censorship, than the press in the rebel zone. Some reporters embraced the republican cause by joining the International Brigades, such as, Jim Lardner from the New York Herald Tribune who died fighting in the Battle of the Ebro.

Others would die by accident or from attacks, such as Louis Delaprée, whose plane was attacked by mistake by a republican aircraft. However, there were correspondents who followed the fascist ideology in the rebel zone, not only Germans or Italians, but also English, French and Portuguese reporters. Another correspondent, John Whitaker, was threatened with death if he did not follow the rules of the game of the rebels:

Franco's propaganda bureau let in no correspondents unless it felt certain that they were Fascists. They let me in because the Italians during the Ethiopian war had decorated me with the Croce di Guerra. Aguilera suspected I was no Fascist. He and a German Gestapo agent woke me one morning at 2:00 A.M....The next time you're unescorted at the front, we'll shoot you (1943: 109-110).

Due to the special circumstances of the Spanish War, the front war was in large cities, such as Barcelona, Madrid or Valencia, or in small towns like Guernica. War correspondents were on the spot; therefore, they denounced the suffering of the Spanish population, but the chronicles were not always published; sometimes they were banned

by the journals they worked for. This was the case of Jay Allen, Herbert Mathews or Ernest Hemingway, who suffered the strictness of censorship in their newspapers.

Virginia Cowles, a North-American correspondent, wrote a diary based on her experiences in Spain. She did not abandon her objectivity, in spite of the circumstances. For instance, in this sense, Cowles tells how she witnessed the informative manipulation of the bombing of Guernica, and how, finally, an officer of the rebel army not only recognized the bombing, but also proudly boasted about what the planes of the Condor had done, kill civilians with five-hundred-kilogram bombs. While reading her account, we observe the important relationship that existed between the correspondents and the brigadists. Both were foreigners and witnesses of the war; the journalists because they collected the news which they themselves experienced, such as the indiscriminate bombings of Madrid, and the brigadists because they lived the war at the front. The reporters were also involved in the action of the moment; they collected and wrote it in their notebooks to later transmit it by telephone from Telefónica tower in Madrid or from the palace of communications in Valencia. We considered this relationship was very important for our investigation because it gave us a different point of view from that of the historians, because, as previously mentioned, they were witnesses of the war. This relationship made us look for these reporters' testimonies and we found them in books about their memories, such as those by Herbert Matthews (1938), John Whitaker (1953), Langston Hughes (2011), Josephine Herbst (1991) or Marcel Acier (1937)¹⁸.

The brigadists kept close contact with the reporters; James Neugass in *War is beautiful: Diary of An American Brigadist in the Spanish Civil War* (2010: 195) refers to H.L. Matthews as a fatherly figure:

We are all profoundly grateful to Matthews for the many times he visited us in Cuevas and Teruel and because he displays more genuine courage and more interest in us than any other newspaperman in Spain. If there are others who have come to the Front lines, male or female, I should like to thank them for their bravery.

When the newspapermen visit us, we do not feel quite so much like international orphans.

Hemingway also appears as a very beloved reporter; at that time he was a man of fifty who had already been a correspondent of the Great War.

The last days Virginia Cowles spent in Spain, she feared that she would not be able to leave Spain because the rebel authorities denied her travel permit. She described how, in the early hours of the morning, she escaped from the Gran Hotel in Salamanca, which was the rebels' general headquarters. She narrated those events in her memoirs:

I will never forget the moment when we arrived to the International Bridge. The flag of the United Kingdom waving happily over the hood of the car, and when the Spanish guards went up

¹⁸ For further information on this issue see: *Idealistas bajo las balas: corresponsales extranjeros en España*. by Paul Preston (2007).

to the car, Tommy handed them his *salvo conducto*. They inspected it very closely while I was waiting for the terrible moment when they will turn to me; but this moment never arrived. They nodded their satisfaction, returned the papers and saluted. The barriers were slowly raised, Tommy stepped on the accelerator and we crossed the bridge as fast as we could towards freedom. Since then I have never returned to Nationalist Spain and always I have wondered if Pablo Merry del Val was surprised about my strange disappearance. I never knew if I escaped from the hands of the police, or not. But I can say that I enjoyed the cocktail that I had in the Basque bar (Cowles, 2010: 99).

Photo war correspondents and cameramen, such as, Gerda Taro, Robert Capa, Katy Horna, Elkan Vera, Alec Wainman, Harry Dunham and many more, carried out their work under extreme circumstances. Gathering evidence of the targeted civilians in the blitzed cities with their Leikas, or capturing the moment when soldiers of the popular army went into action under the rage of battle, they played their part by showing the world the atrocities of the Spanish war. Langston Hughes, the American poet, novelist and press correspondent for the *Baltimore Afro-American* who spent three months with Abraham Lincoln Brigade, remembered in his aforementioned memories *I Wonder as I Wander*, Gerda Taro. She was recognized as the first female war photographer to cover the front lines of a war and to die while doing so. She was 26 years old when she died:

I spent a week or so in Valencia before moving into Madrid and the battle fronts. Word of our coming had already been sent from Paris to the House of Culture in Valencia, so the poet, Miguel Hernandez [*sic*] and several other writers made Guillén and me welcome, and soon found for us a guesthouse where we might much cheaper than at a hotel. But the day we arrived the House of Culture was draped in mourning and the body of Gerda Taro, young Hungarian photographer, was lying in state there. Tacking pictures at the front during an attack, she has been smashed between a tank and a trunk the day before. She was Robert Capa's friend in Spain, and like him took wonderful photographs, everyone said. Valencia honored her as the first foreign newspaperwoman to die in battle during the war (Hughes, 1993: 328).

3.3. The Press of the International Brigades in English

Talking about the press, some distinctions could be established. The foreign war correspondents, we were referring to, reported their articles to their newspapers by telephone from the Telefónica building in Madrid. Meanwhile, as Nuñez Diaz-Balart (2006) points out, the press of the International Brigades was destined for the war front. This press was different from the one of the rearguard, which focused on politics much more. The number of publications of this type rose to 71, whilst the ones of the popular army and militias rose to 477 publications (Nuñez, 2006: 15).

The official organ publication of the brigade commissariat was *The Volunteer for Liberty*. It was published weekly simultaneously in French, German, English, Italian, Polish, Spanish and Yidish. Another weeckly periodical of the brigades was *Our Fight*. The commissariat also published the *News Bulletin of the International Brigades*, from March 1937 to December 1937. This was a daily newssheet mimeographed in the

trenches, in most of the languages spoken by the brigadists. International news was published in these periodicals, in particular, the ones related to the Spanish war, and others related to the Japanese invasion of China and its fight for freedom. Letters, as well as honours to the fallen, death notices, promotions for the brave men, or messages of encouragement were published.

As already mentioned, we went to the newspaper archive in the Municipal Public Library Conde Duque in Madrid to copy the microfilmed periodicals of *The Volunteer of Liberty* to a flash drive. Being there, we found the first problem because some newspapers were missing and they were only up to the month of February 1938, the date when the editorial moved to Barcelona. At that time matters were getting worse for the Spanish Republic; the flow of arms, soldiers and money bound for rebels had increased, while the Republic still had a hand tied behind its back. As Neugass explains (2008: 3):

If there were bands I did not hear them. Medals, reviews, gold braid and dappled neurotic martial horse had always been missing and were not regretted. There was little saluting in the cities and less at the front. We had the best semi-professional army ever to be wholly recruited, trained and seasoned, against the wish and with the opposition of most of the War Nations, during wartime in Europe. Hungry for their infantry, our steel jaws could snap only at the air. Our ravenous squinting eyes so seldom sighted down the barrels of our rifles anything that was human. We always had the feeling of having our hands held behind our backs. The Republic was flogged like a horse tied up short at the head by enemies it could not reach.

Thereafter, we telephoned the archive of the Pavelló de la República, the Centre de Recursos per a l'Aprenentatge i l'Investigació in Barcelona. The director confirmed that, effectively, some issues of *The Volunteer for Liberty* were there because the newspaper editorial had moved to the capital of Catalonia due to the evolution of the war. Once we arrived there, we were surprised to discover that the archive building was a replica of the Pavelló de la República from the International Exposition of Paris in 1937 and which, paradoxically was located next to that from Germany.

The commissars of the brigades published their own periodical; they were the ones who administrated the contents. The leading role of *The Volunteer for Liberty* was to enhance cohesion among the members of the brigade, creating a common space in which the brigadists felt represented. One way to reinforce this comradeship and this representation was the brigadists' participation, to the extent of their possibilities, in the newspaper, narrating some experiences, telling how they felt, or writing a poem; as they used to do in the leftist press in their countries of origin.

Some lines of *The Book of the XV Brigade: Records of British, American, Canadian and Irish Volunteers in the XV International Brigade in Spain 1936-1938* give us a glimpse of the work of these publications:

Propaganda directed against the enemy plays an important part in the Commissar's activity. Here again, the military and political leaders work hand-in-hand, undermining the morale of the enemy, destroying his will to fight and thus helping the People's Army to a more speedy victory.

The Commissar is always on the alert to promote and popularise education, especially in military subjects, and to help to promote those who deserve it from the ranks.

The Brigade Commissariat daily publishes a mimeographed bulletin *Our Fight*, giving a news-digest in English and Spanish, and articles of special interest to the Brigade. When time and opportunity permit, it also publishes a printed journal under the same title.

The Commissariat has a special department of propaganda directed towards the enemy and also a Sound-Truck for that purpose. It maintains a library, a photographic department, and recently, it has begun the organisation of musical and drama groups. Special effort is given by the Commissariat towards eradicating illiteracy among Spanish soldiers (Graham, 1975 [1938]: 218-220).

3.4. Summary

In this chapter our intention has been to describe the facts behind the scenes of the war correspondents and their relationships with the brigadists, some of whom were also journalists. These reporters assumed the responsibility of denouncing the drama of Spain to the world. As it has been discussed, their voice –when not banned– joined that of the poets and contributed to expose what was happening in Spain at that time.

4. LITERARY INFLUENCES

4.1. Preface

This chapter takes a general look at the influences of the poetry from the First World War on the legacy written by the Brigadist and Retrospective groups, because the majority of the authors included in the Abroad group were already canonical. As will be seen in this chapter, these influences range from the Georgian style to Imagism and Modernism through some of the poetical devices or themes that are used.

4.2. The Impact of the First World War Poetry on the Brigadists

World War I was known as mechanized warfare. Soldiers were destined to trenches for long periods of time; therefore their mobility was minimal. It was a war fought mainly by ground forces using artillery and machine guns and supported by tanks and scout planes. However, nearly twenty years after the Great War finished with the Peace of Versailles in 1917, a coupe d'état provoked another war in the south of Europe, this time in Spain. The Spanish war was the scenario for new destructive tactics, such as the blitzkrieg war, and modern weaponry: submarines, bombers, ground attack planes, tanks, flamethrowers and so on. Therefore, the International Brigades, that joined the popular army as a shock force, did not remain in the trenches for a long time; consequently they had less chances of survival and barely had time to write poetry. In spite of this, we do have some of their poetry, in some cases just one poem, in others two or more. The only long period when they stayed in trenches was at the Jarama front. The International Brigades remained for four months after the victory against the rebel forces in order to hold the line which protected the main road to Valencia, the NIII.

In the first place we will deal with Georgian poetry¹⁹ which emerged during the first years of King George's rule, which began in 1910, between the Victorian era and Modernism. The Georgian poets rejected the imperialist rhetoric; they wrote about the subtleties of nature which is intimately perceived. It is a source of inspiration and the English landscape, crucial in this poetry, is often the subject of the poem. The poems generally have regular rhythm, sweetened vocabulary and traditional verse structure. However, this poetry could not survive the cataclysm of the First World War and the new aesthetic values introduced by Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. Some of these Georgian poets, such as Isaac Rosenberg, Edward Thomas, Charles Sorley, Wilfred Owen and

¹⁹ Harold Monro, founder of *Poetry Review* (1912) and the Poetry Bookshop (1913), published an anthology in 1912 with the first volume called *Georgian Poetry*. Four others followed until 1922, the year of the publication of "The Waste Land" by T. S. Eliot, a poem that signalled the end of Georgian poetry. For further information see: <https://neoenglish.wordpress.com/2010/12/27/write-an-essay-on-georgian-poetry/>.

Rupert Brook, died in the war, but others survived. However, all of them, in one way or another, adopted warfare as a subject of their poetry. The loss of idyllic landscapes gave way to the crudeness of war. The surviving poets, such as Siegfried Sassoon or Robert Graves, were appalled to see how their bucolic universe had suddenly turned into horror.

Harry G. Rusche notes T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound's admiration for the poetry written by Isaac Rosenberg²⁰, who had published a small volume of poems, *Youth*, before joining the British army as a volunteer, not for patriotic reasons, because he was a pacifist, but to support his family economically. Isaac Rosenberg was a modern poet and painter who introduced substantial changes in his poetry in comparison to other Great War poets. In our opinion, Rosenberg represents the transition between the Georgian poetry and Modernism. He took advantage of his pictorial view to depict the horror of war by using colloquial language and free verse. In his poem, "Break of Day in the Trenches", Isaac Rosenberg, who still was under the influence of the Georgian style, used irony to criticize patriotism: "Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew / Your cosmopolitan sympathies." His poetry embodies poetical devices, such as free verse, conversational style, plain language, imagery, adjective phrases, word order inversion, and symbolic references, as for example rebirth in nature.

Isaac Rosenberg, just as other Great War poets and brigadists of the XV Brigade, was also killed not long after he wrote his poems. His poetry portrayed the experiences of ordinary soldiers in war, capturing their humanity under extreme circumstances. Rosenberg's stoic sensitiveness helped him to keep his fears and emotions under control to combat the threat of insanity facing the routine of horror. This fragment of "Break of the Day in the Trenches" denotes Rosenberg's habit of self-command; he gives a way around the crudeness of war, dodging the imagery of carnage: "Poppies whose roots are in man's veins / Drop, and are ever dropping; / But mine in my ear is safe— / Just a little white with the dust."

Indeed, this restraint is recognizable in the only published poem in *The Volunteer for Liberty*, written by the young American journalist Daniel Hutner, "Written During An Airplane Attack": "Blood has flowed here, has wet this earth / On which we lie, and blood will flow again- / But our thoughts are not on this" is a firsthand account of how men kept their fears under control in their daily routine.

Additionally, Frank O'Flaherty, an American brigadist, also recalls the poem by Rosenberg: "Poppies whose roots are in man's veins / Drop, and are ever dropping," remembering his dead comrade John Lenthier to whom he dedicates the poem. O'Flaherty depicts the image of rebirth in wild flowers growing from the warmth of the dead soldiers' hearts.

Recalling Georgian poetry, Edwin Rolfe, an American poet and brigadist, dedicated an elegy to his fallen comrades, "Elegy for Our Dead," following the pastoral poetry conventions with images of nature and rebirth: "There is a place where, wisdom

²⁰ For further references about Isaac Rosenberg and his poem "Break of the Day in the Trenches" consult: <http://www.english.emory.edu/LostPoets/ThePoets.html>. Liddiard (2007) is also of interest.

won, right recorded, / men move beautifully, striding across fields / whose wheat, wind-marshalled, wanders unguarded / in unprotected places...glowing grapes, the oranges like million suns; and graves / where lie, nurturing all these fields, my friends in death.”

Continuing in this line, Tom Wintringham, a British brigadist who was a veteran of World War I, wrote a love poem, “Poem in the Summer of 1937”, shaped in a pastoral bucolic landscape, with a bitter taste because death and war were always present: “Hay in the meadow cream-folded lies / To darken in the sun, tomorrow and tomorrow, / Richening the scent already heavy / In honey loops on the cream taste of summer.”

In reference to the World War I poets, Wilfred Owen, graduated from the University of London and enlisted in the Manchester regiment in 1915; that same year he was sent to France. At first he was a Georgian poet and was influenced by the romantic poets Shelley and Keats. Thanks to Siegfried Sassoon’s friendship while they were in the hospital recuperating from shell shock, Wilfred Owen evolved towards modernism. In his poem “Strange Meeting”²¹, the first speaker is a British soldier who escapes from the battle into a tunnel where men are sleeping. As he looks at them, one of those men stares and smiles at him; this German soldier has recognized him and moves towards him with a “dead smile”; the English soldier then realizes they are in Hell. Owen uses imperfect rhyme, a slant or partial rhyme, in which the words have similar consonants before and after unlike vowels. This partial rhyme scheme deepens the melancholic and bleak atmosphere of the poem: “With a thousand fears that vision’s face was grained; / Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground, / And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan. / “Strange, friend,” I said, “Here is no cause to mourn.” Imperfect rhyme and its variations, were also used to deepen the mood of the poem by the poets from all three groups included in this research.

Owen’s influence is noted on the American brigadist, Joseph Rosenstein, who recalls Owen’s irony about the “old lie” from Horace’s poem “Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori” in his poem “Twenty of Us.” However, Rosenstein quotes the title of the classical poem in a different sense from that of Owen’s. While Wilfred Owen’s poem denounces the old lie that war is noble and dying for one’s own country is sweet, Rosenstein explains the difference: the International Brigades had not come to fight for patriotic idealism, but to fight fascism: “No hypocritical “Pro Patria” adorns my common last bed / Blinding lunge, a crash- and eternity.”

Equally important is Joseph Rosenstein’s use of different voices in each of the stanzas of his poem “Twenty of Us”, in which brigadists of different nationalities, who joined the XV Brigade and died on Suicide Hill, speak. This poetical device was also used by other brigadists and war correspondents such as Bill Feeley, Laurie Lee, Joe Monks, Edwin Rolfe, Miles Tomalin, Tom Wintringham, Alvah Bessie, Nancy Cunard and David Marshall. From the Abroad group, Kenneth Leslie and Norman Rosten, used this technique as well.

²¹ For further information about the poem consult: <http://www.wilfredowen.org.uk/poetry/strange-meeting>.

In this sense, George Green, the British violoncellist and brigadist who drove an ambulance in the British Medical Unit, utilizes two voices in his poem “Dressing Station,” his own and the one of his conscience which recalls Sassoon and Owen: “ But poet, this old stuff. / This we too have seen. / This is Flanders 1917. Sassoon and Owen did this so much better. / Is this all?” As we have previously stated, Wilfred Owen employed two voices in his poem “Strange Meeting.”

In the same manner as the abovementioned World War I poets, the Brigadists used imagery to depict the landscape of war and their own sensations and perceptions. Their language was simple, but the poems were not, even though they could appear to be simple.

Sometimes nature becomes merciless. Wilfred Owen’s poem “Exposure” (1917) presents the theme of nature as the real enemy because the soldiers have to fight the snow, cold and icy winds first: “Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us... / Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent... / Low, drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient...Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous, / But nothing happens.”²²

As compared with Owen, James Jump, a British brigadist, also suffered the harsh conditions of nature. In his poem “Sun Over the Front” the enemy is neither the rebel army, nor the cold which froze the trenches, but the extreme heat caused by a pitiless sun in July during the offensive of the Ebro River: “ Now the suffocating silence is frightening. / We try to forget our friends out there. / We make ourselves concentrate on our own plight / As we lie, face down on the angry earth. / We force ourselves to think of our fight / Against the sun.”

In the following subheading we will describe an overview about the influences from Imagism and other aesthetic currents of the early decades of the 20th century.

4.3. Influence of Imagism and Aesthetic Currents of the Early Decades of the 20th Century

The first publications, where the name “image” related to a poetic current emerged, are dated between 1914 and 1917 by a large part of the most important figures of Modernism in English, as well as, a certain number of other modernist figures in different areas other than poetry, such as sculpture, painting and cinema, among others. Originally from London, the Imagist movement continued throughout Great Britain, Ireland and the United States. Some of the greatest imagists were women, which was not very current at that time. Imagism was the first organized intellectual literary movement of modern English literature.²³ According to T. S. Eliot: “The point of reference, usually considered as the starting point of modern poetry, is the group known as Imagists in London in 1910.”

²² The poem is from the anthology *The Poems of Wilfred Owen* (p. 162), edited by Jon Stallworthy.

²³ This issue is beyond the scope of this chapter. To see in detail consult this webpage:

http://education.cambridge.org/media/577037/modernism_and_after__english_literature_1910_1939__cambridge_education__cambridge_university_press_samples.pdf

As a matter of fact, the economy of language focuses on the “image” to reveal its essence. This technical device substantiates the contemporary evolution of avant-garde art, especially cubism, which synthesizes multiple planes in a single image, and the eagerness to experiment with new forms of poetry.

Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, both Americans, met in England in 1914, the year when World War I began. Eliot was influenced by French symbolists and Ezra Pound’s imagism. Pound travelled to Japan and other Asian countries where he discovered a new poetic discourse. Deeply influenced by the Japanese Haiku,²⁴ Pound preferred the natural sound of human speech to the artificial rhythm of fixed lines.

Michael Roberts, the editor of *The Faber Book of Modern Verse*, published in 1936, lists some technical innovations of Imagism in the introduction:

Civilization was becoming ‘a few score of broken statues, an old bitch gone in the teeth’ or ‘a heap of broken images’. It was necessary to sift out from the mass of habits, institutions and conventions the traditions which were worth preserving. For the moment all that the poet could do was to concentrate upon surfaces: in a world in which moral, intellectual aesthetic values were all uncertain, only sense impressions were certain and could be described exactly. From such minute particulars perhaps something could be built up. In 1913 a few poets, shocked at the vagueness and facility of the poetry of the day, determined:

1. To use language of common speech, but to employ always the exact word, not the merely decorative word.
 2. To create new rhythms as the expression of new moods. We do not insist upon ‘Free –verse’ as the only method of writing poetry...We do believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms.
 3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject.
 4. To present an image. We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal with vague generalities.
 5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred or indefinite.
 6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is the very essence of poetry.
- (1936: 14-15).

Regarding Modernism, it results from a world characterized by social-economic, political, philosophical and technological upheaval, inseparable from the shock of the First World War.²⁵ Modernist literature develops from the crisis, upsets the representation of reality and implements a language which reflects this transitional process. At this point it could be relevant to discuss this issue more in depth, but it lies beyond the scope of the thesis.

4.4. Overview of some Canonical Poets’ Influence on this Poetic Legacy

²⁴ Haiku is a poem which uses only 17 syllables and is divided into three lines of five, seven and five syllables respectively.

²⁵ For a more study in depth about Modernism consult: *A Companion to Modernist Literature and Culture*. Edited by David Bradshaw and Kevin Dettmar.

We begin this section with a poet, Edgar Lee Masters, who published the *Spoon River Anthology* in 1915. Although he published many books after *Spoon River*, which was his master piece, he is remembered as the man who wrote only one poem. Masters brings a cast of characters in the town of Spoon River to life. Written in free verse and in conversational style, the poet introduces the reality and drama of small-town life with the intrigue and crime that flows through it. Joseph Rosenstein, an American brigadist, acknowledges Lee Masters at the beginning of his poem, “Twenty of Us,” in which he uses the same structure, style and original idea as Edgar Lee Masters.

Another canonical poet, Carl Sandburg, was born to a family of Swedish immigrants. At the age of twenty he studied at Lombard College, a school for adults. He shared his studies with different jobs, that is why his poetry reflects the social protest and the labour problems of the 1920s and 1930s. His poems portray the reality of the working class. Sandburg, as well as Frost and Lee Masters, shares the honour of using a new language, the language of Americans.²⁶ The American brigadists employed this simple language with either simple or complex diction.

As has been seen in the previous point, Ezra Pound²⁷ is considered the poet who opened the way to the modernist aesthetic in poetry. In the early teens of the twentieth century, he promoted meetings between British and American writers to share their ideas and doubts. Ezra Pound catalyzed the new literary tendencies which would influence his contemporary poets such as Hilda Dolittle, Mariane Moore, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, T. S. Eliot and so on. T. S. Eliot dedicated “The Waste Land” to Pound, calling him “il miglior fabbro” (the better craftsman) because, before its publication, Pound had revised Eliot’s poem and made editorial modifications, giving it its definite form.

Stephen Spender, who was already a prominent poet of the 1930s and member of the Oxford Group of poets when he joined the International Brigades, was a devoted reader of T. S. Eliot. In his study *Eliot*, Spender deals with theme innovations and techniques introduced by Eliot. In Chapter I, “A Ritualist Sensibility,” Spender commented it would be absurd to guess who was the best poet in the English language in the first third of the 20th century, W. B. Yeats, Ezra Pound or T. S. Elliot:

Eliot was different from either in being a poet who brought into consciousness, and into confrontation with one another, two opposite things: the spiritually negative character of the contemporary world and the spiritually positive character of the past tradition. He was obsessed with time. The past and the modern co-exist in his poetry as an imagined present of conflicting symbols to which are attached values for spiritual life or death (1975: 9).

Spender stated more in depth about the different stages of Eliot’s poetry:

²⁶ This issue goes beyond the scope of the thesis, for more information consult:
<http://www.lib.niu.edu/2006/ih1310627.html>

²⁷ For further information consult: <https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/ezra-pound>

Secondly, “The Waste Land” - a poem of many voices - in which consciousness is completely conditioned by the circumstances of civilization, and unable to escape them. The civilization is fragmented. To be fully conscious is to be aware that consciousness itself is an object created by historic conditions within which it exists (1975: 11).

T. S. Eliot was disillusioned with World War I and its consequences and his vision of the future was very pessimistic. However, that war was the main source of inspiration for the poem, “The Waste Land”. Semy Rhee²⁸ states that this is the most emblematic poem of Modernism, in which the poet shows the conviction that people cannot really live in this modern world because modern man is spiritually dead.

Eliot, as a modernist poet, exceeded the use of imagery by describing the shift from life to death and the renewal of death into life. The “The Waste Land” is a long and complex poem divided into sections which may appear to be disconnected. However, the structure is based on sequences, as if it were the sequences of a film. Apparently there is no connection among the sections and they shift back and forth in time. Eliot links the sections of the poem by using juxtaposition and giving clues to see a structure in the poem. Each section has a different name and the poet also uses myths to help the reader to see the connections of the pieces. Eliot develops other patterns by using literary, historical and biblical allusions, quotations, and imagery as elements of cohesion.

Regarding the British brigadist Laurie Lee, he used some of Eliot’s techniques to construct his poem “A Moment of War,” such as imagery, metaphor, allusion and different voices, in this case, the voice of the poet and that of the Spanish boy’s conscience.

In the introduction to the anthology, Cary Nelson states that the American poet and brigadist, Edwin Rolfe, quotes the name of section IV from Eliot’s poem “The Waste Land” as the title of his poem “Death By Water” and one phrase from Eliot’s poem: “the cry of gulls” (Nelson, 1996: 28). The poem begins with an epigraph and is divided into two sections. There are also other devices, such as imagery, enjambment and allusion, which also serve to construct the poem and its meaning.

Clive Branson, a British brigadist and painter, wrote poetry and drew sketches of his comrades while he was imprisoned in the concentration camp of San Pedro de Cárdena. One of those poems, “Prisoners” is very innovative due to the lack of extra words and punctuation marks, except the final full stop. The poem itself is the image: “Like stones on stones / peeling potatoes / prisoners were / seated in a circle...”

The imagery is also relevant in the description of the scenario of war in the poem, “Battle of Jarama 1937,” by the British journalist, John Lepper. The lack of punctuation marks, until the end, works as a device to construct the poem and also to

²⁸ This topic goes beyond the scope of this thesis, for further study consult Semy Rhee’s thesis on *Post-war Europe: The Waste Land as a Metaphor*: <http://digitalcommons.liberty.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1285&context=honors>

provide meaning. It is used to show that the battle does not stop until the end of day:
“With the coming of darkness / Deep in the wood / A fox howled to heaven / Smelling
the blood.”

4.5. Summary

Embarking from World War I, we have approached the literary influences of Georgian, Imagist and Modernist poetry and also some canonical poets in the Brigadist and Retrospective groups. We have gone forwards and backwards with these aesthetic currents because there is no clear cut division in time between them.

5. CORPUS OF THE ANTHOLOGY AND STYLISTIC ANALYSES

5.1. Preface

This section deals with the corpus of the anthology of poems which is divided into three parts, the Brigadist, Retrospective and Abroad groups. The poems from each group, followed by their corresponding translations, sometimes ours and sometimes by other translators, are included. A stylistic analysis accompanies each poem. Some photographs and maps are also added.

5.2. Corpus of the Brigadist Group and Stylistic Analyses

Anonymous: *Eyes*

Norman Bethune: *I come From Cuatro Caminos*

Clive Branson: *San Pedro*

Clive Branson: *Prisoners*

John Cornford: *A Letter from Aragon*

Charles Donnelly: *Heroic Heart*

M.A. Elliot (Lon): *Jarama*

Bill Feeley: *Who wants war?*

George Green: *Dressing Station*

Bill Harrington: *To a Fallen Comrade*

Bill Harrington: *In an Olive Grove*

Langston Hughes: *Letter from Spain (1937)*

Langston Hughes: *Postcard from Spain (1938)*

Daniel Hutner: *Written During An AIRPLANE ATTACK*

Laurie Lee: *A Moment of War*

John Lepper: *Battle of Jarama 1937*

Samuel Levinger: *Sam*

Alex McDade: *Valley of Jarama*

Anton Miles: *The Turn of the Tide*

Joe Monks: *Fuente-O-Venjuna*

Frank O'Flaherty: *To John Lenthier*

Pat O'Reilly: *A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart*

Thomas O'Brien: *On Guard for Liberty*

Edwin Rolfe: *Elegy for Our Dead*

Edwin Rolfe: *Death by Water*

Joseph Rosenstein: *Twenty of Us*

Joseph Selligman: *Untitled*

Stephen Spender: *War Photograph TG*

H.G. Sutcliffe: *Asturias*

Miles Tomalin: *Wings Overhead*

Miles Tomalin: *The Gunner*

Sylvia Townsend Warner: *Benicasim*

Tom Wintringham: *Barcelona Nerves*

Tom Wintringham: *British Medical Unit – Granien*

Tom Wintringham: *Poem in the Summer of 1937*

Anonymous: *Eyes*

Eyes of men running, falling, screaming
Eyes of men shouting, sweating, bleeding
The eyes of the fearful, those of the sad,
The eyes of exhaustion and those of the mad.

Eyes of men thinking, hoping, waiting
Eyes of men loving, cursing, hating
The eyes of the wounded sodden in red
The eyes of the dying and those of the dead.

Ojos (translated by Fernando Núñez Roldán)

Ojos de hombres que corren, caen, chillan,
ojos de hombres que gritan, sudan, sangran.
Los ojos de los temerosos, los de los tristes.
Los ojos del cansancio y los de los locos.

Ojos de hombres que piensan, aguardan, esperan,
ojos de hombres que aman, maldicen, odian.
Los ojos de los heridos, inyectados en sangre.
Los ojos de los moribundos y los de los muertos.

Eyes

The International Brigades participated in the Spanish Civil War as shock forces, which meant an elevated number of casualties. The offensive of the Battle of Brunete was launched as an attack to distract the attention of the rebel army that was about to conquer the front of Santander in the north, in order to help them, if the battle was won. (Montero, 2009: 67)

That battle took place between the sixth and the twenty-sixth of July in 1937, with an average temperature higher than 40 degrees Centigrade. The only road through which the loyalist army could supply themselves was constantly bombed day and night. As a consequence of this, the difficulties to get the supplies of ammunition, water and other goods were very serious. The bombings of the rebels were so heavy to the point that republicans suffered a break of three days without water; this was one of the reasons why this battle was called the battle of the thirst. Sometimes, bombings had not a special target. One of the objectives of these bombings, if not the most important, was to provoke the soldiers of the republican army to panic. The incessant whistling of shells, bullets and bombs night and day caused lots of casualties because of anxiety attacks and madness. As Montero indicates (2009: 246):

Brunete caused heavy losses in the International Brigades. According to the information given by Luigi Longo, the losses suffered by the five brigades were 4,239 out of a total of 13,353 men, that is 31.7 % among the wounded, dead and missing in action...

The International Health Service paid a high price; the casualties in the British Medical Unit, for example, affected half of its members. Numerous ambulance drivers and stretch bearers died while in service, among which it is necessary to name the British writer and poet Julian Bell, Virginia Woolf's nephew, who was hit by a bomb, probably from the Condor and died on the 18 of July near Villanueva de la Canada, when he was trying to repair the destroyed road which blocked taking the wounded to the hospital.

“Eyes” is not a poem thought for propagandistic aims; it was written while the brigadist was hidden under a bush, enduring an unleashed hell of bombs and subjected to extreme conditions of thirst and suffocating heat. In essence, the poem reflects the crudeness of modern warfare. It collects the experiences of a man who knows that he can die at any moment. Therefore, he wants to settle accounts with life before it is his turn.

Structured in two quatrains, the whole war is seen through the soldier's eyes; it is a poetic synecdoche. The tone of the poem echoes the anguish and the anxiety of the soldier, who is face to face with the brutality of war. Roberts uses anaphora throughout the poem, “Eyes of men...” to emphasize the emotional context in which the poem was written.

The internal rhyme in the first two lines of each stanza focuses the attention of the poem on action. The alternation of the feminine rhyme in the first two lines and the masculine rhyme in the last two lines of each stanza makes a contrast. The first lines

depict a vivid image of how soldiers act under fire and what the psychological side effects on them are. There is tetrameter rhyme and the repeated gerunds mark an effect of movement and immediacy, mixing the union between meaning and sound. The verbs in the first quatrain depict actions; however; those in the second quatrain depict feelings. "Eyes" is the antithesis of "Spain", the most famous poem about the Spanish Civil War, written by W. H. Auden for propagandistic aims, after his return from Spain. It was the only poem that Auden published about the Spanish war. (Muste, 1966: 56-59)

Norman Bethune: *I Come From Cuatro Caminos*

I come from Cuatro Caminos,
from Cuatro Caminos, I come
My eyes are overflowing, and clouded with blood.
The blood of a little fair one,
Whom I saw destroyed on the ground;
The blood of a young woman,
The blood of an old man, a very old man,
The blood of many people, of many
Trusting, helpless,
Fallen under the bombs
Of the pirates of the air,
I come from Cuatro Caminos,
From Cuatro Caminos I come,
My ears are deaf
With blasphemies and wailings,
Ay Little one, Little One;
What hast thou done to these dogs
That they have dashed thee to pieces
On the stones of the grounds?
Ay, ay, ay, Mother, my Mother;
Why have they killed the old grandfather?
Because they are wolf's cubs,
Cubs of a man-eating wolf,
Because the blood that runs in their veins
Is blood of brothel and mud
Because in their regiment
They were born fatherless
A "curse on God" rends the air
Towards the infamy of heaven.

Yo vengo de Cuatro Caminos (the translation is ours)

Yo vengo de Cuatro Caminos,
de Cuatro Caminos vengo,
mis ojos están desbordados, y nublados de sangre.
La sangre de un niño rubio,
a quien vi destrozado en el asfalto;
la sangre de una joven mujer,
la sangre de un anciano, muy anciano;
la sangre de mucha gente, de muchos,
confiados, desamparados,
bajo las bombas
de los piratas del aire,
yo vengo de Cuatro Caminos,
de Cuatro Caminos vengo,
mis oídos están sordos,
de blasfemias y gritos,
ay, pequeño!, pequeño;
qué le hiciste tú a esos perros
que te han deshecho a trocitos
sobre las piedras del suelo?
Ay, ay, ay, Madre, mi Madre;
por qué han matado al abuelo?
Porque ellos son los cachorros del lobo,
cachorros del lobo come-hombres,
Porque la sangre que corre por sus venas
es sangre de burdel y fango
porque en su regimiento
ellos nacieron sin padre
una “maldición a Dios” rasga el aire
hacia la infamia del cielo.

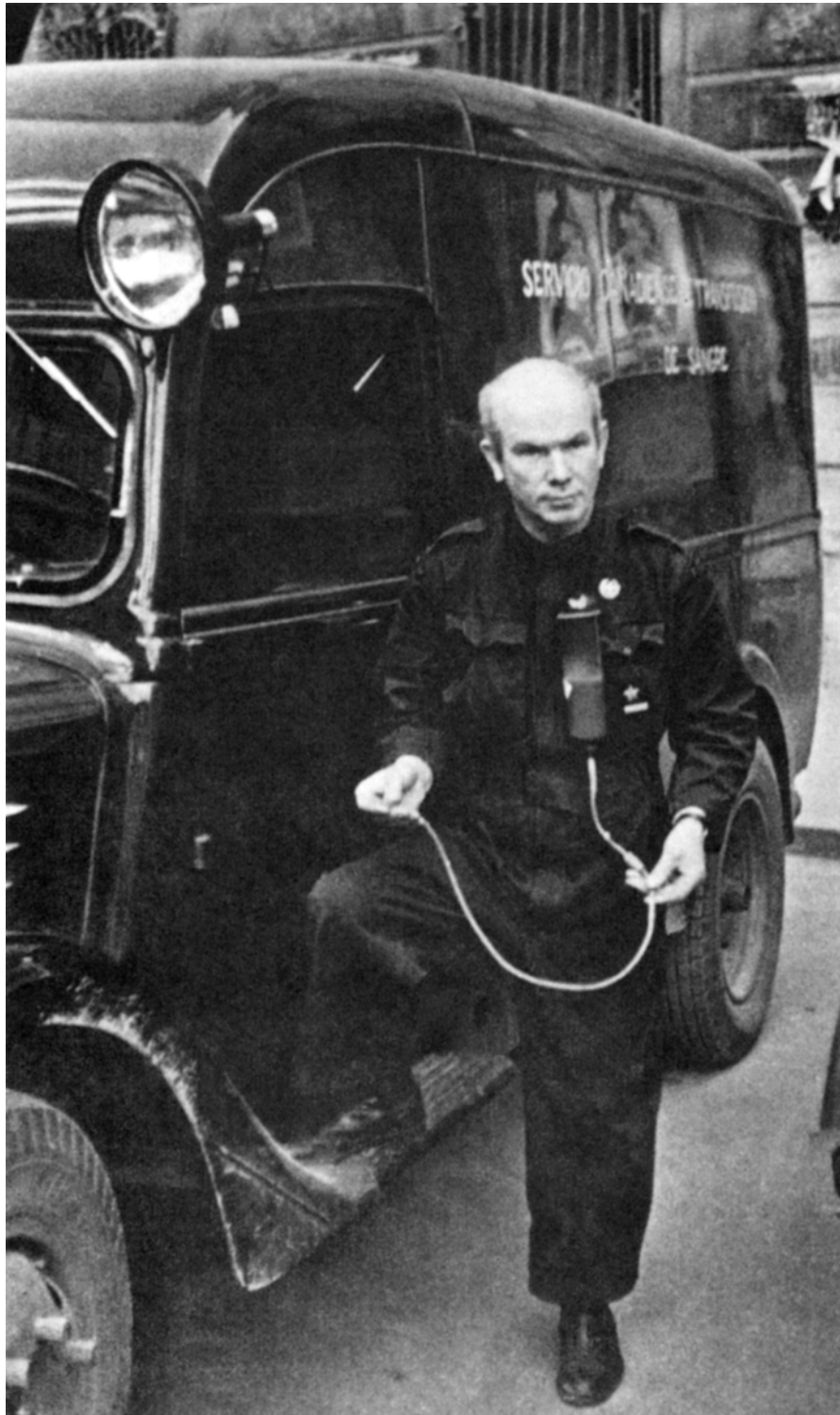
I come from Cuatro Caminos

The title is a refrain that is repeated twice in the poem. Bethune takes the name, “Cuatro Caminos”, from a working class district in Madrid that was severely bombed during the war.

The poem is written in free verse and the poet also reproduces the diction of those people who are suffering. The lines are short to enhance the impact on the listener, because this poem is written to be listened to and make people aware of what is actually happening in Madrid. Bethune writes as if he was there, describing what he sees, just the horrors of civilians being bombed.

The poet uses anaphora and parallelism to recreate the scenario of the murdered people in that section of the city: “The blood of a young woman, / The blood of an old man,.../ The blood of many people,... No one can escape.”

Bethune also uses interjections to reproduce the sorrow and despair of the survivors. He addresses the dead child as if he were still alive, by using Middle English pronouns, “thou” and “thee”: “What has thou done to these dogs / That they have dashed thee to pieces...? Why does Bethune do this? Probably because he wants to add solemnity to the death of an unknown child. These words were still in use in church services (the *Lord’s prayer* uses this type of vernacular diction) and in literary contexts. The poet answers the question, conveying his indignation by referring to the pilots as “wolf’s cubs”; this is a more polite way to name the fascist bombers who are killing innocent civilians. He continues answering with a long sentence, divided into six lines without punctuation marks. The conjunction “Because” introduces the explanation and Bethune is less polite with this answer: “Because the blood that runs in their veins / Is blood of brothel and mud / ... They were born fatherless...” The poem ends with a “A curse on God...” , this is the only thing civilians can do to express their desperation and impotence.



Photograph 1. The Canadian Dr. Norman Bethune set up the Servicio Canadiense de Transfusiones de Sangre in December 1937. He led his refrigerated field ambulance to the dressing stations at the frontline, to perform preserved blood transfusions to the wounded soldiers. Dr. Bethune poses besides the ambulance in Valencia.
http://www.canadainternational.gc.ca/spainespagne/media/bethune_photos_hd.aspx?lang=spa

Clive Branson: *San Pedro*

A foreign darkness fills the air to-night.
The moon betrays this unfamiliar scene.
Strange creatures, shadow-ghosts of what had been
Live with no aim than groping through half light,
Talk dreamily, walk wandering, delight
In trivial acts that formerly would mean
Nothing. A livid memory, this lean
Ill-clad rabble of a lost dreaded might.

Look longer, deeper, the accustomed eyes
Know more than quick appearances can tell.
These fools, this shoddy crowd, this dirt, are lies
Their idiot captors wantonly compel.
These men are giants chained down from the skies
To congregate an old and empty hell.

Clive Branson: *San Pedro* (translated by Alfonso Gil Olivares)

En el aire, esta noche hay ajena tiniebla.
Escena singular que traiciona la luna.
Extrañas criaturas, sombras que fueron una
vez vida, dedicadas a tantear en la niebla,
errabundos andando, con habla soñolienta,
gozan de actos frívolos, que no tuvieron nunca
sentido. Vaga idea, esta escuálida turba
mugrosa, de un temible poder ya perdido.

Acostumbrada la vista, mira lejos, remira,
reconoce mejor la primeras apariencia.
Estos locos, la masa de desecho, son mentira
que obtusos carceleros sin motivo encadenan.
Estos son los gigantes que el cielo tiraniza
Y así un desierto infierno milenario congrega.

San Pedro

We were lodged in the basement where many died because of the lack of medical attention and food. Soon they organised us in two groups, mine, mainly composed of British fighters, was moved to a prisoner camp in Palencia. There we spent horrible months. The Gestapo came every few weeks to take German citizens and specially Jews. It was then when I was grateful for the advice that they had given me in London about changing my name, this saved my life.

David Lomon, brigadist of the British Battalion.²⁹

During the retreats through Aragón, many international prisoners were taken to the concentration camp of San Pedro, an ancient monastery used as a jail for the prisoners of war. Specifically in Calaceite, by the Ebro River, a group from the British battalion was captured. Among the men were David Lomon and Clive Branson, who were close friends. Branson made a pencil portrait of Lomon, which is presently in the Max Memorial Library.³⁰ Lomon was the only survivor of the English brigadists when I met him in November 2012.

Branson chooses the Italian Petrarchan sonnet to describe how the sordidness of the prison has transformed the brigadists into “shadow-ghosts of what had been.” The masculine rhyme abbaabba, cdcdcd, enhances the dramatic effect of the lines. Avoiding decorated language, the speaking persona introduces and explains in the *octave* part of the sonnet what the situation of the brigadists is in the concentration camp. Being an artist, Branson translates what he sees, what he hears and what he feels about everyone’s suffering into words. He endows the necessary plasticity to the adjectives and nouns to depict the horrors of the camp, where men have become a pale memory of an already lost power. He evokes the time when they were free and fought for liberty. Now the light of the moon draws their sombre faces, outlining them in an infinite emptiness.

While the brigadists are distorted as human beings and have been converted into “strange creatures, shadow-ghosts” in the octave, the tone of the sonnet changes in the sextet. Looking back in the past, the speaking persona recalls how the brigadists were before being captured by the rebels. They were used to looking at open spaces; their eyes “know more than quick appearances can tell.” In the last four lines of the sextet, the repeated demonstrative pronouns “these” and “this”, and the possessive “their”, bring them back as the men they used to be, but now, they are just “giants chained down from the sky.” Despite the punishments they receive in prison, they are still human beings who have not lost their dignity. The alliteration of sound /ð/ gives movement

²⁹ We have explained who David Lomon was in section 2.2.

³⁰ Founded in London in 1933, the library is at the heart of the British labour movement advancing education, knowledge and learning in all aspects of the science of Marxism, the history of socialism and the working class. For further information consult: <http://www.marxlibrary.org.uk/>.

to the lines, reinforcing the change of mood in the poem, so even though they are imprisoned, they are still “men, giants.”



Illustration 1. Pencil sketch of David Lomon drawn by Clive Branson.
Marx Memorial Library, London.

Clive Branson: *Prisoners*

Like stones on stones
peeling potatoes
prisoners were
seated in a circle
seeing each other
looking at potatoes
young and old ones.

San Pedro, 1938

Clive Branson: *Prisioneros* (the translation is ours)

Como piedra con piedra
pelando patatas
estaban los prisioneros
sentados en círculo
mirándose unos a otros
observando las patatas
los viejos y los jóvenes.

San Pedro, 1938

Prisoners

Quite different in structure and style from the previous poem, but dealing with the same subject, Branson drafts an image of the men's routine at the prison ³¹. There are no extra words, such as the use of adjectives and adverbs, nor are there poetic devices, like similes or metaphors, that could sharpen the image of the sordidness of their lives in the concentration camp of San Pedro. The only device is the image itself which focuses on something that is both ordinary and important at the same time. There are alliterations of the sounds /s/ and /p/, which highlight the harshness of the situation. The alliteration creates an effect of the passing of time and the monotony of their lives. The brigadists are compared to stones and only peel potatoes, waiting for time to pass.

The international soldier Branson writes a painter's poem. The image itself of what he sees is the focus of the poem. A single sentence, without punctuation marks, except the final full stop, is concise. Being written with only a few words makes a poem which catches an instant of the ordinary life of those men, but, what makes the poem important?

What it lacks is what makes it important. The prisoners have lost their liberty. Their lives are monotonous and nothing happens to them, except for the lack of food and medical care and the abuse of repeated torture. They just wait for their freedom, peeling potatoes.³²

³¹ This issue goes beyond the scope of the thesis, for more information we recommend the brigadists' personal memories: *Unlikeky Warriors* by George Wheeler (2003) and *Prisoners of the Good Fight: The Spanish Civil War* by Carl Geiser (1986).

³² For further information about this issue consult: http://www.international-brigades.org.uk/sites/default/files/IBMT1-13Web_0.pdf

John Cornford: *A Letter from Aragon*

This is a quiet sector of a quiet front.

We buried Ruiz in a new pine coffin,
But the shroud was too small and his washed feet stuck out.
The stink of the corpse came through the clean pine boards
And some of the bearers wrapped handkerchiefs round their faces.
Death was not dignified.
We hacked a ragged grave in the unfriendly earth
And fired a ragged volley over the grave.

You could tell from our listlessness, no one missed him.

This is a quiet sector of a quiet front
There is no poison gas and no H.E.

But when they shelled the other end of the village
And the streets were choked with dust
Women came screaming out of the screaming out of the crumbling houses,
Clutched under one arm the naked rump of an infant.
I thought how ugly fear is.

This a quiet sector of a quiet front.
Our nerves are steady, we all sleep soundly.

John Cornford: *Carta desde Aragón* (translated by José Honrubia Peris)

Es este un sector tranquilo en un frente tranquilo.

Dimos tierra Ruiz en un ataúd de pino
pero la mortaja era tan pequeña que los recién lavados pies sobresalían.
El hedor del cuerpo atravesaba los tablones de pino cepillado y algunos para llevarlo,
cubrieron sus caras con pañuelos.

Fue una muerte vulgar.
Excavamos una fosa cualquiera en aquel suelo inhóspito
y maquinalmente disparamos una salva
sobre su tumba.

Por nuestra indolencia era evidente que nadie lo echaría de menos.

Es este un sector tranquilo en un frente tranquilo.
No hay gas letal ni potentes explosivos.

Pero cuando bombardearon la otra parte del pueblo
y las calles se llenaron de un polvo asfixiante
las mujeres salieron chillando de las casas derruidas
aferradas las nalgas desnudas de sus hijos bajo el brazo.
Yo pensé: Qué feo es el miedo.

Este es un sector tranquilo en un frente tranquilo.
No estamos nerviosos, dormimos a pierna suelta.

In the clean hospital bed my eyes were so heavy
Sleep easily blotted out one ugly picture,
A wounded militiaman moaning on a stretcher,
Now out of danger, but still crying for water,
Strong against death, but unprepared for such pain.

This on a quiet front.

But when I shook hands to leave, an anarchist worker
Said: 'Tell the workers of England
This was a war not of our own making,
We did not seek it.
But if ever the Fascists again rule Barcelona
It will be as a heap of ruins with the workers beneath it'.

En el limpio lecho del hospital mis ojos pesaban tanto
que el sueño borró sin resistencia una imagen horrible;
un miliciano herido gemía en su camilla
fuera ya de peligro, suplicando agua;
firme ante la muerte, ante un dolor así, indefenso.

Esto es un frente tranquilo.

Pero cuando estreché la mano de un obrero anarquista al marcharme
dijo:“Di a los trabajadores de Inglaterra
que no hicimos nosotros esta guerra,
que no la buscamos.
Pero si los fascistas han de gobernar de nuevo en Barcelona
será sobre ruinas:nosotros, los obreros, yaceremos debajo”. (sic)

A Letter from Aragon

The poem is constructed in the mode of a letter. John Cornford writes about his experience at “a quiet sector of a quiet front” of Aragón, while at the same time he remembers the ideals which inspired the fight. The young poet wanted to join the Thaelmann Battalion in Barcelona, but as he had not even brought his party membership card he could not join them, so he went to the front of Aragón.

The first verse of the poem turns into a refrain, creating the counterpoint of irony throughout the whole poem. As the refrain says, the front of Aragón “is a quiet sector in a quiet front”, nothing ever happens, until it happens, when Juan Ruiz dies. Cornford ironically alludes to the novel by Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*³³ (1929). Therefore, the allusion is contradictory because that front of the Great War, where Remarque fought, was all but quiet.

The young brigadist pits the ironical refrain against the facts that take place throughout the poem: the burial, the bombing of the village, the women screaming and the dust, but the front is quiet, “our nerves are steady, we all sleep soundly.” He opposes two images, the real one, the image of war, introduced by the adversative conjunction “but” and the artificial image of irony. He creates an antithesis between them, and at the same time, this opposition is reinforced by the repetition of this ironic image.

The words that describe the burial of Ruiz crudely depict a situation where “death was not dignified.” The routine of “a quiet sector in a quiet front” is blown into pieces when the village is bombed and shouts shake the daily routine. Cornford articulates his thought first hand: “Fear is so ugly!” Although he has not expressed the same thought about death, after the description of Ruiz’s burial, he has definitely thought death “is so ugly!”

In the final part of the poem the young brigadist notices to what point he is defenceless before pain and death. The last stanza reproduces the words that an anarchist worker told him upon leaving the hospital: “Tell the workers of England / This was a war not of our making, / We did not seek it.” Cornford states the tragic truth of the Spanish workers emphasizing their courage before the Fascists. They will die fighting until the end for their freedom.

³³ *All Quiet on the Western Front*, called a pacifist novel, describes the German soldiers’ extreme physical and mental stress during the Great War.



Photograph 2. Robert Capa catches the instant a soldier bids farewell to his little daughter in Barcelona, before the departure of the military train for the Aragón front in August 1936. International Center of Photography/Magnum Photos. Reference: PAR75404. Retrieved from: <https://pro.magnumphotos.com/Catalogue/Robert-Capa/1936/SPAIN-The-Spanish-Civil-War-The-Republican-side-NN145552.html>

Charles Donnelly: *Heroic Heart*

Ice of the heroic heart seals plasmic soil
Where things ludicrously take root
To show in leaf kindnesses time had buried
And cry music under a storm of planes,
Making thrust head to slacken, muscle waver
And intent mouth recalls old tender tricks.
Ice of heroic heart seals steel-bound brain.

There newer organs built for friendship's grappling
Waste down like wax. There only leafless plants
And earth retains disinterestedness.
Thought magnetized to lie of the land, moves
Heartily over the map wrapped in its iron
Storm. Battering the toads, armoured columns
Break walls of stone or bone without receipt,
Jawbones find new way with meats, loins
Raking and blind, new way with women.

Corazón Heroico (translated by Elisa Retana Vallely)

El hielo de un corazón heroico sella el suelo fecundo
donde las cosas absurdamente enraizan
para mostrar en de las hojas la amabilidad que el tiempo ha enterrado
y gritar su música bajo una tormenta de aviones,
que abate firmes cabezas, afloja los músculos
y evoca viejos trucos a una boca resuelta
Hielo de los corazones heroicos sella el cerebro preso del acero.

Allí, los nuevos órganos para la contienda de la amistad
se derriten como la cera. Allí sólo las plantas sin hojas
y la una tierra retienen su falta de interés.

El pensamiento, atraído para yacer en la tierra se desplaza
animoso sobre el mapa envuelto en tormenta
de hierro. Aplastando carreteras, las columnas blindadas,
rompen sin aviso, las paredes de piedra o huesos.
Las mandíbulas encuentran nuevos cortes de carne y las caderas,
quebrantadas y ciegas, nuevas maneras de tratar a las mujeres.

Heroic Heart

The poem is framed in a dantesque hell of inert fragmented bodies, where the warmth of those young and flaming hearts no longer live. Donnelly wrote this poem before his death and it was later found among his papers. Donnelly died only four days after joining the first line at the battlefield, on the 27th of February, 1937. With the rank of Field Commander, he was sent with his unit to launch a frontal assault on the rebels' positions on the hill of Pingarron. That hill became the tomb of many brigadists in the battle of Jarama. The poem is a tragic farewell; it is the chronicle of an announced slaughter. Donnelly knew that they had few possibilities of coming out alive.

Irony overflows from Donnelly in the solitude of a man, who knows what his fate is, and who looks for refuge in his poetic world and for those words that name the certainty which awaits him on the other shore. He also expresses the impotence that he feels in fulfilling his duty, because Donnelly does not think of deserting, in spite of being aware of what the circumstances are. Most men of the battalion had not been well trained to fight in a true war like that. Although his commitment with his ideals is unbreakable, he wants to give testimony to his last thoughts. This poem highlights the destructiveness of war by using strong imagery in order to depict the scenario of the battle and the feelings of the brigadist.

Written in free verse, the poem is structured according to the mood of the speaking persona. It begins with a contradiction that enhances the feeling of bleakness. The heart is a symbol of love; it is warm and red, but now it is dead, just ice, ice that melts into "plasmic soil." The noun plasma has been transformed into an adjective that can give us an idea about how much blood has been shed on the soil.

"Kindnesses time had buried" is a metaphor of the values of those brigadists that have already died; those values are the seeds that would make new leaves grow. During the battle of Jarama, the fascist troops of Mussolini used military flame throwers; this could explain the simile in the second stanza, "There were new organs built for friendship's grappling / waste down like wax." The enjambment of "storm" emphasizes the movement of the "storm of iron that wraps the map."

The metaphor in the last verse is a shocking image; the machine gun is actually a jawbone that mutilates and cuts the flesh of those young bodies created to embrace friendship.



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Photograph 3. Arganda Bridge over the Jarama River was crucial to save the Madrid-Valencia road that finally remained in loyalists hands. Donnelly died the 27th of February during the long battle of Jarama. Title of the picture: “Puente de Arganda: Tráfico normal.” Reference: AGA,33,F,04056,54690,001. Category: “Visitas de edificios, lugares Geograficos.” Author: Baldomero. “Archivo Rojo.”

<http://pares.mecd.es/ArchFotograficoDelegacionPropaganda/inicio.do>

M. A. Elliot (Lon): *Jarama*

Unrisen dawns had dazzled in your eyes,
Your hearts were hungry for the not yet born.
In agony of thwarted love and wasted life,
Through all long misery, from countries torn
With savage hands, you did not shrink or bend,
But marched on straighter, prouder to the end.

Not blindly, fighting in another's war
Lured by cheap promises and drugged with drums,
Striking down brothers in the name of lies,
Slaves of the blackest with all senses numbed-
But clear-eyed, bravely, counting all the cost,
Knowing what might be won, what might be lost.

The rifles you will never hold again
In other hands still speak against the night.
Brothers have filled your places in the ranks
Who will remember how you died for right
The day you took those rifles up, defied
The power of ages, and victorious died.

Comrades, sleep now. For all you loved shall be.(sic)
You did not seek for death, but finding it-
And such a death-better than shameful life,
Rest now content. A flame of hope is lit.
The flag of freedom floats again unfurled
And all you loved lives richer in the world.

Jarama (the translation is ours)

Auroras indecisas habían deslumbrado vuestros ojos,
vuestros corazones estaban hambrientos de lo que aún no había nacido.
En agonía de amor desbaratado y vida malgastada,
a través de toda la larga desdicha, desde países desgarrados
por manos salvajes, vosotros no os encogisteis ni os doblasteis,
si no que marchasteis más erguidos, más orgullosos hasta el fin.

Sin luchar a ciegas en la guerra de otro,
tentados por vanas promesas y drogados por tambores,
abatiendo hermanos en nombre de mentiras,
esclavos de lo más sombrío con todos los sentidos entumecidos-
si no con la mirada clara, valientemente, asumiendo consecuencias,
sabiendo lo que podía ganarse y lo que podría perderse.

Los fusiles que ya nunca empuñaréis
en otras manos, todavía hablan contra la oscuridad.
Hermanos que ya ocupan vuestros puestos
recordarán como moristeis por la justicia.
El día que tomasteis los fusiles, desafiasteis
el poder de siglos, y moristeis victoriosos.

Camaradas, dormid ahora. Pues todo lo que amasteis, ha de ser.
No fuisteis en busca de la muerte, pero al hallarla-
y qué muerte- mejor que una vida de vergüenza,
descansad ahora complacidos. La llama de esperanza está encendida.
La bandera de la libertad ondea de nuevo desplegada
y todo lo que amasteis vive más prospero en el mundo.

Jarama

Elliott dedicates this apostrophe to the fallen brigadists in the battle of Jarama. The poet addresses them in a conversational style, as if they were still present and could listen to him. The structure of the poem is divided into four sextets. The first line of the poem begins with a verb participle used as an adjective which intensifies the solemn and sad tone. The first stanza rhymes ababcc; it contains nuances, such as assonance and slant rhyme. These variations transmit the discordance of the poet's feelings. The other three stanzas have a similar rhyme, except the third line. Even though the poet is proud of his comrades, he cannot cope with the sadness that the situation involves. The masculine rhyme enhances the harshness of the fight and the strength and commitment of the brigadists.

In the first stanza, the speaking persona addresses the fallen comrades who came from their distant countries, where the workers suffered the consequences of unemployment, bad labour conditions and so on. In the second one, the poet alludes to the Great War. That war exalted the nationalist values of the countries that participated in the conflict. "Not blindly, fighting in another's war / Lured by cheap promises and drugged with drums, / Striking down brothers in the name of lies / slaves of the blackest with all senses numbed." This means that the brigadists did not praise nationalist values as in the Great War; on the contrary, their challenge was ethical and ideological because of their antifascist ideas. The old empires of Europe, ruled by ancient monarchies, except for France that was a republic, wanted to maintain their power which had been consolidated for centuries. Thousands of soldiers were put to death because of political and economic interests, inspired by patriotic ideals that hid the benefits of the weapon industry. The Great War lasted four years and there were eight million casualties among soldiers and civilians. However, the Spanish war was different because they fought against their oppressors, in this case, fascism and capitalism.

There is an enjambment in the first line of the third stanza which enhances the courage of the fallen. In the second line there is a personification, where Elliot attributes human qualities to the rifles: "In other hands still speak against the night." The last two lines remind us that their brothers' deaths will not be in vain because "The day you took those rifles up, defied / the power of ages, and victorious died." The International Brigades defied the power of the oppressors and the invaders of Spain. Finally, in the last stanza, sadness gives way to the hope that is born from a sacrifice that has not been in vain.



Photograph 4. Funeral for the brigadist fallen in the Battle of Jarama, February, 1937.
IWM, HU34695, Spanish Civil War, inter-war years.

Bill Feeley: *Who wants war?*

The landowner spoke: 'When your country is in peril don't fail.'
The lice-cracking soldier views sickly his bloody thumb-nail.
'We've got to have markets,' the rich manufacturer said.
So fatherless children grow pale, lacking sugar and bread.
'Those rapers and looters destroy,' cried the maker of bombs.
From cellars come women to weep by the ruins of homes.

***¿Quién quiere la Guerra?* (the translation is ours)**

Habló el terrateniente: "Cuando tu país está en peligro no falles."
El soldado piojoso mira enfermizo la uña sangrienta de su pulgar.
"Tenemos que tener mercados," dijo el rico fabricante.
Mientras los niños huérfanos crecen pálidos, sin azúcar ni pan.
"Los violadores y los saqueadores destruyen," gritó el fabricante de bombas.
De los sótanos llegan mujeres que lloran por las ruinas de las casas.

Who wants war?

The title of the poem is a rhetoric question which tries to find an answer. The Spanish Civil War was said to be provoked mostly by economic interests. The old powers of the country, such as the old aristocracy and the church's hierarchy, wanted to maintain their privileges. Bill Feely was a worker, a man who had no political background. He came to fight fascism because it was a menace to Europe.

The structure of the poem is one stanza, consisting of six lines divided into three couplets having masculine rhyme aa bb cc. Each couplet contains an antithesis. One statement is balanced against the other as a contrast. The same structure is repeated in the three couplets; the first sentence is a statement by those who want war and the second is a statement about the ones who suffer its consequences. In the first couplet we see the landlord who wants to keep his privileges, in spite of the invasion by his enemies. However, the ones who defend his interests are the miserable soldiers. The second couplet talks about the new wealthy markets of weapons developed by non-belligerent countries, which take advantage of the countries at war. In the second sentence there are the victims who suffer the effects of war, such as death, or famine. In the third couplet the manufacturer of bombs deceives citizens by saying that bombs are made to destroy the wicked people that are represented by rapists and looters. Nevertheless, those bombs kill civilians, women and children who are buried under the ruins of their homes.

Bill Feeley describes what he feels in a conversational style through vivid images, which are balanced one against the other in each couplet. He makes simple descriptions about what the situation is, and the best way he can do so is to project these images through the lines of a stanza. Feely uses simple words, focusing the point of the poem on the contrast between what is said and what is really happening in Spain, giving a warning to the reader, because he could be next.

George Green: *Dressing Station*

Casa de Campo, Madrid, March 1937

Here the surgeon, unsterile, probes by candle-light the embedded bullet.

Here the ambulance-driver waits the next journey; hand tremulous on the wheel, eye refusing to acknowledge fear of the bridge, of the barrage at the bad crossing.

Here the stretcher-bearer walks dead on his feet, too tired now to wince at the whistle of death in the black air over the shallow trench; too tired now to calculate with each journey the diminishing chances of any return to his children, to meals at a table, to music and the sound of feet in the jota.

Here are ears tuned to the wail of shells; lips that say, this one gets the whole bloody station: the reflex action that flings us into the safer corners, to cower from the falling masonry and the hot tearing splinters at our guts.

Here the sweet smell of blood, shit, iodine, the smoke-embittered air, the furtive odour of the dead.

Here also the dead.

Here also the dead.

This afternoon five.

Then eight.

Then two neat rows.

And now... this was the courtyard of the road-house, filling-station for the Hispano Suizas and the young grandes' bellies. The sign American Bar still hangs unshattered.

... I cannot count. Three deep: monstrous sprawling: slid from dripping stretchers for more importunate tenants: bearded plough-boys' faces: ownerless hand: shattered pelvis: boots laced for the last time: eyes moon-cold, moon-bright, defying the moon: smashed mouth scaring away thought of the peasant breasts that so recently suckled it..

I cannot count.

Hospital de campaña (the translation is ours)

Casa de Campo, Madrid, marzo 1937

Aquí el cirujano, sin esterilizar, busca a la luz de la vela la herida de bala incrustada.

Aquí el conductor de ambulancia espera el próximo viaje; mano trémula al volante, negándose a reconocer el miedo al puente, a la barrera en el cruce peligroso.

Aquí el camillero camina muerto sobre sus pies, demasiado cansado para responder al silbido de la muerte, en el aire negro sobre la oscura trinchera; demasiado cansado para calcular en cada viaje, la disminución de posibilidades de retorno con sus hijos, a las comidas en la mesa, a la música y al sonido de los pies en la jota.

Aquí los oídos sintonizan con el aullido de los proyectiles: Labios que dicen, “esta va a dar de lleno en el sangriento hospital”: la acción refleja que nos lanza a las esquinas más seguras, para protegernos de la caída de mampostería y de las astillas aún calientes en nuestras entrañas.

Aquí el dulce olor de la sangre, excrementos, yodo, el aire ahumado y amargo, el furtivo olor de los muertos.

Aquí también los muertos.

Aquí también los muertos.

Esta tarde cinco.

Luego ocho.

Después dos filas alineadas.

Y ahora... esto era el jardín del camino a la casa, la gasolinera que llenaba la panza de las Hispano-Suizas. El cartel de American-Bar todavía cuelga intacto.

No puedo contar. Tres pies de profundidad; monstruosa extensión: se deslizan de un goteo de camillas los más inoportunos inquilinos: rostros de granjero con barba, mano sin dueño, pelvis destrozada, botas atadas por última vez: lunas oculares frías, lunas brillantes, desafiando a la luna: boca destrozada ahuyentando el pensamiento de aquellos senos de campesina que tan recientemente lo amamantaron...

No puedo contar.

But poet, this is old stuff.

This we too have seen.

This is Flanders 1917. Sassoon and Wilfred Owen did this so much better.

Is this all?

Do twenty years count for nothing?

Have you no more to show?

Yes, we have more to show.

Yes, though we grant you the two-dimensional similarity, even (to complete the picture) allowing you the occasional brass-hat and the self-inflicted wound.

Yes there is another dimension. Look closely. Listen carefully.

Privilege here battles with no real privilege.

The dupe there, machine-gunning us from the trenched hillside, fights still to preserve a master's title-deeds, but we... we battle for life.

This... we speak a little proudly, who so recently threw off the slave shackles to do a man's work...

This is our war.

These wounds have the red flag in them.

This salute carries respect.

Here the young soldier says *camarada* to his general.

Here we give heed to no promise of a land fit for heroes to live in, but take for ourselves the world to mould in our hands.

These ranks can never be broken by four years of mud and bitter metal, into sporadic and betrayed rebellion.

Here the consciousness of a thousand years' oppression binds us as brothers... We have learnt our lesson.

Look. Over the bridge (it is not yet dawn) comes a Russian lorry, ammunition-laden.

Forty-three years gone, unarmed St Petersburg's blood paid a heavy duty on those shells.

Pero poeta, esto es una vieja historia.

Esto ya lo habíamos visto.

Se trata de Flanders 1917. Sassoon y Wilfred Owen hicieron esto mucho mejor.

¿Es es todo esto?

¿Veinte años no cuentan para nada?

¿No tienes nada más que mostrarme?

Sí, tenemos mucho que enseñar.

Sí, aunque le otorgamos la similitud bidimensional, incluso (para completar el cuadro), permitiéndote que seas un jefazo de vez en cuando y una herida autoinflingida...

Sin embargo hay otra dimensión. Fíjate bien, escucha atentamente:

El privilegio aquí es luchar sin ningún privilegio.

Allí, el ingenuo, ametrallándonos desde la colina,

lucha todavía para preservar los derechos del cacique, pero nosotros... nosotros

luchamos por

la vida.

Esto... que decimos con cierto orgullo, a quienes recientemente les quitamos los grilletes de esclavo, para trabajar como hombres libres.

Esta es nuestra guerra.

Estas heridas tienen la bandera roja en ellas.

Este saludo conlleva respeto.

Aquí el joven soldado dice- "camarada" a su general.

Aquí no prestamos atención a las promesas de un terreno propio para vivir en él, sin embargo, somos capaces de tomar el mundo y moldearlo con nuestras manos.

Esta igualdad no puede ser rota por cuatro años de barro y metal amargo, por una rebelión traidora y esporádica.

Aquí hemos aprendido la lección, la conciencia de mil años de opresión, nos une como hermanos.

Mira. Sobre el puente (aún no ha amanecido) viene un camión ruso, cargado de munición.

Cuarenta y tres años idos, San Petersburgo desarmado pagó caro con sangre su deuda con esos obuses.

And I? The Chartists commandeered this ambulance from a Portland Street shop-window.

I drove: and dead Communards raised living fists as far south as Perpignan. I saw the perils of the Pyrenees spurned by feet that once had scaled a Bastille, by the fair-haired boys who graduated in the streets of Charlottenburg, by those who paid a steerage passage, to tell us how their fathers fell at Valley Forge.

For this is not 1917.

This is the struggle that justifies the try-outs of history.

This is the light that illuminates, the link that unites Watt Tyler and the Boxer rebellion.

This is our difference, this is our strength, this is our manifesto, this song that cannot be silenced by bullets.

¿Y yo? Los Cartistas consiguieron esta ambulancia desde un escaparate de la calle
Portland. Conduje: Comuneros muertos levantaron el puño más allá del sur de Perpiñán.
Vi los peligros de los Pirineos, despreciados por unos pies que una vez escalaron la
Bastilla, por los chicos rubios que se graduaron en las calles de Charlotenburgo, por
aquellos que pagaron su pasaje de tercera clase; para contarnos cómo sus padres
cayeron en el Valle del Forge.

Pero esto no es 1917.

Esto es una lucha que justifica los momentos cruciales de la historia. Esta es la luz que
ilumina, el nexa que une Wat Tyler y la rebelión de los Boxers.

Esta es nuestra diferencia, esta es nuestra fuerza, este es nuestro manifiesto, esta es
nuestra canción que no puede ser silenciada por las balas.

Dressing Station

The poem has spatial and temporal references, “Casa de Campo, Madrid, March 1937.” A dressing station was an aid post located at, or close behind, the front line position. Units in the trenches installed these posts and they generally had a medical officer, a team of nurses, men trained as stretcher bearers and sometimes translators, who were usually women.

The poem can be divided into two parts; the first deals with the narration of the events as a member of the medical staff and the second begins with a dialog, when the poet is addressed by a voice that compares the Spanish war to the Great War. Even though the poem is written in free verse, George Green uses anaphora as a device to organize its structure. Most of the clauses begin with “Here”: “Here the surgeon..., Here are ears tuned to..., Here the sweet smell of blood...” He also uses repetition “Here also the dead. / Here also the dead.” These poetic devices give form to rhetoric speech by a speaker (through whom Green reveals his emotions and feelings), that describes a critical moment with a dramatic monologue. The poet gives an account of his experience in the Spanish war in a prose poem which depicts the everyday routine of the ambulance drivers and medical staff of the International Brigades. George Green uses conversational style, making the poem sound like natural speech. Plain diction is used to accurately describe every detail he sees and feels, thus portraying an imagist painting of the reality of war. Green pours out his fears and the nostalgia for his family routine in the poem. As a front-line ambulance driver, George Green endured danger first hand, since these large vehicles offered an easy target for the enemy. Before joining the infantry of the British Battalion, he spent a year cheating death, trying to save lives, by driving the ambulance very slowly, in case the soldiers had stomach wounds, or more quickly, if the soldiers’ conditions allowed him to do so. Death is real; he describes it using concrete vocabulary, “the sweet smell of blood, shits, iodine, the smoke and bitter air, the furtive smell of the dead.” The amount of casualties is appalling; the number of dead rise every moment, “Here also the dead. / Here also de dead. / This afternoon five. / Then eight.”

Then, there is a turning point in the narration of events in the second part of the poem; the mood changes, giving way to hope. Another speaker addresses him; this voice, written in italics, is the voice of the poet’s conscience. This second voice begins with an adversative conjunction “But”; this voice asks the poet if he is not doing the same as was done in the Great War, “This we too have seen.” Green was a pacifist and the voice criticizes his involvement in the Spanish Civil War, reminding him about two Great War poets, Sassoon and Owen, who denounced the clumsiness of the politicians and the barbarity of the war in their verses. It also directs two ironic questions to Green, “Do twenty years count for nothing? Have you no more to show?” Then, Green answers him in a four line stanza which begins with an affirmative statement, “Yes we. / Yes, though... / Yes there is another dimension. Look closely. Listen carefully.” The poet once again uses the same stylistic devices to construct the spine of the poem: anaphora, repetition and parallelism.

What makes this war different from others is that there are no privileges among soldiers, "Privilege here battles with no real privilege." Nevertheless, there is something distinct in this war: the privilege of fighting among equals. While the enemy soldier fights to maintain the rights of the Cacique, the brigadists "fight for life." Green praises the symbols of the republican cause, such as the red flag or the republican greeting among comrades, because now, there is no classicism in the army, "Here the young soldier says camarada to his general." The poet alludes to the Great War again, "There ranks can never be broken by four years of mud and bitter metal," and he is against the traitor's rebellion. Now is the moment when he learns the lesson, "Here the consciousness of a thousand years oppression binds us as brothers." Green says the working class has class consciousness and they have to fight together.

Seeing a Russian truck arriving with new ammunition, Green changes the tone from despair to enthusiasm because help and weapons are arriving.

Then he remembers the boys he had taken in the ambulance who are the descendants of those courageous men who had brought freedom to their countries; such as the Americans who died in the Revolutionary War in the battle of Valley Forge, or the French who assaulted the Bastille to bring the Republic to France. These boys are fighting for liberty, just as their ancestors had fought.

Bill Harrington: *To a Fallen Comrade*

With those that bled, with those that gave their lives,
Who had no thought for individual gain,
But rather, as a man, like one who strives
For fellow men, he joined the fight in Spain.

He fought to aid a people, strong and great,
Forged in steel, by common struggle one;
Fought to see a world that knew not hate –
That all might take a place beneath the sun.

He will not see the people that shall rise
In the new-born world for which he gave his life;
Yet o'er his grave, a sound that never dies–
A happier, joyous sound, unmarred by strife.

A un camarada caído (translated by María Dolores Maestre)

Con aquellos que sangraron, con aquellos que dieron sus vidas,
Con los que no pensaron en su propio interés,
Al contrario, como un hombre, como el que se esfuerza
Por sus camarads, se unió a la lucha en España.

Luchó para ayudar a un pueblo, fuerte y grandioso,
forjado en acero, por una lucha común.
Luchó por ver un mundo que no supiese de odios,
en el que todos tuviesen un lugar bajo el sol.

No verá nunca el pueblo que resurgirá,
del mundo renacido por el que dio su vida;
mas de su tumba emerge un sonido inmortal,
un sonido más dulce y gozoso, sin marca de lucha.

To a Fallen Comrade

This poem was published in *Volunteer for Liberty* in October 1938, before the release of the International Brigades from Spain had been announced on the 21st September, 1938.³⁴ The British Battalion was withdrawn into reserve at the end of September 1938, and on 17th October, the battalion took part in the International Brigades' farewell parade in Barcelona. The last few months were especially hard for the XV Brigade. In July, during the Ebro offensive, Harrington was wounded a second time and spent nearly three months in the hospital. The bombers of the Condor Legion and Italian Aviazione Legionaria constantly hounded the Republican lines; the number of planes they had was so great (Martínez Reverte, 2009: 289) that the Republican Aviation, la Gloriosa, could scarcely cope with them. The number of dead and missing comrades increased terribly. A feeling of despair dominated the wait for news of survivors. In this atmosphere of distress, but still keeping hope, Harrington wrote these verses.

This is a twelve-line poem divided into three quatrains with iambic pentameter and tetrameter and a masculine imperfect rhyme abab, cdcd, efef. This type of rhyme matches the discordance of the brigadists' feelings when they evoke their fallen comrades. Bill Harrington uses different pronouns to emphasize that the fallen brigadists were his friends. In the first stanza the poet speaks of his peers, their selfless manner, heroic behavior and their loyalty to Spain. In the second one, he explains the reason for their commitment, and in the third stanza, Harrington changes his sad mood into hope, despite the fact that his fallen comrades will not see the birth of a new righteous world: "Yet o'er his grave, a sound that never dies- / A happier, joyous sound, unmarred by strife."

³⁴ Juan Negrín, the Prime Minister of the Spanish Republic, announced to the League of Nations General Assembly in Geneva that the Republican government would dissolve the International Brigades.

Three poems of Spain by Bill Harrington



IN AN OLIVE GROVE

I wandered thro' the tortured grove
 Where 'midst the ruined trees we drove
 The fiends of war to final death;
 That they might give to you and me
 Heritage of a world set free.
 And there beneath a twisted limb,
 Beneath whose scars life crossed the brim;
 There beside a riven stem
 Alone which marks the grave of men
 Who gave their lives to see unfurled
 The standard of Man in a better world
 There I sat and the vision rose,
 A glorious galaxy of those
 Whose youth and hopes were sacrifice
 To dreams they had of a paradise
 To brave ideals of a virtuous earth
 Their years were shed to bring the birth
 Of a boundless joy that will amply repay
 The everything that they gave away.

ARAGON BALLAD

Francisco Franco, fascist chief,
 Of him is the story told,
 His « justice » fills the Aragon hills,
 His curse is manifold:
 He's taken toll of the North and South
 The gore it reacheth far;
 and they tell the tale of his « charity »
 In the ring at Badajoz.

Francisco Franco, fascist chief,
 Of the North and South is told:
 That the North and South shall open their mouth
 To a People's flag unrolled:
 When the big guns speak to an Aragon peak
 And his foreign confreres flee —
 Ye have heard the song « How long? How long? »
 How long to your victory?



FAREWELL

The barren soil grows rich
 With Life's red blood,
 And fertile peace shall hide
 This black terrain;
 Youth and joy shall thunder
 As in flood,
 To drawn the dust of war,
 The weeds of pain.
 And as the sun comes up,
 And reddened skies
 Reflect the glory of
 The sacrificed:
 A thousand voices shall
 In echo rise,
 To greet this new-born land
 In vict'ry's tryst.



Illustration 2. Periodical of the XV International Brigade, *The Volunteer for Liberty*. CRAI, Archive Pavelló de la República.

Bill Harrington: *In an Olive Grove*

I wandered thro' the tortured grove
Where 'midst the ruined trees we drove (sic)
The fiends of war to final death;
That they might give to you and me
Heritage of a world set free.
And there beneath a twisted limb,
Beneath whose scars life crossed the brim;
There beside a riven stem
Alone which marks the grave of men
Who gave their lives to see unfurled
The standard of Man in a better world
There I sat and the vision rose,
A glorious galaxy of those
Whose youth and hopes were sacrificed
To dreams they had a paradise
To brave ideals of a virtuous earth
Their years were shed to bring the birth
Of a boundless joy that will amply repay
The everything that they gave away.

En un campo de olivos (the translation is ours)

Deambulaba por entre el torturado olivar
a través de los olivos destrozados donde abatimos
a esos monstruos de la guerra hasta la muerte final.
Ellos podrían dejarnos a usted y a mi
la herencia de un mundo forjado en libertad.
Y allí, bajo una rama retorcida,
bajo cuyas heridas la vida cruzó la frontera
allí, junto a la raíz mutilada,
señala la tumba de los hombres
que dieron su vida para ver el nacimiento
de un nuevo Hombre en un mundo mejor,
allí sentado tuve una visión,
una gloriosa galaxia de aquellos
cuya juventud y esperanzas fueron sacrificadas
por el sueño de conseguir el paraíso,
por los heroicos ideales de una tierra pura,
arrojaron su juventud para traer el nacimiento
de una alegría desbordada, que pagaría doblemente
todo aquello que entregaron.

In an Olive Grove

As well as in the previous poem, Harrington feels discouraged because of the loss of so many comrades who were so young. This poem is an elegy to those who have given their all to see the birth of a new man in a better world. In spite of the suffering of seeing his comrades die, he has not lost hope and imagines a new world where “brave ideals of a virtuous earth” become true.

The poem has nineteen lines; all lines rhyme, except the third one, ending in /b/. This device creates a stop, because the last words of this line are “final death” and life ends with death. The adjective before the noun is redundant because death itself is final. The structure of the poem is open masculine-rhymed tetrameter couplets which indicate a rhyming pattern aabccddeeffgghhijj. This is a consistent rhythm and rhyme pattern in which the idea continues into the next couplet.

The imagery of the poem is simple, but strong; the symbol of the destroyed olive trees enhances the feeling of the poet’s despair. The olive tree is the strongest and most ancient tree in Spain; however it has not resisted the enemy attacks. Nevertheless the root of the tree will bring rebirth and the poet conveys this image with his vision rose, “A glorious galaxy of those / Whose youth and hopes were sacrificed / To dreams...” This image represents the idea that death is a return to birth. Nature brings new life and hope; this reflects the confessional tone of the poem which goes from death and pessimism to optimism for the future.

Langston Hughes: *Letter from Spain (1937)*

Addressed to Alabama (Langston Hughes)

*Lincoln Battalion,
International Brigades,
November Something, 1937*

Dear Brother at home:

We captured a wounded Moor today.
He was just as dark as me.
I said, Boy, what you been doin' here
Fightin' against the free?

He answered something in a language
I couldn't understand.
But somebody told me he was sayin'
They nabbed him in his land

And made him join the fascist army
And come across to Spain.
And he said he had a feelin'
He'd never get back home again.

He said he had a feelin'
This whole thing wasn't right.
He said he didn't know
The folks he had to fight

Carta desde España (1937) (translated by Maribel Cruzado Soria)

Dirigida a Alabama

*Batallón Lincoln,
Brigadas Internacionales
Un día de noviembre de 1937*

Querido hermano allá en casa:

Hoy hemos capturado a un moro herido.

Era tan moreno como yo.

Le dije, chico, ¿qué haces aquí
luchando contra la libertad?

Me respondió algo en una lengua
que no pude entender.

Pero alguien me explicó que contaba
que lo habían *trincao* en su tierra

Y obligado a alistarse en el ejército fascista
y a venir a España.

Y dijo que tenía la impresión
de que ya no iba a volver a casa.

Dijo que tenía la impresión
de que esto no estaba nada bien.

Dijo que no conocía
a los hombres contra la que tenía que luchar.

And as he lay there dying
In a village we had taken,
I looked across to Africa
And seed foundations shakin'.

Cause if a free Spain wins this war,
The colonies too are free- (sic)
Then something wonderful'll happen
To them Moors as dark as me.

I said, I guess that's why old England
And I reckon Italy, too,
Is afraid to let a workers' Spain
Be too good to me and you-

Cause they got slaves in Africa-
And they don't want'em to be free.
Listen, Moorish prisoner, hell!
Here, shake hands with me!

I knelt down there beside him,
And I took his hand-
But the wounded Moor was dyin'
And he didn't understand.

Salud,

Johnny

Y mientras estaba allí, muriéndose
en ese pueblo que habíamos ocupado,
miré al otro lado, hacia África,
y vi cimientos que se tambaleaban.

Porque si una España libre gana esta guerra,
también se liberarán las colonias-
y entonces algo muy bueno les va a pasar
a esos moros tan morenos como yo.

Le dije, me imagino que por eso la vieja Inglaterra,
y yo creo que Italia también,
temen que la España de los trabajadores
se porte demasiado bien conmigo y contigo-

Porque tienen esclavos en África,
y no quieren que sean libres.
Sabes qué, ¡a la mierda con ellos, moro cautivo!
¡Venga, vamos a darnos la mano!

Me arrodillé a su lado,
y se la estreché.
Pero el moro herido se estaba muriendo
y no me entendió.

Salud,
Johnny

Letter from Spain (1937)

As the title suggests, the poem is a letter dated 1937 and addressed to Alabama, his home, from the Lincoln Battalion. Hughes has written about his experiences in the Spanish Civil War elsewhere:

What I was trying to figure out in Spain was if the effect, if any, that the arrival of the dark troops to Europe had had on the Spanish people, with respect to racial feelings. Had prejudice and hate been created in a land that had not known them before? How had the republicans treated the Moorish prisoners? Are they segregated and mistreated? Are Moors on the government side? (2011: 48).

Franco brought over 100,000 Moroccans from the Spanish protectorates to Spain, plus another thirty thousand from the French protectorate. There were men among Franco's mercenaries who were recruited by force and did not even know who they had to fight against. Hughes spent almost the entire time he was in Spain as a reporter with the Lincoln Battalion in which there were many Negroes (the term used by the author). Hughes wrote the poem in vulgar English, which angered some members of the squad:

Some brigadists, sitting on the cold stone floor of the mill, objected to the lack of grammatical correctness and slightly deformed English that I had used in those Cartas. They said many of their black comrades were well behaved; besides, I might be mistaken helping to perpetuate a stereotype. I replied that, indeed, most of the black brigadists speak correctly, but others (and many whites) had received no more than a poor education and did not speak as scholars. As the colonial moors from Franco's side, who had little, if any, educational opportunities, blacks in states, such as Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, went to very poor schools, in the best of cases, and in some communities even had nowhere to study. Anyway, one of the things I tried to show in my poems was, that even the least privileged Americans, Southern blacks, were represented in the International Brigades, fighting on the side of the workers and the Spanish peasants to help maintain a government that would give them an opportunity to go to schools and learn grammar (Hughes, 2003: 196).

The poem begins with an ambiguous spatial reference, only saying "Lincoln Battalion" and not the specific geographical location; so that if this letter fell into the hands of the enemy, they would not know where the Lincoln Battalion's position was. There is also an ambiguous time reference: "November Something 1937." The structure of the poem is a traditional one, even though Hughes uses plain diction and imitates the way workers speak; it is the way of natural conversational speech. This way Hughes wants to communicate his proximity to the people who are going to read his poem.

Written in a conversational style, the poem consists of nine quatrains rhymed abcb defe ghih fili fjkj lbmb noho pbqb refe. The lines begin with capital letters and the

poem has a regular rhyme in the second and fourth lines of each stanza. The rhythm has four feet in the first and third lines of the stanzas and three feet in the second and fourth ones. Hughes speaks about an encounter with a Moorish mercenary, who, in this case, really was a poor deceived man. In the second and fourth lines of the first stanza, the rhyme enhances a paradox; Hughes wonders why the Moor is “Fightin’ against the free?” In the sixth stanza, he also refers to the oppression that the colonized African countries suffer, putting the finger in the wound, by naming England and Italy as oppressors and interested in continuing slavery. Hughes emphasizes this idea by using the same rhyme as in lines two and four: “The colonies too are free-... / To them Moors as dark as me.”

Hughes was influenced by the black folk music and poetry which was known as the “Harlem Renaissance”; this is why the rhythm is so important in the poem. Hughes uses anaphora, repetition and parallelism to enhance the rhythm.

The poem begins with the plural pronoun “We”, which means Hughes is one of the brigadists; the poet also repeatedly uses the personal pronouns “I” for himself and “He”, “him” and “you” to refer to the Moor. This device highlights the implication of Hughes with and his proximity to the oppressed.

Langston Hughes: *Postcard from Spain (1938)*

Addressed to Alabama

Lincoln-Washington Battalion, April, 1938

Dear Folks at home:

I went out this mornin'
Old shells was a-fallin'
Whistlin' and a-fallin'
When I went out this mornin'.

I'm way over here
A long ways from home,
Over here in Spanish country
But I don't feel alone.

Folks over here don't treat me
Like white folks used to do.
When I was home they treated me
Just like they treatin' you.

I don't think things'll ever
Be like that again:
I done met up with folks
Who'll fight for me now
Like I'm fightin' now for Spain.

Salud,
Johnny

Una postal de España (1938) (translated by Maribel Cruzado Soria)

Enviada a Alabama

Batallón Lincoln-Washington, Abril, 1938

Queridos amigos allá en casa:

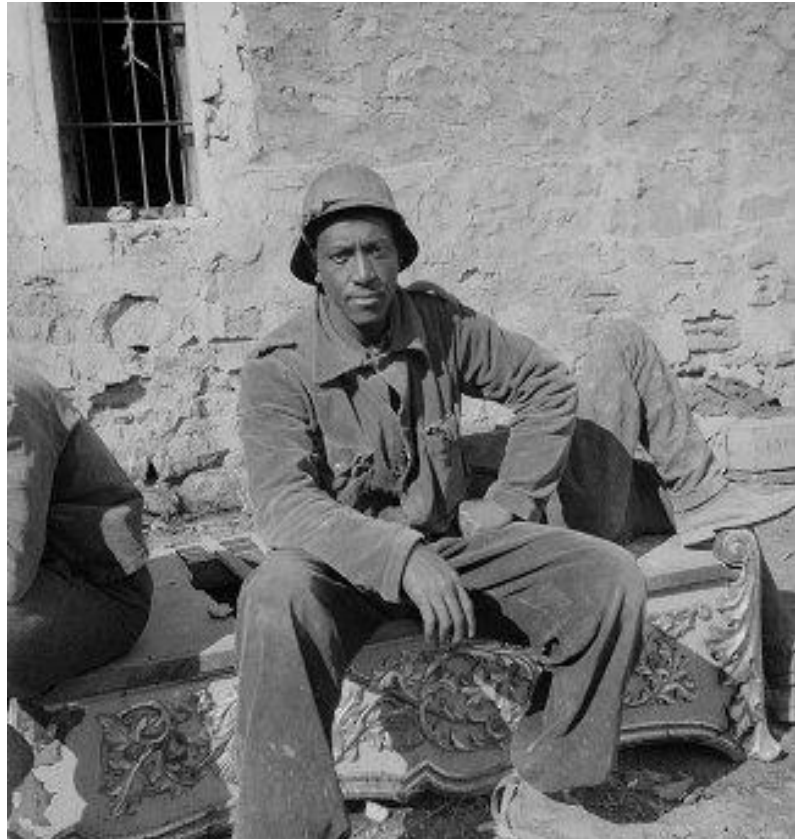
He salido esta mañana
viejas granadas caían,
mientras caían silbaban
cuando salí esta mañana.

Al otro lado del mundo
bien lejos estoy de casa,
pero no me siento solo
en esta tierra de España.

Su gente aquí no me trata
como los blancos solían.
Lo que os hacen a vosotros,
conmigo antes lo hacían.

Pero esto se ha terminado
O yo me equivoco mucho:
La gente que he conocido
lucharía por mí igual
que yo por España lucho.

Salud,
Johnny.



Photograph 5. A break, December 1937. John Hunter, member of the machine gun company num.1 of the Lincoln-Washington. Battalion. Photograph by Harry Randall: XV IB Photograph Collection. ALBA Photo 11-0639. The Tamiment Library and Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives, New York.



Photograph 6. Albert Chisholm, artist from the Lincoln-Washington Battalion. Photograph by Harry Randall: XV IB Photograph Collection. ALBA Photo November, 1937. Harry Randall: XV IB Photo Collection. ALBA Photo 11-0653. The Tamiment Library and Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives, New York.

Postcard from Spain (1938)

This poem begins with a date in the title. However there is no specific geographical reference; Hughes only mentions “Lincoln-Washington Battalion.”

Written in conversational style, the poem is divided into four stanzas; the first three having four lines and the last one with five. The rhyme is regular in the first three stanzas, with the second and fourth lines rhyming; the second and fifth lines rhyme in the last stanza.

Hughes returns to the theme of racial discrimination in this poem. He compares the treatment blacks receive in Spain which is different from that in the United States. Michael Thurston refers to this situation as something normal in the Loyalist Spain, “Hughes holds up Spain as an example of good race relations before the bombs fall and threaten to destroy it.” (2001: 119). He feels double discrimination in America, in the first place among the whites because he was black, and secondly among the blacks because he was not completely black; he was a mestizo. Afro-Americans suffered a severe racial segregation in the southern states of the United States. This was also true in the northern states, but it was not so evident. As J. Yates narrated in his autobiographical novel, with a very explicit title, *From Mississippi to Madrid: Memories of an Afro-American in the Lincoln Brigade*:

One day, at the beginning of summer, I headed to the north side of the park. Herman Wolfowitz was upon a bench, speaking to the crowd about the danger of the increase of Fascism in Europe. We, the blacks, had our own Fascism to fight against. The Ku Klux Klan and those who were dedicated to lynch here at home were an omnipresent threat. While Herman spoke, I remember the scene I saw as a boy: Five men and four women hung from a bridge after a lynching (2011: 85).

He tells friends and relatives in Alabama that he is not alone. “On the other side of the world / very far from home, / but I don’t feel alone / in this land of Spain.” The people in Spain accept him and Hughes thinks that they will “fight for me now / Like I’m fightin’ now for Spain.” Hughes thinks that in case the Spanish Republic wins the war, it would help free the colonies in Africa. The last line of the letter ends with the Spanish “Salud”, which is the republican greeting.

Daniel Hutner: *Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK*

Dawn still sleeps; but we awake,
Aware that soon those shadows in
The sky may hover.

Everywhere about us the earth is raw,
With wounds from shells and bombs, and holes
Dug by men.

Blood has flowed here, has wet this earth
On which we lie, and blood will flow again-(sic)
But our thoughts are not of this.

We oil our guns, adjust our clothes,
Dig deep the earth- prepare to hide in it,
To hug it close.

And then those shadows come! We seize upon the earth
We have prepared- become part of it-
Become earth...

Escrito Durante un ATAQUE AÉREO (the translation is ours)

Aún duerme el amanecer, nosotros despiertos,
atentos a esas sombras que pronto
sobrevolarán el cielo.

Por todas partes la tierra está rota
herida por los obuses, bombas y agujeros
excavados por los hombres.

Ya ha fluido la sangre sobre la tierra, hasta humedecerla
en la que permanecemos; y volverá a fluir-
pero nuestros pensamientos no están en esto.

Engrasamos nuestras armas, ajustamos nuestra ropa
cavamos más hondo-preparados para escondernos en ella,
para abrazarla con fuerza.

¡Y entonces llegan esas sombras! Nos lanzamos en la tierra
que hemos preparado-para ser parte de ella-
convertirnos en tierra.

Not a finger moves: expectantly we wait-
Some fearfully-for a sign: are they theirs,
Or ours? Marked with red or black?

Then suddenly the roar! Earth again is torn,
Into a million parts leaps high; and shrapnel spreads
And mingles with the smoke.

More! And more! Closer! More deadly!
Intenser- bombs- cries of pain from mules and men,
All covered by earth and dust...

Then silence... The beasts have gone
We tear ourselves from the earth,
Become men again.

Daniel Hutner
American Volunteer Killed in Action
September 1937

No se mueve un solo dedo: esperamos expectantes
algunos asustados-una señal: ¿Serán los suyos o
los nuestros? ¿Marcados con rojo o negro?

¡De repente el rugido! La tierra estalla
en un millón de partículas que se elevan; y la metralla se expande
y mezcla con el humo.

¡Más! ¡Y más cerca! ¡Más mortal!
Desgarrados – bombas - gritos de dolor de mulas y hombres
cubiertos por tierra y polvo.

Entonces... silencio... las bestias se han ido
Nos despegamos de la tierra,
de nuevo somos hombres.

Daniel Hutner
Voluntario americano muerto en combate.
Septiembre, 1937

Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK

The title of the poem synthesizes the personal experience of an aerial attack at the frontline, probably in Brunete. Daniel Hutner would die in Belchite two months later, while heading a group of men in an attempt to assault the convent of Saint Augustine in September 1937. Hutner is the speaking persona of the poem that tells how bombing psychologically affects the soldiers, who are hidden in trenches because they are almost in the open field. Written in a documentary style in first-person plural, the poem describes the collective experience of Hutner and his comrades as a shock force; they wake up before dawn, surrounded by a desolate landscape, so they stick to the routine to avoid fear. Hutner depicts the devastation of the battlefield using a soldier's vocabulary, which creates an interrelationship between the experience of war and poetry. One of the most vivid images is the moment of the attack, when they take cover in the trench: "Then suddenly they roar! Earth again is torn, / Into a million parts leaps high; and shrapnel spreads / And mingles with the smoke." They cannot lose control of themselves in a situation like this; moreover, they embrace the earth and are ready to be part of it. Being pragmatic in order to save their lives is the only thing they can do, if they have any chance at all. This poem maintains some similarities in the description of the attack to the autobiographical novel by Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, where Paul Bäumer narrates in chapter IV, an attack his company suffered in a graveyard, "groan, the earth leaps, the blast thunder in my ears, I creep under the yielding thing, cover myself with it, draw it over me, it is wood, cloth, cover, cover, miserable cover against the whizzing splinters" (Remarque, 1929[1987]: 49).

Throughout the poem there are some enjambments which highlight important moments of the persona's account. There is an enjambment in the first tercet's second line: "Aware that soon those shadows in / The sky may hover.", that intensifies the meaning of the metaphor. There is another one in the following stanza. In the second line, the poet lists the side effects of the war on the earth: "raw", "wounds", "shells", "bombs and holes..." In this second line the enjambment begins with "holes"; in this case, it enhances the effort men need to dig the earth, sometimes with their own hands or weapons because they lack the appropriate tools. In the fourth stanza there are two enjambments, one begins in the first line with "earth: they have prepared- become part of it- (sic), " Become earth..." These enjambments substantiate the importance of the earth for the young brigadists, and its connection to death; in fact, the word "earth" is repeated eight times and also indirectly mentioned in the poem. They are "awake," "aware" that they can "become earth" at any moment, and that being alive depends on fate. It is earth which has the power of rebirth; in case they die, they would be part of it and they would not be completely dead because they will continue living in it. Daniel Hutner conveys the immediacy of death by using the present simple tense in a light dynamic parallel structure of unrhymed tercets, each of which seems to be a photographic shot, which portrays the image of just one instant. Thus, the poem works like a short movie of a moment of war, when everything is put aside except the present.



Illustration 3. Newspaper of the XV International Brigade, The Volunteer for Liberty. Library-newspaper archive Conde Duque, Madrid, microfilm section, film reel 1052/87.

Laurie Lee: *A Moment of War*

It is night like a red rag
drawn across the eyes

the flesh is bitterly pinned
to desperate vigilance

the blood is stuttering with fear.

*O praise the security of worms
in cool crumbs of soil,
flatter the hidden sap
and the lost unfertilized spawn of fish!*

The hands melt with weakness
into the gun's hot iron

the body melts with pity,

the face is braced for wounds
the odour and the kiss of final pain.

Un instante de guerra (translated by Antonio Rubiales Roldán)

Es de noche como si se corriera
un trapo rojo ante la vida

la carne está sujeta amargamente
a la desesperada vigilia
la sangre tartamudea ante el miedo,

*¡Alabada sea la seguridad de los gusanos
en las frías migajas del suelo
y loada sea la oculta savia
las estériles huevas de los peces!*

Las manos se funden lentamente
al contacto ardiente de las armas

el cuerpo se funde lastimoso,

la cara alerta para las heridas
el perfume y el beso del dolor final.

*O envy the peace of women
giving birth and love like toys
into the hands of men!*

The mouth chatters with pale curses

The bowels struggle like a nest of rats

The feet wish they were grass
spaced quietly.

O Christ and Mother!

But darkness opens like a knife for you
and you are marked down by your pulsing brain

and isolated

and your breathing,

your breathing is the blast, the bullet,
and the final sky.

Spanish Frontier, 1937

*¡Envidia la paz de las mujeres
que paren y aman como juguetes
en las manos del hombre!*

La boca pronuncia pequeñas blasfemias

se revuelven las entrañas como nido de ratas

y quisiera el pie extenderse
despacio como la hierba la hierba.

¡Oh Cristo y María!

Pero las sombras se te abren como una navaja
y te marca el latido de tu cerebro

aislándote

y tu aliento,

tu aliento es el detonante, la bala
y el cielo final.

Frontera española, 1937

A Moment of War

The mapping of time and place is fundamental: “Spanish frontier, 1937.” Alone, with a backpack and a violin in it, Lee appeared at the house of Spanish peasants in a tiny village in the Pyrenees the night of a heavy snowstorm. They believed he was a spy, so Laurie Lee was taken to a military prison where he was interrogated: “ ‘We’ve brought you the spy,’ said the brothers, and pushed me forward. The soldiers closed round me and handcuffed my wrists.”(1991: 8).

As his version seemed implausible, he was locked up in a punishment dungeon excavated in the courtyard of the prison. It was an icy place with poor food. For two days he was accompanied by a Spanish boy who had deserted twice and was going to be executed. Then, he managed to contact a colleague and was later sent to the base of Albacete. There, he was released from combat because of poor health. In February he was repatriated to England.

The poem was written in December, 1937. This is the date when he was locked up in that jail dug into the rock, where there was barely any light. Lee spent hours living the uncertainty of his fate. After being confined there for several days, he had almost lost hope of getting out alive. As an omniscient narrator, the poet depicts a detailed account of the prison; he uses imagery to enhance the claustrophobic and sordid atmosphere of such a place, and he does so with a Spanish soldier’s feelings of fear before his execution: “It is night like a red rag / drawn across the eyes.” In these first two lines of the poem, Lee uses a simile to compare the night with blood and death...

This is followed by a powerful metaphor and personification: “the flesh is bitterly pinned to desperate vigilance, where the flesh represents” the Spanish soldier’s life which is about to end in a few hours; “the blood is stuttering with fear”, and the blood is given human qualities, in order to intensify the mood of the soldier’s misery.

Written in free verse, Lee also uses another voice in italics, possibly either the young soldier’s voice, or Lee’s own subconscious, as a desperate cry; he ironically praises the life of worms because human life is not worth anything. The use of other voices in the poem was a device employed by T. S. Eliot in his poem “The Waste Land” (1922). Lee makes use of the narrative technique of “stream of consciousness” in order to describe the thoughts and feelings of the young deserter. This is a narrative technique that poet uses to chronicle the last hours of a deserter before his execution; his thoughts are unconnected.

At the end of the poem, Lee addresses the young soldier: “But darkness opens like a knife for you / and you are marked down by your pulsing brain.” Framed in unrhymed lines and irregular meter, the poem works as a chronicle which depicts the confusing leaps in the storyline and announces death through its form and meaning.

John Lepper: *Battle of Jarama 1937*

The sun warmed the valley
But no birds sang
The sky was rent with shrapnel
And metallic clang

Death stalked the olive trees
Picking his men
His leaden finger beckoned
Again and again

Dust rose from the roadside
A stifling cloud
Ambulances tore past
Klaxoning loud

Men torn by shell-shards lay
Still on the ground
The living sought shelter
Not to be found

Holding their hot rifles
Flushed with the fight
Sweat-streaked survivors
Willed for the night

With the coming of darkness
Deep in the wood
A fox howled to heaven
Smelling the blood.

Batalla del Jarama, 1937 (translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán)

El sol calentaba el valle
mas ningún ave cantaba
rasgado el cielo de metralla
y de metálico estruendo

entre olivos, al acecho
la muerte escogía a sus hombres
llamando una y otra vez
con su dedo de plomo

El polvo de la carretera
era una nube asfixiante
las ambulancias corrían
trepidantes y veloces

Desgarrados por esquirlas
yacían hombres inmóviles
los vivos buscaban refugio
que apenas encontraban

sujetando sus rifles
ardientes por el combate
supervivientes sudorosos
ansiaron la noche

Al llegar la oscuridad
en lo profundo del bosque
una zorra aulló al cielo
aventando la sangre.

Battle of Jarama 1937

Lepper frames the poem in the battlefield of Jarama Valley and begins it with an antithesis. The first two lines are the key to what comes next: “The sun warmed the valley, / but no bird sang.” The still image of the sun-warmed valley contrasts with the absence of birds. Birds flee from death and the lack of their songs is replaced by the whistle of shrapnel and the blast of bombs. In this sense, the antithesis highlights the contrast between these two different images, joined as a whole, depicting one vivid picture of the war and death.

The poem is structured in six quatrains, following the rhyming pattern of abcb defe ghjh jklk mnon pqrq, where the second and the fourth lines of each stanza have a masculine rhyme. The sound of the assonant rhyme along with the dimeter rhythm, echoes what is happening in the poem, expanding the effect of the battle with death. The following lines are as harsh as “shrapnel”; there is no alliteration to produce a melodic effect because it is broken by: “The sky was rent with shrapnel / And metallic clang.” Another device used by Lepper is the lack of punctuation in the stanzas. Even though there are complete sentences, there are no full stops until the very end of the poem. This is to show that there is no stopping in the action of war; it is continuous like a documentary film in motion with visual, auditory and tactile imagery.

The personification of death deepens the realism; this, combined with the use of different tenses, such as past simple and gerund, accentuates a timeless effect of proximity. Death hides behind olive trees and chooses men: “Death stalked the olive tress / Picking his men.” There is a metaphor of death calling the men as follows: “His leaden finger beckoned / Again and again.”

In the following quatrain, the first line alliterates with the /r/ sound, thus enhancing the image: “Dust rose from the roadside.” Men, who were still alive, were crawling like snakes seeking refuge, the /s/ and /ʃ/ sounds simulate the quiet sound of a snake hissing: “The living sought shelter.”

The gerund at the beginning of the fifth stanza shapes a cinematographic effect on the stanza, like an image in motion: “Holding his burning rifles for combat.” Lepper acts as a war correspondent describing the combat *in situ*. The alliteration of the /s/ in the third line enhances their fight for survival: “Sweat-Streaked survivors.” Sweat comes from the fear during the day, until night, the boundary between death and life, when they can finally be safe in the darkness.

Samuel Levinger: *Sam*

I do not fear blankness that men call death,
Nor say set prayers to baffle a vague-guessed doom,
Nor gaze with sick despair at the enveloping
Black bowels of the tomb.

My life is joyous with purple verse and clouds,
Ships I have sailed on, beer that I have spilled;
Forward lies struggle and hope, a world to destroy,
A new world to build.

And when my eyes begin to flutter and close
I shall be sad; but why should my courage shake?
If there is darkness beyond, why then, I will sleep,
If light, I shall wake.

Sam (translated by Agustín Lozano de la Cruz)

No temo al vacío que los hombres llaman muerte,
No conjuro a rezos para conjurar un destino apenas adivinado,
No contemplo con malsana desesperación el envoltorio
De las negras tripas de la tumba.

Mi vida goza con la poesía púrpura y con las nubes,
Con los barcos en que navegué, con la cerveza que derrama;
Me esperan la lucha y la esperanza, un mundo que derribar,
Un nuevo mundo que construir.

Y cuando mis ojos comiencen a temblar y a cerrarse
Llegará la tristeza, ¿pero acaso se debilitará mi coraje?
Si lo que aguarda es oscuridad, entonces dormiré,
Si es luz, despertaré.

Sam

This poem was written a short time, maybe less than a month, before the poet died as a consequence of the wounds he suffered in the Battle of Belchite in September 1937. Sam Levinger was a young American idealist who left his family, his girlfriend and studies at the University of Chicago behind him. It is ironic that such a young boy thought about death in his poem.

The poem is divided into three quatrains, each made up of four lines with a regular rhyme scheme abcb defe ghij, where the second and fourth lines of the quatrain have a masculine rhyme. Written in a direct conversational style, the poet focuses on the ideals, which made him join the Lincoln Brigade, more than on the reality of war. He uses different devices, such as parallelism in the first stanza, to depict his self-confidence: “I do not fear that blankness... Nor say yet prayers... Nor gaze with sick despair...” Three consecutive negative sentences at the beginning of each line emphasize this feeling of confidence. It is highlighted by the enjambment in the third line in which the metaphor of death and its visual image continue to the following line.

The second stanza seems to be a song of his life. Using simple words, Levinger draws a portrait of a young man’s enthusiastic optimism. The repetition of the personal pronoun “I”, as well as the conjunctions “and” and “with”, highlight his feeling of joy. In the third and fourth lines of the stanza, the poet reflects his faith. He pairs words, such as “struggle / hope, world / destroy and world / build.” On one hand, Sam Levinger struggles to destroy the old world which has brought fascism to Spain and, at the same time, he has hope to build a new world.

The third stanza begins with the conjunction “And”, conferring in this sense the continuity of the emotions from the previous stanza. This emotive continuity is enhanced by the enjambment of the first line and the caesura of the second line, which abruptly breaks the line with a semicolon and a disjunctive connector “but.” The caesura leads to a rhetoric question to reinforce the idealistic tone of the poem.

Alex McDade: *Valley of Jarama*

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama,
That's a place that we all know so well,
For 'tis there that we wasted our manhood,
And most of our old age as well.

From this valley they tell us we're leaving,
But don't hasten to bid us adieu,
For e'en though we make our departure,
We'll be back in an hour or two. (*)

Oh, we're proud of our British Battalion, (**)
And the marathon record it's made,
Please do us this little favour,
And take this last word to Brigade:

“You will never be happy with strangers,
They would not understand you as we,
So remember the Jarama valley
And the old men who wait patiently.”

(*) Referring to brief leave at Alcalá de Henares at the beginning of May. (sic)

(**) Dimitrov Battalion or Lincoln Battalion. (sic)

Valle del Jarama (the translation is ours)

En España hay un Valle Jarama,
un lugar que conocemos bien,
porque allí dimos la juventud,
y parte de la vejez también.

De este valle dicen que nos vamos,
no corráis a decirnos *adieu*
porque aunque nos marchemos ahora
en un rato estaremos aquí. (*)

El mejor es el British Battalion, (**)
ha batido el record de maratón,
hacednos un pequeño favor,
y contadles esto también:

“No seréis felices con extraños,
nadie como nosotros os querrá,
así que recordad el Jarama
y los viejos que esperaron allí”.

(*) Referencia a un permiso muy breve en Alcalá de Henres a principios de mayo. (sic)

(**) Batallón Dimitrov o Batallón Lincoln. (sic)

Valley of Jarama

The oldest known version was written by Alex McDade, a worker from Glasgow, who became commissar in the XV Brigade and was responsible for the welfare of the soldiers. He was wounded at Jarama and fell at the battle of Brunete, on July 6, 1937.

After the Battle of Jarama in February 1937 and the fascist offensives which followed, the XV Brigade held the line while waiting for replacements. They had been living in trenches without a leave for nearly four months. Finally, when they were given the first leave, it was only for three days in Alcalá de Henares, but something unexpected shortened it and they were ordered to return to the front after the first night. As Carroll comments (1994: 16):

They maintained their anxious vigil until June 17, 120 days after they first entered the line. Only once was the battalion relieved. But no sooner had the men taken showers, caught a night sleep in an abandoned church, and paraded in a May Day demonstration that Allan Johnson announced that a new fascist threat required their return to the trenches. The expected attack never came.

McDade changed the lyrics to an American folk song, *Red River Valley*. The new lyrics of the song are ironic about the time they had been waiting in the valley and they still had to wait. There are many existing versions of this song; we have selected the one collected in *The Book of the XV Brigade*, published by the Commissariat of War in 1938.

The structure of the song is composed of four stanzas and the second and fourth lines rhyme. The music has six beats and the words fit the rhythm of the song. The speaking voice is in the plural form and quotation marks are used to directly address their comrades by using pronouns. Written in conversational style, the simple and direct language is humorous and ironic.

Tony McLean: *Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937*

Once looking west in ecstasy of daring
we saw the future pegged out like a sheet
its mountains, towns and valleys at our feet
yet lacked a map to give them name or bearing
from in our souls followed the lodestone here
old Orpheus' lyre compelled our feet to Spain
and set our veins afire, useless to explain
this was our summit, peak of our hearts' career.
Forty the years Moses trudged willingly
To view his Canaan from Mount Nebo's height
While our apocalypse with eager light
Red rising sun revealed in ecstasy.
What if rash hopes turned ash in burning Spain?
Yet, we who have climbed up have not climbed in vain.

Amanecer en los Pirineos Mayo 1937 (the translation is ours)

Mirando hacia el oeste en éxtasis audaz,
vimos el futuro anclado como una sábana de nieve
a sus montañas, pueblos y valles a nuestros pies,
aún sin un mapa que les diera nombre u orientación
en nuestras almas, que siguieron hasta aquí la brújula.
La lira del viejo Morfeo arrastró nuestros pies hacia España
y encendió el fuego en nuestras venas, no tiene explicación,
esta era nuestra meta, cumbre de nuestros corazones
Cuarenta años Moisés libremente caminó,
para ver su Canaán desde el Monte Nebo,
mientras tanto, nuestro Apocalipsis ansía iluminar
el rojo amanecer descubierto en éxtasis.
¿Qué pasaría si este arrebato de esperanza se convirtiera en ceniza en esta España
convulsa?
Nosotros, que hemos escalado hasta aquí, no lo habríamos hecho en vano.

Sunrise in the Pyrenees May 1937

Two of the purposes of the agreement of non-intervention were to prevent the Spanish Republic from getting supplies of weapons for self-defense and also to stop the arrival of the brigadists. Therefore, after that, volunteers had to cross the Pyrenees illegally, guided by smugglers or peasants, usually at night to avoid detection.

This poem is written in the form of a Shakespearean sonnet, a classical format, but the contents are political and the style is conversational. It consists of three quatrains and a couplet, having an envelope rhyme, abba cddc effe gg, where the first and third stanzas contain feminine and masculine rhyme; the second stanza and last couplet have masculine rhyme. The harmonious combination of words in the lines produces a euphonic rhythm. In the first stanza, McLean describes the moment when they finally reach the other side of the border “in bold ecstasy”; he uses a simile to say that their future is tied to Spain, as the blanket of snow to the mountains and villages.

In the second stanza, he explains the cause of the trip by using a synecdoche of the compass in the first line and imagery, such as the image of “Orpheus” seducing them with his tune to attract them there: “old Orpheus lyre compelled our feet to Spain.” Two metaphors, one in the third line, “set our veins afire”, and another in the fourth, “this was our summit, the peak of our hearts career”, symbolize their goal. This continuation of poetical devices enhances the value of images and feelings that McLean transmits; they are a bold burst of joy and uncertainty. The comparison of Moses looking out from Mount Nebo, just as the brigadists do from the Pyrenees, is particularly significant. This revelation enlightens “our red dawn discovered in ecstasy.” This means that they are the messengers of the communist ideals. The repetition throughout the poem of the noun phrases, formed by the pronoun “ours” and the nouns “feet, souls, feet, summit, hearts and apocalypse”, enhances the personal implication of the poet, an implication which is shared by the brigadists who climbed the Pyrenees and crossed the French-Spanish border.

The final two lines are an answer to their action. Aware of the political situation in the Spanish Republic and knowing that it could get worse, they decide to go ahead. An ideal guides them, whatever happens to them will be worthwhile: “we who have climbed up have not climbed in vain.”

Anton Miles: *The Turn of the Tide*

Arouse all the soldiers, the dawn will soon break,
For none can sleep while the guns are awake.
Forward to victory, rise with the morning,
Today we the enemy's strongholds are storming.

The men are tired and need a rest
But still they fight with determined zest.
In yonder trenches the enemy stands
So forward soldiers and free the land.

So let your voices rise to the sky,
All soldiers and workers will take up the cry,
"Viva República! Long Live Spain,"
And throw aside the binding chain.

The soil is stained and sodden red,
Red with the blood of the wounds that bled
That freedom might live and never die,
Upon this soil where their bodies lie.

The soldiers are ready and now it is light
The guns they do roar and into the fight,
Over the land and through the vines,
Advancing and breaking the enemy lines.

As the victors be honored when Spain you have won;
So clip on your bayonet and up with your gun
And fight like good comrades all side by side,
And let your advance be the turn of the tide.

Cambio de Rumbo (the translation is ours)

Despertad a todos los soldados, ya despunta el alba,
ninguno debe dormir, mientras los cañones están alerta.
el camino a la victoria se acerca con la mañana,
hoy seremos el azote del bastión enemigo.

Los hombres están cansados y necesitan un descanso
sin embargo, todavía luchan con renovado entusiasmo
en esas trincheras el enemigo resiste
así que, no os detengáis y liberad esta tierra.

Elevad vuestras voces al cielo,
soldados y obreros seréis una sola voz al grito de:
“¡Viva la República! ¡Larga vida a España!”
Y arrojad a un lado la cadena opresora.

La tierra está teñida y empapada de rojo,
por la sangre que mana de sus heridas
la libertad debería resistir y nunca morir,
en esta tierra donde yacen sus cuerpos.

Raya el día y los soldados están preparados,
en la batalla, hacen rugir los cañones
a través de las vides, sobre la tierra,
avanzando y rompiendo las líneas enemigas.

Seréis honrados invictos cuando hayáis salvado a España;
así que calad vuestras bayonetas y cargad las armas
y luchad codo a codo, como bravos camaradas,
y haced que vuestro empuje haga cambiar el rumbo.

The Turn of the Tide

The poem was published on July 19, 1938, six days before the offensive of the Ebro. The Republican Spain split in two, as rebels broke through the republican forces and reached the Mediterranean Sea at Vinaroz; Catalonia was separated from Valencia and depended on the opening of the French border to receive arms.

In that situation, Juan Negrín, Prime Minister of the Republic, devised a strategy to get help. France was warned of serious consequences. The soldiers are ready and now it is light if there were a fascist victory at its border, and how that victory in Spanish land could be transformed into an invasion against France. This country then decided to supply arms to the Spanish Republic intermittently. The brigadists were demoralized because they had suffered heavy losses after withdrawing from the Aragón Front. The newspaper of the Brigade tried to raise their morale. Therefore the poem was written. It was a call to arms.

The Battle of the Ebro, which lasted until November, was instrumental in saving the Republic. However the superiority of the rebel faction, supported by arms and Hitler and Mussolini's aviation and soldiers, tipped the scales in their favor.

Written in the form of a ballad, the poem is made up of six stanzas of four lines each. These quatrains follow the rhythm of an iambic tetrameter and have a specific rhyming pattern, aabb ccdd eeff gghh ijij kklk, making the poem easily readable. All the lines, except the third and fourth ones, have masculine rhyme. The assonant, imperfect rhyme, combined with the parallel structure of the stanzas, produces a dynamic effect, just what the commissar needed to raise the soldiers' morale. It opens with an address to the soldiers, who really are the protagonists of the poem. The tone is heroic; Anton Miles emphasizes the courage of the fallen and exalts the values of liberty which must be defended. Using simple words, he depicts vivid images which highlight the dramatic tone to the listeners, the international brigadists and Spanish soldiers that were already part of the units. The vocabulary encourages the exhausted soldiers to do their duty: "dawn... break, guns... awake, forward to victory, enemy's strongholds, fight, yonder trenches, free the land, enemy, soldiers, workers, chain, blood of the wounds and freedom." This poem would reinforce the men's morale by indicating the possibility of a turnaround.

Joe Monks: *Fuente-O-Venjuna*

Remember long ago, Fuente-O-Venjuna
A laddie whispered low: Fuente-O-Venjuna.
Will I stay or will I go?
And you proudly answered go!
It were better to lay a tyrant low
Than live a slave without a blow, for Fuente- O- Venjuna.

***Fuente-O-Venjuna* (the translation is ours)**

Recuerdo tiempo atrás, Fuente-O-Venjuna
un muchacho susurró: Fuente-O-Venjuna.
¿Me quedaré o partiré?
Con orgullo respondiste: ¡Adelante!
Fue mejor derrotar al tirano
que vivir esclavo sin intentarlo, por Fuente-O-Venjuna.

Fuente-O-Venjuna

The town Fuenteovejuna fell to the Fascists in October 1936 and, since that time, it had been established as a strong point in their defence system on the front of Sierra Morena. Waiting to regain Fuenteovejuna, the internationals entertained themselves by spending rainy afternoons narrating stories for a whole week. They filled those hours and spoke about the works of Shakespeare, alternatively with Spanish literature. One day Captain Alexander Scott told them the story of Fuenteovejuna that Lope de Vega recreated in his homonymous play: “He once talked about Lope de Vega’s play which preserved the legend of the people from Fuente- O-Venjuna, who collectively accepted the charge of killing the Knight-Commander who had tyrannised them” (Monks, 2012: 108).

While waiting for orders to assault the fascists’ positions, Monks wrote this short poem in a conversational style and he would later mail it to Donnelly’s sister in the spring of 1937. The poem is structured in three couplets, rhymed aa bb cc. There is a spatial location, the name of the town. The turning point in the poem takes place with the rhetorical question in the third line of the poem, when the laddie asks himself what he is going to do. Then Monks, the narrator, answers and encourages him to fight for freedom. In the last line, there is a colon after the rhymed sound “blow”, which rhymes with “low” in the previous line; this makes a caesura that highlights the commitment of the internationals.

Regarding the tone of the poem, first the laddie is doubtful. However, Monks encourages him.

Thomas O'Brien: *On Guard for Liberty*

Those who have been close
To feel the deed like the blood flowing
Are apart and silent in the heart of it,
They cannot speak full words-
There are no words to make a living man
Live on again through this,
No words to make one die again
As one has died.
To the blood and bone of future races
This heart will beat,
Children born in the strength of it
Hardly knowing what it is that makes them free
And we close circled by our little fires
Waiting night to take these last few friendly shadows
In a quiet sector of this Spanish war zone
Breathing with these men
Send back messages of faith in the future.

1938

En Guardia por la Libertad (the translation is ours)

Aquellos que han estado cerca,
que han sentido la acción como el fluir de la sangre ardiente
están en silencio de su corazón apartados,
no pueden pronunciar palabras completas
no hay palabras que hagan que un hombre
soporte otra vez esta prueba,
no hay palabras que conduzcan a la muerte de nuevo,
cuando uno ya está muerto.
Por la sangre y médula de los pueblos del futuro,
este corazón latirá,
los niños nacidos en su lucha,
apenas sabrán qué fue lo que les hizo libres
y nosotros juntos alrededor de nuestras pequeñas hogueras,
esperando que la noche traiga éstas últimas sombras amistosas
En un sector tranquilo de esta España en guerra,
respirando con estos hombres
enviaremos mensajes de Fe hacia el futuro.

1938

On Guard for Liberty

This poem was published in August 1938, while O'Brien was in the hospital after being wounded in the Battle of the Ebro. That battle was the hardest and longest of the Spanish war. Fighting as shock troops, the International Brigades suffered a great deal of casualties. The latest German technology fired almost the whole day and, at the same time, six hundred bombers steadily blitzed loyalist positions. This battle became a living hell: "There are no words that make a living man / Live on again through this."

Without proclaiming political slogans, in 1938 O'Brien narrates his experiences at the battlefield, just as they happened. Writing is a first step in helping himself to cope with sadness and suffering for the loss of comrades and the horror he witnessed. In doing so, it helps him to sort through his feelings and imagine a new life in a better world, looking forward to the future.

The poem is written in free verse using simple language. O'Brien uses visual imagery, symbolism and enjambments to convey his emotions about his war experience. There is also an allusion to John Cornford's poem, "A Letter from Aragon", in the fifteenth line: "In a quiet sector of this Spanish war zone."

O'Brien believes that his comrades' deaths have not been in vain. He sends a message of hope and faith for the children's future.

Frank O'Flaherty: *To John Lenthier*

(Killed in action, Spain, February 27, 1937)

No wreaths but such wild blooms
as withered lie between the lines,
the no-man's land of yesterday,
to honor those at rest in undug tombs-

No wreaths but such rare seeds
as live and grow in comrades' hearts'
imbued with fertile warmth:
in memory of dreams grown into deeds.

No music but a song-
no organ drone to dirge they've gone:
alone the rifles' brief, prophetic crack
a soldier's due and prelude to attack
Before the dawn....

Frank O'Flaherty

La Pasionaria Hospital, Murcia, Spain.

A la memoria de John Lenthier (the translation is ours)
(*Muerto en acción, España, 27 de febrero, 1937*)

No hay ramos de flores, solo plantas silvestres
ya marchitas, tendidas entre las líneas,
de la tierra de nadie de ayer,
para rendir homenaje a quienes yacen en tumbas sin excavar.

No hay ramos de flores, solo unas curiosas semillas
que crecen y viven en el corazón de nuestros camaradas
Imbuidas con una fértil calidez:
en memoria de los sueños convertidos en hechos.

Sin música, solo una canción-
Sin órgano que entone una oración de despedida:
Solamente el breve y profético disparo de los rifles
el deber del soldado y el preludio del ataque
antes del amanecer...

Frank O'Flaherty

Hospital La Pasionaria, Murcia, Spain.

To John Lenthier

One American, with experience in the New York National Guard, advanced about 25 yards and found “nobody there.” He took refuge behind a skinny olive tree, using a penknife to scrape the dirt into a protective mound. He dared not move to fire at the enemy. But, to his astonishment, he saw a figure ahead of him so untrained as to be bearing a full pack on his back. This was John Lenthier, the young actor from Boston, who had been once been arrested for protesting the banning of Clifford Odet’s play *Waiting for Lefty*. Just minutes before the attack, he has confided to a friend that there were only three things in the world he cared about: the theatre, the labour movement, and his wife. Shot while running, he sprawled like a turtle on the ground, unable to turn because of the weight on his shoulders. There he died a slow and painful death. From the trenches, a patched and bleeding Merriman watched the attack disintegrate. “Our men advanced under impossible conditions and did it without murmur,” wrote Merriman three days later. “Our boys plenty brave... great boys and it grieved me to see them go.” (Carroll, 1994: 101).

John Lenthier served with the Lincoln Battalion, arriving at the battlefront on the 26th of February, 1937; he had not received any military training and was killed the following day.

While O’Flaherty was convalescing from his wounds at the hospital Pasionaria in Murcia, he wrote a dramatic farewell to the memory of his comrade John Lenthier. O’Flaherty was one of the casualties of that terrible battle of Jarama. Of Irish-American origin, Frank and his two brothers, Charlie and Eddie, all from Boston, joined the Lincoln Battalion. In a little over one month since he had sailed from Boston on January 16, 1937, he fought at the battlefront of Jarama, the first battle in Europe against fascism and the first victory too.

O’Flaherty addresses an unknown audience in a critical moment, probably some days after the battle took place, and the body of Lenthier was recovered and buried. The poem is divided into two quatrains, where lines two and three are enclosed between the masculine rhymes of lines one and four, abca defd, and a quintet, where the masculine rhyme is gghhg.

The title of the poem is dedicated to John Lenthier and there is an epigraph which indicates the place and date of his death. The poem begins with the oblivion regarding the dead soldiers, as there are no “wreaths” for the actor after his last performance at the battlefront stage of Jarama, just “wild blooms.” The poet uses concrete language in order to express his feelings. Simple language helps O’Flaherty to describe his sadness and also to overcome the grieving of loss; he also uses parallel structures to describe the scenario of the poem. The repetition of negative particles at the beginning of some lines intensifies the dramatic tone of the poem, as well as, the visual images, which depict the transformation of the dead bodies of his comrades into “wild blooms in no-man’s land.” This image conveying the idea that death is a return to birth appears in the first and second stanza. The indented margin in the second stanza indicates a shift in the tone of the poem: hope among that dryness and grieving that

surrounds them, as “rare seeds / as live and grow in comrades’ hearts, / imbued with fertile warmth.” This image is accentuated by two enjambments in the first and second line. Words such as “seeds, live, grow, hearts, imbued, fertile and warmth” are all connected with life and the expectation that one day they will defeat fascism; there will be a return to life from death. Although O’Flaherty does not use political diction, such as fascist or communist, it is possible to guess what he is referring to in the last line: “In memory of dreams grown into deeds”; the brigadists’ ideals will never die.

The last stanza begins with an opposition: “No music but a song.” This is a metaphor of their loneliness; there is no audience, just a bunch of comrades who are singing a farewell song. O’Flaherty once again describes auditory details, by using the image of the “organ drone” opposed to that of “alone the rifles brief prophetic crack.” The last two lines portray the immediacy of the facts that soldiers deal with, while being at the battlefield; the phrase a “soldier’s due” and the last enjambment in the fourth line enhance the meaning of the words, just referring to facts which help readers evoke such emotional moments of grief and accomplished duty.

This poem evokes “Break of Day in the Trenches” (1916) written by the Great War poet Isaac Rosenberg: “Hurled through still heavens? / What quaver -what heart aghast? / Poppies whose roots are in men’s veins / Drop, and are ever dropping; / But mine in my ear is safe, / Just a little white with the dust.”

Pat O'Reilly: *A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart*

You can tell my little sweetheart that I send her all my love.
You can tell her that I love her and in death I love her still.
You can tell her that my body lies where the Jarama river flows,
Where Spanish guns still flash and the Workers Army goes.

Oh! Well do I remember her farewell kiss to me.
She told me not to falter when the fascist guns did roar
But to show the Spanish workers that we're with them to the last.
And to defend their country from Moorish savage hands.

When Franco threw his terror amongst the working class
Our comrades were determined that they'd fight him to the last
For we'd sooner die than see fascism rule this land.
Loud on high we raise the cry, fascism shall not pass.

El adiós de un camarada moribundo a su dulce amor (the translation is ours)

Puedes decirle a mi dulce amor que le envío a ella todo mi amor.
Puedes decirle que la amo y que después de muerto seguiré amándola.
Puedes decirle que mi cuerpo reposa donde fluye el río Jarama,
donde los cañones españoles aún centellean y lucha la Armada de Obreros.

¡Oh! ¡Cómo recuerdo su último beso de despedida!
Ella me dijo que no temiera al rugido de los cañones fascistas
sino que demostrara a los obreros españoles que estamos con ellos hasta el final
y que defenderemos su patria de las manos de los salvajes moros.

Cuando Franco lanzó el terror entre la clase obrera
nuestros camaradas decidieron combatirlo hasta el final
porque preferimos morir antes que ver al fascismo gobernar esta tierra.
Alto y fuerte elevaremos el grito de, el fascismo no pasará.

A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart

Pat O'Reilly was an Irishman who fought for the loyalists in the XV Brigade, he was injured in the battle of Jarama. The brigade suffered many losses in that battle; the wounded were moved to Villa Paz near Madrid. The American Medical Unit set up their hospital with the authorization of the Republican Government. Villa Paz had been the summer home of King Alfonso XIII's cousin and had been deserted since his abdication in 1931. There he met the only African-American nurse, Salaria Kea, graduated from Harlem Hospital.

She is a very nice person, and her fiancé known as Pat, realized this as he was moved to Villa Paz. He fell in love to the point that he began to write poems inspired by her but, as he was a very shy Irishman, did not dare confess his love to her. The other nurses, however, read his poems and told Salaria. Instead of the usual wedding march, a chorus of Spanish girls sang Joven Guardia among other songs. The old judge of Saelices, who had an enormous moustache, officiated the ceremony. (Hughes, 2011: 66, the translation is ours)

This is a simple romantic poem divided into three quatrains with tetrameter rhythm, where the single voice of O'Reilly depicts the narration of the events. The first stanza, dedicated to Salaria, goes from a pessimistic mood to an uplifting one. While in the hospital recovering from his wounds, O'Reilly probably thinks he will die. This stanza is the most rhythmic because of the combination of poetic devices, such as anaphora, alliteration of the sounds /l/ and /s/ and parallelism. The repetition of the pronouns "You," "her" and "I", and the present tense verbs "can" and "tell" make the situation more personal and help enhance the realism because of the freshness of his love and the swiftness of the events. His purpose is to make his love for Salaria clear

The second stanza begins with a caesura, followed by an inverted sentence; it is obvious O'Reilly wants to highlight his love for her. The second and third lines are connected by an enjambment; O'Reilly evokes the last farewell before being wounded, Salaria's courage and her last kiss.

In the last stanza, in which a direct reference to Francisco Franco appears, O'Reilly expresses his indignation and declares that fascism will not pass. There are also two enjambments in the first and second lines; these enhance the commitment and determination of the International Brigades to fight against fascism "to the last."

Edwin Rolfe: *Elegy for Our Dead*

There is a place where, wisdom won, right recorded,
men move beautifully, striding across fields
whose wheat, wind-marshalled, wanders unguarded
in unprotected places; where earth, revived folds
all growing things closely to itself: the groves
of bursting olives, the vineyards ripe and heavy with
glowing grapes, the oranges like million suns; and graves
where lie, nurturing all this fields, my friends in death.

With them, deep in coolness, are memories of France and
the exact fields of Belgium, midnight marches in snows-
the single-file caravan high in the Pyrenees: the land
of Spain unfolded before them, dazzling the young Balboas.
This land is enriched with Atlantic salt, spraying
the live, squinting eyelids, even now, of companions-
with towns of America, towers and mills, sun playing
always, in stone streets, wide fields-all men's dominions.

Elegía a nuestros muertos (the translation is ours)

La sabiduría ganó un lugar en la memoria,
cuerpos etéreos de hombre, pasean suavemente los campos
donde el trigo peinado por el viento, se mece con fiado,
vulnerable, donde la tierra reverdece; rodea
todo aquello que crece junto a ella: campos de
olivos que rezuman, racimos púrpura ya maduros en la viña ,
las naranjas como millones de soles; las tumbas
donde reposan, nutriendo estos campos, mis amigos muertos.

Junto a ellos, en honda frialdad, los recuerdos de Francia
y los cuadriculados campos belgas, marchas en la nieve a medianoche,
la caravana en fila de uno en lo alto del Pirineo: la tierra
española por descubrir ante ellos, deslumbrantes los jóvenes Balboa.
Esta tierra está enriquecida con la sal atlántica, esparcida
sobre los vivos párpados entornados, de los compañeros-
de ciudades de América, torres y molinos, el sol risueño
siempre, en calles empedradas, campos inmensos; todos los dominios del hombre.

Honor for them in this lies: that theirs is no special
strange plot of alien earth. Men of all lands here
lie side by side, at peace now after the crucial
torture of combat, bullet and bayonet gone, fear
conquered forever. Yes, knowing it well, they were willing
despite it to clothe their vision with flesh. And their rewards,
not sought for self, live in new faces, smiling,
remembering what they did here. Deeds were their last words.

September 20, 1937
Madrid



Photograph 7. Ed Rolfe and Alvah Bessie, August 1938. Bessie was a novelist and writer who collaborated in the edition of *The Volunteer for Liberty* (Bessie, 2002: 122).

Su honor yace aquí; para quienes no hubo hechos ajenos,
ni tierra extraña. Hombres de todo el mundo reposan
juntos, en paz, después de la dura tortura del combate;
bayoneta y balas ya han partido; el miedo
vencido eternamente, lo conocieron de cerca,
fueron a su encuentro a pesar de su indumentaria mortal.
No esperaron recompensa alguna, solamente vivir en nuevos rostros sonriendo,
recordándolo que aquí hicieron. Sus acciones fueron sus últimas palabras.

20 de septiembre de 1937
Madrid

Elegy for Our Dead

This elegy is dedicated to his friends Sidney Shosteck and Daniel Hutner, who both died during the assault of Belchite. It is dated in Madrid on September 20th, 1937, and is the first poem about Spain which he liked and published; many others were inconclusive, or he finished them after the war.

Rolfe wants to give testimony with this poem about what made those comrades special; their ideals knew neither borders nor nationalities. Cary Nelson explains, in his introduction *Lyrics and Politics* (Rolfe, 1996: 28), how Edwin Rolfe weighed these ideals against the relevance that nationalism and patriotism had on the causes that incited the outbreak of World War I. Rolfe wrote in his diary that this poem was, in part, an answer to Rupert Brooke's romantic and patriotic image of the soldier's grave in his poem "The Soldier": "That there's some corner of a foreign field / That is forever England."³⁵ Hence the comment: "this time the dead honour something larger more than nationalism."

The elegy has its origin in pastoral poetry. Rolfe follows some of its conventional features, widely used by the Great War's poets, such as the images of nature and symbols. He describes an idyllic landscape where his comrades' souls are present; he praises them and at the same time accepts the inevitability of death. In some sense he accepts the immortality of his friends, whose bodies have nurtured the land, producing its beautiful fruit. Due to the loss of his friends, a mixture of sadness and hope permeates the tone throughout the poem, which is divided into three octets. There is masculine imperfect rhyme, abab cdcd efef ghgh ijij klkl. The alliteration in the third line of the first stanza enhances the image of the light movement of wheat waving in the wind: "Whose wheat, wind marshalled, wanders unguarded / Where wheat hairstyle by wind, rocks confident." Then, Rolfe lists all the fruits of the earth that feed from the sacrifice of the dead brigadists.

The second stanza evokes the journey to Spain: the adventures they had to overcome in France, the crossing of the Pyrenees at night surrounded by snow and the arrival in Spain, an unknown country. There is a metaphor in the fifth line: "This land is enriched with Atlantic salt." The Bible contains numerous references to salt. It is used metaphorically to signify permanence, loyalty, fidelity, value and purification. In this sense, Rolfe defines the spirit of freedom and loyalty that came from across the ocean and will always remain in Spain. He evokes America and what the Internationals left there: everything that they knew.

In the third and last stanza he praises his friends. Rolfe becomes optimistic and wants to give testimony of the consistency of his dead comrades, who became examples to follow because of their attitudes and behaviour. He uses alliteration with the sounds /s/, /d/ and /w/ to highlight the nouns and verbs which depict that they were a testimony

³⁵ For further information about the author see: <http://www.theguardian.com/world/2008/nov/12/rupert-brooke-the-soldier>

of their values and ethics: “And their rewards, / Not sought for self, live in new faces, smiling, / remembering what they did here. Deeds were their last words.”

In conclusion, this elegy substantiates the nostalgia of an American brigadist who has lost his comrades, portraying who they were and what they were like. Writing in imperfect rhyme gives the poet liberty to use simple words to vary the rhyming pattern, creating beautiful images which reflect the effect of their bodies blended into nature: “earth, revived folds / all growing things closely to itself: the groves / of bursting olives...” Edwin Rolfe puts aside political rhetoric; he explains through a biblical metaphor how just a bunch of men could do so much to help the people of a country that was not theirs.

Edwin Rolfe: *Death by Water*

On May 30 1937 the small Spanish coastal steamship, Ciudad de Barcelona, was torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Malgrat by a submarine which the Non-Intervention Committee preferred to designate as "of unknown nationality." More than a hundred volunteers, twelve of them Americans, perished. (sic)

Nearing land, we heard the cry of gulls and
saw their shadows in sunlight on the topmost deck
or coasting unconcerned on each wavecrest, they rested
after their scavenging, scudding the ship's length.

And we thought of the albatross -- an old man going crazy,
his world an immenseness of water, none of it to drink;
and the vultures descend, dining on an Ethiopian plain:
all of us were the living corpse, powerless, bleeding.

And suddenly the shock. We felt the boat shiver.
I turned to Oliver, saw his eyes widen
stare past the high rails, waiting, waiting...
Others stumbled past us. And suddenly the explosion.

Men in twenty languages cried out to comrades
as the blast tore the ship, and the water, like lava,
plunged through the hull, crushing metal and flesh before it,
splintering cabins, the sleepers caught unconscious.

Belted, we searched for companions but lost them
in turmoil of faces; swept toward the lifeboats
and saw it was useless. Too many were crowding them.
Oliver dived. I followed him, praying.

In the water the sea-swell hid for a moment
Oliver swimming, strongly, away from me.
Then his voice, calmly: "Here, keep his head above."
We helped save a drowning man, kept him afloat until

Muerte en el agua (the traslation is ours)

El 30 de mayo de 1937 el pequeño barco de vapor *Ciudad de Barcelona* fue torpedeado y hundido junto a la costa de Malgrat del Mar por un submarino que el Comité de No Intervención prefirió designar como “nacionalidad desconocida”. Más de cien voluntarios, doce de ellos americanos, murieron.

Acercándonos a tierra oímos los gritos de las gaviotas y
vimos su sombra a la luz del sol desde la cubierta más alta,
navegando despreocupadas sobre las crestas de las olas, descansaban
después de carroñar, difuminándose a lo largo del barco.

Y pensamos en el albatros-un viejo que se volvió loco,
su mundo, una inmensidad de agua, y nada para beber;
y los buitres bajando en una planicie de Etiopía:
todos nosotros éramos el muerto viviente, sin fuerzas, sangrando.

De repente el choque. Sentimos el barco temblar.
Me giré hacia Oliver, vi sus ojos muy abiertos,
ignorando las altas barandillas, esperando, esperando...
Otros tropezaron al pasar por nuestro lado. De repente la explosión

Hombres en veinte idiomas llamaban a sus camaradas
mientras la explosión rasgaba el barco, y el agua, como la lava;
salía a través del casco, aplastando por delante metal y carne,
rompiendo los camarotes, los dormidos atrapados inconscientes.

Atados, buscamos compañeros, pero los perdimos
en el caos de caras; empujados hacia los barcos salvavidas
vimos que era inútil. Demasiados estaban abarrotándolos.
Oliver se tiró al agua. Yo le seguí rezando.

El vaivén de la corriente escondió por un momento
a Oliver nadando, fuertemente, alejado de mí.
Entonces su voz, tranquila: “Aquí, mantén su cabeza arriba”
Ayudamos a salvar a un hombre que se ahogaba, mantenido a flote hasta

dories approached. Looking backward, we saw
the prow high in air, and Carlos, unconcerned,
throwing fresh belts to the tiring swimmers.
Steam, flame crept toward him, but he remained absorbed...

2

On shore, later, a hundred of us gone,
we are too weak to weep for them, to listen to
consoling words. We are too tired
to return the grave smiles of the rescuing people.
Too drained. Sorrow can never be the word.

But beyond the numbness the vivid faces
of comrades burn in our brains: their songs
in quiet French villages, their American laughter
tug at responding muscles in our lips,
shout against ears that have heard their voices living.

Fingers, convulsive, form fists. Teeth
grate now, audibly. We stifle curses,
thought but unuttered. While many grieve,
their hands reach outward, fingers extended-
the image automatic-ready for rifles

until night brings us sleep, and dreams
of violent death by drowning, dreams
of journey, slow advances through vineyards,
seeking cover in wheatfields, finding always
the fascist face behind the olive tree.

August 1937

Madrid

que se acercaron unas barquitos. Mirando hacia atrás, vimos
la proa elevada en el aire, y Carlos, despreocupado,
lanzando cuerdas a los agotados nadadores.
Vapor, llama, reptaban hacia él, pero él permaneció absorto...

2

En la orilla, más tarde, cien de nosotros desaparecidos,
estamos demasiado débiles para llorar por ellos, y para escuchar
palabras de consuelo. Estamos demasiado cansados
para devolver las sonrisas sombrías de los rescatadores.
Demasiado vacíos. La tristeza no sirve como palabra.

Pero más allá del entumecimiento, las caras vividas
de camaradas, queman en nuestro cerebro: sus canciones
en tranquilos pueblos franceses, su risa americana
estira los músculos que mueven nuestros labios,
gritan contra los oídos que han oído sus voces en vida.

Dedos convulsos forman puños. Los dientes
se aprietan ahora, audiblemente. Callamos las maldiciones,
pensadas pero no dichas. Mientras muchos se lamentan,
sus manos se estiran hacia fuera, los dedos extendidos-
la imagen automática-preparados para los rifles.

Hasta que la noche nos traiga el sueño, y sueños
de muerte violenta por ahogamiento, sueños
de viajar, avanzando lentamente a través de las viñas,
buscando cobijo en los campos de trigo, siempre encontrando
la cara fascista detrás del olivo.

Agosto 1937

Madrid

Death by Water

Edwin Rolfe takes the name from T. S. Eliot's poem "The Waste Land", section IV: *Death by Water*. Rolfe's poem, written in Madrid in August 1937, is a dramatic monologue divided into two parts. In the first section the character narrates the sinking of the steamship *Ciudad de Barcelona* which was torpedoed off Malgrat del Mar by an Italian submarine. The poem is preceded by an epigraph in which the poet summarizes how the Non-Intervention Committee looked at this attack with a blind eye. More than a hundred volunteers, twelve of them Americans, perished.

The first part of the poem is divided into seven quatrains in free verse. In the first quatrain, the narrator describes a typical scene from a ship and uses the plural personal pronoun "we", as if he were one of the volunteers on the ship. Cary Nelson notes in his introduction to the book *Lyrics and Politics* (1996: 28) how Rolfe directly quotes Eliot's phrase "the cry of gulls" in the first line of the poem. The alliteration of the /s/ and /c/ sounds imitates the movement of the gulls on the sea.

The following stanza is in itself another allusion, in this case, from the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner"³⁶ by Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "And we thought of the albatross—an old man going crazy." This is a harbinger which announces that something terrible is going to happen. Coleridge's "Mariner" brought a curse to the boat and the sailors for killing the albatross. In the third line, the poet uses a metaphor referring to the Aviazione Legionaria's bombers to remember the fascist invasion of Ethiopia, and in the last line, through the voice of the narrator, the poet makes a metaphor of the living brigadists: "all of us were the living corpse, powerless, bleeding.", referring to the "Mariner" who is completely alone. The brigadists are the future victims who will attract the vultures, a metaphor of the Italian planes in Ethiopia and, in this case, of the submarine that launches the torpedo. They cannot escape the attack, the same as the Ethiopians could not escape the fascist bombers.

In the following stanzas the character describes the first moments after the shock of the torpedo and the seconds before the explosion: "We felt the boat shiver... waiting, waiting." It is a dantesque image of confusion and terror. As the cheapest cabins of the ship are at the lowest level, many brigadists are caught sleeping: "Men in twenty languages cried out to comrades / as the blast tore the ship...", the water enters the ship and breaks it apart. The scene is narrated as a piece of news; there are no extra words to add more dramatism to the tragedy, just the necessary ones to describe the facts. Rolfe uses gerunds in order to enhance the immediacy of the reality because he is retelling the story told by a survivor of the ship. By doing so, the poet tries to maintain the freshness of the narration. Then they search for companions, but it is impossible because of the

³⁶ For further information consult: <http://www.enotes.com/topics/rime-ancient-mariner/critical-essays/rime-ancient-mariner-samuel-taylor-coleridge#critical-essays-rime-ancient-mariner-samuel-taylor-coleridge-introduction>

chaos. They dive into the water because the lifeboats are crowded and help save a drowning man by keeping him afloat. Rolfe repeats the use of the pronoun “we” in every stanza. He mentions two comrades, Oliver and Carlos; the latter is “unconcerned, /throwing fresh belts to the tiring swimmers. / Steam, flame crept toward him, but he remained absorbed.” He remains absorbed, not thinking about his life being in danger, despite the fact that the “flame crept toward him.” The “flame,” as well as the “lava” in the fourth stanza, belong to the imagery of death and hell.

In part two four quintets change the setting. Some men have been rescued and are on shore; a hundred men have died and the survivors are too tired to do anything. Rolfe uses repetition to enhance these feelings of despair, “We are too weak to weep... to listen to... We are too tired to return... Too drained ”, and two enjambments which intensify their sorrow. There is no consolation for the emptiness caused by the dead comrades. This is why the character says: “Sorrow can never be the word”, thus, no words can comfort them.

In the second stanza the brigadists are still in shock; they remember their comrades, their faces, their songs, their laughter and their memories from France. They will never forget the fallen.

The third stanza is a turning point of the tragedy; after remembering the dead, they are angry now. Step by step Rolfe describes the recuperation of the brigadists’ fighting spirit: “Fingers... form fists. Teeth grate now... We stifle courses, / ...hands reach outward, fingers...extended ready for rifles.” In the last line there is an enjambment which connects this to the following stanza, where the brigadists finally sleep, but they dream about “violent death by drowning,” as Eliot’s character Phlebas the Phoenician in *The Waste Land*, who apparently died by drowning. However, this nightmare moves into another stage, the war, moving and advancing through the fields and “finding always / the fascist face behind the olive tree.” Now they are ready to fight.

Joseph Rosenstein: *Twenty of Us*

(Acknowledgement to Edgar Lee Masters. Dedicated in respectful memory to our fallen comrades on February 27, 1937.)

Prologue

Twenty of us lie here-

Twenty who crossed continents,

-oceans, mountains.

Twenty to strike at the beast

Time for burial was lacking-

-space and men too.

Now, through the life of this blood-enriched

Earth, shall we comrades rest together.

Comrades now in the last of all; the grey,

The quiet cloak spread over the bed of life.

I

Seven of us were British. From

Mighty Brittany's flung horde of

Imperialist booty we sought to erase

Our shame, our country's sin against innocents.

Fatal that day on the Jarama

Fatal only to pail mortal flesh.

II

I was an actor from Boston.

Communist for six years, I tried to add

My share to mold the spirit of the mass

No hypocritical "Pro Patria" adorns my common last bed

Blinding lunge, a crash - and eternity.

Veinte de los Nuestrros (the translation is ours)

(Agradecimientos a Edgar Lee Masters. Dedicado respetuosamente a la memoria de nuestros camaradas caídos el veintisiete de febrero de 1937.)

Prólogo

Veinte de los nuestros reposan aquí
veinte que cruzaron continentes
-océanos, montañas.
veinte golpearon a la bestia
faltó tiempo para enterrarlos
también espacio y hombres .
Ahora, a través de la vida de esta ensangrentada y nutrida
tierra, podremos camaradas descansar juntos
Camaradas, en la hora final; el manto gris y silencioso,
se extenderá sobre el lecho de la vida.

I

Siete de los nuestros eran británicos.
El romance de la poderosa Inglaterra con la horda
de la bota imperialista, nos empujó a borrar
nuestra vergüenza, el pecado de nuestro país contra inocentes.
Terrible aquél día en el Jarama,
doloroso solo para la carne mortal.

II

Yo era un activista de Boston.
Comunista durante seis años, traté de aportar
mi ayuda, para moldear el espíritu de la mayoría.
No hay inscripción hipócrita “Pro Patria Mori” que adorne mi última cama compartida;
ataque a ciegas, un choque-y la eternidad.

III

From New York, mighty-spired Gotham
To the rambling fields of Spain I spent my quiet life
Statesman, politicians, corrupt, shrieked “Red” -
But we came. Short was my mortal stay, shorter
Than a winter’s day. But eternally shall I
Lie here - and eternally vigilant.

IV

History was in our hands, hard labor-roughened
Hands, when we left - we five Irish. History
We’ve made, bloody, fearful, glorious.
Proud of the traditions we bore, proud of our faith, too soon
We found the answer, too soon quiet darkness.
But we smile content from the tomb our vengeance, “Pasaremos.”

V

Six American are we, bloody bulks now, unrecognizable,
Given to those shared our intimacy, six of us
From the mighty states - six who met quick fates.
“Attack” went the word. And death soon followed fast.
Medieval monsters of destruction ended the short earthly stay-
Yet gave us what we never knew - a permanent home.

Epilogue

Soon shall reach the last roll of man-made thunder.
Soon the weary living treads the soft road back.
But flowers, new and fresh and wet, bloom on one huge tomb.
Death in too-familiar guise guards the horizon
As do our comrades, with unseeing eyes.
And when the far-off tales are told, of the brave and the quick and the dead,
A thousand minds, will flicker back to Jarama, from which there soon
Came the new dead. The climbing flesh is gone, but only the flesh.

III

Desde Nueva York, poderosa-puntiaguda Gotham,
 hasta los laberínticos campos de España, pasé mi tranquila vida.
 Estadistas, políticos corruptos, gritaron: “Rojo”,
 pero llegamos. Breve fue mi mortal estancia,
 más corta que una día de invierno. Sin embargo, eternamente
 permaneceré aquí , eternamente vigilante.

IV

La historia estaba en nuestras manos curtidas por el trabajo duro;
 cinco irlandeses éramos cuando salimos . Hemos forjado
 la historia sangrienta, temible, gloriosa.
 Orgullosos de las tradiciones que conservamos, orgullosos de nuestro destino;
 demasiado pronto encontramos la respuesta, demasiado pronto, la oscuridad silenciosa.
 Pero sonreímos satisfechos; nuestra venganza desde la tumba: ¡Pasaremos!

V

Seis americanos somos, ahora irreconocibles pedazos ensangrentados,
 compartimos nuestra intimidad con ellos, seis de nosotros,
 de importantes estados; seis que conocimos demasiado pronto nuestro destino.
 ¡Ataque! fue la orden. Y la muerte al instante la siguió.
 Monstruos medievales de destrucción terminaron con la breve estancia terrenal-
 incluso nos dieron lo que nunca tuvimos: un hogar estable.

Epílogo


Pronto nos alcanzará del trueno del hombre, el último estallido.
 De nuevo, la vida exhausta volverá sus pasos sobre el camino suave,
 y entonces: nuevas flores frescas, húmedas, florecerán sobre una gran tumba.
 En el horizonte aguarda la muerte con su conocido atuendo,
 igual que nuestros camaradas, con la mirada perdida.
 Y cuando se cuenten viejas leyendas de los valientes que se apresuraron a morir,
 mil almas, de quienes allí partieron antes de tiempo, volverán a brillar en el Jarama.
 La piel quedó atrás, pero solo la piel.

TILL

Gate, with all pension
feted. The Navy's loss
baur Movement's gain,
and his way there.

DOM JOHNSON

Johnson served his full
the Navy and only got
in politics when he
outside world and came
e with the problems of
of which he is now a
capable servant.



ten bemoans the fact that
m so long to "wake up".
re shipmates assert their
I confidence in the class
ness of their fellow Navy
e role that these three
ilters are playing today
s an encouraging pointer
tude the British Navy is
take should a similar
e in Britain.

HAT LAUNDRY?

ou seen the soldier who,
ning to a lecture on the
e of keeping weapons
t his rifle to the laundry?

mos las más gran-
economías en ma-
ropas y viveres.
economía realiza-
os ayudará a ele-
a reforzar nuestro
to, y a vencer rá-
y definitivamente
al fascismo

TWENTY OF US

(Acknowledgements to Edgar Lee Masters. De-
dicated in respectful memory of our fallen
comrades of February 27, 1937.)

PROLOGUE

Twenty of us lie here —
Twenty who crossed continents,
— oceans, mountains.
Twenty to strike at the beast
Time for burial was lacking
— space and men too.
Now, through the life of this blood-enriched
Earth, shall we comrades rest together.
Comrades now in the last of all; the grey.
The quiet cloak spread over the bed of life.

I

Seven of us were British. From
Mighty Brittany's far-flung horde of
Imperialist booty we sought to erase
Our shame, our country's sin — inst inn — ts.
Fatal that day on the Jarama
Fatal only to pail mortal flesh.

II

I was an actor from Boston,
Communist for six years, I tried to add
My share to mold the spirit of the mass
No hypocritical « Pro Patria » adorns mo common last bed
Blinding lunge, a crash — and eternity.

III

From New York, mighty-spired Gotham
To the rambling fields of Spain I spent my quiet life
Statesman, politicians corrupt, shrieked « Red » —
But we came. Short was my mortal stay, shorter
Than a winter's day. But eternally shall I
Lie here — and eternally vigilant.

IV

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Hands, when we left — we five Irish. History
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But we smile content from the tomb our vengeance, « Pasaremos ».

V

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Given to those shared our intimacy, six of us
From the mighty states — six who met quick fates.
« Attack » went the word, And death soon followed fast.
Medieval monsters of destruction ended the short earthly stay —
Yet gave us what we never knew — a permanent home.

EPILOGUE

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But flowers, new and fresh add wet, bloom on one huge tomb.
Death in too-familiar guise guards the horizon
As do our comrades, with unseeing eyes.
And when the far-off tales are told, of the brave and the quick and the dead,
A thousand minds will flicker back to Jarama, from which there soon
Came the new dead. The climbing flesh is gone, but only the flesh.

JOSEPH ROSENSTEIN

"Soy un soldado y ya he La popularidad del es

Visitada España facciosa por
buen número de periodistas fascis-
tas y nazis, no podía faltar e e-
dactor jefe del *Hamburger Frein-
denblatt*, doctor Sven von Müller,
y su presencia en Sevilla habla de
significarse en la obligada visita
al jefe militar faccioso de Andalu-
cía, el ex general Gonzalo Queipo
de Llano.

En el citado diario de Hambur-
go aparece, el 12 de febrero, la
entrevista entre el mencionado pe-
riodista hitleriano y el cabecilla
rebelde.

La información va precedida de
una fotografía del ex general, don-
de una dedicatoria expresa la admi-
ración de Queipo de Llano por el
pueblo nazi.

La crónica del periodista alemán
empieza diciendo que "cuando los
andaluces hablan de su general, su
entusiasmo se refiere a un compa-
triota que tiene tres grandes mé-
ritos".

Veamos cuáles son, según este
escritor hitleriano, los tres grandes
méritos de Queipo:

1. "El rasgo de bravura por el
cual cogió de improviso a los ser-
villanos." — ¿A qué llama Von Mü-
ller rasgo de bravura?... Reconoce
la popularidad de Queipo, la popu-
laridad entre las tertulias de seño-
ritos holgazanes, puede ser en cier-
to modo popularidad. El pueblo de
Sevilla, los millares de seres enlu-
tados por la manzana de sus parien-
tes y seres queridos "cuando el ca-
becilla los cogió de improviso", no
serán quienes presten calor a esa
popularidad. Es bastante sarcástica
esta apreciación del periodista ham-
burgués, porque un verdugo no
puede ser nunca legítimamente po-
pular. Si acaso, puede ser triste-
mente célebre; que no es lo mismo.

2. "La rapidez de las operacio-
nes de Málaga." — Von Müller atri-
buye ese triunfo al ex general fac-
cioso, y luego, en el mismo artículo
— como más adelante destacamos —
habla, por boca del propio Queipo
de Llano, de los doce batallones

En nuestras Brigadas
Internacionales debe ha-
ber el mayor porcen-
taje de clases y oficiales
salidos de las filas de los
nuevos reclutas

Illustration 4. Poem published in *The Volunteer for Liberty*, II, 6, Barcelona February 19, 1938, two weeks before his death during the Aragon retreats.

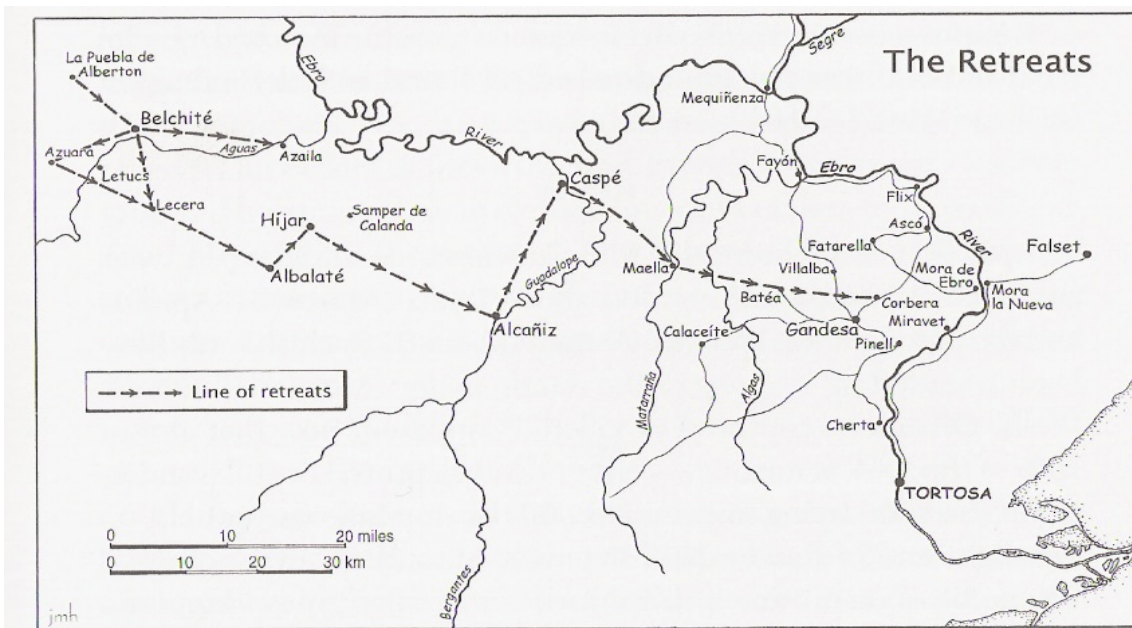


Illustration 5. The retreats from Aragón’s front, March-April 1938. Bessie (2002).

Twenty of Us

Rosenstein dedicates an elegy to twenty brigadists that he met at the base of the International Brigades in Tarazona de la Mancha (Albacete), where they received military training. Following previous assaults by the British Battalion, on the 23rd and 27th of February at the battlefield of Jarama, the Lincoln Brigade was ordered to assault the Pingarrón Hill, which later became known as *Suicide Hill*, at all costs. Colonel Copic, a Yugoslavian commander of the XV Brigade, ordered Merriman and the Lincoln Battalion of 263 men to reach the hill; only 150 survived³⁷. They had to cross an open field with crossfire concentrating on them and where there was no shelter or cover, but only a few olive trees. It was impossible for the Lincolns to advance further and avoid being targeted. The brigade suffered appalling casualties; they had no escape. A fragment of *The Odyssey of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade* helps us to understand how horrendous the situation was:

Left exposed to rifles and machine guns, the Lincolns clawed for cover. Of the battalion's eight machine guns, Merriman reported "none working." Screams of "first aid" pierced the air. But the slightest movements drew a hail of bullets and efforts to rescue the injured invariably multiplied the number of casualties. Stranded in the open field at nightfall, the Americans stumbled back to their lines (Carroll, 1994: 99).

In the dedication, Rosenstein addresses his acknowledgement to Edgar Lee Masters and also his respectful memory to his comrades fallen on February 27, 1937. *Twenty of Us* keeps some formal and content similarities with the famous work by Lee Masters, *Spoon River Anthology*, published in 1915, the same year Joseph Rosenstein was born. Both poems are divided into seven sections, prologue and epilogue included. Masters' anthology assembles a series of poems written in free verse, in which the inhabitants of a fictitious little village speak from the grave about the hardships of their lives. It includes two hundred and twelve characters with two hundred forty-four accounts of their lives. The first poem, "The Hill," serves as an introduction in which he sets up the mood of the poems. As well as Masters, Rosenstein uses the prologue as an introduction to the poem; he explains how the brigadists arrive in Spain and how quickly everything happens; there is not even time to bury their dead comrades. Like the people of "Spoon River", his comrades try to make the best of their lives; therefore they leave their advice in their epitaphs.

In stanza I, seven Britons explain firsthand what their reasons were to come to Spain. Rosenstein ironically names the agreement of non-intervention signed by England, Germany, Italy and other countries: "From Mighty Brittany's flung horde of Imperialist booty."

³⁷ This issue goes beyond the scope of the thesis. For further information consult: <http://spartacus-educational.com/SPjarama.htm>

In stanza II, there is an actor who makes a statement about his life. As well as other poems written by brigadists, we have come to see the importance of context that inspired the poem; John Lenthier, an actor from Boston, was killed that day at Jarama:

Amidst such pressure, a fresh contingent of seventy Americans arrived in the lines. Some of them, including an actor from Boston named John Lenthier, still wore civilian clothing. None had more than a few days' training; some had even less. Barely able to dismantle their weapons or follow battlefield instructions about infiltration and self-preservation, they would soon join their slightly more experienced comrades in a major assault on the enemy positions. "Some kind of attack was an absolute necessity at this time for the sake of the whole front," Merriman later explained "Deserters from the fascists' lines had told us that the enemy had no reinforcements" (Carroll, 1994:100).

In the fourth line of the same stanza, Rosenstein quotes part of the title of Wilfred Owens's poem, "Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria Mori" (1917-1918). Owens's poem criticizes the hypocrisy of the English society and the politicians who had led the soldiers to an infamous war. In turn, the title comes from a poem by Horace which means "it is sweet and honourable to die for one's country." Once again, there is a play on the differences: the International Brigades had not come to fight for patriotic idealism, but to fight fascism. The line ends with a euphemism about his shared grave.

Stanza III repeats the same pattern; the brigadist introduces himself; he speaks ironically about his "quiet life" and being "a red" before arriving in Spain. He bids farewell: "my mortal stay, shorter than a winter's day" and he also addresses an audience: "But eternally shall I / Lie here... and eternally vigilant."

Stanza IV repeats the pattern of stanza I; through six lines five Irish men give an account of their harsh lives and the state of their "faith;" nevertheless, they "found the answer, too soon..." At the end of the stanza, they address their advice to the audience.

Stanza V is the epitaph for six American boys, "bloody bulks now"; they die too early, so they bid farewell with sarcasm.

The epilogue provides a message of hope. Rosenstein makes the fallen brigadists speak, gathered in the graveyard on the "hill", and turn to a dialogue with nature. Their bodies will nurture the earth spread over their huge tomb; their souls will be immortal and remembered.

Joseph Selligman: Untitled

Not ours to ask why, when we are done,
The little time we spent before the sun
Was brought so dearly, with such wealth of grief,
Such wasted hopes, such sad betrayed belief.

Not ours to ask why you, who had the wealth
To waste the billion stars on empty space,
Could find but one cold world, one dying sun,
For those who might find meaning in your grace.

Not ours to ask why, of endless time
You spent on tearing galaxies apart,
You gave but one short day, one bitter day
To those who have your image in their heart,
It is not we shall ask. We shall be dumb,
Back in the nothing that you drew us from.

Sin título (translated by Juan Eslava Galán)

Ni preguntar podemos por qué, ya acabados,
el breve tiempo que consumimos al sol
lo pagamos tan caro, con tanto dolor amontonado,
tanta vana esperanza, tanta fe traicionada.

Ni preguntar podemos por qué tú tuviste abundancia
para despilfarrar un billón de estrellas por el cielo vacío
sólo encontraste un mundo frío, un sol agonizante
para los que podríamos apreciar tu misericordia.

Ni preguntar podemos por qué, del tiempo innumerable
Que se te fue en desgarrar constelaciones,
Sólo concediste un breve día amargo
a los que llevan tu imagen en el corazón.
No lo preguntaremos. Estamos mudos,
devueltos a la nada de la que nos formaste.

Untitled

Joseph Selligman describes his experience at the frontline in first person at the battle of Jarama in February, 1937, to an imaginary audience and to a God who has abandoned him and his comrades. Even though Selligman was American, he fought with the British Battalion. With little military training, the battalion intervened as a shock force to substitute other international battalions and government troops. The British had attempted the first assault at the Pingarrón Hill, but it was an unequal fight, as most of the brigadists were inexperienced soldiers, whereas the majority of the rebels were professionals. Selligman was wounded in the head and died a few days later, being the first American casualty in the Spanish war. A furious struggle from the start caught the British between machine gun crossfire, and 375 of their 600 men died. The battle took place over an extended battlefield along the valley for the following two weeks.

This sonnet is untitled. The poem has rhyme, but it is not consistent; sometimes it is in couplet form, but other times the rhyme occurs every other line. There is tetrameter and pentameter rhythm.

Joseph Selligman translates the impact of his experience at the battle zone in the valley of Jarama into words. He narrates his experience firsthand, image by image, as he approaches death, and he also does so with the loss of innocence. The joy of the first days at the base of Albacete has now transformed into impotence because of the unequal conditions in comparison to the enemy. The opening lines of the poem frame the circumstances in which he describes his deception and the feeling that everything is lost: “Not ours to ask why, when we are done, / The little time we spent before the sun / We brought so dearly, with such wealth of grief.” Selligman feels that their fight is useless because they are sacrificing their lives senselessly. He enhances this feeling in the poem by repeating the line that introduces each stanza: “Not ours to ask why when we are done.” The use of alliteration, in this case, the sound /w/, emphasizes his despair. There are other parallelisms and alliterations throughout the poem in order to highlight its focus: They feel betrayed. This refrain maintains similarities to another one written within a poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “The Charge of the Light Brigade”: “Theirs not to make reply, / Theirs not to reason why, / Theirs but to do and die.”³⁸

In Tennyson’s poem, the poet recalls the story of a military disaster involving a British brigade, consisting of six hundred soldiers who rode into the “valley of death” for “half a league.” They obeyed the command to charge forward against the enemy forces and crossed an open field, even though the soldiers realized that the commander had made a terrible mistake: “Someone had blundered.” Soldiers must obey orders and “not to make reply... not to reason why”, so they followed the command. The six hundred soldiers were easily targeted by cannons in front and on both sides, but they still rode courageously towards their grave: “Into the Jaws of Death / Into the mouth of hell, / Rode the six hundred.”

³⁸ For further information about the poem consult: <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/174586>

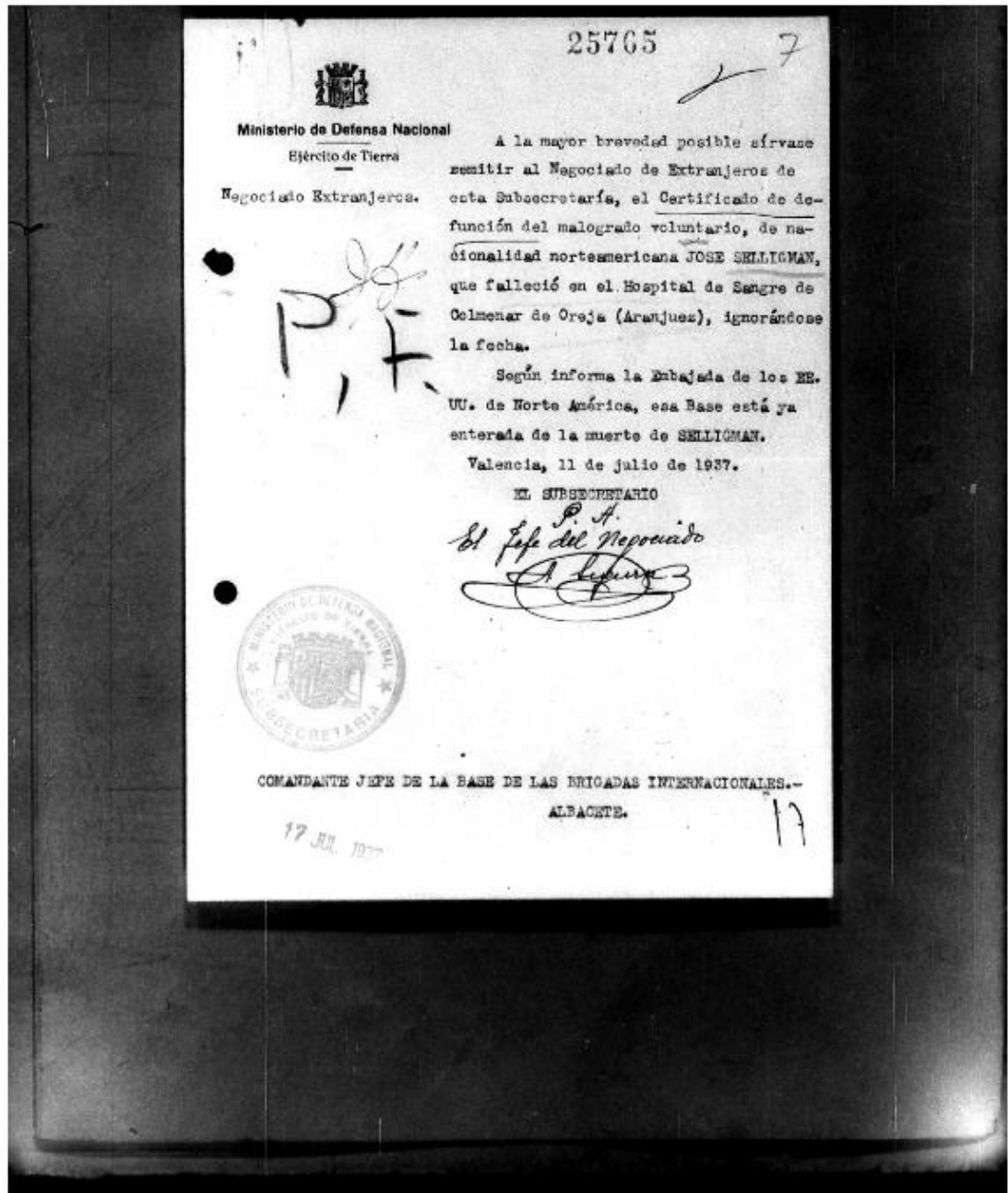


Illustration 6. Joseph Selligman's death certificate. Provided by Ray Hoff.

Stephen Spender: *War Photograph TG*

I have an appointment with a bullet
At seventeen hours less a split second
-And I shall not be late.

Where the sun strikes the rock and
The rock plants its shadowed foot
And the breeze distracts the grass and fern frond.

There, in the frond, the instant lurks
With its metal fang planned for my heart
When the finger tugs and the clock strikes.

I am that numeral which the sun regards,
The flat and severed second on which time looks,
My corpse a photograph taken by fate;

Where in an instant cross, I shall remain
As faithful to the vanished moment's violence
As love fixed to one day in vain.

Only the world changes, and time its tense
Against the creeping inches of whose moon,
I launch my wooden continual present.

The grass will grow its summer beard and beams
Of light melt down the waxen slumber
Where soldiers lie in an iron dream;

My corpse be recovered with the snow's December
And roots push through skin's silent drum
When the years and fields forget, but the whitened-bones
remember...

Fotografía de guerra (the translation is ours)

Tengo una cita con una bala
a las diecisiete horas menos una fracción de segundo
-Y no llegaré tarde.

Donde el sol golpea la roca y
la roca muestra su cara oscura
y el aire aparta la hierba y el helecho frondoso.

Allí, en la frondosidad, el instante se esconde
con su colmillo de metal dirigido a mi corazón
cuando el dedo aprieta y el reloj da la hora.

Soy ese número que el sol contempla,
el simple y acabado segundo en que el tiempo se mira,
mi cuerpo es una fotografía tomada por el destino;

donde el espacio y un instante se cruzan, permaneceré
tan leal a la violencia del momento desvanecido
como el amor de un día en vano.

Sólo el mundo cambia, y el tiempo ya no existe
frente a las sigilosas manecillas de cuya luna,
yo impulso mi presente continuo en madera.

La hierba crecerá su barba de verano y rayos
de luz derretirán el sueño de cera
donde los soldados yacen en un sueño de hierro;

Mi cuerpo se cubrirá con la nieve de diciembre
y las raíces empujarán a través del tambor silencioso de la piel
cuando los años y los campos olviden, pero los blanqueados huesos
recuerden...

War Photograph

The original poem was published in *New Statement* in 1937, and was first anthologized in a collection of poems, *The Still Centre*, by Spender in 1939; however, the first stanza was removed on this second occasion. The edition chosen for the analysis contains the original stanza and was anthologized by Valentine Cunningham in 1989.

Written in free verse, the original poem is composed of eight unrhymed stanzas of three lines each, as if each one were a photographic shot of the immortalization process of the militiaman's death. The Spanish Civil War was the first time that the photo correspondents could take thirty-six photographs using the new camera Leica³⁹, before needing to reload their cameras. This poem is inspired by the famous picture by Robert Capa, *The Falling Soldier*, taken in August, 1936 at Cerro Murriano in Córdoba. Robert Capa used a compact camera Leica, which was one of the best portable cameras at that time because of its size, helping in this sense the photo-correspondent to be capable of following the soldiers' movements and confronting the same dangers.

The poem conveys the emotions and thoughts of the militia man. The first stanza is relevant because it sets the action and tone of the poem. The militiaman's voice describes the scenario in the second stanza; it is not a special place, just some point in the middle of the country. The third stanza is where "the exact moment is hidden," the moment of death; it is in a fraction of a second when the image is captured forever. In the fourth stanza "that numeral" conveys the idea that he is only one out of many to die. The militia man loses his identity and becomes a timeless photograph which the world observes, "the sun regards." In the fifth stanza the photograph conveys the violence of a moment of war; where time and space cross, creating fate. The picture will remain loyal to "...the vanished moment's violence", which disappears after the militiaman's death. The sixth stanza substantiates the timelessness of the photograph because, after the moment it was shot, time does not exist; the voice of the militiaman comes back to announce he is already dead and in a coffin, through a metaphor: "I launch my wooden continual present." In the seventh stanza there is a wide picture after the battle scene "where soldiers lie dead in an iron dream." In the last stanza, time passes and the militiaman does not want to be forgotten; there is a natural image of wild roots growing through his dried skin. Who remembers? Only "the whitened bones."

The poet uses personification repeatedly throughout the poem; in the first stanza the bullet has been given human characteristics because it has an "appointment" with the militiaman. This device is paired with one enjambment, followed by another, which intensifies the emotion which precludes the shooting of the picture.

In the second stanza "the sun strikes the rock and / The rock plants its shadowed foot / And the breeze distracts the grass..."; therefore, natural elements have been

³⁹ This issue goes beyond the scope of the thesis, for further information consult: <http://libraries.ucsd.edu/speccoll/swphotojournalism/>

attributed human actions. This repeated poetic device enhances the abstraction of the scenario that expands its literal meaning into the metaphorical one, creating vivid images in the reader's mind. Two enjambments in the third stanza depict the moment of the shot, creating a visual image of that exact moment. At the same time, there is a zoomorphism of the moment "the moment lurks with its metal fang" and the metaphor of the bullet "metal fang" lends a deeper meaning to the action of killing.

Spender uses simple words masterly, endowing them deeper meaning through the use of poetic devices, such as personification, repetition or metaphors. All in all he creates an abstraction of an event that depicts the duality of the exact moment, when a soldier is killed and, simultaneously, his death becomes timeless. The poet uses figurative language throughout the poem to create a hyper-realistic effect on the reader, showing him the way photography becomes assimilated into a poem.

H.G. Sutcliffe: *Asturias*

High in your mountain fastness still you fight,
Lacking in arms out-numbered by the foe.
Rather than bondage, to die for what is right
And with your ebbing strength deal blow for blow.

Proudly you give your all in freedom's cause,
A bright example to oppressed mankind.
Cut off from aid, yet fighting without pause,
Steel horde ahead, wild barren rock behind.

From belching cannon's mouth and from the skies,
The steely death rains on you day and night,
Traitorous diplomats ignore your children's cries,
Deaf to your agony, blind to your plight.

Yet when the history of this war is written
And all this bloody massacre exposed,
We your brothers will then in judgement sit
And deal out justice to our mutual foes.

Then you shall be avenged, Asturias,
For every drop of blood you gladly gave,
To make our fight for Liberty victorious
From fascism and war the world to save.

Asturias (translated by Fernández Corruguedo)

Arriba, en la fortaleza de tus montes aún combates
desarmada, desbordada por el enemigo.

Antes que ser esclava, morir por lo que es justo
y con tus fuerzas menguadas, devolver golpe por golpe.

Con orgullo entregas todo tu ser a la causa de la libertad,
ejemplo esplendoroso a los pueblos oprimidos,
cercada, sin ayuda, mas luchando sin pausas,
al frente las hordas de acero, peñas agrestes y baldías a la espalda.

Del estampido de la boca del cañón y de los cielos,
la muerte acerada descarga sobre ti día y noche como lluvia,
diplomáticos traidores olvidan el llanto de tus hijos,
sordos a tu agonía, ciegos a tus ruegos.

Mas cuando se escriba la historia de esta guerra
y a todos se cuente esta masacre sangrienta,
entonces nos habremos de sentar, hermanos, a juzgar
y dictar nuestra sentencia a nuestros mutuos enemigos.

Entonces habrás de ser vengada, Asturias,
por cada gota de sangre que diste entusiasmada,
para seguir nuestra lucha en pos de la Libertad victoriosa
sobre el fascismo y la guerra, para salvar al mundo.

Asturias

This poem was published three months after the fall of Asturias into the hands of the rebel army, which was supported by the Nazi and fascist infantry and aviation. Asturias resisted completely isolated until its fall; it could not even receive arms by sea because Mussolini's submarines took charge that no boats arrived to supply arms and food to the old principality. At the beginning, Asturias was favoured in part by the mountainous geography; however, the lack of ammunition, arms, anti-aircraft batteries and food supplies overwhelmed the Republican resistance. There is a reference to the betrayal of the British and French diplomats in line eleven: "Traitorous diplomats ignore your children's cries, / Deaf to your agony, blind to your plight."

Sutcliffe dedicates an apostrophe to Asturias, the imaginary character that the speaking persona of the poem addresses. It is divided into five heroic quatrains, with imperfect, consonant and masculine rhyme in abab, cdcd, efef, ghgh, ijij. This is a poem with an epic tone which describes the Asturians' resistance to preserve their liberty to the end.

Miles Tomalin: *Wings Overhead*

Over Brunete came the sound
Of black wings crawling up the sky;
The soldier crouched against the ground
With straining limbs till they went by.
He heard the bombs sing down the air,
He felt them land, and everywhere
The earth in an advancing line
Rose up. The soldier said 'This time.'
This time he laughed at what he said,
And stretched his body to the heat;
The sun alone was overhead
And warmed the terror out of it.

Now, when the thin December gleam
Is driven off the sky by snow
And breath hangs in the air like steam,
The soldier on the plain below
Hears the familiar song of hate
And stoops behind the parapet.
When the black wings have passed beyond
He pulls his blanket closer round,
Grins at the younger man, who tries
To catch his courage from his eyes.

We'll bring them all down bye and bye,
And then,' he says, 'they'll never come.'
The young man, looking at the sky,
Sees only white wings of the storm.

Alas en lo alto (translated by José Mayo López)

Hasta Brunete llegó el ruido
de alas negras reptando por el cielo;
el soldado se aplastó contra la tierra
sus miembros en tensión mientras pasaban.
Oyó como cantaban las bombas al caer,
las sintió aterrizar y a lo largo
de una línea de avanzada
saltó la tierra. Dijo el soldado: “Esta vez”.
Esta vez se reía de lo que había dicho,
y se desperezó al calor.
En lo alto estaba el sol en solitario
sacudiendo su espanto los calores.

Ahora, cuando la nieve barre el cielo
el resplandor diáfano de diciembre,
y cual vapor el aliento pendula por el aire,
el soldado oye, abajo, en la llanura,
la canción familiar del odio
y se agacha detrás del parapeto.
Cuando las negras alas han pasado
se ciñe fuertemente con la manta,
y sonrío al muchacho que es más joven
que intenta extraer valor de su mirada.

“Acabaremos echándolos abajo”
y entonces, dice, “ya nunca volverán”.
El muchacho, fijándose en el cielo
tan sólo ve alas blancas de tormenta.



Photograph 8. British anti-tank battery in action at Fuentes de Ebro, October, 1937
Harry Randall: XV IB Photograph Collection, - 1232 ALBA. Photo.
The Tamiment Library and Robert Wagner Labor Archive.
New York.



Photograph 9. Transportation of the anti-tank battery in Ambite, September, 1937. Harry Randall: XV IB Photograph Collection, n° 1233. ALBA Photo. The Tammiment Library & Robert F. Wagner Labor Archive. New York.

Wings Overhead

The title and the first line contextualise the poem. These are the wings of the enemy aircraft, which constantly drops bombs over the soldiers' heads in the hell of Brunete. The poem returns to this same scenario and the same situation, but providing a light tone of humour to alleviate the boy soldier's fear.

The poem has two stanzas with masculine rhyme, sometimes in couplets or every other line; it begins with a vivid auditory image. The poem is told by a narrator and there is also a young recruit who speaks.

The first stanza remembers Brunete; the second portrays the front of Teruel. Tomalin enhances the contrast between the two war scenarios, the extreme heat of Brunete versus the extreme cold of Teruel, but the soundtrack is always the same: the Condor Legion and the Aviazione Legionaria "black wings crawling up the sky; ... hears the familiar song of hate." Tomalin uses zoomorphism to intensify the description of the bombers.

The poem was published a month before the retreats began from the battlefield of Teruel towards Catalonia. With each passing day, the situation for the Spanish Republic was more and more complicated. The blockage of arms continued. As James Neugass says "I am afraid that many, many more of them are going to be killed. They lack planes, guns and skill. The Spanish are too young at war to stand off, unaided, German and Italian experts." (2010: 304-305). Miles Tomalin tries to encourage the Internationals and to do so, he uses his best weapon: intelligent humour in the face of desperate reality. The final lines of the last stanza contrast the veteran's voice and the boy's innocence looking at the sky where he only sees "white wings of the storm."

Miles Tomalin: *The Gunner*

The Gunner on his crest
Watched the battalions waiting to assault
And saw his friend, relaxed there as if dead
Among the rest.
He'll go at the first shout, the gunner said,
Meantime the waiting makes his mind still
As a watch when it's wound up sometimes will
Until you shake it.
He'll go-I know that fellow well enough,
I shouldn't wonder if the going's tough.
Oh God, the gunner said, I hope he'll make it!
There's that damned fascist rather going again.
Give me another five, Chief, or they'll start
Before we've got it. Give me another five-
I want to see that man come out alive.

El Artillero (the translation is ours)

El artillero en su cresta
observó a los batallones esperar la orden de ataque
y vio a su amigo, relajado, como si estuviera muerto
entre los otros.

Atacará al primer grito, dijo el artillero,
durante la espera, su mente está en blanco
como al reloj cuando se le da cuerda, parado,
y al soltar la cuerda tomará fuerza.

Él lo hará, conozco demasiado bien a ese tipo,
no debería preguntarme si la cosa se pone fea.
¡Oh Dios, dijo el artillero, espero que lo consiga!
Ahí está ese maldito fascista otra vez.

Choca esos cinco, Jefe, o volverán a liarla
antes de que lo logremos. Choca esos cinco,
quiero que ese hombre salve su vida.

The Gunner

Tomalin was a member of the crew of the Anti-tank battery, so the battery crew were his comrades. Kept away from the battlefield by a wound on his leg and moved to the office of the newspaper of the brigade, *Volunteer for Liberty*, in Catalonia, he wrote this poem to encourage the crew; they must be alert and not get carried away by discouragement.

The poem reflects a vivid image of a moment of war; the gunner is waiting to shoot at the enemy and for his comrades to attack. The gunner asks for more ammunition to defend his comrades and “to see that man come out alive.” Tomalin concentrates on one friend but he is “Among the rest.”

Tomalin employs plain language and jargon he usually used with his comrades. The poem is written in the form of free verse, with all lines beginning with capital letters. Some lines rhyme and others do not, and also, the lines have different lengths. Another technical device used by the poet is the caesura in lines three, eleven and thirteen, where a pause is signalled by a comma. These pauses take place within the line to highlight the enthusiasm of the gunner. There are repeated enjambments throughout the poem. There is a caesura followed by an enjambment in line three; there is an enjambment in line seven; in line thirteen, the caesura is followed by an enjambment, which enhances the anxiety of Tomalin for the fate of his friends; this is followed by another enjambment in line fourteen. These last two consecutive enjambments and the others throughout the poem contribute significantly to depict the tension of the moment.

There are two voices in the poem. One is the narrator's who that describes the situation; the other is the gunner's. There are neither quotation marks nor italics to identify what the gunner says, only the phrase “the gunner said.”

Sylvia Townsend Warner: *Benicasim*

Here for a little we pause.

The air is heavy with sun and salt and colour.

On palm and lemon-tree, on cactus and oleander
a dust of dust and salt and pollen lies.

And the right villas

sit in a row like perched macaws,

and rigid and immediate yonder

the mountains rise.

And it seems to me we have come

into a bright-painted landscape of Acheron.

For along the strand

in bleached cotton pyjamas, on rope-soled tread,

wander the risen-from-the-dead,

the wounded, the maimed, the halt.

Or they lay bare their hazarded flesh to the salt

air, the recaptured sun,

or bathe in the tideless sea, or sit fingering the sand.

But narrow in this place, narrow is this space

of garlanded sun and leisure and colour, of return

to life and release from living. Turn

(Turn not!) sight inland:

there, rigid as death and unforgiving, stand

the mountains - and close at hand.

Benicasim (translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán)

Aquí descansaremos un momento.

El aire está cargado de sol, color y sal.

En palmeras y limoneros, en cactus y adelfas
está el polvo del polvo y el polen y la sal.

Y casa luminosas

se posan en fila como guacamayos,

y rígidas en un allí inmediato

se alzan las montañas.

Y se me antoja haber llegado

a un brillante paisaje de Aqueronte:

por la playa,

con blancos pijamas de algodón, en alpargatas

pasean los resucitados de entre los muertos,

los heridos, los lisiados, los mutilados.

O yacen descubiertos, su azarosa carne al aire

salino, al sol recuperado,

o se bañan en el mar sin mareas o garabatean en la arena.

Pero es angosto el sitio y angosto es el espacio

de guirnaldas de sol y ocio y color, de vuelta

a la vida y libre del vivir. Vuelve

(¡no vuelvas!) la vista hacia la tierra:

allí, rígidas como la muerte, e implacables, están

las montañas - casi a mano.

Benicasim

Sylvia Townsend made several trips throughout Spain during the Spanish war. She volunteered as a nurse in the hospital in Benicasim and she also participated in the Antifascist Congress of Intellectuals which took place in Valencia in 1937. Benicasim was one of the complexes where the Medical Service of the International Brigades installed a hospital for surgery and recuperation.

Written in free verse, the poem is divided into three stanzas with an irregular rhyme pattern. The poet portrays her experience in the hospital. She uses her emotions as a pencil which sketches those impressive images she cannot forget. There is a contrast between the quiet sea and the summer residences with the new occupants, those soldiers wounded in the war.

In the first stanza, Warner describes the seaside with vivid images: “The air is heavy with sun and salt and colour. / On palm and lemon tree, on cactus and oleander.” The poet uses visual and tactile imagery to depict her emotions through nature, by introducing the scenario of the poem in this way. She uses polysyndeton to achieve a feeling of anxiety through an artistic effect, joining successive nouns of plants and trees with the conjunction “and”; at the same time this device accentuates the flow of the stanza.

The poet begins the following stanza with the conjunction “and”, which connects it to the first, highlighting the effect of continuity in the poem. In the second stanza the poet shows us how this exotic landscape is connected to death. It is introduced by a paradox: the sea waters of that “bright –painted landscape” have become those of the Acheron River. This stylistic device provides an insight into the feelings of the poet; that brilliant countryside full of light and Acheron, the boatman who takes the dead across the Stigious Lake, are contradictory images to one another, but at the same time, complement each other. The sea shore is the place where hundreds of wounded and crippled men in the war look for a little relief. The beach represents a departure point between life and death; it is a boundary with the other side, where the wounded meet themselves again, and with that experience, which they have had of being so close to death.

The last stanza is introduced by the disjunctive conjunction “but”, which enhances the omnipresence of death. It is a choking presence which, at times, carries the poet to complete despair, when she thinks about those boys who will return to the hell of war once they have recuperated. The enjambment of the second and the fourth lines enhance the anxiety of the poet before the departure of the soldiers. Benicasim is the place where the brigadists consider the return to life and from where they see the implacable mountains waiting for them, where death can almost be touched. At the end of the third line she breaks the sentence with an exclamatory phrase in parentheses; it is a shout of helplessness, because in spite of being in an open place, Sylvia feels they have no escape from death.

Tom Wintringham: *Barcelona Nerves*

Neither fools nor children any longer:
Those ways, traits, gone and away
That once made life a luck-game, death a stranger:
We're going on.

Dynamo-driven city waiting bombers,
Roadways barricade-unpaved, fear
In the torn minds: the mind remembers
What it's all for.

Death means the girl's corpse warm-alive when buried:
Death means the retching brothels where on black
Death-tide, death-fear, an army of boys is carried
To a pox-wreck.

And life's a matter of beating this, of breaking
By own hardness, and a held hand, out
From fury, frustration, fear, the waiting, the shouting,
The hate of fate.

Neither fools nor children we who are joining
(Twenty years ago I knew war's face)
We make what can wreck others into our gaining,
Into our choice.

Aguantar en Barcelona (translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán)

Se acabaron los chiquillos y los tontos;
bien lejos las maneras y el talante
que hacían la vida un juego y la muerte una extrañeza:
continuamos.

Ciudad alimentada por dinamos, que aguarda bombarderos,
calles con suelo en barricadas, miedo
en las mentes rasgadas: la mente recuerda
a cuento de qué es todo.

La muerte es un cuerpo de muchacha aún tibio al enterrarlo:
la muerte es un sucio burdel donde en negra
marea mortal, miedo mortal, se lleva a un ejército bisoño
hacia un mar de pústulas venéreas.

Y la vida es cuestión de dar contra esto, de quebrar
con dureza propia y cogidos de la mano,
la furia, frustración miedo, la espera, los chillidos,
el odio del destino.

Ni tontos ni chiquillos los que nos alistamos
(hace veinte años vi el rostro de la guerra).
Nosotros hacemos buen provecho, sabemos sacar jugo
de lo que a otros hunde.

Barcelona Nerves

Tom Wintringham enlisted in the army to fight in the Great War on his 18th birthday. On the Western Front he became a motorcycle dispatch rider attached to a balloon corps and there he knew the horror of war firsthand. Twenty years later Wintringham relived this experience in Spain, where he arrived in August 1936.

The poem first appeared under the title “We are going on” in *The Volunteer for Liberty* on November 15, 1937. However, two years later, in 1939, it was included as “Barcelona Nerves” in the anthology edited by Spender and Lehman, *Poems for Spain*. The poem is divided into five quatrains, each composed of a full sentence with enjambments between some lines. The first and third lines have end rhyme and the other lines have an imperfect rhyme. The poet reports the bombings and destruction of Barcelona by Mussolini’s Aviazione Legionaria. The tone of the poem is epic; Tom Wintringham chronicles the heroic resistance of the people, despite the terror produced by the blitz of the city.

The first stanza shows the end of the routine of daily life in times of peace; it depicts the nervous state in the city and the fear the people live with. Now there is no time to stop thinking, because everything has changed. In the second stanza Wintringham begins to use alliteration of the sound /d/, and continues with this sound and also with the /f/. He also uses consonant rhyme in order to highlight the frenetic new rhythm of the inhabitants of the city, who always have to desperately run to the shelters or to the underground stations to save their lives. In the third stanza, the poet accentuates the accelerated rhythm of death, through poetical devices such as anaphora, the repetition of the word “Death” and parallelism. Wintringham portrays what the face of death is and shows it as if it were a photograph, listing images of the horror, the absurd and the senselessness of so many deaths.

This is not the first time that he lives a war; therefore he knows that the only way to resist and win is to be courageous, to trust one’s own ideals and stay together. Once again alliteration of the sounds /b/, /h/, /f/, and the use of internal rhyme and consonant rhyme in the fourth stanza intensify Wintringham’s optimistic message: do not let yourself be conquered by fear; it is necessary to confront it. The internal rhyme, “beating / breaking, waiting / shouting” and “hate / fate”, adds more emphasis to the mood of the poem and also quickens the pace to hope.

In the last stanza, Wintringham reinforces the message of resistance against the harshness of war.

Tom Wintringham: *British Medical Unit – Granien*

Too many people are in love with Death
And he walks thigh-proud, never sleeps alone;
Acknowledge him neighbour and enemy, both
Hated and usual, best avoided when
Best known.

'Weep, weep, weep!' say machine-gun bullets, stating
Mosquito-like a different note close by;
Hold steady the lamp, the black, the torn flesh lighting
And the glinting probe; carry the stretcher; wait,
Eyes dry.

Our enemies can praise death and adore death;
For us endurance, the sun; and now in the night
This electric torch, feeble, waning, yet close-set,
Fellows the surgeon's fingers. We are allied with
This light.

Barcelona, November 1936

Unidad médica británica. Grañen (translated by Bernd Dietz)

Demasiada gente está enamorada de la muerte
y ella camina airosa, nunca duerme sola;
reconoce que es vecina y enemiga,
odiada pero usual, más fácil de evitar
cuando mejor se la conoce.

“¡Llora, llora, llora!”, dicen las balas de ametralladora
expresando, como un mosquito, una nota diferente y próxima;
sostén firme la luz, que alumbre la carne negra, desgarrada,
y la sonda brillante; lleva la camilla; aguarda,
seca los ojos.

Nuestros enemigos pueden ensalzar la muerte y adorarla;
para nosotros el sol, la resistencia; y ahora, de noche,
esta luz eléctrica, débil, menguante, aunque cercana,
persigue los dedos del cirujano. Somos aliados
de esa luz.

Barcelona, Noviembre de 1936

British Medical Unit Granien

The poem is dated in Barcelona in November of 1936. Written in grateful recognition of the work done by the British Medical Unit, the poem is divided into three quintets. The rhyme is abacb dedfe ghgih. In the first line of the first stanza there is an allusion to the fascists, who declare their love for Death on a regular basis⁴⁰. As a whole, this first stanza is a personification of Death, as Wintringham gives it human characteristics: “And he walks thigh-proud, never sleeps alone.” The poet uses half rhyme in this stanza as he wants to reflect the discordance of the relationship between Death and those who love it, and those who avoid Death: “best avoided when best known.”

The second stanza could be divided into two parts which depict an antithesis, one image balanced against the other. In the first two lines there is a personification of the machine-gun bullets: “Weep, weep, and weep! Say machine-gun bullets.” It has the assassin qualities of the human being who has created it and sounds like a mosquito, providing an auditory image. In the following three lines, an opposing image to the previous one, shows how the poet faces the blackness of death against the work of the medical team who saves the lives the bullets want to kill. The use of enjambments throughout the poem intensifies the visual and auditory images.

The last stanza is the conclusion of the poem. In spite of the enemy’s praises in favour of death, Wintringham avoids this. It does not matter if they shout their black love in the streets of the conquered cities, because the British Medical Unit faces them from the operating room. The poet uses plain and symbolic language to depict vivid visual images. On one hand, he uses verbs such as “praise” or “adore”, which provide intensity to the description of the insane ideology of fascism, and on the other hand, he chooses words whose meaning does not apply to fascism, such as “endurance”, “sun”, “electric torch”, “surgeon’s fingers”, “allied” and “light.” All these words have positive connotations involving the medical staff who resists death and fights for life.

⁴⁰ The fascist anthem from Italy, “The Groom of Death,” became a popular song for the Spanish Legion and identified its founder, Millán Astray.

Tom Wintringham: *Poem in the Summer of 1937*

Moving across the field a girl in a pink dress,
Over the sky white clouds shadowed with pink,
Dark on my vision, near to me, your black hair;
While the viola and the voice keep
Their lovely argument.
In my hand the spray of elder golden pale
And sweet with summer.

Hay in the meadow cream-folded lies
To darken in the sun, tomorrow and tomorrow,
Richening the scent already heavy
In honey loops on the cream taste of summer.
Feasting goes on all day, all night; all senses
Banquet in June, and love uninterrupted
And tireless wakes in morning, sleeps all night,
Rises and sets in the clear skies of joy.

Not uninterrupted. Love is not
Timeless. Love is over
For thousands who went out this summer weather
And found the feast set, and the feast was death.
And these were ours who died.
Dark on my vision your black hair,
So near to me, it shadows all the sun.

August 1937

Poema en el verano del 37 (the translation is ours)

Vestida de rosa una chica cruza el campo,
nubes blancas recortadas de rosa cubren el cielo,
la vista oscurecida, tu pelo negro cerca de mí;
mientras, la viola y la voz sostienen
una dulce disputa.

En mi mano, la espiga de palidez dorada
dulce en el estío.

En el prado, el heno apilado
oscurece bajo el sol, día tras día,
enriqueciendo una ya densa fragancia
en bucles de miel endulzados por el sabor del verano.
El banquete se alarga en el día y en la noche; todos los sentidos
fiesta en junio y amor ininterrumpido,
reconfortado despierta en la mañana, dormido toda la noche,
Amanece y anochece en un claro cielo alegre.

Sin interrupción. El amor no es
intemporal. El amor se acaba.
para miles de personas que disfrutaron este verano,
y encontraron la fiesta, y la fiesta fue la muerte.
Y estos fueron nuestros caídos.
La vista oscurecida, tu cabello negro,
tan cerca de mí, que hace sombra al sol.

Agosto de 1937

Poem in Summer of 1937

Captain Tom Wintringham was hit on the thigh while commanding a bayonet charge on February 13, 1937. After having undergone an operation, he was taken to Murcia for his convalescence where, thanks to Patience Darton's assistance, a nurse from the English Battalion, and to Kitty Bowlers' cares⁴¹, he recuperated his health.

The poem, which was not published until 2006, has its story. When Wintringham wrote it, he took the precaution of making copies. He sent one to Kathy Bowler and he clipped the other one to his documents, in case he died, and one got lost or did not reach its destination. Wintringham feared that Kitty Bowler would not receive the letter, because the Communist party had intercepted their mail. They accused her of being a Trotskyist and they did not want Wintringham to continue this relationship. Wintringham returned to the front of Aragón on August 18, 1937, and on the 24th he was shot while attempting to capture Quinto. He wrote to Kitty Bowler: "A bullet through the shoulder, cracking a bone or so. Lost a lot of blood. I love you. Being away from you hurts more than silly bullets."

Tom Wintringham wrote a romantic ballad for Kitty. It is divided into three stanzas of seven or eight lines each. Through the eyes of one who is in love, Wintringham depicts the bucolic beauty of the countryside by using synaesthesia, a poetical device which mixes auditory, visual, gustatory, olfactory and tactile sensations which are connected to his deepest feelings.

The first line of the first stanza draws the dreamlike image of Kitty's walk "across the field." The poet helps himself with plain vocabulary to depict beautiful images of nature, which he uses to frame his lover's beauty. In the second stanza, the poet's sensibility is at its highest point; he appeals to all the senses to convey the idea that he is in love. The third line ends with an adjective which enhances the "scent" of the metaphor "honey loops", which refers to round bales of hay. In the fifth line there is an enjambment and alliteration with "all" and repetition, in order to highlight the intensity of their happiness: "banquet in June and love uninterrupted." This image is followed by an enjambment in the sixth line, which is linked to the following line by the conjunctive "and" enhancing the sense of the continuity of love. There is another enjambment in the seventh line which ends with "clear skies of joy."

The third stanza begins with an antithesis; Wintringham says both one thing and the contrary in the first and second line. This opposition is highlighted by the enjambment which begins in the second line and continues to the third one, ending with a full stop in the fourth line. These three lines describe the anxiety and the anguish that the poet feels before his impending return to the army. He balances the image of feast

⁴¹ Kitty Bowler visited Wintringham in Pasionaria Military Hospital and discovered he was suffering from typhoid and a form of septicaemia. Patience Darton, a nurse with the International Brigades, later commented: "I poked around with a pair of scissors and found he had a lot of pus in his wounds which had been sewn up too tightly. And that was it; he got better very quickly." For further information visit: <http://spartacus-educational.com/Jwinteringham.htm>

against that of death, focussing in this sense on the shock which the war means for peasants and ordinary people. This was not another ordinary summer; this was the one of 1937 during the civil war.

Although this is a love poem, the tone substantiates both feelings of pessimism and hope at the same time. Everything can change in an instant. Life seems calm in the town, but the battlefield is close; therefore love cannot last forever. Nevertheless, despite the difficult circumstances, their love is so great that “it shadows all the sun.”

5.3. Corpus of the Retrospective Group and Stylistic Analyses

Valentine Ackland: *Valencia, July 1937*

Barney Baley: *Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938*

Barney Baley: *Gandesá April, 1938*

Alvah Bessie: *For My Dead Brother*

Nancy Cunard: *To Eat to Day*

William Lindsay Gresham: *Last Kilometer*

James Jump: *Sun over the front*

David Marshall: *Retrospect*

David Marshall: *Jarama Ten Years*

Aileen Palmer: *The Dead Have no Regrets*

Muriel Rukeyser: *1/26/1939*

Vincent Sheenan: *Puigcerdà*

James Yates: *Spanish, Hands*

Valentine Ackland: *Valencia, July 1937*

Almost one would think they have made
The sea fascist and the sky fascist;
Watching how people in streets cast their
 glances
into the dazzle or into the good coolness of
 dark,
not to see sun or stars, but under compulsion
of watchfulness always, of death from the
 air.

And the sea, spending itself largely
spreading its lap to the bathers, to the
 brown children;
little boats slide, and the rafts on flat waters
carry cool looks we love, as we stand in the
 sun.

And the sea, too, is looked at askance by
 citizens
because of the place where sea and sky meet
 and conspire.

The curtain, between them, the body of
 death,
massive and grey and warming with it, as
 our sea swarms with life;
and guns rear their reptile heads slowly,
 and spit-
trained by conspirators, by the sea and the
 sky we have loved.

Valencia Julio 1937 (the translation is ours)

Casi se podía pensar que habían hecho
el mar fascista y el cielo fascista;
mirando cómo la gente en las calles fija su
mirada
en el resplandor o en el agradable frescor de
la oscuridad
no para ver el sol ni las estrellas, si no por la obligación
de constante vigilancia, de la muerte desde el
aire.

Y el mar, gastando el mismo en gran parte
extendiendo su regazo a los bañistas, a los
niños morenos;
barquitos se deslizan, y las balsas en aguas tranquilas
llevan miradas frescas que amamos, mientras tomamos en el
sol.

Y el mar, también se mira con recelo por los
ciudadanos
porque es el lugar donde el mar y el cielo se encuentran
y conspiran.

La cortina, entre ellos, el cuerpo de la
muerte,
gigante y gris, pululando con él ,como
nuestro mar pulula con vida;
y las ametralladoras alzan lentamente sus cabezas de reptil,
y escupen-
entrenadas por los conspiradores, por el mar y
cielo que hemos querido.

Almost it might have seemed that all the
Loved things betray us,
but for the fact that new men walk, new
women people the streets,
and children stoop over the schoolbooks, having
at last truth before them.
And under ignoble compulsion, hateful and
stupid and deathly,
the most noble of all life, rises again, is
strong, is not slain.

Casi podía haber parecido que todas las
 cosas amadas nos traicionan,
salvo por el hecho que nuevos hombres caminan, nuevas
 mujeres pueblan las calles,
y los niños se inclinan sobre sus libros, teniendo
 al menos la verdad ante ellos.
Y bajo abyecta obligación, odiosa y
 estúpida y mortal,
lo más noble de todo, la vida, se levanta otra vez,
 es fuerte, no está muerta.

Valencia, July 1937

In September 1936 Warner and Mary Valentine Ackland went to Spain and provided help to the British Medical Aid Committee supporting the Republican Army. They also participated in the second International Writers Congress in Defence of Culture in Valencia 1937.

The congress was opened by the President of the Republican government, Juan Negrín, on 4th July 1937 at the conference room of Valencia's City Hall. Without a doubt, the congress was the most spectacular cultural propaganda event organised by the Ministry during the Spanish Civil War. With more than a hundred antifascist writer participants from all over the world, the conference also catered for sessions in Madrid (on 5, 6, 7 and 8 July) and Barcelona (11 July), and was finally closed in Paris (16, 17 July)... Under the historic circumstances of the time, the Conference logically and inevitably became an "act of opposition to fascist barbarity," as Corpus Barga put it, since "the congress, particularly in Madrid, could be nothing but an act of war"⁴² (the translation is ours).

Valentine Ackland participated in that congress with her friend Sylvia Townsend Warner, as representatives of the Communist Party of Great Britain (CPGB). In the early morning hours of July the 4th, the city of Valencia suffered an attack by the Aviazione Legionaria, which was repelled by the anti-aircraft batteries and the loyalist aviation. Some months later Valentine Ackland published a poem, which reminded her of her experience in the city, in *The New Masses*.

The poem is written in free verse in a documentary style; it has neither rhyme nor meter and a fragmented structure which resembles the bombs falling from the sky. The poet remembers her stay in Valencia; it is a detailed and sensorial account of what she sees in the city. This is not the first attack and neither the last; the city of Valencia has suffered severe bomb attacks from January 1937 until the end of the war. The poet connects the derangements of the bombings and the psyche as everything in the city has broken into pieces; the consequences of the bombings have provoked, not only hundreds of victims, but also psychological disorders and posttraumatic stress on the ordinary citizens of Valencia.

⁴²For further information see:

<http://www.valencia.edu/~cultura/e/exppesetsegoncongresplumapistola07ing.htm>

The poem is divided into three irregular stanzas. The first and third begin with an adverb that draws the pessimistic mood of the poem. In the first stanza there is an abundance of enjambments, which compel the reader to read the lines more slowly, thereby intensifying the atmosphere of fear in Valencia. Ackland arranges the lines by using comas to focus on the anguish that the citizens feel before and after the attack by the fascist legion. She uses simple language to draw the images she still keeps in her memories.

In the first stanza, the poet uses a simile comparing the sea and the sky with fascism because there are so many fascist airplanes coming and bombing the city that they seem fascist too. Here, the ordinary people do not see the normal sky with the sun and stars, but they are always watchful for the aerial death. The second stanza is connected to the previous one by a conjunction which is repeated throughout. The beginning of the stanza is a typical beach scene; she gives sensorial details which reflect a calid and relaxed atmosphere, the bathers, the children on the beach and the boats floating on the water. This is an idyllic image of peace.

The conjunction “and” connects the sea to the sky from the first stanza; the separation between the sea and sky is “The curtain, between them, the body of death.” The poet uses vivid images to describe the coming of the planes, like a swarm of bees and their guns like reptile heads, spitting out their poison. These similes and zomorphism emphasize the attackers’ negative qualities because bees and reptiles are animals which are dangerous and feared by people.

The adverb “almost” in the first line of the third stanza connects to the beginning of the poem with the betrayal of “all the loved things.” In the third line, there is a disjunctive conjunction “but,” which shows the new change in the mood. It seems that after this happens, the poem has a more optimistic tone: “new men walk, new women people the streets and children...” Henceforth, from “ignoble” hate and death rises new “noble” life which cannot be destroyed.

Barney Baley: *Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938*

We crossed the river, dodged their planes all day;
An hour from sundown they caught with us.
I felt the earth shake under me-
When I was safe to rise,
I saw in the terrace olive grove
What looked like sacks of cement.
There were six dead comrades;
All of them I knew by name:
Dutchy and Campbell, Lucas, little Ted,
Steele from Toronto and the youth Ramon-
Five sons of Canada and one of Spain.
I thought of our last sing-song: Ted had sung
“The Rose of Tralee”, Campbell “County Down.”
Yes, songs of love and home make the best dirge
For those who die that others might have life!

Cruzar del Ebro-julio, 1938 (the translation is ours)

Cruzamos el río, esquivando sus aviones durante todo el día;
una hora antes de la puesta de sol dieron con nosotros.
Sentí temblar la tierra debajo de mí-
cuando parecía seguro subir,
vi en un bancal de olivos
lo que parecían sacos de cemento.
Había seis camaradas muertos;
A todos ellos conocía por su nombre:
Dutchy y Campbell, Lucas, pequeño Ted,
Steele de Toronto y el joven Ramón –
Cinco hijos de Canadá y uno de España.
Pensé en las últimas canciones que cantamos juntos: Ted había cantado
“La Rosa de Tralee”, Campbell “County Down”.
¡Sí, canciones de amor y del hogar, son la mejor música fúnebre
para aquellos que mueren para que otros puedan vivir!

Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938

The title of the poem is written in Spanish. This poem is about the experience of war and is written in free unrhymed verse. Baley describes what the crossing of the Ebro River was like with realism. The first two lines work as a prelude of what is going to happen next, where the poet uses the plural pronouns “we” and “us” until death comes, then, the tone of the poem is more intimate and confessional.

The third line begins with the personal pronoun “I”, which is repeated throughout the poem. The language is plain and the images are vivid; Baley does not need extra words to depict the scenario before him, “I felt the earth shake under me-.” In the fifth line there is an enjambment whose effect is to slow down what he “saw.” After the broken fifth line, the sixth line begins with a what cleft clause with the emphasis at its end, “sacks of cement”, highlighting the appalling image of death. In the seventh line, he actually says what the sacks are: “six dead comrades.” Baley knows and pronounces their names; they have been together, sharing the bitterness of every day fighting against their enemies and their fears in the plains, trenches, valleys and hills. In line twelve, Baley recalls his comrades singing sentimental songs the night before their death and they are reminded of love and home. Irony is present in the last two lines of the poem; Baley uses it to deal with the misery he feels after the loss of his friends: “Yes, songs of love and home make the best dirge / For those who die that others might have life!” These last lines convey the message of so many poems written by brigadists; the death of comrades is not in vain. Due to their sacrifice, many Spanish people save their lives.



Photograph 10. Returning brigadists of the Lincoln Battalion aboard the *City of Paris*. Hank Rubin is standing on the far left. Harold Hoff is kneeling in the front row far left. Harold Hoff's collection.

Barney Baley: *Gandesa-April, 1938*

The first few months in Spain I was a good
Soldier in many ways. But even as late
As April the thought of shedding human blood
I could not stand. I was not steeled in hate.
Well I remember at Gandesa on
April fool's day, a few of us held back
The Fascist drive for many hours, in fact,
Till dark gave time to get set for the dawn.
I was the loader of the heavy Maxim,
My chosen post. The gunner left, told me
To fire if need be. Sighting, I saw some Fascist Cavalry, tried to press the trigger-bar,
Could not. Just then the gunner came back. He
Was not so squeamish...Time and war changed me.

Gandesa-Abril, 1938 (the translation is ours)

Los primeros meses en España fui un buen
soldado en muchos sentidos. Pero no fue hasta
abril, que el hecho de pensar en derramar sangre
ya no podía soportarlo. Yo no fui curtido en el odio.
Recuerdo bien Gandesa el uno de abril,
el día de los locos, algunos de nosotros contuvimos
el avance fascista durante horas, de hecho,
al anochecer tuvimos tiempo de prepararnos para el amanecer.
Yo era el cargador de una pesada Máxim,
elegí el puesto. El tirador se fue, me dijo
que disparara si fuera necesario. Observando, vi algunos fascistas
de caballería, intente pulsar el gatillo,
no pude. Justo a tiempo regresó el tirador. Él
no era tan impresionable...El tiempo y la guerra me habían cambiado.

Gandesa

The Battle of Gandesa occurred in early April 1938, during the Spanish Civil War. The resistance that the International Brigades carried out allowed the evacuation of materials and men across the Ebro River. The XV International Brigade was entrenched in the Catalan town to try to stop the offensive of the rebel troops, whose advance from the beginning of the Aragón Offensive was unstoppable. The XV International Brigade had been retreating since the beginning of this offensive, when the Republican front collapsed, despite the feats of the brigadist defenders. On April 3rd, Gandesa fell and 140 British brigadists were taken prisoners. In spite of the casualties suffered by the XV Brigade, its resistance around the area of Terra Alta lasted a few days and allowed the evacuation of valuable military equipment, and also allowed numerous republican units to be regrouped on the other bank of the Ebro. Three months later, after the start of the Battle of the Ebro, the XV International Brigade tried to recuperate the village.

The poem is written in a confessional style without meter, but it has rhyme, so it gives the poet freedom to express his feelings. The lines are rhymed abab cddc eefee. Baily is a soldier with experience, as he says in the first two lines of the poem: “The first few months in Spain I was a good / Soldier in many ways.” This is the departure point of a path that goes from idealism to realism, describing the harshness of war. In the first line there is an enjambment, which enhances what seems like a confession. In the second line, the disjunctive conjunction “but” is the turning point of the poem, because since April “the thought of shedding human blood I could not stand.” Baily does not want to kill anymore: “I was not steeled in hate.” It is on April 1st (April Fool’s Day) when he realises how hard it is for him to fight death face-to-face every day; being a frontline fighter for so many days is unbearable. In this second line and in the third, there are two more enjambments; whose function is just to slow down the discovery of his own feelings. There is also a change in the word order in the sentence to make it more emphatic. In the fifth line there is another enjambment, “Well I remember at Gandesa on / April fool’s day...,” and another in the sixth line. The fascists are pushing the republican lines the whole day, without stopping; however, “a few of us held back.” In this case, the two enjambments highlight the pressure of the agonizing reality on the brigadists that is almost unbearable. The ninth line begins with the pronoun “I”, so Baily continues his confession. Even though he has chosen to load the Maxim and the gunner trusts him to fire it, in case it is necessary while he is gone, he cannot do it. He is blocked and unable to react, even at the cost of his own life. Fortunately, the gunner returns in time to save his life. Baily is in a state of shock; he has seen so many friends dying at the battlefield that he cannot endure it any longer: “Time and war changed me.”

Alvah Bessie: *For My Dead Brother*

The moon was full that night in Aragon...
we sat in the black velvet shadow
on the hazel (called avellano there);
the men lay sleeping, sprawled on the packed earth
in their blankets (like the dead)...

With dawn we'd move in double files
down to the Ebro, cross in boats,
and many lying there relaxed
would lie relaxed across the river
(but without their blankets).

He said: "You started something, baby-"
(I was thirty-four; he ten years less;
He was my captain; I his adjutant)
"-you started something, baby," Aaron said,
" when you came to Spain."

A mi hermano muerto (the translation is ours)

Había luna llena aquella noche en Aragón...
sentados a la sombra de terciopelo negro
del avellano (llamado avellano allí);
los hombres tumbados durmiendo, estirados en la tierra dura
en sus mantas (como los muertos)...

Con el alba nos moveríamos en doble fila
hasta el Ebro, cruzaríamos en barcas,
y muchos tumbados allí, relajados
querrían tumbarse a lo largo el río
(pero sin sus mantas).

El dijo: “ Empezaste algo Baby-”
(yo tenía treinta y cuatro, el diez años menos;
era mi capitán; yo su ayudante)
“- empezastes algo Baby” Aaron dijo
“cuando viniste a España”

Across the yellow river
there was a night loud with machine guns
and the harmless popcorn crackle
of hand grenades bursting pink and green,
and he was gone and somehow Sam found me in the dark,
bringing Aaron's pistol, wet with blood.

He said:

The last thing Aaron said
was, 'Did we take the hill?'
I told him, 'Sure.'

Aaron, we did not take the hill.
We lost in Spain. Aaron,
I know, finally, what you meant that night
under the black shadow of the *avellano*,
sitting here in prison twelve years later.

We did not take the hill, *mi commandante*,
But o! The plains that we have taken
And the mountains, rivers, cities,
Deserts, flowing valleys, seas!
You may sleep... sleep, my brother, sleep.

Al otro lado del río amarillo
la noche era ruidosa, se oían ametralladoras
y inofensivo crepitar de palomitas
de las granadas explotando en rosa y verde,
y se había ido, y de alguna manera Sam me encontró en la oscuridad,
trayendo la pistola de Aaron, húmeda de sangre.

El dijo:

“La última cosa que dijo Aaron
fue “ ¿Tomamos la colina?”
Yo le dije, “Sí”

Aaron no tomamos la colina
perdimos en España.
Aaron, ahora ya sé lo que querías decir esa noche
bajo la sombra negra del *avellano*,
sentado aquí en prisión doce años más tarde.

No tomamos la colina *mi comandante*
pero Oh ¡las llanuras que hemos tomado
y las montañas, ríos, ciudades,
desiertos, valles fluviales, mares!
Puedes dormir... dormir mi hermano, dormir

For My Dead Brother

As Bessie (2001: 106) explains: “Tte. Aaron Lopoff, we learn, died of his wounds received on hill 666 in Sierra Pandols the night August 17, leading a night attack against fascist positions. He received 3 m.g. bullets in the head, which destroyed one eye. Report that meningitis set in.”

The poem is written in free verse and is divided into six stanzas of five lines each, except for the fourth, which is longer and also contains two other voices, Aaron’s and another comrade’s. The lines are unrhymed and the diction is plain. Bessie uses concrete, visual, auditory and tactile images to depict the scenario and the difficult circumstances that the internationals underwent.

In the first and second stanzas Bessie draws a poetical vision of the night. There is a metaphor referring to the hazel tree’s shadow, “the black velvet shadow / on the hazel” and in the same line there is an explanatory note in parenthesis: “(called avellano there).”⁴³ By using Spanish words, Bessie wants to bring more realism and proximity to the scenario of the poem. Even though he is remembering the days before his comrade’s death, Bessie avoids using abstract words to convey his feelings. Quite the contrary, he remembers facts, so he uses imagery to capture things as they were.

The Lincolns crossed the Ebro River on the 25th of July and Aaron’s death happened twenty-three days after the crossing. Those were days of extenuating fighting, lack of food, ammunition, arms, clothes and the worst of all, as they were shock forces, days of many casualties, as comrades died every day.

In the third stanza Bessie reports Aaron’s words: “He said. ‘You started something, baby-’.” This enhances the dramatic effect of that situation and gives us an idea about their relationship and the emotion that Bessie is feeling at the moment of writing, as well as, about Aaron’s commitment to the Spanish Republic. Bessie also adds another explanatory note and once again repeats his comrade’s statement, maybe because he wants us to know what kind of man he was, a man that did not come to Spain to become a hero, but to defend the Spanish people against the fascist invasion.

In the fourth stanza, Bessie shapes the war scenario when he is informed by Sam that Aaron has died during a night attack; everything is as usual, “a night loud with machine guns and the harmless popcorn crackle of hand grenades bursting pink and green.” Bessie uses an indented margin when Sam says the last words Aaron has uttered: “Did we take the hill?” Sam lies to him because he wants Aaron to die in peace.

In the fifth stanza Bessie addresses Aaron from the “prison twelve years later.” The theme of the poem is in the third line, “I know, finally, what you meant that night / under the black shadow of the avellano.” Despite the fact that they did not take the hill

⁴³ Alvah Bessie uses explanatory notes in his poem, just as T. S. Eliot does in “The Waste Land” (1922).

and there was an appalling defeat of the Republic, their ideals neither died, nor were lost.⁴⁴

As Bessie explains in the last stanza, “we did not take the hill, mi commandante, / But O! The plains that we have taken / and the mountains, rivers, cities, / Deserts, flowing valleys...” The ideals of Aaron have conquered much more than the hill that took his life; they had lost one battle, but won many others. The ideals of freedom of the International Brigades were not lost. On the contrary, they extended across Spain and then to the rest of Europe during the Second World War. The tone here is somehow positive, as Bessie addresses Aaron twelve years later to say he has not died in vain. His sacrifice was beyond Hill 666. He knew it. He can sleep because his fight is still alive.

⁴⁴ For further information about the author’s memories we recommend his novels *Men in Battle*, *The un-Americans* and *Spanish Civil War Notebooks*.

Nancy Cunard: *To Eat To-Day*

They come without siren-song or any ushering
Over the usual street of man's middle day,
Come unbelievably- abstract- beyond human vision-
Codicils, dashes along the great Maniac speech.
"helmeted Nüremberg, nothing!, said the people of Barcelona,
The people of Spain-"ya lo sabemos, we have suffered all."

Gangrene of German Cross, you sirs in the ether, Sons of Romulus, wotan-is the mark
worth the bomb?

What was in it? Salt and a half-pint of olive,
Nothing else but the woman, she treasured it terribly,
Oil, for the day folks would come, refugees from Levante,
Maybe with greens... *one round meal*-but you killed her,
Killed four children, outside, with the house, and the pregnant
Cat.

Heil, hand of Rome, you passed- and that is all.

I wonder-do you eat before you do the things,
Is it a cocktail or is it a *pousse-café*?
Are you sitting at mess now, saying "visibility medium...
We got the port, or near it, with half-a-dozen," I wonder-
Or highing it yea, on the home-run to Mallorca,
Cold at 5,000 up, cursing jammed release...
" Give it" em, puta Madonna, here over Arenys-

Hoy comemos (the translation is ours)

Llegan sin cantos de sirena, sin acomodador,
 sobre una calle frecuentada al medio día por los hombres,
 sorprendentemente llegan-imprecisos-más allá de la visión humana-
 disposiciones, lanzadas durante el discurso del poderoso Maníaco.
 “Nüremberg, cubierta por un yelmo, ¡nada!, dijo la gente de Barcelona,
 la gente de España-“ya lo sabemos, todos hemos sufrido”.

Gangrena de la cruz alemana, ustedes señores del éter, Hijos de Rómulo,
 Wotan- ¿Dio la bomba en el objetivo?
 ¿Qué contenía? Sal y media pinta de aceite de oliva,
 nada más que la mujer, lo retuvo con firmeza,
 aceite, para la gente que vendría, refugiados de Levante,
 quizá con las verduras... una comida compartida- pero la mataron,
 mataron a cuatro niños en la calle, cayó la casa, la gata preñada.

Heil!, mano de Roma, pasó - y eso es todo.

Me pregunto si comen antes de hacer estas cosas,
 ¿Un cóctel, o un licor?
 Ahora están sentados en el comedor, diciendo “media visibilidad...
 llegamos al puerto, o cerca de él, con media docena”, me pregunto-
 si subirlo al máximo, de vuelta a casa en Mallorca,
 frío a 5.000 arriba , maldiciendo el mando bloqueado...
 “Dales”, puta Madonna, aquí sobre Arenys –

Per Bacco, it's nearly two- bloody sandwich it's made down

There-

Aren't going to eat to-day, *teniente? Te-niente?*"

Drive in the clouds fuming, fumbler unstrapping death.

You passed; hate traffics on, then the shadows fall.

On the simple earth

Five mouths less to feed to-night in Barcelona.

On the simple earth

Men tramping and raving on the edge of fear.

Another country arming, another and another behind it-

Europe's nerve strung like catapult, the cataclysm roaring and

Swelling...

But in Spain no Perhaps, and To-morrow- in Spain it is, Here.

Por Baco, son casi las dos, un sandwich sangriento ya está listo
allí abajo

No va a comer *muerte* teniente? nada para usted?"

Pilotan entre nubes humeantes, a tientas dejan caer la muerte.

Pasaron; tráfico odioso, entonces caen las sombras.

En la sola tierra

Cinco bocas menos que alimentar esta noche en Barcelona.

En la sola tierra

Hombres corriendo y gritando en el extremo del miedo.

Otro país armándose, y otro, y otro tras otro.

El nervio de Europa se tensa como una catapulta, el cataclismo ruge y
se inflama...

Pero en España no hay quizás, el mañana en España es aquí y ahora.

To eat to-Day

The poem was first published in *New Statesman* October 1, 1938, while Nancy Cunard was in Africa. However, she had been a witness of the bombings of other cities while in Spain. Written in a documentary style, the poem reflects the effects of the war destruction on the civilians during one of the blitzkriegs of Barcelona, carried out by the *Aviazione Legionaria*. Everything is blown up, so the poet feels so outraged by the death of civilians that she cannot write a typical standard chronicle about the events because she is reporting her first-hand experience of what happened. Images of destruction mix before her; so she depicts the citizens' suffering and death. She draws a realistic scenario using modernist techniques because the freedom of choice may draw war devastation more vividly than a rigid Georgian or traditional scheme. The effects of the Spanish war and its political context were so overwhelming because the League of Nations turned a blind eye to the fascist powers' total intervention for the whole war.

The poem is written in plain style; Cunard uses direct statements to highlight her anger because of the bombing of civilians. Her speech is unadorned; words are simple and mostly monosyllabic or bisyllabic; she uses this poetic device in order to describe concrete things. As an imagist poet, she advocated brevity, drawing images and visual details without using unnecessary words.

The poem is divided into five stanzas written in free verse. In the first stanza the poet describes the surprise arrival of the bombers: "man's middle day." This is the time when the greatest number of civilians can die. The use of alliteration in the first three lines, /s/, /m/, /b/, appeal to the reader's senses, because this poem is a warning addressed to European citizens, as they are probably going to be the next to die. In the following three lines, Nancy Cunard states who is responsible for this bombing, the *Aviazione Legionaria*. Despite the fact that Mussolini and Hitler had already signed the agreement of non-intervention, they did not respect its terms. "Codicils" symbolises this agreement, which "dashes along the great Maniac speech"; this means how little value the signature of the Italian dictator had, since his aircrafts and army were pushing towards Franco's victory, and the lack of willingness of the League of Nations to maintain the conditions of the agreement. There is a metaphor in the fifth line which refers to the power of Nazi Germany, as Nuremberg was the city chosen by Hitler to enact the Nuremberg laws, "helmeted Nuremberg, nothing!" In the same line and continuing to the sixth, there is a declarative sentence uttered in Spanish, which enhances the dramatism of the population's situation: "ya lo sabemos, we have suffered all."

In the second stanza's first line, the poet addresses the killers as "gangrene", which symbolises both the Nazis and the Fascists; the poet calls them "sirs of the ether", a medicine used to prevent patients from feeling pain during operations, because of the casualties produced by the bombings. Cunard also uses a metonymy, "Sons of Romulus", to refer to the fascists. The poet slows an enjambed rhetorical question in order to highlight its meaning. She asks them if it is worthwhile to drop the bombs and what do they achieve, only kill defenceless civilians, who are represented by the woman

with her precious groceries, her four children and the cat. There is no need for precision. There is a separated line between the second and third stanza in which the poet states a declarative sentence using a metonymy, “hand of Rome”, addressing the bombers, and paraphrasing the same thing which she has asked previously. There is not a military target, only the civilians.

In the third stanza, Cunard directly addresses the killers, who come and then just go, by using rhetorical questions. The fascist pilots feel free from any responsibility of what they have done. They have just committed a “clean” crime, because they can easily commit large scale murders at a distance without dirtying their hands. Furthermore, maybe they are having coffee and are chatting and do not care about how many people they are going to kill; they are only worried about technical problems in their aircraft bombers when they are “on the home-run to Mallorca.” They drop the remaining bombs wherever, just to use them up, and have an unfeeling response about the carnage for which they are responsible. The poet uses the metaphor “bloody sandwich” to highlight the consequences of the indiscriminate bombings of cities and the civilian population. Once again she ironically asks the pilot what he is going to eat: “Aren’t going to eat to-day? *Te-niente?*” Cunard thinks that the aviator is more concerned about his lunch than about the fate of the victims. She intensifies this irony by separating the word “*Te-niente?*” into two words meaning “anything for you” in Italian.

The last stanza is a conclusion where the poet addresses the people, predicting the continuation and spreading of the war to the other countries in Europe, “Another country arming, and another and another behind it-.” However this is not the future for Spain because it is Spain’s present.

William Lindsay Gresham: *Last Kilometer*

Since morning over a knotted road

 The camions had jolted on.

Now in the shivering twilight

 They stopped. We got down.

It was deadly quiet under the sky

 With the night coming over.

We stared at the hills. We were too green

 To look for cover.

Then the ground stirred with a rumbling shudder

 As thunder runs

Solid and deep through upland fields-

 The sound of guns.

And down the road we saw two men

 Walk out of the coming night.

When they came close we saw their rags;

 Some of them were white.

They wandered past us in the cold.

 One stumbled and the other swore.

That sling had no room for a hand.

 We had met the war.

El ultimo kilómetro (the translation is ours)

Desde la mañana por una carretera bombardeada
los camiones iban dando tumbos.
Ahora , en el anochecer tembloroso
se detienen. Nos bajamos.

Bajo el cielo había una quietud mortal
con la noche acercándose.
Miramos hacia las colinas. Estábamos algo verdes
para buscar un refugio.

Entonces la tierra se agitó con un ruidoso estremecimiento
como el recorrido del trueno,
sólido y profundo a través de los campos elevados-
Sonido de cañones.

Carretera abajo vimos a dos hombres
saliendo del anochecer.
Cuando se acercaron vimos sus harapos;
algunos eran blancos.

Pasaron delante de nosotros en medio del frío.
Uno tropezó y el otro maldijo.
Ese cabestrillo no tenía sitio para una mano.
Habíamos conocido la guerra.

Last Kilometer

Everyone who was in Valencia (or south of the break) had to wait until two ships could be ordered to make a run up the coast at night. They got to Barcelona in November after most of the Brigade was already in Ripoll. Herman Bottcher, Pat Stevens, almost all the artillery men who were in Almansa, my cousin's father George Hendricksen, all were in that group. And most went out at the last minute. André Marty tried to get them to go back to Barcelona and fight in January but Barcelona fell. These guys got out at the last minute and made the Harding on Feb 4, 1939. These were men who fought in the Levante and most were not in the Ebro fighting. The artillery men saw very little action. I think over 800 men went to Barcelona on those two ships. Ray Hoff (2/2/2015).

Gresham wrote this poem four years after the defeat of the Spanish Republic, when the United States joined the Allies in their fight against the Axis during the Second World War. The title of the poem indicates the proximity of the end of the Spanish war. The last kilometre on the road is a metaphor about the final effort of the Republic, because it is the last kilometre to defeat. This certainty is reflected throughout the poem, particularly in the last two stanzas.

The poem, written in documentary style, is divided into five quatrains, in this case named ballad meter, which is a stanza made of alternating iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter lines, with the perfect masculine rhyme abcb, defe, ghjh, jklk, mnon. The plain diction of the poem fits well with the tension of the many enjambments throughout the poem, except in the last stanza. Every stanza is like a photographic shot which reflects the emotional tension of the poet. These images are vivid and true because he experienced them firsthand; they are a collection of the last dramatic moments of his stay in Spain.

In the first stanza the brigadists are going around the whole day; they are moving back and forth. To enhance this sensation of going nowhere, Gresham uses assonance; this device makes the lines flow: "Since morning over a knotted road..." This rhyme, combined with the slowness of the enjambments, creates a tension which reflects the emotional state of the poet. What this first stanza is actually depicting is not the wandering of the brigadists in the "camions", but a metaphor of their circumstances during their last days in Spain. Gresham uses the Spanish word "camion" (sic) without the Spanish accent mark and in the English form to make the plural; he does this in order to depict a more vivid memory of his experience in the Spanish War.

In the second stanza he talks about their lack of training and the fear they feel because of the "...deadly quiet under the sky." Gresham personifies the atmosphere of the absolute silence that surrounds them in the night.

The third stanza is an enjambed passage, maybe because it describes the instant of the greatest tension and fear the brigadist goes through while being in Spain. The sound of war is everywhere: "Then the ground stirred with a rumbling shudder / As thunder runs"; the consonant sound /r/ is repeated in order to imitate the sound of guns and their effects on the ground. Gresham uses alliteration to convey his feelings of helplessness, of not knowing what to do or where to go.

The two last stanzas draw a dramatic picture of what war actually looks like. The scenario has changed; there are no sounds of guns, but silence and two men “Walk out of the coming night.” This is a dramatic image of the defeat; they are approaching slowly as night comes, the same as defeat is breathing down the Republic’s neck. Dressed in “rags; / Some of them were white”, they are like a spectral image of what they once were and the Republic, now destroyed, is tattered and wounded to death.

There are no enjambments in the last stanza, just one sentence in each line. The short powerful sentences enhance the dramatic last moments of the war. This gramatic device imitates the telegraphic style; he goes directly to the point and just a few words are needed to say what the situation of the Republic is. Two men pass walking in front of them. No one knows where they come from or where they are going; this is another image which represents the state of things, “One stumbled and the other swore. / That sling had no room for a hand.” The last line “We had met the war” and “Last Kilometer”, the title of the poem, mean what they actually have met is defeat.

James Jump: *Sun Over the Front*

The sun adds to our plight
as we lie face down on the angry earth.
We sweat and, like misers,
conserve our dwindling supply of water,
by now sickly warm.
We shall receive no more before night.
Deliriously I dream of floating away. I dream
of cool sea breezes. I dream
of stretching in tall grass in sycamore shade. I dream
of lying in a fast-flowing mountain stream.
In the sun's face of incandescent brass
there is no smile of compassion.
His hot breath rustles the dry grass
and brings to our line
the scent of pine,
Broom and mountain thyme.
The sun smiles no pity on the wounded
out there is no- man's land.
An invisible curtain of potential bullets
hangs between them and us.
Enemy guns warn off
our stretcher-bearers but do not ward off
the sun's vibrant stare.

El sol en el frente (the translation is ours)

El sol se suma a nuestra desesperación
mientras, tumbados con la cara pegada a la tierra enfurecida.
Sudamos , y como avaros,
conservamos nuestro reducido suplemento de agua
ahora marchitamente templada
No recibiremos más hasta la noche.
Delirante, sueño flotando. Yo sueño
con la fresca brisa del mar. Yo sueño
extendido en la alta hierba bajo la sombra de un sicomoro. Yo sueño
tumbado junto a un torrente en la montaña.
La cara del sol es como latón incandescente
no hay sonrisa de compasión.
Su aliento caliente mueve la hierba seca
trayendo a nuestra línea
aroma de pino,
arbusto y tomillo de la montaña.
El sol sonrío sin piedad a los heridos,
allí en la tierra de nadie.
Una cortina invisible de balas potenciales
cuelga entre ellos y nosotros.
Las armas enemigas avisan
a nuestros camilleros pero no pueden protegerse
de la implacable mirada del sol.

Our comrades' groans
and pleas for help come to us
on the warm air.
“ Oh!, madre mía! Madre mía! one moans.
“Water, water!” another groans.

At last the sun dries
The moisture on their tongues
and evaporates the cries.
By my side
a young Spanish conscript crosses himself, his lips moving rapidly
without a sound.

Now the suffocating silence is frightening.
We try to forget our friends out there.
We make ourselves concentrate on our own plight
As we lie, face down on the angry earth.
We force ourselves to think of our fight
against the sun.

Los lamentos de nuestros camaradas
suplicando ayuda nos llegan
en el aire caliente
¡Oh Madre mía! ¡Oh Madre mía!, uno murmura.
¡Agua! ¡Agua!, otro se queja.

Al final el sol seca
la humedad en sus lenguas
y evapora sus gritos.
A mi lado
un joven recluta español se hace la señal de la cruz, sus labios moviéndose rápidamente
sin sonido.

Ahora el silencio sofocante asusta.
Intentamos olvidar a nuestros amigos allá fuera.
Nos concentramos en nuestra propia desesperación
mientras permanecemos tumbados con la cara pegada a la tierra enfurecida.
Nos obligamos a pensar en nuestra lucha
contra el sol.

Sun Over the Front

The poem was written in a documentary style a few years after the end of the Spanish War. It is divided into three stanzas and there is no regular rhyme, except for some lines which are rhymed in order to highlight a dramatic image which has a deep impact on the soldier's memories.

The first idea begins with sun and ends with night, but between these two nouns there is an image about the sun, the lack of water and the suffering this produces in the brigadists. In the first line there is an enjambment that enhances the suffering of the men; they cannot move a muscle and "lie face down on the angry earth." James Jump personifies the earth that is angry; she is also injured by the effect of shells on her surface. However, the earth protects them as if she were a maternal shelter. The diction of the poem is plain and straight, and nouns and adjectives work as a net which connects the brigadists' despaired fight to stay alive: "plight", "angry", "sweat", "misers" and "sickly." The following sentence begins with an adverb, "Deliriously", which focuses on the state of mind of the men because they are trapped between the sun and the rebels. As they cannot move a millimetre under the hot sun, their only escape is dreaming, which they do. An enjambment begins in the first line and slows down the effect of the verb dream in the indicative mood. In this way, the poet evokes how he felt at those moments of despair during the last days of his fight in Spain. There are also other poetic devices such as anaphora, "of cool sea breezes... / of stretching in tall grass. / of lying in a fast-flowing mountain..." and repetition, "I dream." Jump changes to the personal "I", instead of the plural "we", because it is an instant of intimacy; it is an instant of evasion from the unbearable reality. In this short passage the vocabulary is sweet and fresh, "floating away, I dream... / cool sea breezes... / in sycamore shade... / lying in a fast-flowing mountain stream...". Then he is back to reality; there is no compassion from the sun. His dream ends abruptly in a comparison and a personification of the sun, respectively: "In the sun's face of incandescent brass / there is no smile of compassion." Another personification of the sun creates a vivid image of the extreme heat conditions, "His hot breath rustles the dry grass...". Although the hot air brings "the scent of pine, broom, and mountain thyme" to the soldiers, now its aroma is no longer pleasant. There is no compassion for the wounded in no man's land; the suffering of the wounded men under the sun is the worst of all; "The sun smiles no pity on the wounded." The sun is now their enemy as well; it mocks them because they can do nothing but wait. As the rebels' superiority in arms, planes and logistics was so huge, it left the loyalist army at the mercy of the sun. The no-man's land is the "invisible curtain." Although the bullets stop the stretcher bearers, they do not stop the sun's rays.

At the end of the poem there is a change in the form of the use of three stanzas. The first describes the suffering of the wounded, among them their Spanish comrades. The poet uses their vernacular language; this is a device to enhance this dramatic moment. In the next stanza, there is a vivid image of the suffering of the wounded waiting under the sun, and finally, their death. In the last stanza there is a "suffocating silence", because the wounded are dead now. They can do nothing, only worry about

their own situation. This is reflected in the repetition of a line that appears at the beginning of the poem, “As we lie, face down on the angry earth.” They continue to fight, not against the enemy, but “our fight against the sun.”

David Marshall: *Retrospective*

Go back-
Six-feet of snow on the Aragon front;
While here
Kids slide in the roadways
Steadied feet thudding in the gutters:
Ice blurs
The red orange blue of neon lights-
The harlot shops invite.

But there
The café lights blink and blacken
Ribs tighten, skin grows ware-
After the momentary adjustment
A fumbling for the tasteless glass-
A startled touch of warm-whorled fingers
A greedy intake of smoke
-The lung-shock battens the nerves-
Strange faces glow intimate
Red-are'd by the fitful cigarette.

Distant shots
Snap at lit windows-
Tenseness strangles the blood-
The walls reverberate
From an anti-aircraft in the church next door
That coughs dully, cough, cough...

Recuerdo (the translation is ours)

Volver la vista atrás
seis pies de nieve en el frente de Aragón;
mientras aquí
los niños se deslizan por la calzada
los pies en equilibrio golpean las alcantarillas:
el hielo se deshace.
El rojo, naranja y azul de las luces de neón-
invitan al prostíbulo.

Pero allí
Las luces del café parpadean y oscurecen
costillas marcadas, la piel crece
tras el momentáneo ajuste
tanteo el insípido vaso-
un sorpresivo roce con la yema de los dedos
una ávida calada de humo
-El pulmón se agita y calma los nervios-
Rostros extraños se hacen íntimos
iluminados por el cigarrillo tembloroso.

Disparos lejanos
retumban en ventanas iluminadas
la tensión estrangula la sangre-
Las paredes tiemblan
por una batería antiaérea en la iglesia de al lado
que tose sordamente, tose, tose...

Vienen los aviones, ay, ay,

los aviones, says some woman-

Carven deu, tancat la boca...

Then the bombs

Belching earth-pits

Quagging the ground,

One, two, three sudden,

Four, wait wait wait five,

Six god that's it

Shattering, rumbling racket

Glass smashing and one thin endless scream

Then a dullness in the head,

We stand over the table,

A glass falls, rings,

The air tastes of the Metro.

The cigarettes are all out.

A no-sex voice from the street

Cries Sanidad Sanidad

-Christ let's get out of this...

Ay, allí mucha de la muerte hay,

Y aquí, que hay mejor.

Vienen los aviones, ay, ay,

los aviones, dice una mujer-
Carven deu, tancat la boca...
Entonces las bombas
vomitan cráteres
sacudiendo el suelo,
uno, dos, tres de repente
cuatro, espera, espera, espera, cinco,
SEIS, Dios ha dado
estallido, estruendo
cristales rotos y un débil grito interminable
Entonces pesadez en la cabeza,
estamos parados sobre la mesa,
un vaso cae, suena
el aire tiene el olor del Metro.
Los cigarrillos se han acabado.

Una voz no sensual desde la calle
grita Sanidad, Sanidad
-Christ salgamos de aquí...
Sí, hay allí mucha de la muerte,
Y aquí, que hay mejor.

Retrospective

The poet narrates his memories in a documentary style; he is now in his own country, England, and evokes his comrades, who still continue fighting in the Spanish war. The poem is basically written in free verse; it is the ideal frame for a poem which collects the emotions and memories of a man that feels impotent for being so far away from his comrades. At the beginning of the poem he explains the difficult conditions that his comrades are undergoing at the Aragón battlefield. It was called “the North Pole” because of its extreme conditions. Marshall sets a contrast between the two scenarios; on one hand, his comrades had to cope with temperatures of 10 or 20 degrees centigrade below zero and, on the other, a nice picture about children playing with a sled in the snow. The mood of the poem portrays the strangeness of his daily life in a quiet urban environment; now he feels strange due to everything he has seen in Spain. “Go back- / Kids slide in the roadways / Steadied feet thudding in the gutters: Ice blurs.”

The lights of the “harlot shops” connect his present and his past. The disjunctive conjunction “But” introduces an absolutely different scenario from the one in England, Marshall invites the reader to look at those desolate scenes of war, those instants of loneliness and fears, those interiors filled with humanity and love, even if it is paid for: “But there / the café lights blink and blacken.” Although the poem is written in free verse, Marshall uses the anaphora to build a structure which the poem is attached to, and repeats phrases and clauses which begin with the same word and share the same grammatical construction: “The red orange blue... / The harlot shops... / A fumbling for... / A startled touch of... / a greedy intake of...”. The poet describes an encounter with a prostitute, maybe because this human warmth is the only thing that can make men forget the war: “strange faces glow intimate / Red-are’d by the fitful cigarette.”

The scene is interrupted by the familiar sound of war: “Distant shots / Snap at lit windows-.” Thus, the poet changes the diction of love for the diction of war, “The walls reverberate / from an anti-aircraft in the church next door.” War has come back after those intimate moments; it never ends. Marshall personifies the sound of the anti-aircraft guns which make a coughing noise as they spew shells. In the following fragment, Marshall introduces the voices of civilians to highlight the dramatism of the bombed city. This actually happened; he had observed the bombings of Madrid and other cities in Spain. He repeats fragments in the vernacular language of the natives, in this case, in Catalanian: “Carven deu, tancat la boca...”. He recuperates his voice to narrate what the effects of the bombs are on the people and the city, and as a sequence of photos, he shoots one after the other, without stopping: “Then the bombs/ Belching earth –pits / Quagging the ground, / One, two, three sudden, / Four, wait wait, wait five,...”. The verbs in the gerund form enhance the realism of the bombing, which is actually happening, while he takes photos with his pencil.

Marshall appeals to all the senses to make the reader feel the “symptoms” of a real war, a war against civilians, because the Spanish War was the first in which

massive bombing attacks were launched against cities and their inhabitants in the rearguard. During the Great War some cities were bombed because they were at the front line. However, those attacks were occasional and the power of destruction was low. The blitzings in Spain were severe, with the objective of demoralise the civilians; “The air tastes of the Metro. / The cigarettes are all out.” The last fragment begins with a “no sex voice,” a voice of somebody that is not related to the “harlot shop;” that voice cries for help: “Christ let’s get out of this... / Ay, allí mucha de la muerte hay, / Y aquí, que hay mejor.” There is death everywhere.

David Martin: *Jarama Ten Years*

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

The Bishop was hard then, he is feeble and cold now;
His vintner was eager, now the devil is beckoning.
But longer than time dreams Sancho the peasant,
Stronger than trees and the stranger's strange reckoning.

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

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

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

Jarama diez años (the translation is ours)

Los niños no nacidos entonces han olvidado sus muñecos ahora.
Los olivos pequeños y verdes ya no son pequeños.
Casa blanca sobre Morata! Dos veces la cal ha curado
las cicatrices de las balas en contraventanas y paredes.

Entonces el obispo fue duro, ahora está débil y frío;
su vinatero era entusiasta, ahora el diablo le llama.
Solamente Sancho el campesino sueña más allá del tiempo,
más fuerte que los árboles y el extraño recuento del desconocido.

Mira: Muchas naciones se han vestido con la alegría de la primavera,
ella todavía está amortajada con la negrura de su esclavitud
y la noche de sus ojos es oscuridad en la mañana,
llorando a sus hijos, lágrimas rojas por su coraje.

Dijimos que volveríamos a la casa junto al cruce,
desde cada rincón de la tierra volveremos otra vez.
Los años no podrán dominarnos, nosotros los dominaremos a ellos.
Dijimos: Él está esperando. Regresaremos a España.

Añade horror al terror, añade la lucha a la espera,
añade madurez a la niñez, añade el canto al lamento;
¡Oh, colinas del Jarama, Casa Blanca sobre Morata!
Ya hemos dicho que la hora no nos encontrará durmiendo.

Jarama Ten Years

This poem was published the same year David Martin arrived in India as a correspondent for the *Daily Express* in 1948, one year after India won its independence. David Martin writes an apostrophe addressing the “White house over Morata!” The poet uses a metonymy to refer to a peasant’s house used as a headquarters of the Internationals. At the same time this house functions as a synecdoche which conveys all of his memories about the war and his comrades who fought in the battle of Jarama.

The poem, written in a conversational documentary style, is divided into five quatrains, with the rhyme abcb, defe, ghjh, jklk, mnon. The first stanza shows the passing of time: “Children unborn then have forgotten their dolls now.” Martin does not refer to children, but to the brigadists who survived the war. This line talks about maturity, so when the brigadists came to Spain to defend the Republic, most of them were dreamers and idealists, which they still are, but, at the same time, they have matured. This idea is conveyed by the symbol of the olive trees, “The small green olive trees are no longer small”, because the buried corpses of the brigadists have nurtured the trees and made them grow. The olive tree is a long-living tree which bears extreme weather conditions, just as the brigadists did while fighting in Spain, and now they are no longer young. In the third line, the poet addresses the house directly by using an exclamatory statement and here there is also an enjambment here which intensifies that feeling of nostalgia, so the “chalk has healed over / Bullet scars traced into shutter and wall.” The poet personifies the chalk, giving it human qualities; in this sense, Martin extends the literal meaning of the chalk into a figurative abstraction which enhances the importance of his love for that house, because he would like to be that chalk, caring for the shutters and walls.

The second stanza is divided into two couplets. In the first one, the poet alludes to General Franco represented as a bishop, with a capital letter, “The Bishop was hard then, he is feeble and cold now.” During the Spanish War Franco was strong, but now, in 1948, his situation is quite different. He lacks the strength he used to have and now is “cold”; Hitler and Mussolini have been annihilated and can no longer support him. In the third line Martin alludes to them: “His winter was eager, now the devil is beckoning.”. The two dictators are dead in hell, because the devil is calling them. So now he is alone, isolated, “feeble and cold.” The second couplet begins with a disjunctive conjunction, “But”, that introduces a new idea, the idea of resistance. “Sancho the peasant” is the loyal servant of Don Quixote, as the brigadists were called, and at the same time, Sancho is a synecdoche of the Spanish farmers and poor people. He represents the peasantry’s strength and resistance to the harshness of life in the Spanish countryside. “Sancho the peasant dreams longer than time”, this is the sentence order that has been intentionally reversed in the poem. The word order inversion highlights the strength of his dreams which go further than the “stranger’s strange reckoning”, an allusion to the person who counts the victims of the Spanish dictator.

In the third stanza, Martin addresses the house directly by using a present tense verb, “See”, this device intensifies the realism of the conversation between the poet and

the house. At that time “Many nations have put on spring’s joy robe, / She is still shrouded in black of her slavery / And the night of her eyes is dark in the morning.” Spain is personified by the pronoun “She”, attributing human qualities to it, which amplifies its literal meaning into a metaphor. Dressed in black, the colour of mourning for being a slave is a powerful metaphor of the Spanish people who live under the rule of a dictator. Although the Second World War finished three years earlier and the European nations which had been occupied by the fascist powers enjoy a new spring now, Spain remains isolated and is the only fascist bastion in Europe. Now, it is the right moment to fight again to overturn the fascist regime. In this second line an enjambment begins and enhances the pain of this enslaved country. The third line contains an antithesis. In the first part of the clause, “and the night of her eyes...”, there is an image of the hidden fight of the antifascist guerrilla, as they cannot be seen in daylight. However, in the second part of the clause, “...is dark in the morning”, there is another vivid image, but of death, because the republicans and other civilian prisoners are executed at dawn. The last line personifies the mourning of Spain in “red tears for their bravery.”

Martin begins the fourth stanza with the plural pronoun “We”, introducing a sentence that is uttered when they leave Spain and announce their return “to the house”, as they had promised to do many years before. Therefore, “Years” do not weaken them; on the contrary, they feel strong enough to “master them.” The fourth line begins the same as the first one: “We said:”; the brigadists remember their Spanish comrades. “He is waiting”; this single man symbolizes the defeated popular army. Once again Martin repeats the pronoun “We”, but instead of using the simple past tense “said”, he uses the future tense “will”, as Martin and “his comrades” have made a promise now.

The last stanza explains the first one; “Add horror to terror” means the analysis of the facts, “add fighting to waiting” means resistance, “add manhood to childhood” means that maturity prevails above innocence, and also, that the brigadist survivors are now more cautious and realistic than those who arrived in Spain during the war. Finally, “add singing to weeping”, means the hope of returning to Spain to free her from “slavery”. The poet uses rhetoric language and repeats four phrases with the same structure to persuade his audience that now is the moment to go back to Spain. Martin ends the poem as it begins, addressing the “White House over Morata!” in the third line of the stanza. He personifies the “House” using a capital letter, as if it were a person. The poem ends with an affirmative statement that assures his audience there is no doubt what their duty is. Martin uses the plural pronoun again to demonstrate their commitment has not decayed but it continues to be strong; “the hour will not find us sleeping.” They are ready.

Aileen Palmer: *The Dead Have No Regrets*

The dead have no regrets: they went
Proudly to their tumultuous doom.
But, sitting in a crowded room,
We mourn our lives too tamely spent.

We shut the door and turn the lock,
But, while we talk and analyse,
Within our ears, before our eyes,
Ticks the implacable clock.

To-day we gather up the threads,
Discuss the issue, great or small;
Perhaps to-morrow it will fall;
The Sword that hangs above our heads.

Black wings are massed against the dawn.
What will it matter that the rhyme
Our Chronicles of Wasted Time
If liberty is gone?

What will it matter that we write
Our own Remembrance of Things Past
If all we write can only last
Until to-morrow night?

Los muertos no se lamentan (the translation is ours)

Los muertos no se lamentan: marcharon
orgullosamente hacia su tumultuoso martirio.
Pero, sentados en una sala abarrotada
lloramos por nuestras vidas tan dócilmente gastadas.

Cerramos la puerta y giramos el cerrojo,
pero mientras hablamos y analizamos,
retumba en nuestros oídos, ante nuestros ojos,
el tic-tac del implacable del reloj.

Hoy reunimos los hilos,
discutimos el tema, grande o pequeño;
quizá mañana caerá-
la Espada que cuelga sobre nuestras cabezas.

Alas negras se concentran contra el amanecer.
Pero importará que rimemos
Nuestras Crónicas del Tiempo Perdido
Si perdemos la Libertad.

¿Importará que escribamos
nuestro propio Recuerdo de los Hechos Pasados,
si todo lo que escribimos solo puede durar,
hasta mañana por la noche?

If all the books from which we learn,
The poets that we praise to-day,
Before the onslaught of decay
With Lorca and Heine burn,

If Europe's walls come tumbling down
(And one by one the bastions fall)
What will it matter if we all
In that great chaos drown?

We search the minutes we have spent,
But feel in Time's relentless beat
The threat of the ultimate defeat
Only the dead can rest content,

Having given all they had to give,
To save from blood and fire and dust
At least a hope that we can trust.
We must remember them - and live.

London 1939

Si todos los libros de los que aprendemos,
los poetas que hoy alabamos,
ante la embestida de la decadencia
con Lorca y Heine ardiendo,

si los muros de Europa se vienen abajo
(y uno a uno caen los bastiones)
¿Qué podrá importar si todos nosotros
nos ahogamos en ese gran caos?

Buscamos los minutos gastados,
pero sentimos el inexorable ritmo del tiempo
la amenaza de la última derrota,
solo los muertos pueden descansar contentos,

habiendo dado todo lo que tenían para dar,
para salvar de sangre y fuego y polvo
al menos una esperanza en la que podamos confiar.
Les debemos recordar - y vivir.

Londres 1939

The Dead Have No Regrets

Written in the form of an elegy in a confessional style, the poem is divided into nine enveloped rhymed quatrains, which means that the first and the fourth lines envelope the second and third lines. The rhyme is as follows: abba, cddc, effe, ghhg, ijji, kllk, mnnm, oppo, qrrq.

The poem is about the faith of a young poet who suffers the defeat of the Spanish Republic under the overwhelming military superiority of the fascist forces. Aileen Palmer was once again eyewitness of the fascist threat in London, where she wrote the poem in 1939. This poem is a testimony of the continuity from the Spanish Civil War to the Second World War.

Palmer writes the poem from the point of view of those who die fighting against fascism and those who remember the dead, and who feel that their ideals are threatened again because of the impending fascist invasion of all Europe. The tone of the poem is pessimistic, but at the end there is a light of hope. In the first stanza she proudly speaks about those who have died fighting fascism in Spain, but the survivors regret because of the uselessness of their lives. She thinks that it is a waste of time fighting for a cause that is condemned to defeat. The enjambment of the first line highlights the meaning of “Proudly” at the beginning of the second line. The second stanza deals with those who have survived the Spanish war and try hard to rebuild their lives. They try to leave the nightmare behind: “We shut the door and turn the lock...” However, the fascist threat persecutes them; they cannot put it aside because time goes against them. The clock ticks on; it is “implacable”. The third stanza ends with a vivid image of her fear: “the Sword that hangs above our heads.” The “Sword” is a metaphor of the fascism that deepens her anguish. While “they” discuss “the issue”, England could be invaded. Rukeyser uses plural pronouns due to the fact that fascism is a menace that threatens all of humanity; nobody can escape it. A metaphor of the fascist bombers, “black wings”, begins the fourth stanza. She asks herself if “What will it matter that we rhyme / Our chronicles of Wasted Time if liberty is gone” is worthwhile, if they finally lose their liberty. Palmer writes “Wasted Time” with capital letters as if it were the headline of a journal. That “Wasted Time” refers to the time they lose doing nothing while Spain was held between the fascist powers and the agreement of non-intervention. The fifth stanza is a continuation of this feeling of anticipated defeat. It does not matter if they cannot have control of their own destiny and of what is going to happen. She thinks there is no escape for them.

The sixth stanza conveys the devastating effects of fascism in the culture and literature of those countries that have already been invaded by the Nazis, as in the case of Spain, or that are going to be the next. During the rise of the Third Reich, Heine’s writings were banned and burned. Editors for the *Völkischer Beobachter*, a German newspaper, referred to Heine’s writing as degenerate. Regarding Lorca, not only was he abhorred by fascist Spanish powers, but they also killed him. The civilized world, as we know it, represented in books and by poets, could be destroyed by the fascist invasion. Palmer already knows what those consequences would be for Spain.

In the seventh stanza, Palmer wonders “what sense her life would make if fascism dominated Europe: Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland... These countries had already been invaded, and many others would be soon. France will be the next; therefore, no one is safe. This stanza is structured as a long rhetoric question, whose lines are broken in three enjambments. These devices enhance the poet’s anxiety and worries because of the fascist push throughout Europe. In the second line, there is an explanatory note between parentheses. Who is she addressing? She is addressing all humanity and uses the plural personal pronoun “we”, because in her opinion, all humanity would be involved in this war, in one way or another. Survivors, who have experienced the horrors of the Spanish Civil War firsthand and still continue feeling the fascist threat, want to convey their legacy and that of those who have died for freedom. However, they are concerned about the new and definite fascist threat.

The last two stanzas summarize the content of the poem. There are two enjambments in the second and third lines of the eighth stanza that highlight their fear: “But feel in Time’s relentless beat / the threat of the ultimate defeat / Only the dead can rest content.”

The dead have already “given all they had to give”, their lives for hope and ideals which must be remembered during these decisive moments for the rest of Europe. The last two lines of this last stanza convey a message of hope which weakens the pessimism of the poem. “We must remember them - and live.” The words “- and live” could be understood as an appeal to fight against fascism, the killer of ideals.

Muriel Rukeyser: 1/26/39

When Barcelona fell, the darkened glass
Turned on the world an immense ruinous gaze,
Mirror of prophecy in a series of mirrors.
I meet it in all the faces that I see.

Decisions of history the radios reverse;
Storms over continents, black rays around the chief,
Finished in lightning, the little chaos raves.
I meet in all the faces that I see.

Inverted year with one prophetic day,
High wind, forgetful cities, and the war,
The terrible time when everyone writes “hope.”
I meet it in all the faces that I see.

When Barcelona fell, the cry on the roads
Assembled horizons, and the circle of eyes
Looked with a lifetime look upon the image,
Defeat among us, and war, and prophecy,
I meet it in all the faces that I see.

1/26/39 (the translation is ours)

Cuando Barcelona cayó, el cristal oscuro
convirtió al mundo en una mirada ruinoso,
espejo de una profecía reflejada en una serie de espejos.
La reconocí en todos los rostros que vi.

Decisiones históricas que la radio tergiversa;
tormenta sobre los continentes, rayos negros sobre el jefe,
acabando en relámpago, algo de caos se desborda.
La reconocí en todos los rostros que vi.

Año alterado en un día profético,
fuerte viento, ciudades que olvidan, y la guerra,
el tiempo terrible cuando todo el mundo escribe “esperanza”.
La reconocí en todos los rostros que vi.

Cuando Barcelona cayó, el grito en las carreteras
unió horizontes, y un círculo de ojos
miró con una mirada eterna esa imagen,
derrota entre nosotros, la guerra, la profecía,
La reconocí en todos los rostros que vi.

1/26/39

“One freezing January evening, Ernst Toller came over to me in a restaurant and told me the news was very bad. The Republicans had been driven far north and the fighting seemed to be entering Barcelona” (Rukeyser, 2013: 296).

The title of the poem is the date when Barcelona fell and was occupied by the rebel forces of General Franco. That date is the prophecy of what was going to happen in Europe and which was fulfilled on the 1st of September, 1939 when German troops invaded Poland and the Luftwaffe blitzkrieged Warsaw. Great Britain and France demanded Hitler’s withdrawal from Poland, but Hitler declined to respond. On September 3, the British Prime Minister Chamberlain declared that the UK was at war with Germany on the radio at 11.15am.; France did the same at 5pm ⁴⁵.

The poem, written in free verse, is divided into four stanzas. The theme is about the fate of Europe, in case the prophecy is fulfilled. In the first stanza Rukeyser looks back to Barcelona’s fall and the consequences of this event will be reflected in other countries in Europe. In the first line there is an enjambment and a metaphor: “the darkened glass.” It means that the global view has changed for all countries which now are directly threatened by fascism, “turned on the world an immense ruinous gaze” and the prophecy will end up coming true. What is certain is that the Axis powers have unfolded their threat in Europe. However, the democratic countries do not directly face this prophecy, but use a set of mirrors and keep their distance with respect to what was happening in Spain. The stanza ends with a refrain which is also repeated in the others, “I meet it in all the faces that I see.” Rukeyser concludes that everyone knows what will happen.

The second stanza alludes to the manipulation of news by the conservative supporters of the rebels. Rukeyser uses a series of metaphors to describe what the prophecy’s consequences would have on the world, probably the second world war, “Storms over continents, black rays around the chief, / finished in lightning.” The chief could be Hitler, who would finally launch the invasion of the European countries. The refrain in the last line intensifies the poet’s feeling that there is no escape.

The third stanza begins with a past participle phrase which intensifies the effect of “one prophetic day” in the future of the nations that have turned a blind eye to what has happened in Spain up to that moment. This war continues, they cannot stop it in their own countries. People prefer to think that the prophecy will not happen, but as the refrain says, “I meet it in all the faces that I see.”

The last stanza goes back to Barcelona’s fall. Rukeyser uses a metaphor which describes the exile of half a million people crossing the French border: “the cry on the road.” That cry begins an enjambment that assembles the horizon of all the countries that watch “the image, / Defeat among us”; they fear the fascist threat against them because the defeat of the Spanish Republic is the prelude of the world war that will follow.

⁴⁵ For further information consult: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/archive/ww2outbreak/7957.shtml?page=txt>

The refrain repeated in the poem is in present tense; it contrasts with the account of the poem that is written in past tense. Joining past and present, Rukeyser joins the two wars into one, because it is the same war that began when the fascists invaded Spain by crossing the Strait of Gibraltar. The poet accentuates the past events by using past participle phrases in all the stanzas, “Turned on”, “Finished up”, “Inverted year”, “Assembled horizons” and the longest phrase, “looked with a lifetime look upon the image.”

Vicente Sheean: *Puigcerdà*

Let us find a suitable ditch, for the siren has sounded
And the air already aches with the humming of wings.
They are coming, the beasts that swim on the brink of our vision:
There will be ash and blood over familiar things.

Over the hearth and the field there will be weeping
When they have spun to their Pyrenean nest
To count with the diligent glee the state of their cargo,
Joke at our terror, feed and lie down to rest.

They are here. Lie flat to the earth that bore you.
You may be part of it soon enough again.
Lie close, listen and tremble, tremble.
This is the thundering charge of the pirate men.

But the swan there,
The swan upon the water-
The swan's enchantment over the silver water-
moves still,
pure and proud,
disdains the shrapnel,
scorns the thunder.

The swan in beauty floats upon the lake,
Serene before the choice that death must make.

Puidgcerdà (the translation is ours)

Busquemos una zanja apropiada, la sirena ha sonado
el aire ya duele con el zumbido de las alas.
Están llegando, las bestias que nadan en el límite de nuestra visión:
Habrá ceniza y sangre sobre objetos familiares.

En el hogar y el campo habrá sollozos
cuando ellos hayan girado hacia su nido en los Pirineos
para contar con diligente regocijo el estado de de su carga,
burla a nuestro terror, comen y se acuestan para descansar

Ellos están aquí. Túmbate sobre a la tierra que te parió.
Pronto puedes ser parte de ella otra vez.
Túmbate cerca, escucha y tiembla, tiembla:
Este es el atronador ruido de los hombres pirata.

Pero el cisne allí
el cisne sobre el agua-
El encanto del cisne sobre el agua plateada-
Se mueve todavía,
puro y orgulloso,
desdeña la metralla,
desprecia al trueno.

El hermoso cisne flota en el lago
sereno ante la elección que la muerte debe hacer.

Puigcerdà

In the first part of the poem there are three quatrains rhymed abcb defe ghih; the second and the fourth lines rhyme. In the second part which begins with a disjunctive conjunction “but”, the fourth stanza is written in free verse. The last two lines rhyme in a couplet in the closing stanza

An antithesis structures the poem by joining two different ideas with a disjunctive “but.” There is a contrast between death and the bombers, and the enchantment of the swan. In the first part of the poem, Sheean describes the crude reality of being bombed every day. In the second part he distances himself from the scenario of the attack to the calmness and silence of the lake where the swan swims fearlessly.

The first stanza speaks of the bombing as an everyday fact and it is already accepted with resignation. The enjambment in the first line slows down the feeling of despair before the imminent death. They are victims of those beasts and their only option to survive is to just hide in a ditch when the bombers fly above their heads launching bombs: “ash and blood over familiar things.” The alliteration in this stanza with the sounds /s/, /a/, /ð/ and /b/ enhances the sensation of velocity and fear before the impending attack.

In the second stanza there is a contrast between the pain caused by the victims from the bombings and the dehumanization of the pilots who bombed them aseptically. This contrast is highlighted by the enjambments in lines two and three. First of all, they drop bombs, and then rejoice, insensitive to the pain and destruction they have caused. The pilots go back to their base and act as if it were an ordinary working day- They speak about the state of their cargo and the success of the attack; they make jokes, eat, and go to bed to rest. These pilots are not in the cruel reality of the war because they do not think about the pain and destruction they are causing; they behave as psychopaths because they are insensitive to other people’s pain.

In the third stanza Sheean narrates the exact moment of the bombing. The earth is a protective shelter, as in other poems written by brigadists. Every line is a sentence; they follow one after the other, as if they were frames of a film. Everything can change in a moment, “Lie the earth before you. / You may be part of it soon enough again.”

A disjunctive “ But”, in the fourth stanza, is a turning point in the narration of the poem. There is a complete change of the scenario before him. Sheean sees a swan swimming; this seems something heavenly, because of the quietness of the water and the enchantment of the swan. The use of anaphora in ‘the swan’ enhances the vivid image of its majesty and pureness. Sheenan personifies the swan as “ pure and proud”, expanding the literal meaning of the swan into the metaphor of the brigadists. The swan is a metaphor of the souls of those who have died; it can represent the pureness of their ideals, which they even die for. The swan “disdains the shrapnel, / scorns the thunder;” it is just there, indifferent to life or death, just like the brigadists who confronted death for their ideals; “Serene before the choice that death must make.”

James Yates: *Spanish Hands*

The Spanish hands are young and pitiful.
Captured by disciplined and certain men,
On their own farms
Dejectedly they stand. Manhood
Has not mastered yet their boy's material,
And in their forms
The land's hard-broken awkwardness is shown.

They will be shot. The guns point whiteless eyes
That blacken memories. Each weather of the earth
That had its manual sign
And earth's extractions made futility.
Those simple groups unchanged, the walls and trees
Of their habitual scene
Shall grant no recognition to their death.

The spade thrown down, utensils of the field
Daily familiar with their hands, discarded place;
And taken, implements
Of other kinds and for another use.
They rose against the nameless will of death,
Moving as winters will across their land,
Themselves to be the devastated yield
And ruined increment:
Knowing that in time's round
There would return for them no further season,
Balanced on arms and boughs, their lives' and summer's unison.

Manos Españolas (translated by S. G. Fernández Corruguedo)

Las manos españolas son jóvenes, dolientes.
Capturadas por hombres disciplinados y algunos,
en sus propias granjas
abatidos se mantienen. La madurez
aún no se ha adueñado de su juvenil materia,
y en sus forma
la incómoda dureza de la tierra se muestra.

Serán fusilados. Los fusiles apuntan a los ojos sin blanco
que oscurecen recuerdos. Cada estación terrena
que tenía su signo en las manos
y los frutos terrenos convertidos en fútiles.
aquellos grupos cándidos sin trueques, los muros y los árboles
de su paisaje habitual
no habrán de dar testimonio de su muerte.

La pala arrojada al suelo, herramientas del campo
a diario colegas de sus manos, apartadas;
y cogiendo instrumentos
de otras especies y con otro empleo,
se alzaron contra el ansia sin nombre de la muerte,
moviéndose como los inviernos que cruzarán su tierra,
para volverse ellos mismos devastada cosecha
y fruto arruinado:
sabiendo que en el curso de los años
para ellos no vendrán otros momentos,
la armonía de su vida y su verano, ponderada entre ramas fusiles.

Spanish Hands

Yates chooses the free verse form to express his thoughts about the tragic fate of the republicans who lost the war. The poem is divided into three stanzas. The language is simple, but the not diction. The hands of the peasants who fought against fascism are the Spanish hands; this image is a synecdoche of the Spanish people who joined the popular army to defend their country against the fascist invasion. The landowners have captured them on their own farms; they are uneducated youngsters who, since they were children, have worked the land under harsh conditions, without machines and with their own hands: “Manhood / Has not mastered yet their boy’s material.” There is an enjambment in the third line which highlights their courage before their captors. Another enjambment in the following line enhances their commitment to the Republic, despite their age. In the sixth line an enjambment, “And in their forms / The land’s hard-broken awkwardness is shown”, embodies how they have endured hard living conditions since childhood; even though their hands are still childish and short-fingered, their fingers are thick and strong.

In the second stanza Yates imagines the last thoughts of the peasants who will be condemned to oblivion once killed. There is a metaphor and personification of the guns’ muzzles: “The guns point whiteless eyes / that blacken memories.” The peasants remember what their lives were like in the countryside and the crops that would never be collected, which do not matter now. The young peasants, who face defeat, will die between a wall and some trees, just as they have lived, and their death will be forgotten there.

In the third stanza Yates recalls how difficult their fight is; the young peasants change their agricultural tools overnight for guns because everything happens very quickly. They have left the fields and have taken up arms to fight fascism. “They rose against the nameless will of death”; this is a metaphor of the fascist invasion. The peasants accept the consequences of their decision; they take sides for their liberty and dignity. Therefore, their struggle is hard and they end up losing the war and their lives; there will be no more seasons, nor more summers for them.

5.4. Corpus of the Abroad Group and Stylistic Analyses

- John Berryman: Nineteen Thirty-Eight
 John Malcolm Brinin: For a Young Poet Died in Spain
 Joy Davidman: *Snow in Madrid*
 Day Lewis: *The Volunteer*
 Kenneth Fearing: *The Program*
 Sol Funaroff: *The Bull in the Olive Field*
 Geoffrey Grigson: *The Non-Interveners*
 Margot Heinemann: *This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)*
 Brian Howard: *For Those with Investments in Spain*
 Robinson Jeffers: *Sinverguenza*
 Kenneth Leslie: *The Censored Editor*
 Archibald MacLeish: *The Spanish Lie*
 Edna St Vincent Millay: *Say that We Saw Spain to Die*
 Martha Millet: *Women of Spain*
 Herbert L Peacock: *Ship for Spain*
 Kenneth Porter: *¡Salud!*
 Herbert Read: *The Heart Conscripted*
 Norman Rosten: *The March*
 Wallace Stevens: *The Men That are Falling*
 Randal Swingler: *They Live*
 Genevieve Taggard: *Noncombatants*

John Berryman: *Nineteen Thirty-Eight*

Across the frontiers of a helpless world
The great planes swarm, the carriers of death,
Germs in the healthy body of the air,
And blast our cities where we stand in talk
 By doomed and comfortable fires.

In Asia famous tombs were opened so
And celebrated ancestors walked out
Into the carnage of the Rising Sun,
That horrible light upon the daughter cast,
 The new language in the torn streets.

There was a city where the people danced,
Simple and generous, traditional.
Suddenly the music stopped. Shooting
Began. Some of the living call the dead
 Of the Third Reich the lucky ones.

Terror accumulated in September
Until the island Dove divided up
A southern ally for the Eagle's feast.
And trembled as the Eagle fed, knowing
 The gratitude of appetite.

Mil novecientos treinta y ocho (the translation is ours)

Cruzando las fronteras del mundo inútil
los grandes aviones zumban, transportan la muerte,
gérmenes en el cuerpo sano del aire,
y bombardean nuestras ciudades donde conversamos
junto a malditas y confortables chimeneas.

En Asia se abrieron las tumbas famosas así,
y ancestros celebrados salieron
al matadero del Sol Naciente,
esa horrible luz sobre la hija expulsada,
el nuevo lenguaje en las calles destrozadas.

Había una ciudad donde la gente bailaba,
sencilla y generosa, tradicional
de repente la música paró. Disparos
comenzaron. Algunos de los vivos llaman a los muertos
del Tercer Reich afortunados.

El terror se acumuló en septiembre
hasta que la isla Dove partió
un aliado del sur para el festín del Águila.
Y temblaba mientras el Águila comía, sabiendo
la gratitud del apetito.

What was a civil war this year but strangers
Overhead, guns at sea, and foreign guns
And foreign squadrons in the plundered town?
A Spaniard learnt that any time is time
For German or Italian doom.

Survivors, lean and daring and black men,
Lurked in the hills. The villagers were gone,
The land given to rape and colonists.
They slept with hunger in the hills and told
Wild legends of deliverance.

The winter sky is fatal wings. What voice
Will spare the aged and the dying Year?
His blood is on all thresholds, bodies found
In swollen rivers curse him as he dies:
Criminal, to stand as warning.

Qué fue una guerra civil este año, sino desconocidos
sobrevolando, armas en el mar, y armas extranjeras,
y escuadrones extranjeros en el pueblo saqueado?
Un español aprendió que en cualquier momento es el momento
para la maldición alemana o italiana.

Los supervivientes, hombres delgados, atrevidos y negros
se escondieron en las colinas. Los pueblos desaparecieron,
la tierra entregada a la violación y colonizadores.
Durmieron con hambre en las colinas y contaron
leyendas salvajes de liberación.

El cielo de invierno son alas mortales. Qué voz
salvará al viejo y agonizante Año?
Su sangre está en todos los portales, cuerpos encontrados
en los ríos crecidos, le maldicen mientras se muere:
Criminal, como advertencia.

Nineteen thirty- eight

The title of the poem refers to the date, 29th of September, 1938, when the Munich Agreement was signed between the United Kingdom, France, Italy and Nazi Germany; this pact was a failed act of appeasement in favour of “world peace.” With this agreement, Nazi Germany annexed a western territory from Czechoslovakia which was renamed Sudetenland. Czechoslovakia was not invited to the conference; thus, this country considered it treason, calling that pact the Munich Dictate.

The poem consists of seven quintets written in free verse. The first one frames the situation of Spain in 1938. In the first line Berryman uses a metonymy, “helpless world,” referring to the non-intervention Committee, composed of the twenty-four nations that signed the agreement of non-intervention. In the following line, the poet attributes animal life to the bombers, as if they were bees; this device, zoomorphism, expands the effect of their cargo “of death.” A vivid visual image refers to the bombers as “germs,” as their transport is the germ of fascism in the “body of the air.” The air is personified as a person who is being inoculated with a mortal germ. The last lines depict the effect of the bombs on the houses, “doomed and comfortable fires.”

In the second stanza Berryman moves towards the Japanese victory in the first Sino-Japanese War in 1894, calling it “...famous tombs were opened so / ...celebrated ancestors walked out”, because the Japanese had invaded China once again. Another dramatic image, “the carnage of the Rising Sun”, highlights the devastating consequences of the Japanese invasion of China, and “That horrible light which came from the Rising sun” gives birth to “the daughter”, a metaphor of the direct descendants of those “celebrated ancestors” and “The new language in the torn streets”, their language of destruction and death.

In the third stanza the voice of the poet evokes images of everyday life in a Spanish city; words such as “danced”, “simple”, “generous” and “traditional” turn into “shooting” and “dead” when the bloody coup d’état begins. An enjambment in the fourth line emphasizes the irony of the tone: “Some of the living call the dead / Of the third Reich the lucky ones.” Reading this, one may get an idea about the slaughter caused by the rebels and their allies.

The following stanza begins with an allusion to the agreement of Munich. This was a failed pact of appeasement to achieve “peace”, but the only thing it brought was treason. Czechoslovakia was not invited to the conference, and since this nation was a member of the League of Nations, it considered the agreement a betrayal. Irony appears in the form of a metaphor, referring to England as “island Dove”, because the dove is considered a symbol of peace and this island divided Spain, “A southern ally, for Nazi Germany, the Eagle’s feast.” England “...trembled as the Eagle fed, knowing / The gratitude of appetite.” The gratitude of Germany will be that it will eat England too.

The fifth stanza begins with a rhetoric question; the poet tries to find a logical answer for the nonsense of calling this a civil war, whereas in fact, it is a world war: “What was a civil war this year but strangers / Overhead.” The enjambments in the first, second and fourth lines enhance the mood of despair: “A Spaniard learnt that any time

is time / For German or Italian doom.” The survivors run into the hills to escape from the invaders; the poet lists the crimes committed by the allies of the rebel army.

The last stanza begins with a metaphor of death: “The winter sky is fatal wings.” The bombers do not stop dropping their mortal load, and the poet asks himself whose voice would stop this carnage. The year 1938 is dying and is personified as other Spaniards who are dying too, “...bodies found / In swollen rivers curse him as he dies.” The bodies curse the year; however, they are really cursing the signers of the Agreement of Munich.

The poem is an allegation against the agreement of non-intervention and the policy of appeasement, which had permitted the invasions of Spain, the Rhineland, Austria and the portion of north-western Czechoslovakia.

John Malcolm Brinin: *For a Young Poet Died in Spain*

Music has saluted you,
And those assembled few
Felicities they bring the hero dead:
The praised imperfect flowers
Found on foreign moors,
Broken a little when the children fled
That monster with his wings across
The sudden Spanish wilderness.

Journals have recorded
What the music said.
The quick black print has named the circumstance,
The date not incorrect,
Not any outward fact
Impaled in paragraphs but does convince.
Impoverished of days, I know
Now ramparts that we stumbled to:

That genius of our thought,
(That sandalled runner) caught
Tall instants on the flood of some shared poem
Who, vision-weighted, lipped
Our vulnerable grip
And spread himself in shadows through the room.
Now he is yours, my dear, and far
Beyond the mirroring of fear.

A un joven poeta muerto en España (the translation is ours)

La música te ha saludado,
y reunidas esas escasas
alegrías traen al héroe muerto:
Las veneradas flores imperfectas
halladas en páramos extranjeros,
un poco rotas cuando los niños huyeron
del monstruo con alas extendidas a través
de la repentina inhóspita España.

Los periódicos han registrado
lo que dijo la música.
La rápida imprenta negra ha nombrado lo sucedido,
la fecha no es incorrecta,
ningún hecho significativo
incrustado entre párrafos, sin embargo convence.
Empobrecimiento de los días, yo conozco
ahora las barricadas hacia las que huimos:

El genio de nuestro pensamiento,
(ese corredor con sandalias) alcanzó
elevados instantes en el desbordamiento de algún poema compartido
cuya visión ponderada, se desprendió
de nuestro vulnerable control
y él mismo se difuminó en sombras en la habitación.
Ahora es tuyo, querido, más
allá del reflejo del miedo.

O, Youth, who hesitated,
Precarious, April-hearted,
In the wide incommunicable plain,
Until our new world tracks
That headsman with his axe,
Immune our eyes to any land but Spain's;
In such communion to inspire
Glad squadrons from the hemispheres.

When new Spanish skies
In moon on moon of peace
Look down, un-swastikaed, on people's hills;
When earth, resurgent, springs
With prouder offerings,
Forsworn with love in their great common halls,
Men will re-name those passionately kept
In freedom's necessary crypt.

¡Oh, juventud, que dudaste,
precario corazón de abril,
en la extensa llanura incomunicada,
hasta que nuestro nuevo mundo no persiga
a ese verdugo con hacha,
nuestros ojos serán inmunes a cualquier otro país salvo España;
con tal vínculo que inspire
alegres escuadrones de los hemisferios.

Cuando nuevos cielos españoles
en la luna , en la luna de la paz
contemplen, sin esvástica, las colinas del pueblo;
cuando la tierra, renazca, brote
con ofrendas más orgullosas,
abjuren con amor en sus grandes salas de reunión,
los hombres volverán a invocar a aquellos apasionadamente preservados
en la necesaria cripta de la libertad.

For a Young Poet Died in Spain

This poem is an apostrophe to the young poets and heroes who lost their lives defending the Spanish Republic; it was published in 1938, the year when the International Brigades left Spain. It is divided into five octets with an elaborate construction and complicated rhyme scheme: aabccbdd eefggfhh..., with masculine, perfect, half and pararhyme rhymes.

In the first stanza there are metaphors and images related to death. Firstly, “Music” refers to the sound of fighting. The rhyme in the third and sixth lines connects the hero’s death and the children’s terror: “...the hero dead: ...when the children fled.” The children run when they see “that monster with his wings”; this was the image of terror. This was the first time that the natives had seen planes in rural Spain of the thirties, and worst of all, planes that dropped bombs and killed people. The rhyme imitates the discordant feeling caused by fear and death, even though both words are linked by their meaning; the half rhyme of the seventh and eighth lines substantiates the brutality of the bombings of civilians: “That monster with his wings across / The sudden Spanish wilderness.”

The first two lines of the second stanza are a metaphor of the news about the bombing, published in newspapers; the word “recorded” is used, instead of “written”, because music (the sound of the bombings) can be taped. In the following lines the poet explains that the newspaper has not given many details about what had happened: “The date not incorrect, / Not any outward fact”; however this convinces the people and they learn about the attack.

In the third stanza the poets are spreading their thoughts through shared poems, since poetry does not undergo censorship. Brinnin uses the symbol of Hermes, the Greek “sandalled runner”, to depict the idea that poets and intellectuals are sharing their messages about the war. The last two lines use pararhyme to enhance a positive sensation because the message has travel so far that it is “Beyond the mirroring of fear.”

Brinnin addresses the young soldiers in the fourth stanza, using allusion calling them “Precarious, April-hearted”; they are afraid, innocent and inexperienced. Brinnin includes himself as part of the fighters by using the pronoun “our”, because he belongs to one of those countries that are going to form that “new world”. The poet hopes that one day “Until our new world tracks / That headsman with his axe”, the countries will change the policy of appeasement and take action against fascism. Until that time arrives, the intellectuals are only standing with Spain and waiting for “Glad squadrons from the hemispheres” to join together and fight.

In the last stanza Brinnin imagines the end of the Spanish war in the near future. Through an idyllic image, “When new Spanish skies / in moon on moon of peace / Look down, un-swasticaed, on people’s hills”, the poet depicts peace. Therefore, when the Spanish people win their freedom, the young dead poet will be honoured by preserving him “In freedom’s necessary crypt.”

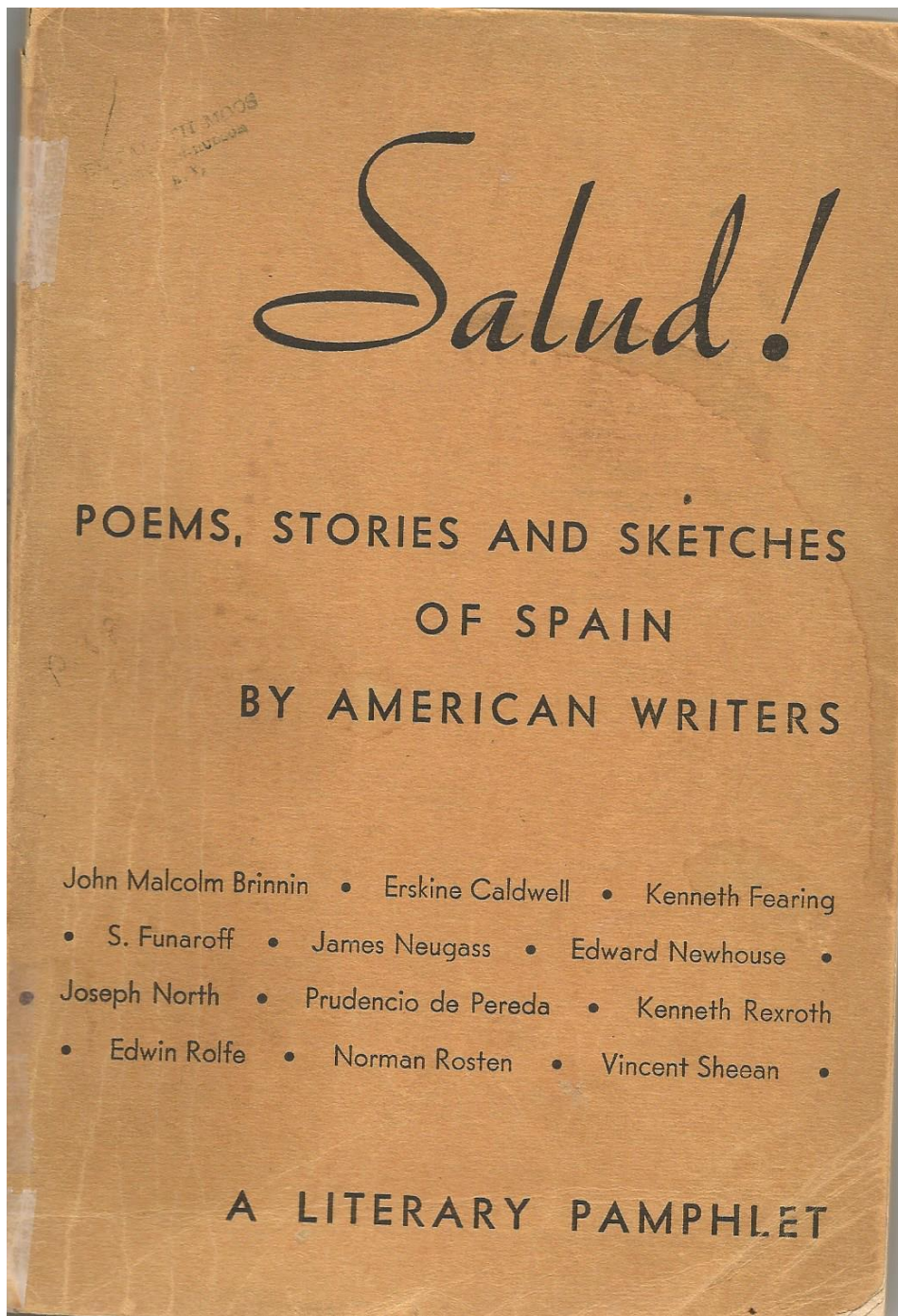


Illustration 7. Document property of the author.

Joy Davidman: *Snow in Madrid*

Softly, so casual,
Lovely, so light, so light,
The cruel sky lets fall
Something one does not fight.

How tenderly to crown
The brutal year
The clouds send something down
That one need not fear.

Men before perishing
See with unwounded eye
For once a gentle thing
Fall from the sky.

Nieve en Madrid (the translation is ours)

Suavemente, tan despreocupada,
hermosamente, tan suave, tan ligera,
el cielo cruel deja caer
algo con lo que no se lucha.

Qué ternura culminar
el año brutal
las nubes envían algo hacia abajo
a lo que no hay que temer.

Los hombres, antes de morir
contemplan con ojos no heridos
algo amable por una vez
caer desde el cielo.

Snow in Madrid

The poem seems to be the opening of a movie or a documentary in the city of Madrid in 1938. It is divided into three stanzas, rhymed abab, cdcd, efef. For once in a long time the snow is the protagonist in Madrid and not the bombs and dead civilians.

The alliteration of the sounds /s/ and /l/ in the first stanza depicts the image of snow falling up to the point where we can feel its soft texture; it is also enhanced by the repetition of the adverb so in lines one and two. In the third line, Davidman attributes human qualities to the sky: “The cruel sky lets fall”; people are waiting for the falling of a bomb. However, the enjambment moves to the next line, saying, in this case, “Something one does not fight.”

Davidman continues her snapshot of the besieged city; it is winter, maybe Christmas, “How tenderly to crown / the Brutal year.” The poet contrasts two descriptive adjectives: tenderly and brutal, creating a turning point in the circumstances. Nevertheless, the reality is quite different, as the snow is ephemeral, like the ceasefire. It could last hours, one or two days, at the most, because once the snowfall ends, the bombing will start again.

Davidman includes herself with the people in Madrid, within the narrative of the poem in the fourth and eighth lines, “Something one does not fight,” and “That one need not fear.” This inclusion among the civilians is the device the poet uses to highlight her implication with them.

The poem is a picture that shows the “Lovely, so light” snowfall from every corner in Madrid. It is just this image of the snow which is the last “gentle thing men” will see “before perishing”, as depicted in the last stanza.

If we joined the last lines of every stanza, we would obtain a new one which contains the theme of the poem: “Something one does not fight... / ...That one need not fear... / ...Fall from the sky. This is the Snow in Madrid.”

Cecil Day-Lewis: *The Volunteer*

Tell them in England, if they ask
What brought us to these wars,
To this plateau beneath the night's
Grave manifold of stars-

It was not fraud or foolishness,
Glory, revenge, or pay:
We came because our open eyes
Could see no other way.

There was no other way to keep
Man's flickering truth alight:
These stars will witness that our course
Burned briefer, not less bright.

Beyond the wasted olive groves,
The furthest lift of land,
There calls a country that was ours
And here shall be regained.

Shine to us, memoried and real,
Green-water-silken meads;
Rivers of home refresh our path
Whom here your influence leads.

Here in a perched and stranger place
We fight for England free,
The good our fathers won for her,
The land they hoped to see.

El Voluntario (translated by Agustín García Calvo)

Diles en Inglaterra, si preguntan
qué nos trajo a estas tierras
a esta meseta bajo el de la noche
grave tropel de estrellas...

No fue engaño ni insensatez, ni gloria,
venganza o paga: aquí vinimos
porque abiertos los ojos no podían
ver más que ese camino.

No había otro camino a tener viva
la llama incierta de verdad humana.
Darán estas estrellas testimonio de que nuestra carrera
Más breve ardió, no menos clara.

Allá, tras arrasados olivares
tras la última sierra que se alce,
allá una patria llana que fue nuestra
y debe aquí reconquistarse.

Brilladnos, oh rememorados y reales
prados sedosos de aguas verdes;
patrios arroyos, refrescad el paso
a quienes trae aquí vuestra corriente.

Aquí, en paraje extraño y resequido,
por Inglaterra libre peleamos:
El bien que le ganaron nuestros padres,
la tierra prometida que esperaron.

The Volunteer

This poem was written to preserve the memory and honour of the brigadists and those who died in Spain during the Spanish Civil War. It was first published in October 1938 in *Overtures to Death*, the same date when the International Brigades left Spain. Most of the brigadists were communists, or joined the Communist Party when they had arrived in Spain, and therefore, they expected retaliation when they returned to England because of the anti-communist atmosphere at that time. This could explain why Day Lewis involved himself by supporting the brigadists, because “There was no other way to keep / Man’s flickering truth alight.”

An anonymous brigadist speaks through the voice of a persona, who explains why they came to fight against fascism in Spain. The poem is divided into six quatrains and the iambic tetrameter rhyme abcb, defe, ghih, jklk, mnon, pqrq. The language of the poem is that of a worker who joined the International Brigade; it conveys the voice of the workers of the world who came to Spain to fight against fascism.

In the first stanza the persona addresses the poet in a conversational style and requests him to explain to the citizens in England why they came to Spain: “Tell them in England, if they ask / What brought us to these wars.” In the second stanza the persona lists the things they did not come for, but: “We came because our open eyes / Could see no other way”; they came because their ethics led them to help the Spanish people. The same tone continues in the third stanza. In the fourth, the speaker looks at Spain from a distance and states that, even though it was so far from England, “There calls a country that was ours / And shall be regained”; England must free Spain from fascism.

In the fifth stanza, the brigadist addresses his fellow citizens and the nature in England not to forget them. Nature is their homeland where they were born and where they will return after death: “Rivers of home refresh our path / Whom here your influence leads.” The last stanza explains that the true reason for coming to Spain is to keep England free from fascism: “We fight for England free, / The good our fathers won for her;” thus, the brigadists have done the same as their parents, fight for their own freedom.

Dunham Barrows: *Neutrality*

America-Spain, 1938

To guide the knife in seeking out the heart,
To scatter oil upon a soaring flame,
To urge the artful lie, the lying art,
And cover War, the fact, with Peace, the name;
To fetter chains upon a hope confined,
And load with locks a prison double-barred,
Darken the windows of the wakening mind,
Against the encroaching future set a guard;

To lay a promise in the ear of love
That words by night shall be the deeds of day,
And then to kneel those eager eyes above
With Judas-lips to kiss the life away-
Is this your will, America? If it be,
Learn bondage then, unworthy to be free.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Neutralidad (the translation is ours)

America-España 1938

Para guiar el cuchillo en busca del corazón,
para esparcir aceite sobre una llama ascendente,
para exortar la mentira ingeniosa, el arte de mentir,
y silenciar la Guerra, los hechos, con Paz, el nombre;
para atar a las cadenas una esperanza aislada,
y abarrotar con cerrojos una prisión con barras dobles,
oscurecer las ventanas de la mente que despierta,
contra el futuro usurpado ponga un guardia;

para decir una promesa de amor al oído,
que las palabras de noche serán las obras del día,
y así arrodillarse ante aquellos ojos impacientes
con labios de Judas para dar el beso de la muerte
es esta tu voluntad América? Si así es,
aprende a ser esclava, que no vales para ser libre.

Filadelfia.

Neutrality

The spatial and temporal location at the top of the poem maps time and its protagonists, in this case, America and Spain. The poet denounces the Neutrality Act,⁴⁶ which was formerly passed, accepting that false false agreement of non-intervention, because a neutral position meant collaboration with the fascist allies of the rebels who were confronting the isolated Spanish Republic.

The poem is divided into two stanzas. It is written in a rhetoric style in order to wake the politicians who agreed with that false agreement and make them resign from it.

Dunham uses eloquent diction to depict vivid and exaggerated images in order to make the readers feel pity or indignation because of the consequences of that neutrality. The use of anaphora at the beginning of the first three lines of the poem enhances the message the poet wants to transmit: terror. The tone of the poem is ironic; the enumeration in the fourth line, “And cover War, the fact, with Peace, the name”, depicts the collaboration with the fascists to increase the damage on civilians, because covering the damage with the false veil of neutrality isolates the practically unarmed Spanish Republic. The stanza is constructed with a list of images that describe the sensation of impotence because the Republic still has not lost hope, as described by the words “hope”, “wakening” and “future.” Other words, such as “locks”, “prison”, “darken” and “encroaching” reflect the diction of the oppressors who are strangling the Republic with the false agreement.

The second stanza begins with the promise of peace with the agreement of non-intervention: “To lay a promise in the ear of love.” However, in the fourth line this treaty is betrayed, as the kiss of Judas, by the same people who proposed it. The neutrality policy says one thing, but does another; it is only worthwhile to appease dictators because it betrays the Spanish Republic. In the last two lines the poet asks a rhetoric question, asking America if it wants to change its will, because if not, America is “unworthy to be free.”

⁴⁶ Thus did the Non-intervention Pact operate dishonestly from the first day. Never for two and a half years was the pact to be regarded by the Axis powers; and during this time, the legal and constitutional government of Spain, recognized as such, was hampered in every way in buying the supplies it needed and for which it was prepared to pay in gold (Bowers, 1954: 283).

Kenneth Fearing: *The Program*

ACT ONE, Madrid-Barcelona,

ACT TWO, Paris in springtime, during the siege,

ACT THREE, London, Bank Holiday, after an air raid,

ACT FOUR, a short time later in the U.S.A.

EAT ZEPHYR CHOCOLATES

(Do not run for the exists in case of fire;

The Rome-Berlin theatre has not exists)

SUANNE BRASSIERES FOR PERFECT FORM.

CAST, IN THE ORDER OF DISAPPEARENCE.

Infants.

Women and children,

Soldiers, sailors, miscellaneous crowds-

With 2,000 wounded and 1,000 dead,

10,000 wounded and 5,000 dead

100,000 wounded and 50,000 dead,

10,000,000 wounded and 5,000,000 dead

(Scenes by the British ruling caste,

Costumes, Bonnet, Laval, et al.,

Spanish embargo by the U.S. Congress,

Music and lighting by Pius XI)

SMOKE EL DEMOCRACIES,

TRY THE NEW GOLGOTHA FOR COCKTAILS AFTER THE SHOW.

El Programa (the translation is ours)

ACTO PRIMERO, Madrid- Barcelona,

ACTO SEGUNDO, Paris en primavera, durante el asedio,

ACTO TERCERO, Londres, día festivo, después de un bombardeo aéreo,

ACTO CUARTO, un poco más tarde en U.S.A.

COME CHOCOLATINAS ZEPHYR

(No corras hacia la salida en caso de incendio;

El teatro de Roma-Berlín no tiene salidas)

SUZANNE BRASSIERES PARA UNA FORMA PERFECTA

PERSONAJES EN ORDER DE DESAPARICIÓN:

Bebés.

Mujeres y niños,

Soldados, marinos, masas variopintas

Con 2.000 heridos y 1.000 muertos,

10.000 heridos y 5.000 muertos,

100.000 heridos y 50.000 muertos,

10.000.000 de heridos y 5.000.000 de muertos

(Escenas de la casta gobernante británica,

Vestidos, Bonnet, Laval, y al...

El embargo español por parte del Congreso Americano,

Música y luces de Pío XI)

FUMEN EL DEMOCRACIES,

PRUEBEN EL NUEVO GÓLGOTA CON EL CÓCTEL DESPUÉS DEL SHOW.

The Program

“The Program” is the title of the play of the agreement of non-intervention. Using a documentary style, Fearing writes a satirical account of the consequences the false treaty caused on the Spanish civilians during the Spanish war. He creates short abrupt contrasts of images, like photographic shots, by using a syncopated rhythm, short and direct phrases and capital letters to reproduce shouting.

“The Program” is referred to in the first stanza of the poem, written in free verse. Every act is written in capitals, as if they were cries, and one by one, in each act, the poet shapes the contrast between what is actually happening in Spain and what the day-to-day lives are in cities, such as Paris or London, or in the United States where the future of the Spanish Republic is decided: “ACT TWO, Paris in springtime, during the siege.” At the same time, Fearing predicts the order in which those countries will be involved in World War II.

Advertisements in capital letters depict a false normality which intends to hide what is actually happening in that theatre, written between parentheses, as if it had no importance; the “Rome-Berlin theatre” has no emergency exits. The agreement of non-intervention has closed the exits and the Spanish Republic is condemned to death, while the audience, Paris, London and the United States are entertained by the commercials.

In the third stanza an imaginary speaker shouts out the cast ironically; it is satirical because they are named “IN ORDER OF DISAPPEARANCE.” This is as unnatural as the League of Nations’ resolution about the arms embargo on the Spanish Republic. Fearing projects his ideas in the voice of a speaker; in this case, the persona announces the victims, trying to persuade the audience through rhetoric. The repetition of words, such as “wounded or dead”, and also the number of victims, which increases everyday, creates tension. The poem is used as a mirror in which the audience can see “The Program” as a prelude of the conflict that would be extended throughout Europe and most of the world during World War II.

The ironic tone of the poem makes people aware of the situation, while describing the involvement of the participants in that false misrepresentation of a peace treaty. It is just the contrary; this means a total intervention of the fascist powers which had previously signed that treaty. The United States will finally join the treaty, as well as Pope Pius XI, who blessed it with “Music and lighting.”

The last advertisement satirizes the brand of cigarettes, “SMOKE EL DEMOCRACIES;” this allusion refers to the Rome-Berlin Axis, which is going to smoke all the democracies by invading them after the defeat of the Republic. The last line of the advertisement at the end of the poem compares the Spanish Republic to the “NEW GOLGOTHA”, Mount Calvary where Jesus was crucified. This announcement becomes a prediction of the coming war, once the Republic has been defeated: “THE NEW GOLGOTHA FOR COCKTAILS AFTER THE SHOW.” Cocktails precede dinner and the dinner will be Europe.

Sol Funaroff: *The Bull in the Olive Field*

With the first banderillas of daybreak
the darkness lowered its head,
a drip of bloody snot in its nostrils,
and Madrid awoke,
toreador in overalls:

A storm of people poured like rain
upon the face of the streets,
thundering with firearms
across barricades:

Against the darkness bearing
dust winds from the desert,
hot blasts in the mouths of cannon,
drought and carnage in the olive land:

Death, in his black cassock,
bull with the black hide,
hooded, gold cross at the neck,
fat and in folds like velvet;

his crotch full, a purse with coins,
rutted with the cows,
the whores of the old world,
rotted with the disease
in the rotten lands,

and unloosed the blessed bastards,
the young bulls, aristocrats, all of them,
raised in the sanctuaries of the dons,
bred in the stables of
Salamanca, Rome, Berlin.

El toro en el olivar (translated by José Antonio Cáceres)

Con las primeras banderillas del alba
la oscuridad humilló a su cabeza,
una gota de moco ensangrentado en el hocico,
y Madrid despertó,
torero en mono azul.

Un tropel de gente se precipitó como lluvia
sobre el rostro de las calles,
con sus armas de fuego
tronando en las barricadas.

Contra la oscuridad que lleva
vientos polvorientos del desierto,
ardientes ráfagas en las bocas de cañón,
sequía y masacre en los olivares.

La muerte, con su negra sotana,
toro de negra piel,
encapuchada, cruz de oro al cuello,
gorda y forrada de terciopelo;

su entrepierna henchida, monedero repleto,
en celo con las vacas,
rameras del viejo mundo,
podridas por la enfermedad
en tierras putrefactas;

soltó a los bendecidos bastardos,
toros jóvenes, aristócratas, todos ellos,
educados en los santuarios de la hidalguía,
cebados en los establos de
Salamanca, Roma, Berlín.

The fields filled with bullfire
and the hatred of beasts; their breaths
scorching siroccos,
hot winds burning hatred against US:

The layers of water,
bidders for water rented for dry land,
haulers of water in jars at the village well,
blind mules turning the water mill,
circling the centuries in ciphers of debt.

The fields sickened
in the hate of dry winds:

the hate hot in the mouths of clerks,
the gatherers of taxes under
the smoking rifles of civil guards;

the hate hot in the brand of latifundia,
seal of state stamped in the arroyos,
hooves in the gullies and stone-choked soil;

the hate in the dust of documents
drifting in the hot winds
in the buzzing mouths of officials
breeding swarms of idlers
like flies on our bread.

Breeding illness of their idleness:
horrors on the path to the bullring,
beggars in the path of the bull:

Los campo llenos de bravura
y el odio de las bestias, su aliento
abrasadores sirocos,
vientos ardientes que incendian odios odios contra NOSOTROS;

las vetas del agua,
licitadores del agua arrendada para una tierra baldía,
acarreadores de agua en cántaros del pozo comunal,
mulas ciegas haciendo girar la noria,
circundando los siglos con cifras de deuda.

Los campos enfermaron
por el odio de los vientos resecos:

el odio ardiente en las bocas de los burócratas,
los recaudadores de impuestos bajo
los fusiles humeantes de guardias civiles;

el odio ardientes en la divisa de los latifundios,
sello oficial estampado en los arroyos,
pezuñas en los barrancos y en la tierra estrangulada por la piedra;

el odio en el polvo de los documentos
flotando en los vientos inflamados,
en las zumbantes bocas de los funcionarios
que crían enjambres de zánganos
como moscas en el pan.

Que incuban enfermedades con su ociosidad:
horrores en el camino de la plaza de toros,
mendigos en la senda del toro;

trees sick with spore diseases,
tubercular, stunted,
the bark parched and peeling,
trunks gored and their wounds
swathed in the bandages of lime;
their limbs tortured, lifting up
bare branches of their poverty,
twisted in agony like christs in the grove.

árboles enfermos por el hongo,
tuberculosos, atrofiados,
la corteza reseca y desgajada,
troncos corneados y sus heridas
envueltas en vendajes de cal;
los miembros torturados, que elevan
las ramas desnudas de su pobreza,
retorcidos en la agonía como cristos en el huerto.

The Bull in the Olive Field

The title of the poem is a metaphor of the rebel army. Funaroff depicts an atmosphere inspired by the iconography related to bull-fighting to denounce what the situation of Spain actually was.

The first stanza begins with an image of dawn, “With the first banderillas of daybreak”, which is a natural image of the sun breaking through the clouds and it also refers to the first attacks of the insurgents in Madrid. An enjambment and personification continue in the following line, “the darkness lowered his head”, in which the bull is seen as “darkness”, representing the evil force of the enemy.

In the second stanza people are ready to repel the attack. There are so many people running into the street that Funaroff compares them to a rainstorm with thunder. The poet uses imagery related to nature to extend the visual and auditory impact; people cannot be contained like nature. They explode like thunder and nothing can stop them.

The action moves to the fields. The poet refers to the Moors that formed part of the fascist forces: “Against the darkness bearing / dust wings from the desert.” Funaroff recreates the harshness of the fight in the battlefield not far from Madrid; this could refer to the Battle of Brunete, which was known as the Battle of Thirst.

The fourth stanza now refers to another enemy of the people, the church, which is pictured as “Death, in his black cassock.” Funaroff continues the description of the bishops of the church, by using images such as “gold cross at the neck, / fat and in folds like velvet.” Through these images the poet denounces the power of the church and continues with its corruption: “his crotch full, a purse with coins... the disease / in the rotten lands.” The poet thinks that the church is responsible for blessing the higher classes of society, the officials in the fascist armies, who then go to fight, “...the blessed bastards, / the young bulls, aristocrats, all of them, / ...bred in the stables of / Salamanca, Rome, Berlin.” These cities represent Franco, Mussolini and Hitler.

The imagery of the bull-fight highlights the superiority of the rebel army over the popular army, mostly formed by peasants. There are images that allude to the flamethrowers used by the Italian fascist forces: “scorching siroccos, / hot winds...” The poet includes himself in the fight by using the first person plural pronoun in capital letters “...burning hatred against US.” In this way Funaroff wants to show his implication with and support of the loyalist cause.

The poem continues with a realistic description of the harshness of the lives of the peasants, who are subjected to the power of the landlords, the owners of the land, water and justice; they had absolute power over the peasants: “the hate hot in the brand of latifundia, / seal of state stamped in the arroyos.”

Funaroff speaks of the horrors and misery of the peasants in the path of the bull. In the last stanza the poet conveys strong images of the battlefield and death, by using the metaphor of the “trees sick with spore diseases, trunks gored and limbs tortured.”

The poem closes with the painful sacrifice of the Spanish people, comparing them to Christ’s death on the Mount of Olives: “bare branches of their poverty, / twisted in agony like christs in the grove.”

Geoffrey Grigson: *The Non-Interveners*

In England the handsome Minister with the second
and a half chin and his heart-shaped mind
hanging on his thin watch-chain, the minister
with gout who shaves low on his holy-stem neck.

In Spain still the brown and gilt and the twisted pillar,
still the olives, and in the mountains
the chocolate trunks of cork trees bare from
the knee, the little smoke from the sides
of the charcoal-burner's grey tump, the ebony sea-
hedgehogs in the clear water, the cuttle speared
at night; and also the black slime under
the bullet-pocked wall, also the arterial blood
squirting into the curious future, also
the greasy cloud streaked with red in yellow: and,

In England, the ominous grey paper, with its
indifferent headline, its news from our own
correspondent away from the fighting;
and in England the crack-willows, their
wet leaves reversed by the wind; and
the swallows sitting different ways like
notes of music between the black poles on
the five telephone wires.

Los No Intervencionistas (the translation is ours)

En Inglaterra, el guapo Ministro con el segundo
mentón y medio y su mente en forma de corazón,
cogiendosu fina cadena del reloj, el Ministro
con gota quien se rasura muy bajo el delgado cuello.

En España, inmóvil el marrón y dorado y retorcido pilar,
inmóviles las aceitunas, y en las montañas
los troncos de color chocolate del alcornoque desnudos
desde la rodilla, el pequeño humo a los lados
de la carbonera gris, los negros
erizos de mar en el agua clara, la sepia pescda
en la noche; y también el negro fango bajo
la pared agujereada por las balas, también la sangre de las arterias
lanzada en el curioso futuro, también
la grasienta nube marcada en rojo y amarillo: y,

En Inglaterra, el siniestro papel gris, con su
indiferente titular, sus noticias de nuestro propio
corresponsal s lejos del combate;
y en Inglaterra los sauces , sus
húmedas hojas giradas por el viento; y
las golondrinas posándose de diferentes maneras, como
notas musicales, entre los postes negros
sobre los cinco cables de teléfono.

The Non-Interveners

The poem is a satire about one of the leaders of the appeasement policy. The tone is ironic and, as a poem written in support of the Spanish Republic, it focuses on the consequences this policy caused in Spain. Therefore, the poet depicts vivid images of War World II in order to arouse indignation to move the people's feelings.

It is divided into three stanzas. In the first, Grigson mocks the Prime Minister Chamberlain, who was a leading figure of the Non-Intervention Committee. The poet uses exaggeration and ridicule to make Chamberlain the focus of his satire: "In England the handsome Minister with the second / and a half chin and his heart-shaped mind."

The second stanza begins with a description of apparent calmness: "in Spain still the brown and gilt and the twisted pillar, / still the olives and the mountains." The poet reverses the usual position of the adjective "still" to highlight the atmosphere of tranquility. However, in the seventh line, after the caesura which breaks the flow of the rhythm used to list those images of nature, Grigson contrasts them with the physical effects of war on the town and people. Pure nature, "clear water", contrasts with the dirt of war, "and also the black slime under / the bullet-pocked wall." The repetition of the adverb "also" changes its place within the stanza; it first appears at the beginning of the adjective phrase, secondly in the middle of another phrase and in the ninth line at the end, simultaneously beginning an enjambment. This unifies the image of despair reinforced through the repetition of noun phrases preceded by adjectives. These devices and diction related to war, "black slime, bullet-pocked wall and blood squirting", enhance the feeling of despair.

The conjunction "and" conveys how things are in England, intensifying the contrast between the two cities. The last stanza continues the enjambment and the pause of the caesura, followed by the negative idea "ominous", highlights the "indifferent headline, its news from our own / correspondent away from the fighting." Grigson criticizes that sometimes chronicles of the war were written by correspondents who were not directly involved in the action, so maybe the news is not exactly about what really happened. Most conservative newspapers did not accept chronicles or censored them; consequently, people did not expect the war to be in England, so near their homes. They just continued their lives and were not concerned about the war until the moment finally came. From the fourth line on, the poet sets a contrast, not only with the previous lines, but also with the second part of the second stanza. It begins with a conjunction, but this is a paradox, because it conveys the oneiric images of England with the censored actual images of the Spanish war: "the bullet-pocked wall" is opposed to "the swallows sitting different ways like / notes of music between the black poles on / the five telephone wires." This image is so gentle that it seems unreal; the birds are placed like musical notes on a pentagram. It is an exaggeration of the marvellous harmony that England enjoys "thanks" to the appeasement policy.

Margot Heinemann: *This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)*

This new offensive drugs our old despair,
Though, distant from the battle- line,
We miss that grave indifference to fear
That has so often now saved Spain.

Let fools and children dream that victory
Drifts lightly on the waves of chance,
And all that riveted and smooth-tooled army
Should melt before this proud advance.

Not this war's weathercock, brave when things go well,
Afraid to think of a retreat,
By turns all singing and all sorrowful:
We've not to watch, but win the fight.

Offensives must be paid for like defeats,
And cost as dear before they end.
Already the first counter-raids
Take no positions but they kill our friends,

A miracle is not what we can hope for
To end this war we vainly hate.
We shan't just read it in the evening paper
And have a drink to celebrate.

La nueva ofensiva del Ebro, 1938 (translated by Agustín García Calvo)

Esta nueva ofensiva nos medica
desesperanzas viejas;
aunque, lejos del frente de batalla,
echamos a faltar aquella grave
indiferencia al miedo
que tantas veces ha salvado a España.

Que los idiotas y los niños sueñan
que victoria, ligera,
va a la deriva a ráfagas de azares
y ese ejército todo, remachado
y armado en liso acero,
va a desleírse ante ese altivo avance.

No al gallo de veleta de esta guerra,
cuando va bien, valiente,
miedoso de pensar en retirada,
a turnos todo cantarín y todo
quejumbroso: esta lucha
no hay que ir a verla, no, sino a ganarla.

Por ofensivas debe igual pagarse
que por derrotas: cuestan
igual de caras antes de que acaben.
Ya los primeros contra-ataques cota (sic)
ninguna toman sin que algunos
amigos nuestros maten.

For two long years now when you signed for peace
To slip from heaven as an angel drops,
You were confronted with your own sad face,
And once again time holds the mirror up.

It was not a few fields they fought to gain,
But months and maybe years of war.
Time's on their side: by time we mean
The heirs of time they thought worth dying for.

This narrow ridge of time their valour won,
Time for us to unite, time to discover
This new offensive is your life and mine,
One nation cannot save the world for ever.

No es de un milagro de lo que podemos
Esperar que termine
Esta guerra que vanamente odiamos:
No vamos ya sin más en un periódico
de la tarde a leerlo
y a echar un trago para celebrarlo.

Dos largos años van que, suspirando
porque la paz del cielo
como un ángel que cae se deslizase,
se encaraba ante ti y tu propia cara
triste; y de nuevo el tiempo
el espejo está alzándote delante.

No es un poco de campo, no, lo que ellos
por ganar combatían,
sino meses, tal vez años de guerra:
De su lado está el tiempo, por los que ellos
morir pensaron que valía la pena.

Este estrecho repecho de tiempo su valor
Ganó: tiempo en que unirnos,
Tiempo en que descubrir a tiempo justo
Que esta ofensiva es mi vida y tuya.
No puede estar por siempre
Una sola nación salvando al mundo.

This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)

This poem was published in an anthology edited by Stephen Spender, *Poems for Spain* in March 1939, six months after the defeat of the Battle of the Ebro, and a few days before the end of the Spanish Civil War. The poem was probably written before the beginning of that battle that began on the 25th of July, 1938 and lasted until November of that same year. At first the government troops crossed the river and won some positions, but later, due to the fact of the enormous military force of the rebel army and its allies, Hitler and Mussolini, the only thing the republican army could do was resist and wait for the opening of the French border to get some arms.

Before the battle began, Heinemann thought that there would be a victory. However, as time passed, her hopes began to fade until she realized everything was useless. The International Brigades suffered many casualties during the retreats and most of the new recruits were now young inexperienced Spanish teenagers.

The poem seems to be a speech for a call to arms, written in verse in a conversational style, and is divided into eight quatrains. The rhyme is irregular and imperfect: abab cdcd...

In the first stanza the poet expresses her doubts about the soldiers and the internationals, as they have lost the impetuosity and the strength they had had upon arriving in Spain two years before. Heinemann uses an enjambment in the third line to make the rhyme and enhance her belief that the offensive of the loyalists should continue at all costs, without thinking of withdrawing, despite the fact the loyalist army had no weapons, nor means: "This new offensive drugs our old despair, / Though, distant from the battle- line, / We miss that grave indifference to fear / that has so often now saved Spain."

In the second stanza she criticizes those who believe in a victory by chance, rather than by sacrifice: "Let fools and children dream that victory / Drifts lightly on the waves of chance," as she knows that a titanic struggle will be absolutely necessary, if there is any chance to defeat the enemy "And all that riveted and smooth-tooled army..."

In the third stanza the poet highlights the importance of this battle; this is the only chance for the Spanish Republic to survive. There is no room for doubt: "Not this war's weathercock, brave when things go well, / Afraid to think of a retreat."

In the fourth and fifth stanzas, Heinemann insists on the idea of keeping the offensive until the last consequences; one way or another, win or lose, there will be casualties. The poet enhances the idea that war cannot be won without sacrifice and victory cannot be the fruit of the miracle that appears in the press to celebrate: "A miracle is not what we can hope for / To end this war we vainly hate."

In the sixth stanza she looks back from the beginning of the war. Heinemann knows the victories and defeats of the loyalist army, and the overwhelming superiority of the rebel army because of the treaty of non-intervention. The soldiers have been fighting for two years and they wish for peace as a blessing, like an angel from heaven: "For two long years now when you signed for peace / To slip from heaven as an angel drops, / You were confronted with your own sad face..." However, they are still sad and can only see their sad faces in a mirror because the war still continues.

In the seventh stanza Heinemann evokes the fallen brigadists, the Spanish soldiers and the determination of their spirit. The cause for which they died was not a piece of land, but the future. They died for ideals of solidarity and dignity and for their own lives. The last line is pessimistic- Heinemann refers to Spain; she wishes for victory, but even if Spain wins, "One nation cannot save the world forever."

Brian Howard: *For Those with Investments in Spain*

I ask your patience, half of them cannot read,
Your forbearance if, for a while, they cannot pay,
Forgive them, it is disgusting to watch them bleed,
I beg you to excuse, they have no time to pray.
Here is a people, you know it as well as he does,
Franco, you can see it as plain as they do,
Who are forced to fight, for the simplest rights, foes
Richer, stupider, stronger than you, or I, or they, too.
So, while the German bombs burst in their wombs,
And poor Moors are loosed on the unhappy,
And Italian bayonets go through their towns like combs,
Spare a thought, a thought for al these Spanish tombs,
And for a people in danger, grieving in breaking rooms,
For a people in danger, shooting from falling homes.

July, 1936

A todos aquellos con inversiones en España (translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán)

Les pido paciencia, ni la mitad de ellos sabe leer,
sean indulgentes si durante un tiempo, ellos no pudieran pagar,
perdónenlos, es vergonzoso verles sangrar,
les ruego su indulgencia, no tienen tiempo para rezar.
Aquí hay un pueblo, ustedes lo saben también como él,
Franco, pueden verlo tan claro como ellos,
quienes están forzados a luchar, por los derechos más básicos,
enemigos más ricos, más tontos, más fuertes que ustedes o ellos también.
Así que, mientras las bombas alemanas estallan en sus entrañas,
y sueltan a moros pobres entre los desdichados,
y bayonetas italianas atraviesan los pueblos como peines,
tengan un pensamiento, un pensamiento por todas las tumbas españolas,
y por un pueblo en peligro, sufriendo entre ruinas,
por un pueblo en peligro, disparando desde hogares destruidos.

Julio, 1936.

For Those with Investments in Spain

The poem was first published in 1937 in *Les Poètes du Monde défendent le peuple Espagnol*, a pamphlet edited by Nancy Cunard and Pablo Neruda, to collect money to support the Spanish Republic.

The poem could be divided into two parts, according to the masculine rhyme, *abab, cdcd*, in the first part, and in the second, *efeeee*, creating a hammering effect. Howard speaks to the investors and describes concrete images of the Spanish population. His intention is no other than to show them an objective portrait of the reality of an undeveloped country, where more than fifty percent of its population is illiterate. Thus, he asks the bankers to have pity for them: “Your forbearance if, for a while, they cannot pay.”

Howard goes straight to the point by addressing a petition to “Those with Investments in Spain” in the form of a letter written in a formal conversational style. The first line of the poem begins with a direct statement in first person in present tense; it highlights the immediacy and the seriousness of the situation, and the personal commitment of the poet: “I ask your patience, half of them cannot read.” The poet does not use unnecessary words; he is speaking about facts, and therefore he talks openly to the investors, listing the sufferings that the rebel army, commanded by Franco and his allies, has caused the civilians.

The fourth line keeps a parallel structure with the first one: the personal pronoun “I”, plus verb and noun, coma and an explicative sentence. In this line Howard intensifies his petition by using words with a stronger meaning, “I beg you to excuse” and also a touch of irony, “they have no time to pray”, maybe because the peasants were accused of burning churches.

In the sixth and seventh lines the poet directly deals with the matter, which is obvious for Franco and the civilians, the carnage of innocents, “you know it as well as he does, / Franco, you can see it as plain as they do”, who have to fight “for their simplest rights.” Line seven ends with an enjambment that enhances the evil of the Spanish people’s enemies in the next line, where Howard draws a picture using comparatives, “Richer, stupider, stronger than you, or I, or they, too.” Enemies fight for the wrong cause, the cause of fascism. That is why Howard calls them “stupider.”

The ninth line begins with an adverb, “So”, which creates a pause that gives way to a blending of precise images that zoom in on the suffering of civilians from the “German bombs, poor Moors” and “Italian bayonets.” He asks the investors to “Spare a thought... for a people in danger.”

Howard combines poetical devices, such as parallel structure, anaphora and rhyme to expand the meaning of these images of horror. He makes a call for help by showing the ruins of a country which is defenceless against such strong enemies, the payment of their debt, and the profits the investors would receive by helping Franco to reconstruct Spain after his victory.

Robinson Jeffers: *Sinverguenza*

They snarl over Spain like cur dogs over a bone, then look at each other and
Shamelessly

Lie out of the sides of their mouths.

Brag, threat and lie, these are diplomacy, wolf fierce, cobra deadly and monkey
shameless,

These are the masters of powerful nations.

I wonder is it any satisfaction to Spaniards to see that their blood is only
The first drops of a forming rain storm.

Sinverguenza (the translation is ours)

Ellos ladran sobre España como perros sobre un hueso, después se miran entre ellos y
vergonzosamente

Mienten por los lados de la boca.

Chulería, amenaza y mentira, esto es la diplomacia, lobo feroz, cobra mortal y mono
descarado,

Estos son los amos de las naciones poderosas.

Me pregunto si satisface algo a los españoles al ver que su sangre son solo las primeras
gotas de una futura tormenta de lluvia.

Sinverguenza

The title of the poem, written in Spanish, means shameless scoundrel; the poet calls the dictators of the fascist nations and the diplomats who signed the agreement of non-intervention “sinverguenza”. Jeffers writes in free verse in a conversational style, using the present tense to enhance the realism of the dramatic situation the Spanish Republic is undergoing. He refers to the “sinverguenza” as “They”, depersonalising them, as if they were not human beings, but vermin: “They snarl over Spain like cur-dogs over a bone.” Three enjambments make the rhythm slower from the first line to the third, accentuating his indignation.

There is no diplomacy at all. Everything is a lie; they only tell lies: “Brag, threat and lie, these are diplomacy.” The poet is obviously denouncing the deprivation that the Spanish Republic is suffering because of this farce. Jeffers uses zoomorphism to personify the liars’ worst characteristics; thus, the wolf would be Hitler, the cobra Mussolini and the monkey would be Chamberlain. The monkey is an entertainer who tries to maintain the wolf and the cobra away from the United Kingdom in the Roma-Berlin scenario. This zoo collects “...the masters of powerful nations.”

In the last two lines Jeffers formulates a rhetorical question, trying to find an answer to this barbarous lie: “I wonder is it any satisfaction to Spaniards to see that their blood is only / the first drops of a forming rain storm.” The tone of the poem is somber, as there is no hope to avoid the war. This vivid image contains a prediction of the near future and the pessimism in his own nation and the other countries that have a responsibility for the doomed Spanish Republic.

Kenneth Leslie: *The Censored Editor*

High in the Guadarrama Hills a woman
Twists her way among the sculptured crags
Doubling the shadow of the man she follows.

The castaneta of death's eccentric dance
Die with the dark that suddenly arrives.

Her steps are sure as dream steps and her face
Chilled to a purpose colder than wind,
Harder than the sand the wind uses
To scoop the eyes out of these shrouded elders,
She tracks him to the rendezvous, then shrinks
Away into a hollow while there sings
Deep in her nerve a song:

Who can say why
Our sons must die?
Who can say why?

Some say for bread
We give these dead...
Dust is their bread!

She holds her breath.

El editor censurado (the translation is ours)

Alto en las colinas de Guadarrama una mujer
gira en el camino entre los picos esculpidos de la montaña,
alargando la sombra del hombre que sigue

Las castañuelas de la excéntrica danza de la muerte
mueren con la oscuridad que llega de repente.

Sus pasos tan seguros como los pasos del sueño y su expresión
helada revela un propósito más frío que el viento,
más duro que la arena que el viento
utiliza para sacar los ojos de estos ancianos enlutados,
ella le sigue a él hasta la cita, entonces se aparta
y entra en la zanja mientras canta
con intenso dolor una canción:

¿Quién puede decidir por qué
deben morir nuestros hijos?
¿Quién puede decir por qué?

Algunos dicen por pan
nosotros damos a estos muertos...

¡Polvo es su pan!

¡Ella contiene la respiración!

The Censored Editor

Censorship was something common in the official press bureau because the Spanish Republic did not want demoralization to be spread among the soldiers and citizens. Therefore, in many cases the scenes of death were silenced. The poem is framed in the Guadarrama Hills, north-west of Madrid. During the first months of the Spanish Civil War, it was one of the most important spots of Madrid's defence from the rebel army's assaults.

Written in a documentary style, the poet describes the mother's despair when she goes there to bury her son, probably a young inexperienced soldier from the popular army. Imagery contributes to enhance the scenario of sorrow, "doubling the shadow of the man she follows." This vivid image extends the feeling of loneliness of those parents who now are only a long shadow, just like the cypress shadow, a harbinger of death.

In the second stanza there is a personification of the coming death: "The castanets of death's eccentric dance / Die with the dark that suddenly arrives." "Death" and "die", noun and verb, highlight the unavoidable outcome. While the fight is taking place, the "eccentric dance" continues; the castanets set the pace of the Republic's fight.

In the third and longest stanza the poet describes the purpose of the burial. The first line depicts a paradox: "Her steps as sure as dream steps and her face / Chilled to a purpose colder than the wind." The mother needs to be cold to accept the death of her son, which is unnatural because his death breaks the normal cycle of life. She walks automatically as in a dream because she cannot accept the reality of this death. Dressed in mourning clothes, the "shrouded elders" arrive at the point of the "rendezvous" with death, an appointment that cannot be avoided because it is her son's destiny. Then she begins to mourn the loss of her son, "shrinks / Away into a hollow while there sings / Deep in her nerve a song." The young soldier lies in the open grave, waiting for the last embrace of his mother who sings a sad farewell song.

The ending of the poem is an epitaph. She asks "why?" The poet uses rhetoric questions in order to depict the intense sorrow of this woman who does not understand why her son must die. Some say that they must die "for bread", but now "Dust is their bread!" She refers to the young militians in plural, all those who died defending the Spanish Republic.

Dorothy Livesay: *Man Asleep*

Though hunched in grass as mountain rocks take root
Hunched over towns, their contours blocked and blurred
Receding at the march of evening; mute-

Though unresisting while the summer's hand
Smooths out your brow, relaxes the stiff bone
And cools the blood-- somewhere the guns command.

There, dreaming one, your brothers raised the dust
Over Madrid, gird the impassive hills,
Cast off mandragora with lightning thrust;

There, sleeper, do the men like clouds oppress:
Stiffer than yours, their bones, their feet
Footsore with battle, not with homelessness.

See, the world's home they built in Spain-
The fireside stone you never had, the arms
You snatched at, but could not maintain.

Now hunched in sleep, you dream the battle's done:
But still your bones shall spring to life like steel
Clamp down on victory, behold the sun!

Dormido (the translation is ours)

Acurrucados en la hierba como las rocas se enraizan en la montaña,
escondidos sobre los pueblos, sus contornos quietos y borrosos
retrocediendo al anochecer; silencio-

Sin resistencia, mientras la mano del estío
suaviza vuestra frente, relaja el hueso entumecido
y enfría la sangre - en algún lugar mandan las armas.

Allí, soñador, tus hermanos levantan el polvo
sobre Madrid, se ciñen impasibles las montañas,
se deshace la mandrágora con un golpe de relámpago...

Allí, durmiente, los hombres oprimen como las nubes:
más rígidos que los tuyos, sus huesos, sus pies
doloridos por la batalla, no por el desamparo.

Mira, el hogar mundial que construyeron en España-
La chimenea de piedra que nunca tuviste, brazos
que intentaste atrapar, pero que no pudiste retener.

Ahora, acurrucado en el sueño, sueñas que la batalla ha terminado:
Pero todavía tus huesos pueden revivir como el acero
abrazar la victoria, ¡contemplando al sol!

Man Asleep

Committed with the *causa* of the Spanish Civil War, Dorothy Livesay published this poem in *New Frontier*, in October, 1936. The poet calls men to join the International Brigades to help the Spanish people fight against fascism.

The poem is divided into six tercets, with the first and the third lines rhyming. In the first stanza the poet depicts a vivid image of the Spanish men hidden in the mountains, probably because their village has been assaulted and captured by the rebel troops. The beginning of each line of the first stanza has two participle verbs and a gerund, respectively. Even though the poet uses action verbs, there is no movement: “Hunched”, “blocked”, “blurred” and “receding”; this indicates a time of waiting and, even more, the last word “mute”, indicates silence, the silence of the wait. This is the calm before the storm. This wait continues in the following stanza, where there is still calmness. There is a personification and an enjambment which begins in the first line, “...while the summer’s hand / Smooths out your brow...” and continues until the last line, where the wait ends because “the guns command.”

In the third stanza the war continues. Livesay describes the war around Madrid by using two enjambments that enhance the image of the Spanish fighters’ resistance. The following stanza is connected with this one by a chain rhyme. In these stanzas the poet calls her compatriots individually: “dreaming one” and “sleeper.” The poet does this in order to be more direct; she wants them to take action by showing the suffering of the fighters.

The fifth stanza begins with “See!”; this is an order to pay attention to what is happening in Spain. This caesura highlights the here and now of the moment. After the exhortation of the previous stanzas, the poet softens the tone. Livesay connects the twelfth line, where the Spanish men suffer, but “not with homelessness”, with the metaphors of “the world’s home they built in Spain” and “the fireside stone you never had.” Here is the home and heart of Spain.

In the last stanza, Livesay wants the Canadian men to empathise with the Spanish fighters. Thus, she repeats the image of the hunched men; however, while the Spanish men are waiting for action, the Canadians are sleeping. Furthermore, this is the last call to take action, even though the “sleeper” is still “hunched in sleep”, he can “spring to life like steel / Clamp down on victory...” The last idea of the poem is that hope exists; there will be a new day and a new dawning, “behold the sun!”

Archibald MacLeish: *The Spanish Lie*

This will be answered.

The tears were not answered but this will be answered.

The tears of Madrid of Barcelona Valencia-

The tears were not answered.

The blood of Guernica Badajoz Almeria

The blood was not answered.

The tears are dry on the faces.

The blood is dry on the sand.

The tears were not answered: the blood was not answered.

This will be answered.

Because the men of Guernica do not speak,

Because the children of Almeria are silent,

Because the women of Badajoz are dumb,

Are dumb they have no voices no voices,

Their throats are stopped with the sand of that place

They do not speak, they will never speak, and the children

The children of Almeria, they are still,

They do not move they will never move those children:

Their bodies are broken their bones are broken their mouths are-

Because they are dead, are dumb, because they are speechless,

Do not believe,

Do not believe the answer will not come.

La mentira española (the translation is ours)

Esto tendrá respuesta.

Las lágrimas no tuvieron respuesta pero esto será respondido.

Las lágrimas de Madrid de Barcelona Valencia-

Las lágrimas no tuvieron respuesta.

La sangre de Guernica, Badajoz, Almería

la sangre no tuvo respuesta.

Las lágrimas están secas en las caras.

La sangre está seca en la arena.

Las lágrimas no tuvieron respuesta: la sangre no tuvo respuesta.

Esto tendrá respuesta.

Porque los hombres de Guernica no hablan,
porque los niños de Almería están callados,
porque las mujeres de Badajoz están mudas,
están mudas, no tienen voz ,no tienen voz,
sus gargantas están cegadas con la arena de aquel lugar
ellas no hablan, ellas nunca hablarán, y los niños,
los niños de Almería, están inmóviles,
no se mueven, ellos nunca se moverán, aquellos niños:
sus cuerpos están rotos, sus huesos están rotos, sus bocas están-

Porque están muertos, están mudos, porque están enmudecidos,
no creáis,
no creáis que la respuesta no vendrá.

Do not believe
Because the blood has not been answered
The lie will not be answered

Do not believe
Because the tears have not been answered
The lie will not be answered

Do not believe it.

This will be answered.
This will be answered with
time.

There is time.

The dead have time in those cities
In Badajoz, Guernica, Almería.

They can wait: they have much time.

There is time.
They can wait.

No creáis
que porque la sangre no tuvo respuesta
el engaño no tendrá respuesta.

No creáis
que porque las lágrimas no tuvieron respuesta
el engaño no tendrá respuesta.

No lo creáis.

Esto será respondido.
Esto será respondido con
tiempo.

Hay tiempo.

Los muertos tienen tiempo en esas ciudades
en Badajoz, en Guernica, Almería.

Ellos pueden esperar: ellos tienen mucho tiempo.

Hay tiempo,
ellos pueden esperar.

The Spanish Lie

The title of the poem alludes to the false agreement of non-intervention. The poem is similar to the frames of a film which show the crude reality and the consequences caused by the air-raid bombings and crimes by the fascist Aviazione Legionaria, the nazi Luftwaffe and the Moorish army on the loyalist countries and cities. This allusion determines the meaning of the poem; it refers to a lie, the Spanish lie. However, the poet does not say who uttered or invented that lie. The poet wants the reader or the listener to be conscious of the reality hidden by that lie. The poem directs a message to the public by using the technique call-and-response, where a phrase or sentence is a response to a previous one, which is not necessarily a question. This device connects the title to arresting images, which are repeated throughout the poem; everything happens because of that lie: “Do not believe / Because the blood has not been answered / The lie will not be answered.” Repetition, anaphora and parallelism are rhetorical devices which contribute to highlight the images of despair.

The poem was published in 1939, probably after the end of the Spanish war. At that time the League of Nations had not given an answer to the slaughters caused by the allies of the rebel army and the arms embargo on republican Spain. The poet does not lose hope for an answer; that is why the poem asks the international community for a response. MacLeish remembers the victims, listing them in successive lines: “Because the men of Guernica do not speak, / Because the children of Almería are silent, / Because the women of Badajoz are dumb, / Are dumb they have no voices no voices, / Their throats are stopped with the sand of that place.”

The form of the poem is written in free verse. Its conversational style reminds one of a speech on the radio; the spaces between the lines are pauses, and every pause is made intentionally as a moment of reflection. No formal pattern is needed; facts are just told as they occur. MacLeish uses sprung rhythm, a device used by modernist poets imitating natural speech; the first foot of each line bears the main stress: “The tears... / The blood... / This will... / The children... / The bodies... / Because... / Do not... / The lie...”

The pauses are extended in the last lines of the poem. Time does not pass for the dead civilians; they have time and can quietly wait for an answer from the League of Nations. Thus, “The Spanish Lie” will be answered, not immediately, but eventually. This is actually a call to arms. Macleish is making a statement; the dead have not given a response, but they will.

Edna St Vincent Millay: *Say that We Saw Spain to Die*

Say that we saw Spain to die. O splendid bull, how well you fought!

Lost from the first.

...the tossed, the replaced, the

watchful torero with gesture elegant and spry,

Before the dark, the tiring but the unglazed eye deploying the bright cape,

Which hid for once not air, but the enemy indeed, the authentic shape,

A thousand of him, interminably into the ring released the turning beast at

length between converging colours caught.

Save for the weapons of its skull, a bull

Unarmed, considering, weighing, charging

Almost a world, itself without ally.

Say that we saw the shoulders more than the mind confused, so profusely

Bleeding from so many more than the accustomed barbs, the game gone

vulgar, the rules abused.

Say that we saw Spain die from loss of blood, a rustic reason, in a reinforced

And proud punctilious land, no *espada*-

A hundred men unhorsed,

A hundred horses gored, and the afternoon aging, and the crowd growing

Restless (all, all so much later than planned),

And the big head heavy, sliding forward in the sand, and the tongue dry with

sand—no *espada*

Toward that hot neck, for the delicate and final thrust, having dared trust forth his hand.

Decid que vimos morir España (the translation is ours)

Decid que vimos morir España. Oh toro esplendido, ¡qué bien luchaste!

Perdido desde el principio.

...el lanzado, el reemplazado, el

torero vigilante con apostura elegante y muy ligero,

Ante el ojo oscuro, cansado, no vidrioso, desplegando la capa brillante,

que por esta vez no esconde aire, sino el verdadero enemigo, la forma auténtica,

miles de ellos, interminablemente lanzados a la plaza...

la bestia que gira atrapada entre dos colores que convergen.

Salvo las armas de su cráneo, un toro

desarmado, considerando, ponderando, atacando

casi un mundo en sí mismo sin aliado.

Di que vimos los hombros más que la mente confundida, tan profusamente

sangrando por muchas más banderillas que las acostumbradas, el juego se hizo

vulgar, las reglas se quebrantaron.

Di que vimos a España morir desangrada, una razón rústica, en una fortalecida

y orgullosa tierra, no *espada-*

cien hombres descabalgados,

cien caballos heridos, y la tarde envejecida, y la multitud poniéndose

nerviosa (todo fue más tarde de lo planeado),

y la cabeza grande y pesada, resbalando ante en la arena, y la lengua seca con

arena-no *espada*

hacia ese cuello caliente, para el estoque delicado y final, al haberse atrevido a lanzar

su mano.

Say that We Saw Spain to Die

Millay draws a picture of the isolation of Spain and its resistance before the invaders and the weapon embargo imposed by the treaty of non-intervention. The title of the poem as well as its first line address somebody to tell the truth of what is going on in Spain.

The first line's rhythmical flow is interrupted by a caesura, followed by an exclamatory sentence.

The poet addresses the Spanish people fighting for their freedom, through the metaphor of a bull. Written in simple past, the poet considers the war lost at that time, even though the poem was published in 1938 and the Spanish Civil War finished in March 1939.

The second stanza begins with a dot dot dot, a pause to take a breath for what the poet is going to say. Millay gives an account of the actual situation of Spain, by using figurative language to expand the echo of the poem; in fact, she wrote it as a cry for help to lift the embargo of arms imposed on Spain by the agreement of non-intervention.

The tone of the poem depicts the moral indignation and a huge sense of powerlessness, in view of the suffering of Spain. The "Watchful torero with gesture elegant and spry" is a metaphor of the treaty of non-intervention. Therefore, the torero's elegance of movement and his cape hide the war machine that comes with the treaty, since Hitler and Mussolini violated it even before the war started. The Spanish people are the "unglazed eyed", a zoomorphic image that enhances the idea that Spain is still alive despite the invasion, "deploying the bright cape, / Which hid for once not air, but the enemy indeed."

Millay uses vivid visual images which extend the suffering of the country: "The turning beast at length between converging colours caught." There is no exit for Spain. Time passes and the situation is getting worse because of the embargo of the Spanish Republic and the total support of the rebels by the fascist powers, while the promoters of the treaty watch with a blind eye. Spain moves in circles like the bull; there are no exit doors, so it goes to the same point again and again.

Spain is alone and fighting with her shoulders, her strength; this is enhanced by using gerunds, such as "considering, weighing, charging / Almost a world, itself without ally." The purpose of creating images in movement is to highlight the moments of despair.

Once again Millay repeats "Say that we saw..." to somebody, probably correspondents, intellectuals or people interested in the fate of Spain: "say that we saw the shoulders more than the mind confused, so profusely / Bleeding from so many more than the accustomed barbs." In these lines the poet accents, firstly, the strength of the Spanish people more than the confusing situation provoked by the internal fighting in the Republican forces, and secondly, the atrocities caused by the invaders. The "barbs" are a metaphor of the weapons and the amount of professional foreign soldiers fighting on the rebel side. The phrase "Say that we saw Spain die" is repeated again, as well as the image of bleeding. Even though the Spanish people are unarmed, "no espada", they

are proud. The sword, “espada”, has a connotation of chivalry and honour, but Spain has none; “the game gone / Vulgar, the rules abused.”

The disproportionate fight of the Spanish Republic is depicted in an imaginary parenthesis between the repetition of two words “–no espada”, the defeat of “a hundred men” and the final death of one bull. The agony of the Spanish defeat is seen in slow motion: “and the afternoon aging, and the crowd growing / Restless (all, all so much later than planned).” This indicates that the signers of the agreement of non-intervention were nervous because the Spanish fight was lasting too long.

The final image of the poem works like the frames of a film, in which we can see the last instants of life for the bull, for Spain. Absolutely defeated, the bull is thirsty, dying from loss of blood and with “–no espada” to defend itself. The film continues ironically with the “torero” preparing for “the delicate and final thrust”, just as the leaders of the agreement of non-intervention are *delicately* strangling Spain, without dirtying their hands.

Martha Millet: *Women of Spain*

Have you seen on the barricades the women of Spain?

They shoulder rifles, shoot with their men,

Calculate distance, take aim, report,

Trigger fingers untrembling and alert.

From sacks of sand, sticks of chairs,

Chunks of wood, posts of bed, iron scraps

They erect barricades, packed close and firm;

Stones torn from mother grip of cobbled streets

To fortify the blast-stones hard and smooth

That have known the passionless tread of foot-

Now they shall know impassioned days.

The structures fall, brick crashes, walls collapse.

The sky goes black; smoke pours and dims the sun.

Empty stand the kitchens.

The women of Spain speak from the front lines.

Their guns for the cause of the people

Drive bullets, scatter foe,

Fire volleys of mass anger into the black heart of reaction.

Mujeres de España (the translation is ours)

¿Habéis visto en las barricadas a las mujeres de España?

Ellas llevan rifles, disparan con sus hombres,
calculan la distancia, apuntan, informan,
en el gatillo dedos firmes y alerta.

Con sacos de arena, patas de sillas,
trozos de madera, palos de camas, hierros
ellas levantan barricadas, compactas y firmes;
adoquines arrancados de la madre tierra en calles adoquinadas
para resistir la explosión- piedras duras y lisas
que han conocido las desapasionadas pisadas-
ahora podrán conocer días apasionados.

Las estructuras caen, los ladrillos se rompen, los muros caen.

El cielo se retira, vierte humo y oscurece el sol.

Vacías están las cocinas.

Las mujeres de España hablan desde la línea de fuego.

Sus armas por la causa del pueblo

disparan balas, dispersan al enemigo,

disparan andanadas de la ira del pueblo en el negro corazón del enemigo.

They are fighting for their homes
And the free stride of their men
And the bright future of their laughing children.

Empty are the kitchens.
The women of Spain are on the barricades.

Ellas luchan por sus hogares
y la marcha libre de sus hombres
y un futuro brillante para sus niños sonrientes.

Vacías están las cocinas.
Las mujeres de España están en las barricadas.

Women of Spain

This poem was published in the leftist diary *New Masses* in 1936 at the beginning of the war. Written in free verse with a conversational style and divided into six irregular stanzas, the first one begins with a direct question: “Have you seen on the barricades the women of Spain?” It follows with a list of active verbs that guide the actions women do. The language is specific, short and clear, with no extra words; the ideas go directly to the point. These vivid images put rhythm in motion throughout the stanza. Millet needs to reflect the actions as much as possible. Therefore, this extensive use of verbs, instead of nouns or adjectives, is a device focusing on the action of the fight.

The second stanza is longer than the first. In the first three lines the poet lists the objects women use to build the barricades: “Chunks of wood, posts of bed, iron scraps...” There is an abundance of nouns, the items needed to “erect barricades.” This device works like a photographic camera, catching a succession of images that highlight those moments of breathtaking action. In the following four lines there are no punctuation marks; it is a long sentence in which three enjambments slow down the passing of time. Before the war, people walked the “cobbled streets” without passion, but now the “Stones torn from mother grip of cobbled streets...” form part of the barricades. At the same time, the stones form part of the land, just like the women; the land is their home and their life. Stones become alive; thanks to personification, they can feel the passion of the fight. Once the barricades are finished, the expectation begins. What is going to happen next? Women take their time to think about their future.

However, in the third stanza, the action breaks out; it is the moment of the fight and everything takes place very quickly. Another list of concrete images made through a parallel structure of noun-verb depicts the image of the war and destruction. The description is very forceful in order to enhance the dramatism of the situation: “Empty stand the kitchens. / The women of Spain speak from the front lines.” Millet gives a sense of power to the women who fight behind the barricades; she describes them as strong and determined, and the Spanish Republic would not survive, if it were not for the women.

The following stanza continues the epic mood of the poem. The description of the action is the heart that pumps blood through the arteries of the besieged city of Madrid: “Their guns for the cause of the people / Drive bullets, scatter foe.”

The last two stanzas are a kind of epilogue which reveals the fate of the “Women of Spain.” The action slows down in the fifth stanza; parallelism, enjambments and anaphora highlight the meaning of the fight because their homes and families are in their hearts. Therefore, this gives them the passion to fight. Three adjectives, “free”, “bright” and “laughing” bring the hope that they will defeat the enemy. The last lines of the poem repeat “Empty stand the kitchens.” In the third stanza the women are at “the front lines” in the offensive position. However, at the end of the poem, they are “on the barricades” defending their homes.

Herbert L Peacock: *Ship for Spain*

'I had a ship,' the captain said,
A ship that sailed for Spain,
And if I had that ship right now
I'd sail there once again.

'I'd take a story with me then
And let the people know
In Barcelona why their bread
Is fathoms deep below.

'With my own lips I'd to them say:
The English people true
Want you to hold against the foe,
But it's more than the Government do.

'Any fool with eyes could see
When the plane swept over low
They didn't give a damn for the union Jack
Spread out across the bow.

'And why they don't care for the English flag
And the rules of the bloody game?
Because they know that Chamberlain
Has traded the English name.

Barco para España (the translation is ours)

‘Yo tuve un barco,’ dijo el capitán,
‘un barco que navegó a España,
y si tuviera ese barco ahora mismo
navegaría allí una vez más.

‘Entonces llevaría una historia conmigo
y dejaría que la gente supiera
en Barcelona, por qué su pan
está muchas brazas abajo.

‘Con mis propios labios les diría:
Los verdaderos ingleses
quieren que os mantengáis firmes contra el enemigo,
que es más de lo que hace el gobierno.

‘Cualquier tonto con ojos podría ver
cuando los aviones volaban bajo
que la Union Jack les importó un bledo
extendida sobre la proa.

‘Y por qué no les importó la bandera inglesa
y las reglas del juego sangriento?
Porque saben que Chamberlain
ha vendido el nombre inglés.

‘Has traded the name to the Japanese,
Licked Mussolini’s boots,
Let Hitler get hold of the Austrian lands
For you doesn’t care two hoots.

‘We sent a wire when we got to land,
And in Parliament next day,
Franco’s lackey got up and said
We just went there for our pay.

‘These are the taunts we have to bear
From the traitors we have got at home,
From the traitors who sullied the English name
And played second fiddle to Rome.

‘I had a ship,’ the captain said,
‘A ship that sailed for Spain,
And when I get another ship
I’ll sail there once again.’

‘Ha vendido el nombre a los japoneses,
lamió las botas de Mussolini,
dejó que Hitler ocupara las tierras de Austria
porque a ustedes les importa un bledo.

‘Enviamos un telegrama cuando llegamos a tierra
y en el Parlamento al día siguiente,
el lacayo de Franco se levantó y dijo:
Sólo fuimos allí a por nuestra paga.

‘Estas son las burlas que tenemos que aguantar
de los traidores que tenemos en casa,
de los traidores que ensuciaron el nombre inglés
y se subordinaron a Roma.

‘Tuve un barco,’ dijo el capitán,
‘un barco’ que navegó hacia España,
y cuando consiga otro barco
volveré allí otra vez.’

Ship for Spain

Published in December 1938, when the war was about to end, this poem denounces the false policy of non-intervention that was repeatedly violated by Germany and Italy, which had sided with the rebel army. Even more, the fascist submarines of the Regia Marina, the nazi Luftwaffe, and the Aviazione Legionaria torpedoed and bombed vessels which were loaded with grain and other goods for the Spanish Republic under neutral flags, such as British, French, Greek, Norwegian and so on. The attacks were so intense and repeated that Great Britain and France launched a conference at Nyon, Switzerland in September 1937. The participants signed a first draft on 14 September for the establishment of safe corridors in the Mediterranean Sea which were protected by naval patrols; however, a second agreement applying similar provisions to surface ships was not signed by Germany and Italy.

The poem is divided into nine quatrains, with the second and the fourth lines rhyming. The alternation of iambic trimeter and tetrameter lines, the use of simple diction, refrain, and the alliteration of the sound /s/ in the opening and closing stanzas, “A ship that sailed for Spain”, enhance the rhythm of the poem, creating vivid images which substantiate the emotions and feelings of the poet.

Peacock uses his own voice to introduce a persona who narrates the events through the voice of a captain. The poem begins with a direct statement using the first person pronoun: “I had a ship.” In the second stanza, the captain, whose ship was wrecked, says he would explain the truth to the Spanish people, in case he could return to Spain. Two consecutive enjambments highlight the emotional tone of his words. The next stanza frames the side taken by the captain, who passed the rebel blockade to the Spanish Republic, more for humanism than for economic benefits; his attitude is the same as “The English people true / want you to hold against the foe, / But it’s more than the Government do.”

In the fourth and fifth stanzas Peacock states that Chamberlain “Has traded the English name.” He explains why the bombers “... didn’t give a damn for the union Jack / Spread out across the bow.” The poet continues accusing English politicians of betrayal in the sixth stanza: “Licked Mussolini’s boots, / Let Hitler get hold of the Austrian lands.” Furthermore, in the next stanza, the captain criticizes Chamberlain’s cowardly attitude in Parliament towards the sinking of the ship; “We just went there for our pay”, as if the dramatic situation of Spanish civilians, the ship and crew did not care at all, and only trade were the important issue. Chamberlain knows that not only members of Parliament are paying attention to his explanations, but also Germany and Italy are watching everything he does and says. Chamberlain acts as a character who was neither for, nor against the Republican Spain; he tries not to be sympathetic toward the Spanish Republic, due to the fact that England was *neutral* and the ship was only doing trade, nothing else.

The captain continues explaining the shame of the traitors who “sullied the English name.” The last stanza is nearly the same as the first; the only difference is in the third line. In the first stanza the captain says: “And if I had that ship right now”;

however, the tone varies in the closing one, which is hopeful: “And when I get another ship.”

This poem deals with different sides of the English citizens towards the Spanish war. On one hand, the point of view of the captains who docked the ships with food, medical supplies, fuel or coal for the Spanish Republic because of humanitarian reasons, under the continuous menace and intimidating attacks of the rebels’ allies; on the other hand, the point of view of those who promoted the policy of appeasement, represented in this case by the figure of Lord Chamberlain.

At the publication date of the poem, Anthony Eden, Chamberlain’s predecessor as Foreign Affairs Secretary, had already resigned after the Munich Agreement was signed on September 29, 1938. Eden knew first-hand that the agreement of non-intervention was a lie, since it had been violated since the very first moment by Germany, Italy and Portugal.

Peacock gives voice to the captain of a merchant ship, a survivor of the attacks, because other captains and their crews sunk with the ships when they were approaching the loyalist ports, as was the case of English ships, such as, the Thorpehall, Sunion, Thorpeness, Woodford and so on.⁴⁷

⁴⁷ For further information consult: <http://www.albavolunteer.org/2014/03/and-when-i-get-another-ship-ill-sail-there-once-again/>

Kenneth Porter: ¡Salud!

O peasant-Cids with sickles for your swords!-
David with the hand-grenades for smooth round stones!
You know once more against invading hordes
undam your blood, heap bulwarks of your bones!
Kin to conquistadors who sadly gave
A new world, wrested from the tropic main,
To church and king, today you fight to save
A greater world, O valiant folk to Spain!

Stern Chirsts in overalls! - The Bourbon white
Of leprosy, the Jesuits' grangrened black,
Still rule the temples where the stake and rack
Long served as altars to the Golden Lords
Of crown and cope. Futile the whip of cords-
Only avails the scourge of dynamite!

Autumn 1936

¡Salud! (the translation is ours)

Oh Cids-campesinos con hoces como espadas-
David con granadas como piedras suaves redondas!
Ahora otra vez contra las hordas invasoras
¡Liberad vuestra sangre, amontonad los huesos como protección!
Parientes de los conquistadores, quienes tristemente dieron
un nuevo mundo, arrancado del trópico,
la iglesia y el rey, hoy lucháis para salvar
un mundo más grande, o valiente pueblo de España!

Serios Cristos en monos de trabajo! - El blanco Bourbon
de la lepra, la negra gangrena de los Jesuítas,
todavía gobiernan los templos donde la estaca y la parrilla
sirvieron como altares durante mucho tiempo a los señores dorados,
de la corona y copa. Fútil el látigo de cuerdas
sólo sirve el flagelo de dinamita.

Otoño 1936

¡Salud!

The title of the poem is the greeting of the Spanish loyalist fighters and army; it is written using the Spanish exclamatory punctuation. The poem, written in a conversational style, is divided into two stanzas, one for the fight and the other for the sacrifice of the Spanish people. As in the anthem of the Republic, the Spaniards are the sons of the Cid; that is why the poem begins: “O peasant – Cids.” It has a classical sonnet structure, but with no regular meter. The lines are rhymed abab cdcd efgge.

The first stanza depicts the fight of the Spanish people. In the first line there is a powerful image of allusion which depicts the fight of the peasants, as if they were the legendary Castilian warrior the Cid; they are people who transform their tools into weapons to fight. In the second line the Spaniards are compared to the biblical David because their fight is against the giant Goliath, the fascist invaders of the country. Thus, they are fighting and dying for their freedom. In the second half of this stanza the peasants are praised as relatives of the “conquistadors”, but, unlike them who conquered the new world for the church and king in Spain, they are fighting “to save / A greater world” and their own country. In the last line there is a caesura with a coma which breaks the line; the poet directly addresses the Spanish people and praises their courageousness.

In the second stanza the peasants, workers and farmers are compared to Christ. There are historical references to the traditional oppressors of the Spanish people, the monarchy and the church. In order to enhance the negative influence of these powers, the poet uses a poetical device, the inversion of the nouns and adjectives which modify them; therefore the adjectives come after the nouns, instead of being before them: “The Bourbon white / Of leprosy, the Jesuits’ grangrened black.” This device is also used in order to facilitate the rhyme of the poem. In the third line there is a metaphor of the Inquisition, a symbol of repression and torture, which is referred to as “the stake and rack” and whose power is still very important in Spain. The Inquisition always served the kings of Spain, “the Golden Lords / Of crown and cope.”

The last two lines once again compare the Spaniards to Christ. As Christ suffered the martyrdom of “the whip of cords”, the Spanish people suffer the torture of “the scourge of dynamite”; thus they can only be defeated by bombs.

Herbert Read: *The Heart Conscripted*

The shock of silver tassels
The sledded breath...
I who have fought my battles
Keep these in sheath.

The ulcer of exact remorse
From which the Lake poet perished,
The owl's indifferent hood-
These have vanished.

I hear only the sobbing fall
Of various water-clocks
And the swift inveterate wail
Of the destructive axe.

Lorca was killed, singing,
And Fox who was my friend.
The rhythm returns: the song
Which has no end.

El corazón movilizado (translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán)

Borlas de plata entrechocadas,
el arrastrado aliento...
Yo, que he luchado en mis batallas,
en la funda las tengo.

La úlcera del remordimiento exacto
de la que murió el Poeta laquista,
el indiferente capuchón de la lechuza,
ya se han esfumado.

Sólo escucho el goteado suspiro
de varias clepsidras
y el rápido aullido ancestral
del hacha dañina.

Mataron a Lorca cantando
y a Fox, que era mi amigo.
Vuelve el ritmo; la copla
sin final conocido.

The Heart Conscripted

“The Heart Conscripted” by Herbert Read is a sixteen line poem, divided into four quatrains, rhyming abab, cdcd, efef, ghgh. Read was a philosopher, writer, poet, literary critic and veteran of the Great War, which marked his whole life and made him a pacifist and anarchist.

In the first stanza Read evokes the Great War through a visual image: “The shock of silver tassels / The sledded breath...” Such an impersonal object, a silver tassel, conveys his emotions with the inefficiency of the military commands of the British army during the First World War. The silver tassels of the uniform are useless in the midst of battle; they are merely worthless ornaments. Since British soldiers spent most of the war in trenches in frontline positions, in some cases for even more than three months, it was normal to slide along the ground when they had to advance or assault some enemy positions.

The poet begins this poem, speaking in first person, as he remembers a personal experience, “I who have fought my battles”, an experience which he hides, “keep these in a sheath”, since he does not want to remember the harshness of war.

Read begins the second stanza with an impacting image: “The ulcer of exact remorse / From which the Lake poet perished.” he is referring to Wordsworth. Thus, something is burning inside him. In the third line, using zoomorphism, Read breaks his indifference in view of the consequences of the Spanish Civil War ; therefore “the owl’s indifferent hood- / These have vanished.”

In the next stanza the poet transforms the horrors of war into auditory and visual images which make the reality of death more bearable for him. He approaches the cries and tears of the Spanish people hearing “...only the sobbing fall / Of various water-clocks.” In the eleventh line another vivid image compares the sound of the falling bombs with the “wail / Of the destructive axe.”

In the last stanza, Read makes a pause to remember the Spanish poet Lorca, who was killed, and his friend Fox, who died fighting at Lopera with the International Brigades. Then, “The rhythm returns”; the war continues its path. The soldiers are the same, and also the war, which is never ending. His heart is once again conscripted. He does not directly participate in the trenches; instead, he has chosen to fight with his pen and his voice supporting the Spanish Republic from abroad.

Herbert Read reveals his own feelings, which had been burning his mind since the Great War ended. Now is the time to face reality, and he faces it the best he can, through poetry, in order to transform the horrors of war into art and make it less overwhelming.

Norman Rosten: *The March*

After the first mile snow fell: down the tall valley
of Wall Street softly on our faces like children's tears
fell the snow

remember the young died remember the sudden bomb
remember the hurt nerve how it tortured before death
O remember from what hired gun

UNITE AGAINST WAR!

(capital letters against the sky!: take it wind,
over continents! Make it electric at night, a big sign!)

MAKE MADRID THE TOMB OF FASCISM!

While a girl sprints from the line, solicits from traffic smiling
“Come on, mister, it's for yourself,” clinking the donation box;
and in a passing car a man raises his hand from the wheel
the fist says Give it to them between the eyes (sic)
so they can feel it!

La Marcha (the translation is ours)

Después de la primera milla la nieve cayó: bajo del alto valle
de Wall Street suavemente sobre nuestras caras como lágrimas de niños
cayó la nieve
recuerda que el joven murió—recuerda la bomba inesperada
recuerda el nervio herido cómo torturó antes de la muerte
O recuerda de qué arma vino

UNIRSE CONTRA LA GUERRA!

(Letras mayúsculas contra el cielo!: Llévalo viento,
sobre los continentes! Hazlo luminoso por la noche, una gran cartel!)

HACED MADRID LA TUMBA DEL FASCISMO!

Mientras una chica sale de la fila, pide al tráfico sonriente
“Venga, señor, también es por usted,” agitando la hucha de donativos;
en un coche que pasa un hombre levanta su mano del volante
el puño dice Dáselo a ellos entre los ojos
para que puedan sentirlo!

MADRID!-TOMB!-FASCISM!-

that's how they hear us twenty floors above the town:
voice goes that high see the burst of paper come down!
Volume in huge sound like waves fades returns
Superbly in sheets of wind destroys distance: fades and
echoes back like thunder passed over but still strong...

Madrid-*Madrid*-MADRID !

¡MADRID!-¡TUMBA!-¡FASCISMO!

Así es como nos oyen a veinte plantas sobre la ciudad:
la voz llega tan alto mira como cae la explosión de papel!
El volumen ensordecedor como olas se atenúa regresa
fascinante como ráfagas de viento destruye la distancia: se atenúa
y vuelve retumbando como un trueno que ha pasado pero que aún resuena...

¡Madrid- *Madrid*-MADRID!

The March

“The March” takes place in the heart of capitalism in Wall Street; it holds a positive message which apparently triumphs above fascism.

Rosten describes “The March” by using rhetoric, simple language and free verse that depict the emotion of the moment. There is a separation between lines, phrases in capital letters and spaces that represent pauses. These are ideas that occur as flashes which enhance the intensity.

The first stanza begins with a metaphor; leaflets are compared to “snow” and a caesura introduces another metaphor: “the tall valley of Wall Street.” That “tall valley” is actually the space in the street between the skyscrapers, which are the mountains. This beautiful visual and tactile image continues in the stanza: “softly on our faces like children’s tears / fell the snow.”

Rosten uses a speaker who wants to make the citizens be aware of what is going on in Spain: “remember the young died remember the sudden bomb.” Repetition and parallelism are used to enhance the dramatic situation of the Spanish people.

Cries against the war are written in capital letters; the justification is also explained by the persona in parenthesis: “(capital letters against the sky!: take it wind, / over the continents! Make it electric at night, a big sign!).” The speaker also addresses the wind, personifying a natural element which moves everywhere to spread two messages: to join and fight against the war and make Madrid the tomb of fascism.

The poem continues with volunteers collecting money for the Spanish Republic because it needs food and medicines. Rosten uses quotation marks to register the voice of the volunteers and exclamation marks to differentiate their voices from those of the people who sympathize with the Spanish Republic; he also personifies the fist: “Give it them between the eyes / so they can feel it!”; this is what “the fist says.”

In the last stanza the message of “The March” reaches the top of the skyscrapers; the most ideologically distanced people are up there, and they even drop leaflets supporting the march. Rosten compares the cries and the sound of the march to “waves”; they come and go. However they reverberate “like thunder passed over but still strong...” In this part of the stanza the use of the alliteration of the /s/ sound and the rhythm recreates the movement and sound of the waves, up to the point that we can hear them. The poem finishes with the cry getting louder and louder: “Madrid- *Madrid*-MADRID!”

Wallace Stevens: *The Men That are Falling*

God and all the angels sing the world to sleep,
Now that the moon is rising in the heat

And crickets are loud again in the grass. The moon
Burns in the mind of lost remembrances.

He lies down and the night wind blows upon him here.
The bells grow longer. This is not sleep. This is desire.

Ah! Yes, desire... this leaning on his bed,
This leaning on his elbows on his bed,

Staring, at midnight, at the pillow that is black
In the catastrophic room... beyond despair,

Like an intenser instinct. What is it he desires?
But this he cannot know, the man that thinks,

Yet life itself, the fulfillment of desire
In the grinding ric-rac, staring steadily

Los hombres que están muriendo (the translation is ours)

Dios y todos los ángeles están cantando para dormir al mundo
ahora que la luna sube al calor

Y los grillos cantan alto en la hierba. La luna
quema en la mente de recuerdos perdidos.

Él se tumba y aquí le llega el aire de la noche
Las campanas alargan su sonido. Esto no es un sueño. Esto es el deseo.

¡ Ah! Sí, deseo... esta inclinación en su cama
esta inclinación sobre sus codos en su cama,

mirando, a medianoche, en la almohada negra
del catastrófico cuarto... más allá de la desesperación,

como un intenso instinto. ¿Qué es lo que desea?
Pero esto no puede saberlo, el hombre que piensa,

todavía la vida misma, el cumplimiento del deseo
en el machaqueo del ric-rac, mirando fijamente

At a head upon the pillow in the dark,
More than sudarium, speaking the speech

Of absolutes, bodiless, a head
Thick-lipped from riot and rebellious cries upon the dreamer, bent

The head of one of the men that are falling, placed
Upon the pillow to repose and speak,

Speak and say the immaculate syllables
That he spoke only by doing what he did.

God and all angels, this was his desire,
Whose head lies blurring here, for this he died.

Taste of the blood upon his martyred lips.
O pensioners, o demagogues and pay-men!

This death was his belief though death is a stone.
This man loved earth, not heaven, enough to die.

The night wind blows upon the dreamer, bent
Over words that are life's voluble utterance.

a una cabeza sobre la almohada en la oscuridad,
más que el sudario, habla el discurso

de absolutos, incorpóreos, una cabeza
labios gruesos de revuelta y gritos de rebelión,

la cabeza de uno de esos hombres que están cayendo, dejada
sobre la almohada para reposar y hablar,

hablar y decir las inmaculada silabas
que él dijo solamente haciendo lo que hizo.

Dios y todos los Ángeles, este fue su deseo,
cuya cabeza está aquí difuminada, por eso murió.

Sabor de la sangre en sus labios martirizados.
O ancianos, O demagogos y hombres que pagan!

Esta muerte fue su creencia aunque la muerte sea una piedra.
Este hombre amó la tierra , no al cielo, lo bastante para morir.

El viento de la noche sopla al soñador, doblegado
sobre palabras que son una locuaz declaración de la vida.

Men that are falling

Dedicated to the Americans who fought in Spain in the XV Brigade, Stevens narrates a scene in a hospital: a soldier who is awake at night and cannot sleep because he is looking at another man who is dying.

The beginning of the poem is ironic. Thus “God and all the angels sing the world to sleep” suggests that the world sleeps peacefully while Spain is at war, because they have nothing to fear. At night when “the moon is rising in the heat”, the moon illuminates the room and the bells lengthen their sound; the soldier cannot sleep: “The moon / Burns in the mind of lost remembrances.” The moon “burns” because it makes him think about his memories of the war. The poet describes the soldier’s mood throughout the night: “Staring, at midnight, at the pillow that is black / In the catastrophic room...beyond despair.” The wounded soldier is looking at a dying one and thinks “What is it he desires?” While he stares at the other man, “A head upon the pillow in the dark”, the soldier thinks about the events that brought the man there, what he had done and said. Stevens uses allusion, instead of directly naming the dying man to create an atmosphere of anxiety and confusion: “a head / Thick –lipped from riot and rebellious cries.”

The soldier evokes who the dying man was; he imagines the intangible, his thoughts, his words: “bodiless, a head.” He is dying; he has fallen for his ideals: “Speak and say the immaculate syllables / That he spoke only by doing what he did.” The “immaculate syllables” are his deeds. Stevens returns to irony by calling “God and all angels, this was his desire”; now the soldier will sleep forever and his “head lies blurring here, for this he died.”

The poet addresses the world: “O pensioners, O demagogues, and pay-men!”, or maybe the signers of the agreement of non-intervention. The dead soldier’s commitment was to fight for the freedom of Spain, even though it meant his death. The International Brigades fought as shock forces; thus, they knew “This death was his belief though death is a stone”. However, he loved “earth, not heaven, enough to die.”

Stevens uses images and metaphors, referring to the dying soldier; it is possible that he, who is a dreamer like the soldier who cannot sleep, does not want to accept the death of that man who made idealism and commitment the path of his life. The soldier, who stares at the “black pillow in the catastrophic room”, “at a head upon the pillow”, “a head thick-lipped” and “a blurring head of martyred lips” is bent on his bed and is the “dreamer” staring “Over words that are life’s voluble utterance”, the dead soldier.

Randal Swingler: *They Live*

In your hesitant moments I remember Cornford & Fox
Looking across the valleys and the romantic rocks
Not even moonlight could make remote or magic,
Nothing nostalgic, nothing tragic
By the proximity of death:
No, but for them the trenched ridges
The machine-gun nested ledges
Were a concrete form compelled
By the same simple will,
History pattern of struggle: by whose breath
They fought, and died, as it happened,
But wholly to live, our impulse and tradition.

Surely they knew as they wrote
That freedom is but wholeness;
For one alone a thing impossible,
For who shall be whole except mankind is whole?
A thing therefore for which they fought
And fighting found, and left as a light for us
To shame our pettiness, our indecisions
And make us greater than we are
By showing what we might be
And by their young and ungrateful star
To stab us with courage and confidence
Daily and nightly.

Spring, 1937

Están vivos (translated by Carmen Bueno Nuñez)

En momentos de duda, recordad a Cornford y Fox
contemplando estos valles y románticos riscos
ni ante la luz de la luna mágicos o exóticos.
Carencia total de nostalgia o tragedia
Por la muerte cercana.
No, para ellos los riscos de las trincheras,
Los repechos que guarecen ametralladoras
Fueron formas concretas impuestas
Por una voluntad única:
El esquema de lucha de la Historia; por un aliento
Lucharon y murieron, así fue,
Para vivir en plenitud, nuestro impulso y tradición.

Sabían sin duda al escribir
Que la libertad solo es totalidad;
algo imposible para el hombre en singular,
pues ¿quién todo será, sino la humanidad entera?
Esto es por lo que lucharon,
esto hallaron en la lucha; la luz que nos legaron
para oprobio de nuestra mezquindad e indecisión;
para fundir en su verdad nuestras disensiones
y rescatarnos de nuestra pequeñez
mostrando nuestro fondo potencial
y, por su joven estrella impenitente,
sernos puñal su coraje y confianza
en estado de sueño y de vigilia.

Primavera, 1937

They Live

Randal Swingler has written an elegy divided into two stanzas. The first stanza has a rhyme aa,bb,c,dd,ee,c,ff, alliteration and anaphora. Thus, the combination of these poetic devices makes the rhyme more musical in order to attract the attention of the listeners, the possible future brigadists. However, in the second stanza there is no rhyme since the poet is giving reasons and arguments to his listeners, so that they follow the poets who died fighting for their commitment and ideals. For instance, John Cornford's lines from his poem, "Full moon at Tierz: Before the Storming of Huesca" (1936), inspire Swingler's plea: "Our fight is not won till the workers of all the world / Stand by our guard on Huesca's plain, / Swear that our dead fought not in vain."

Swingler writes an appeal in a conversational style, addressing his compatriots to join the International Brigades and remembering the spirit of commitment by Cornford and Fox. The poet frames the poem "across the valleys and the romantic rocks" of Spain. However, this is not a romantic scenario; it is the place where Cornford and Fox did not fear death, even though they knew it was probably their fate: "Nothing nostalgic, nothing tragic / By the proximity of death." In the first four lines of the poem, the use of alliteration unifies the idea the poet wants to convey: the only means to conquer freedom is fighting together.

Line six begins with a negative particle, "No", followed by the disjunctive conjunction "but"; however this emphatic "No" has a positive value, the value of commitment. The meaning of this idea is reinforced because of the opposition of the previous romantic landscape to the harsh reality, "The machine- gun nested / Were a concrete form compelled / By the same simple will." Swingler substantiates this engagement with two words which unify their duty: "concrete" and "compelled".

The second part of the poem is a reflexion of why they came to fight in Spain: for freedom, "For who shall be whole except mankind is whole?"; everyone must be free.

"They", Cornford and Fox, have marked a path to inspire the new brigadists and emphasize the importance of being united. "They" also show the greatness that new fighters have within, if they are able to overcome their fears and "divisions". In line twelve Swingler uses the image of a personified "star" as an epiphany "To stab us with courage and confidence"; it is the light which awakens and inspires their conscience, always keeping men alert daily and nightly.

Genevieve Taggard: *Noncombatants*

(For the Spanish)

The poet's face is white like the moon.
The little children lie sleeping.
The poet looks at the children.
Like the moon he visits their faces.
Looks long, his white face travels
Past each and on each he shines.

Cloud-dark he lies in a ditch.
The bombs fall closer tonight.
He waits, and wishes to die.

1938

Noncombatants (the translation is ours)

(Para los españoles)

La cara del poeta es blanca como la luna.
Los niños pequeños están durmiendo.
El poeta mira a los niños.
Como la luna visita sus caras.
Mira largo rato, su cara blanca recorre
a cada uno y brilla en cada uno.

Nube oscura, él se tumba en una zanja.
Las bombas caen más cerca esta noche.
Él espera y desea morir.

1938

Noncombatants

The title of the poem is “Noncombatants” and it is addressed to the civilians in Spain who are being massacred by the rebel army and its fascist allies. Taggard embraces the cause for the innocent, the children. During the Spanish Civil War fascist aircraft blitzed cities and little villages in Spain, most of which were behind battle lines, or targeted civilians in parts of the cities where there were no military objectives. The intention of these attacks was to terrorize the civilian population.

The poem is divided into two stanzas and is written in free verse, which makes it easier for Taggard to draw her emotions that are reflected in the cadences of the verse. Taggard uses alliteration in the first stanza with the sound /l/ creating the effect of a lullaby: “The little children lie sleeping.”

In the first line Taggard probably alludes to the poet Federico García Lorca, who was killed by the Guardia Civil at the beginning of the war. The poet from Granada was also a musician who composed songs and poems for children. He is dead; “The poet’s face is white like the moon.” The poet visits the sleeping children, who have been evacuated from their cities to safer ones. However, these cities were also bombed and many children died. The children are dead too, “Like the moon he visits their faces. / Looks long, his white face travels / Past each and on each he shines.”

The form of the second stanza is similar to a haiku. The scenario changes completely. Taggard moves from the light, white and innocence of the children, to the blackness of a cloud of dust from the bombs: “Cloud dark he lies in a ditch.” A peasant is hiding there in the middle of a field; he is so afraid that he “wishes to die.”

5.5. Summary

This poetic corpus contains a selection of poems and their corresponding stylistic analysis. We decided to put them together because in this way it was easier to approach the facts and circumstances that the poets experienced, some from the battlefield, others from a retrospective gaze and others from abroad. In these analyses we have gone back to the historic context in which this poetry was written in order to understand the thoughts and feelings of the poets. The stylistic analysis deepened the linguistic elements of the meaning of the poems with a detailed description of the vocabulary and the devices of the poetic forms.

6. EVIDENCE AND RESULTS (TABLES AND GRAPHS)

6.1. Preface

This step deals with the quantitative part of the research. The information generated by the previous stylistic analyses will be transferred to tables through a classification according to four patterns: the first was the criteria why we chose these poems, second, the devices used in them, third and fourth were the theme and tone of the poems, respectively. These first tables in Word format will serve as an outline where we have sorted the data obtained from the stylistic analyses. Thereafter, the results of these tables will be moved to other tables in Excel format, providing new insights through the repetition of certain factors. Finally, the display of these results in bar graphs will reflect the percentages collected quantitatively, and also present complex results in a readable way that will ease the interpretation of the obtained data.

6.2. Criteria, Devices, Theme and Tone (Tables)

6.2.1. Preface

These tables are designed as an outline to classify the criteria for which the poems were chosen, the literary devices used by the poets, and the theme and tone of the poems. In some cases there are coincidences between the criteria and the themes, because the theme is the reason why a poem was chosen. These tables present ideas, topics, poetical devices, and so on. Therefore sometimes there are only lists and others short sentences.

6.2.2. Brigadist Group

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>	Not political, not for propaganda purposes, a trench poem, war and death are ordinary, crudeness and direct experience of war.	Two quatrains , rhyme aabb, aacc, internal rhyme, consonant masculine and feminine rhyme, tetrameter rhythm, one speaking persona, all lines begin with capitals letters, synecdoche, repetition, anaphora, visual and auditory imagery, non-finite verbs, simple diction, war scenario.	Brutality of war, fear, war and death are ordinary.	Anguish and anxiety.
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>	Denouncement of the bombing of civilians, crudeness of war.	Free verse, spatial location, refrain, one speaking voice and another Spanish voice, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, anaphora, parallelism, interjection, Middle English pronouns, visual and auditory imagery, war scenario in a city.	Brutality of war. War and death are ordinary.	Impotence and indignation.
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>	Not political, nor propaganda. Description of the experience in a concentration camp, direct experience of war.	Petrarquian sonnet, consonant and masculine rhyme, alliteration, one speaking persona, use of pronoms, all lines begin with capital letters, visual imagery, images of nature, ordinary scenes of war.	Men maintain dignity in spite of being prisoners.	First depressing, and pessimistic; then, hopeful.
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>	Not political, not propaganda. Ordinary life in a concentration camp, war and death are ordinary, direct experience of war. Imagist poem.	Free verse, it is a single sentence, no punctuation marks, alliteration, one speaking persona, visual imagery, simple diction, war scenario.	Imprisonment, ordinary things (like peeling potatoes) are important in prison.	Monotonous.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Cornford, John: <i>A letter from Aragon</i>	A trench poem, direct experience of war, allusion to Remarque's novel <i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i> (1929). Crudeness, war and death are ordinary, not propagandistic purposes, but political contents.	Free verse, one narrator and another voice, use of pronouns, documentary style, all lines begin in capital letters, literary allusion, sarcasm, irony, refrain, antithesis visual, olfactory and auditory imagery, refrain, war scenario.	Ideals, death is ugly, not so quiet front.	Ironic, and realistic.
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>	Not political, not propaganda, a trench poem, crudeness of direct experience of war, war and death are ordinary.	Free verse, one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, irony, symbolism, metaphor, enjambments, simile, visual and auditory imagery, imagery of carnage, new words like "plasmic soil."	Death, conflict between ideals and reality, heart is symbol of friendship, brutality of war.	Feeling of impotence, tragic, realistic, anguish and anxiety.
Elliott, M.A.(Lon): <i>Jarama</i>	Not political, nor propaganda, a trench poem, crudeness of direct experience of war, a farewell to dead comrades at a funeral, allusion to the Great War, brigadists are against nationalist values which caused that war. Their death was not in vain.	Dedication, apostrophe divided into four sextets, imperfect rhyme, ababcc, irregular rhyme, consonant masculine rhyme, assonance, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, lines begin with capital letters, allusion, enjambment, personification, non-finite verbs, conversational style, symbolism, simple diction, war scenario.	Antifascist ideology, their sacrifice was not in vain, homage to his comrades.	First pessimistic, then encouraging.
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>	Political contents, not propaganda, criticism of economic interests that provoked the war.	A rhetoric question is the title, one stanza of three couplets, masculine rhyme, aabbcc, one narrator and other voices, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, antithesis, visual images, simple diction, conversational style, short sentences.	Economic interests provoke war.	Sharp and critical.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>	No propagandistic purposes but political allusions to Great War's poets and brigadists' antifascist ideals. Trench poem, direct experience of crudeness of war.	Temporal and spatial location, narrative poem, free verse, one narrator and another voice (his conscience), use of pronouns in italics, rhetoric speech, allusion, symbolism, anaphora, repetition, parallelism, realism, visual, auditory olfactory, and tactile imagery, imagery of death and carnage, present tenses to enhance realism, simple diction, documentary style, war scenario.	Brutality of war, pacifism before the reality of war, no privileges among the ranks as in the Great War; "the army of workers of the world" fight for freedom as their ancestors did, no classism because everyone is equal, death.	First sad and despairing; at the end hopeful.
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>	Not political, not propaganda, a trench poem written in the rearguard, direct experience of crudeness of war. Homage for his dead comrades, antifascist ideals, their death was not in vain.	Three quatrains, imperfect masculine rhyme, abab cdcd efef, alliteration, inverted word order for rhyme, pentameter and tetrameter rhythm, masculine and consonant rhyme, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, symbolism, parallelism, war scenario.	To honour his comrades, their sacrifice was not in vain because it was to create a better world.	First pessimistic, despairing; then hopeful.
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>	Not political, nor for propaganda, homage to his dead comrades who died for their ideals. Crudeness of direct experience of war, war and death are ordinary, trench poem written in the rearguard, their death was not in vain.	Elegy, couplets with tetrameter rhythm, masculine irregular rhyme, one speaking voice, use of pronouns, confessional style, lines begin with capital letters, symbolism, visual imagery, simple diction, nature and war scenario.	From death to hope, they gave their all. Ideals, their death was not in vain.	First despair, pessimistic; then, hope.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain</i> (1937)	Political in the racial sense, Afro-Americans were represented in the International Brigades fighting on the side of the workers. Hughes was a journalist and novelist. No racial discrimination in Spain, antifascist ideals. Direct experience of war, war and death are ordinary, written in the hospital. He was a war correspondent and writer.	A letter, ambiguous spatial and temporal locations, quatrains, rhyme, abcb defe..., rhythm alternates tetrameter and trimeter rhythm, imperfect, consonant, masculine rhyme, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, repetition of personal pronouns, anaphora, informal diction, slang and colloquial expressions, hospital scenario.	Moorish involvement in Spanish war, as a negro he identifies himself with Moor and makes some connections. No racial discrimination in Spain. Colonialism: If the Republic wins, there may be freedom for the colonies in Africa.	Positive and uplifting.
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain</i> (1938)	Political in the racial sense, war and death are ordinary. Even though there is racial discrimination in the United States, there are people in Spain who would fight for them, antifascist ideals. Direct experience of war. He was a war correspondent and novelist.	A letter, three quatrains and one quintet, ambiguous spatial and temporal location. Three quatrains with second and fourth lines rhyming and one quintet with the second and fifth lines, consonant masculine rhyme, dimeter rhythm, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, simple diction, war scenario.	War, racial discrimination does not exist in Spain. Colonialism: If the Republic wins, there may be freedom for the colonies in Africa.	Positive.
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Airplane Attack</i>	Not political, nor propaganda, a trench poem, direct experience of crudeness of war, war and death are ordinary. Connection to the novel <i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i> by Remarque (1929). Direct.	Free verse. One speaking persona, use of pronouns, documentary style, all lines begin with capital letters, enjambments, parallelism, literary allusion, symbolism of the earth, soldier's diction, war scenario, documentary style, present tenses enhance realism.	Brutality of war, the ordinary presence of death. Before an air attack they become earth for shelter and protection; after the attack they become men again. War and death are ordinary.	Anguish, self-control and instinct in order to survive.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Lee, Laurie: <i>A moment of war</i>	Not for propaganda, a subtle criticism of the war. He crossed the Pyrenees alone, thus suspected of spying. Lee was imprisoned; he meets a young Spanish soldier accused of desertion. Direct experience of war.	Free verse, spatial and temporal location of the poem, no rhyme. Juxtaposition of his voice and his subconscious voice in italics. Metaphor, enjambment, personification, symbolism. Visual, tactile and auditory imagery, spaces meaning pauses, war scenario.	The ugliness of war and death.	Anguish, confusion.
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>	Not political, nor for propaganda, war and death are ordinary, trench poem, crudeness of direct experience of war.	Six quatrains, spatial and temporal location, masculine rhyme abcb..., dimeter rhythm, imperfect, alliteration, one speaking persona, documentary style, all lines begin with capital letters, no punctuation marks, only final period, enjambments, antithesis, personification of death, image in motion, non-finite verbs, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, documentary style, nature and carnage war scenario.	War and death and ordinary life at the frontline.	Anxiety, fear.
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>	Not political, nor for propaganda, idealism of a young brigadist for his antifascist ideals and a better world.	Three quatrains, masculine irregular rhyme is abcb... One speaking persona, use of pronouns, describing his ideals, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, repetition, parallelism, enjambment, caesura, negative particle, visual imagery, simple diction, conversational style.	Idealism.	Positive, idealistic,

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>	Not political, not for propaganda, song written by a brigadist at the front of Jarama based on the famous tune “Red River Valley.” Sense of humour. A trench song, direct experience of war, war is ordinary.	Four quatrains, rhyme abcb..., hexameter rhythm, plural pronoun form as the speaking voice, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, quotations marks used to address their comrades, irony, simple diction, conversational style, war scenario, refrain.	Ironic song raises spirits.	Humorous, light-hearted and ironic.
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>	Political contents and ideals, written by a brigadist, description of the crossing of the Pyrenees because the border is closed for brigadists. Direct experience of war.	Shakespearian sonnet, feminine and masculine envelope rhyme abba..., spatial and temporal location, euphonic rhythm, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, simile, synecdoche, mythological and historical allusions enjambment, metaphor, visual imagery, formal diction, conversational style, natural scenario.	They did not climb the Pyrenees in vain.	Positive, idealistic, ecstasy of daring and excitement.
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>	A call to arms, antifascist ideals, direct experience of war.	Ballad, six quatrains, imperfect, irregular, masculine assonant rhyme aabb..., tetrameter rhythm, parallel structure, one speaking persona, visual imagery, rhetoric style, simple diction to encourage soldiers, war scenario.	A call to arms, encouragement to fight for freedom	Encouraging, heroic.
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna.</i>	Not political, not for propaganda, trench poem, direct experience of war, war and death are ordinary.	Three couplets, spatial location, irregular rhyme, one narrator and another voice, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, rhetorical question, caesura, simple diction, conversational style, war scenario, title in Spanish.	Encouragement to fight for freedom.	First doubtful, then encouraging.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>	Not political, no propaganda, written in the rearguard in memory of his fallen comrades. Their death was not in vain, but for the children's future. Direct experience of war, war and death are ordinary.	Dedication, free verse, temporal location, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, confessional style, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, symbolism, enjambment, visual imagery, simple diction.	Their deaths were not in vain, their sacrifice is for the children's future	First sad, but hopeful for the future...
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>	Not political, not for propaganda, an address to the memory of John Lenthier, an actor from Boston. Direct experience of war, a trench poem written in the hospital. War and death are ordinary.	Dedication in the form of an address in memoriam, epigraph with spatial and temporal location, two quatrains and one quintet, irregular, masculine, consonant rhyme, abca...gghhg. One speaking voice, indented margin, metaphor, enjambments, parallel structures, repetition of negative adjectives, visual and auditory imagery, simple diction, nature, war scenario.	Homage to a comrade, death is an ordinary event, it is a return to birth in nature. Ideals will never die.	First pessimistic, then hopeful.
O'Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>	Love poem written in the hospital, not for propaganda, antifascist ideals, commitment of the international brigades against fascism. Direct experience of war .	Dedication, Three quatrains, tetrameter rhythm, one speaking persona, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, anaphora, parallelism, repetition of personal pronouns, enjambments, auditory and visual imagery, simple diction, conversational style.	Love, encouragement and commitment to fight against fascism, a call to arms	First pessimistic, then hopeful and encouraging.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>	No propagandistic purposes, but a justification for the fight for antifascist ideals, not for nationalism as happened in the Great War. Trench poem, direct experience of war. The first poem found in the newspaper archive in Madrid. Homage for his dead comrades. War and death are ordinary, their death was not in vain.	Dedication in the form of an elegy, pastoral poetry, spatial and temporal location of the poem, three octets, imperfect consonant and masculine rhyme, abab cdcd..., alliteration, one speaking persona, metaphor, visual imagery, nature, war scenario.	Homage to his dead comrades, death is a rebirth in nature, death is ordinary and inevitable.	Sad and pessimistic, then hopeful.
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>	Not for propaganda, crudeness of war. An account of the sinking of the steamship Ciudad de Barcelona by a fascist Italian submarine. The title is the same as chapter IV of the poem "The Waste Land," by T. S. Eliot (1922). War and death are ordinary.	Dedication, an epigraph precedes the poem, spatial and temporal location, free verse, seven quatrains and four quintets, no rhyme, one speaking narrator and another voice, personal pronouns "I" and "we," allusion, enjambment, non finite verbs, visual, tactile and auditory imagery, documentary style, nature, war scenario.	The sinking of the steamship and the death of the brigadists. War and death is ordinary.	Anxiety, anguish, fear, confusion.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>	Not for propaganda, trench poem, direct experience of war, a trench poem, antifascist ideals, war and death are ordinary, crudeness of war. The same structural similarities and ironic tone of "Spoon River," by Lee Masters (1915). Allusion to Owen's poem "Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori"(1917).	Acknowledgement and dedication to Edgar Lee Masters Elegy, free verse. Prologue, five sections and epilogue. One speaking narrator in prologue and epilogue; each section has a different speaking persona (singular and plural), with no punctuation marks or italics to indicate this. All lines begin with capital letters (except two). Allusion, irony, visual and auditory imagery of death and carnage, conversational style, nature, war scenario.	Antifascist ideals; most brigadists fighting against fascism are dying. After death they will be reborn in nature. Brutality of war.	Ironic.
Selligman, Joseph: Untitled	Not for political purposes, nor for propaganda, a trench poem, direct experience of crudeness of war, war and death are ordinary. Although American, Selligman was with the British Battalion. Refrain and theme similarities to Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade"(1870).	Untitled, two quatrains and one sextet, irregular masculine rhyme, tetrameter and pentameter rhythm, refrain, alliteration, one speaking persona, personal pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, literary allusion, enjambment, visual imagery, confessional style, nature, war scenario.	Antifascist ideals, most brigadists are dying, senseless sacrifice, brutality of war, he feels betrayed.	Fear, sadness and betraying.
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>	Propagandistic purpose. Inspired by Capa's picture of the dying militiaman.	Free verse, eight tercets, one speaking voice, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, personification, zoomorphism, metaphor, allusion, abstraction, symbolism, enjambment, visual and photographic imagery, conversational style, nature, war scenario.	A photograph of the violence of a moment in war, where time and space cross, creating fate. Death and war are ordinary.	Epic and heroic.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>	Not for propaganda, antifascist ideals, crudeness of war, war and death are ordinary. Denouncement of the slaughter of Asturias.	Dedication in the form of an apostrophe, five heroic quatrains, imperfect, masculine, consonant rhyme, abab..., one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, personification of Asturias, visual and auditory imagery, simple diction, nature, war scenario.	Epic fall of Asturias, brutality of war.	Epic, tragic.
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>	Not political, nor for propaganda, antifascist ideals, trench poem, direct experience of war.	Two stanzas of twelve and fourteen lines, imperfect, consonant, masculine rhyme is in couplets and also in every other line, one speaking narrator and another voice, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, enjambment, zoomorphism, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, simple diction, conversational, documentary style, nature, war scenario.	The brigadist wants to calm the young recruits.	Encouraging.
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>	Not for propaganda, Depicts a moment of direct experience of war, antifascist ideals. Rearguard homage to the Anti-Tank battery's crew, war is ordinary.	One stanza, fifteen lines, irregular consonant masculine rhyme, one speaking narrator and another voice, use of pronouns, no quotation marks nor italics indicating the second voice, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, caesura, enjambment, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, simple diction and jargon, war scenario.	Encouragement to fight.	Encouraging.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>	Not political, nor for propaganda, direct experience of war: the soldiers' convalescence in a hospital, crudeness of war, war and death are ordinary.	Three stanzas, irregular rhyme, one speaking persona, documentary and confessional style, symbolism, allusion, polysyndeton, paradox, visual, tactile imagery, nature, war scenario of a hospital.	The beach represents a turning point for the recuperating soldiers. Their fate is decided.	First calm, then despairing.
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>	Not for propagandistic purposes, a trench poem, direct experience of the crudeness of war, a call to arms, war and death are ordinary, antifascist ideals, encouragement to dig in, fight and resist. The brigadist is a veteran of the Great War.	Five quatrains, end, imperfect, internal and consonant rhyme, alliteration, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, repetition, anaphora, enjambment, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, documentary style, war scenario in a city.	Encouragement to fight for freedom.	Epic, heroic.
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>	Direct experience of the crudeness of war, antifascist ideals, war and death are ordinary. Not political, nor for propaganda, depicts the fight between life and death in a hospital, homage to his comrades in the medical unit. Written in a hospital in the rearguard.	Three quintets, spatial and temporal location, imperfect, consonant, masculine rhyme abacb..., one speaking narrator and another voice, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, symbolism, personification, enjambment, antithesis, visual and auditory imagery, documentary style, hospital war scenario.	Antithesis between life and death in the hospital.	First pessimistic, but then positive with the medical unit.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>	Direct experience of war, war is ordinary, written in the rearguard, not political, nor for propaganda. A love poem written during the war, depicting ordinary life in the hospital.	Free verse ballad, three stanzas temporal location, alliteration, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, repetition, enjambment, antithesis, synaesthesia, visual, auditory, tactile, gustatory and olfactory imagery, nature, bucolic scenario.	Love is not timeless.	First positive and romantic; then sad and pessimistic.

Table 1. Brigadist Group.

6.2.3. Retrospective Group

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>	Support for the Spanish Republic. Denouncement of the bombing of Valencia the eve of the International Congress of Writers. First-hand experience, a clerk for the medical bureau.	Free verse, fragmented structure, temporal and spatial location, simile, enjambment, one speaking voice, documentary style, visual imagery, nouns used as verbs, nature, war scenario in the city of Valencia.	Civilians are watchful for death as death comes from the sky. Hope which cannot be destroyed rises from hate and death. Harshness of war, confronting the ghost of war again in Europe.	First pessimistic, then optimistic.
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>	Published by a brigadist after the war in 1942, the poem narrates his first hand experience at the battlefield in Spain.	One stanza, free verse, spatial and temporal location, Spanish title, one speaking voice, use of pronouns, confessional style, all lines begin with capital letters, comparison, simile, enjambment, irony, auditory, tactile and visual imagery, simple diction, war scenario.	Death is ordinary during the Battle of the Ebro, brigadists' deaths were not in vain, the harshness of war.	Pessimistic, then optimistic.
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesa, April 1938</i>	Published by a brigadist after the war in 1942, it describes his memories about his first hand experience of the Battle of Gandesa.	One stanza, spatial and temporal location, imperfect masculine rhyme, one speaking voice, confessional style, all lines begin with capital letters, repetition personal pronoun "I," word order change, visual imagery, simple diction, war scenario.	Time and war change the brigadists' mood, death is ordinary, the harshness of war, remembers his comrades' suffering.	Despairing, sad.
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>	A brigadist first-hand experience of war, nostalgic dedication to his dead comrade Aaron Lopoff. Bessie was a victim of the House Un-American Activities Committee.	Free verse, five quintets and one with ten lines, one narrator and other two voices: Aaron and Sam. Confessional style. Metaphor, explanatory notes, indented margin, enjambment, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, simple diction, Spanish words, nature, war scenario in a city.	His death was not in vain, and their ideals neither died, nor were lost. Harshness of war, the brigadist gave all they had, their lives.	First nostalgic and sad, later positive.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To Eat- To-Day</i>	Support for the Spanish Republic, firsthand experience of the carnage produced by fascists bombings in Barcelona, a female war correspondent who issued the survey <i>Writers take sides: Are you for or against the Spanish Republic?</i>	Free verse, five stanzas, one speaking narrator and other voices, use of pronouns, documentary style, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, metonymy, irony, rhetoric question, auditory, visual and auditory imagery, documentary style, Italian and Spanish words, war scenario in the city of Barcelona.	Is killing innocent civilians worthwhile? Death is ordinary; harshness of war. World War II is coming.	Upsetting, despairing, hopeless.
Gresham, W. L.: <i>Last Kilometer</i>	Brigadist's first-hand experience of the war written when he returned home.	Ballad, five quatrains, perfect masculine rhyme abcb,..., assonance, alliteration, one speaking voice, use of pronouns, narrative style, all lines begin with capital letters, metaphor, enjambment, personification, visual and auditory imagery, documentary/narrative style, simple diction, Spanish word with English plural, nature, war scenario.	The atmosphere of defeat, the harshness of war.	Despairing and hopeless.
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>	Brigadist's first-hand war experience, published after the war, a fight against the sun.	Three stanzas, imperfect, rhyme, one speaking voice, narrative style, anaphora, comparison, repetition, enjambment, personification, visual, auditory, tactile, gustatory and olfactory imagery, photographic images through words, repetition personal pronouns "we," "our" and "us," Spanish words, documentary style, nature, symbol of the earth, war scenario.	Death is ordinary, the harshness of war and the hot sun. Atmosphere of defeat.	Despairing.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>	Denouement of the bombing of a city, a brigadist's first-hand experience, nostalgic dedication for his comrades.	Free verse, five stanzas, spatial location, one speaking voice and other voices, narrative style, all lines begin in capital letters, anaphora, repetition, symbolism, personification, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, Spanish and Catalan words, documentary style, non-finite verbs, nature, war scenario in the city .	The harshness of war, he is well in England but his comrades are suffering in Spain.	Nostalgic for the poet, but despairing and fearful for the brigadists and the people in Spain.
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>	The poet remembers his promise to return to Spain to help his Spanish comrades. A brigadist's first hand experience published after the war, nostalgia for his comrades.	Five quatrains, spatial and temporal location, rhetoric regular rhyme abcb,...., one speaking narrator using the plural pronoun "we," conversational/documentary style, all lines begin with capital letters, synecdoche, metonymy, metaphor, symbolism, enjambment, antithesis, personification, visual and auditory imagery, rhetoric diction, word order inversion, nature, war scenario.	Maturity, their death was not in vain, death is a return to birth, the hour would not find them sleeping, they are prepared to fight again, therefore their ideals neither died nor were lost.	Nostalgic, but they do not lose hope.
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The dead have no Regrets</i>	She was a translator. Traumatized by her first-hand experience of the Spanish war. In the poem she confronts war in England again.	Elegy, nine quatrains, spatial and temporal location, envelope rhyme abba,...., one speaking narrator using the plural pronoun "we." Confessional style. All lines begin with capital letters, allusion, metaphor, symbolism, enjambment, explanatory notes, visual and auditory imagery, rhetorical question, confessional style, war scenario.	The Spanish soldiers and brigadists gave all they had, their lives; they had no regrets. Death is ordinary, the harshness of war. World War II is coming. Therefore, the survivors of the Spanish war must confront the ghost of war again.	Pessimistic, then a little hopeful.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>	War correspondent's first-hand experience, published after the war. The Spanish war will continue in Europe. Traumatized by her war experience in Spain.	Free verse, three quatrains and one quintet, title is a temporal location, one speaking narrator using "I" and "us," conversational style, metaphor, enjambment, refrain, past participles, visual imagery, simple diction, war scenario.	Death is ordinary, the harshness of war, the brigadists gave all they had. The Spanish war will continue in Europe. Survivors and Europeans will confront the ghosts of war.	Despairing and pessimistic.
Vincent Sheean: <i>Puigcerdà</i>	A war correspondent, support for the Spanish republic, denouncement of the bombing of a city.	Five stanzas, three quatrains, rhyme abcb... one stanza has free verse, one rhyming couplet. The title is the name of a Catalan town. Alliteration, mainly capital letters in the lines, one speaking narrator, anaphora, symbolism of earth, enjambment, personification, antithesis, visual, auditory and tactile imagery, documentary style, nature, war scenario.	The harshness of war and bombing of civilians. Brigadists gave all they had, the pureness of brigadists' ideals will survive.	Sad and despairing, fear, acceptance.
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>	A first-hand experience of a black brigadist. He thought they had their own fascism in America. Published after the war.	Three stanzas, some imperfect rhyme, one speaking narrator, narrative style, all lines begin with capital letters, metaphor, enjambment, personification, visual imagery, nature, seasons, war scenario.	Harshness of war and repression after defeat, death is ordinary; most of the peasants were almost children when the war began, dedication to the Spanish peasants.	Despairing.

Tabla 2. Retrospective Group.

6.2.4. Abroad Group

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>	Support and propaganda for the Spanish Republic, criticism and denouncement of the agreements of non-intervention and Munich (appeasement policy).	Elegy, free verse, seven quintets, temporal location one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, metaphor, allusion, enjambment, personification, zoomorphism, metonymy, rhetoric question, visual, auditory imagery, war scenario.	Criticism of the Appeasement .	Ironic.
Brinnin, John Malcolm: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>	Dedication to the dead brigadists, support for the Spanish Republic.	Apostrophe, conversational style, five octets, perfect and imperfect masculine, rhyme, aabccbdd..., one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, complex sentences, allusion, metaphor, enjambment, visual and auditory imagery, war scenario.	Dedication to the brigadists and criticism of the Appeasement.	First sad, then hopeful.
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>	An imagist poem written by a woman, support for the Spanish Republic.	Three quatrains, masculine and consonant rhyme, abab..., alliteration, one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, personification, enjambment, visual and tactile imagery, simple diction, nature, war scenario in the city.	People fear the bombings.	Hopeful.
Day Lewis, C: <i>The Volunteer</i>	Support for the Spanish Republic, support for the brigadists.	Conversational poem, six long quatrains, irregular masculine rhyme, abcb..., tetrameter rhythm, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letter, visual imagery, conversational style, nature, war scenario.	Support for the brigadists because they fought for freedom as their fathers did.	Friendly to the brigadists and their ideals.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>	Propaganda, support for the Spanish Republic, denouncement of the false neutrality of the agreement of non-intervention (appeasement policy).	Shakespearian sonnet, spatial and temporal location, masculine rhyme, abab, cdcd, efefgg, one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, rhetoric question, anaphora, visual imagery, complex sentences.	Denouncement of the appeasement policy, betrayal.	Ironic.
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>	Support for the Spanish Republic, denouncement of the agreement of non-intervention (appeasement policy).	Free verse, temporal location, documentary style, syncopated rhythm, one speaking persona, all lines begin with capital letters, emphatic use of capital letters, allusion, comparison, contrast, rhetoric style, irony, satire, visual photographic imagery or carnage, war scenario in a city.	Denouncement of the countries that signed the agreement of non-intervention.	Ironic and satiric.
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic against the agreement of non-intervention (appeasement policy).	Free verse, the title is a metaphor, fourteen stanzas, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, metaphor, repetition, enjambment, comparison, symbolism visual, auditory and tactile imagery, documentary style, war scenario.	Sacrifice of the Spanish people in favour of the false agreement of non-intervention, the Spanish landlords and the Catholic Church.	Anger, horror, indignation.
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic against the agreement of non-intervention and Chamberlain (appeasement policy).	Free verse, three stanzas, one speaking persona, satire, documentary style, caesura, enjambment, paradox, exaggeration, criticism, repetition of adverbs, visual imagery, narrative style, complex sentences, nature, war scenario.	Consequences of appeasement policy in Spain. Denouncement of the lack of information and indifferent headlines about the war.	Irony, indignation and despair.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive</i> (<i>Ebro</i> , 1938)	The Battle of the Ebro was decisive for the survival of the Spanish Republic. Support of the brigadists, a call to arms.	Eight quatrains, spatial and temporal location, imperfect irregular rhyme, abab,...., one speaking persona, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, enjambment, rhetoric style, conversational style, complex sentences, nature, war scenario.	A call to arms, addressed to the young recruits to be inspired by the brigadists who died for ideals of solidarity	Hopeful, epic, but the last line is pessimistic.
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic. An addressee to the bankers to whom the Spanish Republic owns money.	Written in the form of a letter, temporal location, one stanza, divided into two parts, masculine rhyme abab..., efeeee, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, anaphora, parallelism, irony, enjambment, comparison, visual imagery of carnage, conversational style, war scenario.	An addressee to the bankers to understand the situation of the Spanish people.	Ironic.
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>	Written in support of the Spanish Republic, denouncement of the false agreement of non-intervention. (appeasement policy).	Free verse, title in Spanish, rhetorical question, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, symbolism, enjambment, zoomorphism, irony, satire, conversational style.	Denouncement of the false agreement of non-intervention.	Somber, pessimistic, indignation.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>	The censored editor does not publish demoralising news. Written in support of the Spanish Republic.	Free verse, one single narrator and another voice speaks in Spanish, use of pronouns, narrative style, all lines begin in capital letters, visual, tactile and auditory imagery, documentary style, rhetorical question, exclamatory sentence, nature, war scenario.	Censorship of the press by the Republic. Why must the young soldiers die?	Despair.
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic. Written by a Canadian woman poet, the poem is a call to arms for the Canadians to join the International Brigades.	Six tercets rhyming abacdc efe... rhetorical style, call-and-response technique, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, visual imagery, metaphor, personification, enjambment, caesura, conversational style, non finite verbs, nature, war scenario.	A call to arms.	Epic and hopeful.
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic. The poet waits for an answer for the crimes the agreement of non-intervention (appeasement policy) directly caused in Spain. It is a call to arms	Free verse, rhetorical style, call and response technique, sprung rhythm, refrain, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin in capital letters, allusion, repetition, parallelism, anaphora, conversational style, visual image of carnage, war scenario.	The tragedy caused by the agreement of non-intervention.	Anger.
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic, it denounces the policy of the agreement of non-intervention (appeasement policy).	Free verse, rhetorical style four irregular stanzas, exclamatory sentences, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, symbolism, zoomorphism, repetition, metaphor, visual imagery, complex sentences, Spanish vocabulary, non-finite verbs.	Defeat of the Spanish Republic due to the false agreement of non-intervention.	Severe, angry, impotence, hopelessness.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic. Depicts the strength of Spanish women who defied the fascist threat by building barricades for defence.	Free verse, six regular stanzas, rhetorical question, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, conversational style, all lines begin with capital letters, personification, parallelism, enjambment, anaphora, auditory and visual imagery, conversational style, war scenario in a city.	Women of Spain fight for their freedom.	Encouraging.
Peacock, Herbert L.: <i>Ship for Spain</i>	Support for the Spanish Republic, criticism of the English Government, Chamberlain has sold England to the fascists powers. A British ship attacked and sunk by a fascist bomber (appeasement policy).	Nine quatrains, second and the fourth lines rhyme, tetrameter rhythm, refrain, one speaking persona, all lines begin with capitals, repetition personal pronouns "I" and "we," enjambment, parallelism, visual imagery, simple diction, conversational style, war scenario.	Denouncement policy of appeasement; Chamberlain has sold England to the fascists powers.	Anger, indignation.
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic. The title of the poem is the greeting of the Spanish loyalist fighters. A call to arms.	Sonnet, irregular meter, temporal location, the title is in Spanish, the rhyme is abab, cdcde, ffgge, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, comparison, metaphor, symbolism, caesura, enjambment, visual imagery, inversion of adjectives and nouns, conversational style.	The titanic fight of the Spanish peasants for their freedom against the traditional powers, the Inquisition and monarchy. Criticism of the consequences agreement of non-intervention.	Epic, encouraging.
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic. Read connects the Great War, which he fought in, with the Spanish war.	One stanza, four quatrain stanzas rhyming abab, cdcd, efef, ghgh, imperfect rhyme, one speaking persona, use pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, comparison, symbolism, zoomorphism, auditory and visual imagery, war scenario.	Overcoming the posttraumatic shock of fighting in the Great War.	First remorseful, finally acceptance of the reality.

Poet and title	Criteria	Devices	Theme	Tone
Rosten Norman: <i>The March</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic, propagandistic purpose.	Free verse, rhetorical speech, alliteration, one single narrator and other voices, rhetoric style, capital letters for the shouting, spacing between stanzas meaning pauses or different tone, repetition, parallelism, metaphor, personification, auditory, tactile and visual imagery, urban scenario in Wall Street, conversational style.	Solidarity and support for the Spanish republic. A call to arms to fight against fascism.	Encouraging.
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>	Support of the International Brigades who are fighting for the Spanish freedom	Elegy divided into fifteen couplets, one speaking voice, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, allusion, metaphor, irony. Auditory, visual and tactile imagery, nature, war scenario.	Homage to the brigadists who fought for their ideals.	Ironic with the situation and respectful for the fallen soldiers.
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic, a call to arms, support of the brigadists.	Elegy divided into two stanzas, irregular rhyme, alliteration, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines begin with capital letters, emphasis using negative particle at the beginning of the sentence, allusion, epiphany, enjambment, personification, visual imagery, nature, war scenario, conversational style.	A call to arms following the example of Cornford and Fox. Homage to brigadists.	Encouraging.
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>	Support of the Spanish Republic and remembering of the poet Federico García Lorca.	Free verse, divided into two stanzas, alliteration, one speaking persona, use of pronouns, all lines written in capital letters, comparison, war scenario.	The first stanza is about death of innocent children and the moon symbolizes the poet's face. The second one is about the darkness and negativity of the war.	Pessimistic, impotence.

Tabla 3. Abroad Group.

6.2.5. *Summary*

To conclude Tables 1, 2 and 3, we would like to highlight that they have been made as a previous draft for the following ones. In this chapter we have reflected and classified the criteria for which the poems were chosen, the literary devices used by the poets, and the theme and tone of the poems.

These tables have been useful to establish an intermediate stage that works as an outline designed to obtain data from the previous stylistic analyses and then present them in the following tables where the data will be presented in a clear visual manner.

6.3. Brigadist Group, Retrospective Group and Abroad Group (Tables)

6.3.1. Preface

We will design these tables with the purpose of presenting the information resulting from the stylistic analyses of the poems and the data gathered in Tables 1, 2 and 3. They will be divided into four categories for each of the three groups: the Brigadist, Retrospective and Abroad groups.

The tables will display the collected data from the four categories, criteria, devices, theme and tone, showing the detailed and specific information more clearly. At the bottom of each table the total number of repetition of the variables will appear in each column. These organized results will provide the corresponding percentages to facilitate the comparison of the three groups of poets. These percentages will be obtained from the repetition and use of a specific criteria, device, theme or tone out of the total number of poets in the group.

6.3.2. Brigadist Group: Criteria

Poet and title	Not for propaganda purposes	First-hand experience of war	Political contents	A trench poem	Allusion to the Great War	Brigadists are against nationalist values which caused the Great War	Antifascist ideals	Criticism of economic interest that provoked the war	Written in the rearguard	Homage to dead comrades	Afro-Americans in the International Brigades /No racial discrimination in Spain	War correspondent	Criticisim of the war	War and death are ordinary	Crudeness of war	A call to arms	Death was not in vain
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>	1	1		1										1	1		
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>															1		
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>	1	1															
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>	1	1												1			
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>	1	1	1	1			1							1	1		
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>	1	1		1										1	1		
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>	1	1		1	1	1				1				1	1		1
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>	1		1					1									
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>	1	1	1	1			1							1	1		
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>	1	1		1			1		1	1				1	1		1
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>	1	1		1			1		1	1				1	1		1
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>		1	1								1	1		1			
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>		1	1								1	1		1			
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>	1	1		1										1	1		
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>	1	1											1				
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>	1	1		1										1	1		
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>	1						1										
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>	1	1		1										1			
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>	1	1	1				1										
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>		1					1									1	
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>	1	1		1										1			
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>	1	1							1	1				1			1
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>	1	1		1						1				1			
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrde's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>	1	1					1										
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>	1	1		1		1	1			1				1			1
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>	1	1												1	1		
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>	1	1		1			1							1	1		
Seligman, Joseph: Untitled	1	1		1										1	1		
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>																	
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>	1						1							1	1		
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>	1	1		1			1										
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>	1	1					1		1	1				1			
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>	1	1												1	1		
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>	1	1		1	1		1							1	1	1	
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>	1	1					1		1	1				1	1		
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>	1	1							1					1			
	31	31	6	17	2	2	15	1	6	8	2	2	1	26	17	2	5
	86%	86%	17%	47%	6%	6%	42%	3%	17%	22%	6%	6%	3%	72%	47%	6%	14%

Table 4. Brigadists Group: Criteria (1 of 2).

Poet and title	Love poem	Written in the hospital	Literary references	Specific dramatic events / battles/ attacks	Sense of humour	Sacrifice for the future/ children
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>						
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>				1		
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>				1		
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>				1		
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>			1			
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>						
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>				1		
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>						
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>			1			
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>						
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>						
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>		1				
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>						
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>			1			
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>				1		
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>						
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>						
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>				1	1	
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>				1		
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>						
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>						
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>						1
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>		1				
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>	1	1				
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>						
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>			1	1		
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>			1			
Selligman, Joseph: Untitled			1			
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>				1		
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>				1		
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>						
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>						
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>		1		1		
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>				1		
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>		1				
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>	1	1				
	2	6	6	12	1	1
	6%	17%	17%	33%	3%	3%

Table 4. Brigadists Group: Criteria (2 of 2).

6.3.3. Brigadist Group: Devices

Poet and title	One or more stanzas	Ballad	Apostrophe	Free verse	Elegy	Sonnet	Couplets	Tercets	Quatians	Quintets	Sextets	Octets	Narrative poem	Written in the form of a letter	Irregular rhyme	Imperfect rhyme	Consonant rhyme	Masculine rhyme	Feminine rhyme	Envelope rhyme	Internal rhyme	Alliteration
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>	1								1								1	1	1		1	
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>	1			1																		
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>						1											1	1				1
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>	1			1																		1
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>	1			1																		
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>	1			1																		
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>			1								1				1	1	1	1				
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>	1						1										1	1				
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>				1									1									
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>	1								1								1	1				1
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>	1				1		1								1			1				
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>	1								1					1	1	1	1	1				
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>	1								1	1				1	1		1	1				
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>	1			1																		
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>	1			1																		
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>	1								1							1						1
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>	1								1						1			1				
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>	1								1						1							
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>						1											1	1	1	1		
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>		1							1						1	1	1	1				
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>	1						1								1							
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>	1			1																		
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>	1								1	1					1		1	1				
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrde's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>	1								1													
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>	1				1							1				1	1	1				1
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>	1			1					1	1												
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>				1	1																	
Selligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>	1								1		1				1		1	1				1
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>	1			1				1														
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>			1						1							1	1	1				
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>	1						1									1	1	1				
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>	1														1		1	1				
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>	1														1							
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>	1								1							1	1				1	1
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>	1									1					1	1	1	1				
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>		1		1																		1
	28	2	2	12	3	2	4	1	14	4	2	1	1	2	13	9	17	18	2	1	2	8
	78%	6%	6%	33%	8%	6%	11%	3%	39%	11%	6%	3%	3%	6%	36%	25%	47%	50%	6%	3%	6%	22%

Table 5. Brigadists Group: Devices (1 of 4).

Poet and title	Assonance	Rhythm	Dimeter rhythm	Trimeter rhythm	Tetrameter rhythm	Pentameter rhythm	Hexameter rhythm	Euphonic rhythm	Refrain	Voice in italics	One speaking voice	One narrator and another voice / voices	Spanish voice / Vocabulary	Rhetoric question	Rhetoric diction	Simple diction	Present tenses to enhance realism	Non-finite verbs	All lines begin with capital letters	Use of pronouns	Middle English pronouns	Synecdoche
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>		1			1						1					1		1	1			1
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>									1				1			1				1	1	
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>											1									1		
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>											1					1						
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>									1		1					1				1	1	
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>											1									1		
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>	1										1							1	1	1		
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>												1	1			1				1		
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>										1		1			1	1	1				1	
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>					1	1					1									1	1	
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>					1						1					1				1	1	
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>				1	1						1					1				1	1	
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>			1								1					1				1	1	
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>											1						1				1	
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>												1										
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>			1								1					1		1	1			
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>											1					1				1	1	
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>							1		1		1					1				1	1	
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>								1			1									1		1
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>	1				1						1				1	1						
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>												1	1		1	1				1	1	
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>											1					1				1	1	
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>											1					1						
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrde's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>					1						1					1				1	1	
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>											1											
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>												1						1			1	
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>											1	1								1	1	
Selligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>					1	1			1		1									1	1	
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>											1									1	1	
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>											1					1				1		
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>												1								1	1	
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>												1				1				1	1	
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>											1											
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>											1									1	1	
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>												1								1	1	
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>											1									1	1	
	2	1	2	1	7	2	1	1	4	1	27	9	1	2	2	19	2	4	25	24	1	2
	6%	3%	6%	3%	19%	6%	3%	3%	11%	3%	75%	25%	3%	6%	6%	53%	6%	11%	69%	67%	3%	6%

Table 5. Brigadists Group: Devices (2 of 4).

Poet and title	Allusion	Repetition	Parallelism	Paradox	Metaphor	Simile	Synaesthesia	Caesura	Symbolism	Polysyndeton	Anaphora	Irony	Antithesis	Personification	Zoomorphism	Enjambment	Indented margin	Visual imagery	Auditory imagery	Tactile imagery	Gustatory imagery	Olfactory imagery	Photographic imagery	Imagery of death and carnage
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>		1									1							1	1					
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>			1								1							1	1					
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>																		1						
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>																		1						
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>	1											1	1					1	1			1		
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>					1	1			1			1				1		1	1					1
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>	1								1					1		1								
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>													1					1						
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>	1	1	1						1		1							1	1	1		1		1
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>			1						1															
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>									1									1						
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>												1												
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>																								
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>	1		1														1							
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>					1				1					1		1		1	1	1				
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>													1	1				1	1	1				1
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>		1	1					1										1	1					
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>												1												
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>	1				1	1										1		1						
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>			1															1						
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>								1																
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>	1								1									1	1					
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>		1	1		1												1	1	1	1				
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>			1								1						1	1	1					
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>					1													1						
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>	1																1	1	1	1				
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>	1											1						1	1					1
Selligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>	1													1		1		1						
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>					1				1					1	1	1		1					1	
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>														1				1	1					
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>															1	1		1	1	1				
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>								1							1	1		1	1	1				
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>	1			1					1	1								1		1				
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>	1	1										1						1	1	1				
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>									1				1	1				1	1					
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>		1					1						1					1	1	1	1			
	11	6	8	1	6	2	1	3	10	1	6	4	5	7	3	17	1	29	17	9	1	2	1	4
	31%	17%	22%	3%	17%	6%	3%	8%	28%	3%	17%	11%	14%	19%	8%	47%	3%	81%	47%	25%	3%	6%	3%	11%

Table 5. Brigadists Group: Devices (3 of 4).

Poet and title	Temporal location	Spatial location	Hospital scenario	War scenario	Urban scenario	Nature	Symbolism of the earth	Title in Spanish	Inverted word order	Emphasis using negative particle at the beginning of the sentence	No punctuation marks.	Invent new words converting a noun into an adjective	Spaces meaning pauses	Epigraph	Documentary / Narrative style	Conversational / Confessional style	Acknowledgment / Dedication	Prologue, five sections and epilogue.	Untitled
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>				1															
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>		1		1	1														
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>				1		1													
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>				1							1								
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>															1				
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>												1							
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>				1												1	1		
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>																1			
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>	1	1		1											1				
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>				1					1									1	
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>				1		1										1			
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>	1	1	1													1			
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>	1	1		1												1			
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>				1			1								1				
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>	1	1		1									1						
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>	1	1		1		1					1				1				
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>										1								1	
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>				1												1			
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>	1	1				1										1			
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>				1												1			
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>		1		1				1								1			
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>	1															1	1		
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>				1		1				1				1			1		
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>																1	1		
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>	1	1		1		1											1		
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>	1	1		1		1								1	1		1		
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>				1		1										1	1	1	
Seligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>				1		1										1			1
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>				1		1										1			
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>				1		1											1		
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>				1		1									1	1			
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>				1												1			
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>			1			1									1	1			
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>				1	1										1				
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>	1	1	1	1											1				
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>	1					1													
	11	11	3	26	2	14	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	9	18	9	1	1
	31%	31%	8%	72%	6%	39%	3%	3%	3%	6%	6%	3%	3%	6%	25%	50%	25%	3%	3%

Table 5. Brigadists Group: Devices (4 of 4).

6.3.4. Brigadist Group: Theme

Poet and title	Harshness of war	Fear	War and death are ordinary	Men maintain dignity in spite of being prisoners	Imprisonment	Ordinary things are important in prison	Death is ugly	Not so quiet front	Heart is symbol of friendship	Conflict between ideals and reality	Antifascist ideology	Their sacrifice was not in vain	Economic interests provoke war	They fight for freedom as their ancestors did.	No privileges among the ranks	Pacifism before the reality of war	A homage to his dead comrades	From death to hope	Moorish involvement in Spanish war
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>	1	1	1																
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>	1		1																
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>				1	1														
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>					1	1													
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>							1	1			1								
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>	1								1	1									
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>											1	1					1		
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>													1						
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>	1													1	1	1			
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>												1					1		
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>	1										1	1						1	
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>																			1
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>																			
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>	1		1																
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>							1												
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>			1																
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>											1								
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>																			
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>												1							
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>																			
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>																			
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>												1							
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>			1								1						1		
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>											1								
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>			1														1		
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>			1																
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>	1										1								
Selligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>	1										1								
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>			1																
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>	1																		
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>																			
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>																			
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>																			
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>																			
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>																			
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>																			
	9	1	8	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	8	5	1	1	1	1	4	1	1
	25%	3%	22%	3%	6%	3%	6%	3%	3%	3%	22%	14%	3%	3%	3%	3%	11%	3%	3%

Table 6. Brigadists Group:Theme (1 of 2).

Poet and title	Colonialism	No racial discrimination in Spain	The Earth is important	Ironic song raises spirit	Despite war they maintain their morale	A call to arms	Encouragement to fight for freedom	Death is a return to birth in nature	Love	Brigadists must follow an illogical command knowing their sacrifice will be senseless	Epic fall of Asturias	The brigadist wants to calm the young recruits	The beach represents a turning point for the recuperating soldiers	The sinking of the steamship and the death of the brigadist	Antithesis between life and death in the hospital	Betrayal
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>																
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>																
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>																
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>																
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>																
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>																
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>																
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>																
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>																
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>																
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>																
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>	1	1														
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>	1	1														
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>			1													
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>																
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>																
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>																
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>				1	1											
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>																
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>						1	1									
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>							1									
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>																
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>								1								
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrde's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>						1	1		1							
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>								1								
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>														1		
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>								1								
Selligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>										1						1
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>																
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>											1					
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>												1				
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>							1									
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>													1			
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>							1									
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>															1	
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>									1							
	2	2	1	1	1	2	5	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
	6%	6%	3%	3%	3%	6%	14%	8%	6%	3%	3%	3%	3%	3%	3%	3%

Table 6. Brigadists Group: Theme (2 of 2).

6.3.5. Brigadist Group: Tone

Poet and title	Anguish and anxiety	Depressing	First pessimistic, then hopeful	Monotonous	Ironic	Realistic	Impotence and indignation	Tragic	Sharp	Positive	Self-control and instinct in order to survive	Confusion	Idealistic	Ectasy	Encouraging	Heroic	First doubtful , then encouraging	Betraying	Epic	First calm, then despairing	Humorous
Anonymous: <i>Eyes</i>	1																				
Bethune, Norman: <i>I Come from Cuatro Caminos</i>							1														
Branson, Clive: <i>San Pedro</i>		1	1																		
Branson, Clive: <i>Prisoners</i>				1																	
Cornford, John: <i>A Letter from Aragón</i>					1	1															
Donnelly, Charles: <i>Heroic Heart</i>	1					1	1	1													
Elliott, M.A. (Lon): <i>Jarama</i>			1												1						
Feeley, Bill: <i>Who wants war?</i>									1												
Green, George: <i>Dressing Station</i>			1																		
Harrington, Bill: <i>To a Fallen Comrade</i>			1																		
Harrington, Bill: <i>In an Olive Grove</i>			1							1											
Hughes, Langston: <i>Letter from Spain (1937)</i>										1											
Hughes, Langston: <i>Postcard from Spain (1938)</i>										1											
Hutner, Daniel: <i>Written During an AIRPLANE ATTACK</i>	1										1										
Lee, Laurie: <i>A Moment of War</i>	1											1									
Lepper, John: <i>Battle of Jarama 1937</i>	1																				
Levinger, Sam: <i>SAM</i>										1			1								
McDade, Alex: <i>Valley of Jarama</i>					1					1											1
Mac Lean, Tony: <i>Sunrise in the Pyrenees, May 1937</i>										1			1	1							
Miles, Anton: <i>The Turn of the Tide</i>															1	1					
Monks, Joe: <i>Fuente O Venjuna</i>																	1				
O'Brian, Thomas: <i>On Guard for Liberty</i>			1																		
O'Flaherty, Frank: <i>To John Lenthier</i>			1																		
O' Reilly, Pat: <i>A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart</i>			1												1						
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Elegy for Our Dead</i>			1																		
Rolfe, Edwin: <i>Death by Water</i>	1											1									
Rosenstein, Joseph: <i>Twenty of Us</i>					1																
Selligman, Joseph: <i>Untitled</i>	1																	1			
Spender, Stephen: <i>War Photograph</i>																1			1		
Sutcliffe, H.G.: <i>Asturias</i>								1								1			1		
Tomalin, Miles: <i>Wings Overhead</i>															1						
Tomalin, Miles: <i>The Gunner</i>															1						
Warner, Sylvia Townsend: <i>Benicasim</i>																				1	
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Barcelona Nerves</i>															1	1			1		
Wintringham, Tom: <i>British Medical Unit-Granen</i>			1																		
Wintringham, Tom: <i>Summer 1937</i>																				1	
	7	1	10	1	3	2	2	2	1	6	1	2	2	1	6	4	1	1	3	2	1
	19%	3%	28%	3%	8%	6%	6%	6%	3%	17%	3%	6%	6%	3%	17%	11%	3%	3%	8%	6%	3%

Table 7. Brigadists Group: Tone.

6.3.6. Retrospective Group: Criteria

Poet and title	Support for Spanish Republic	Denoucement of the bombing of a city	First-hand experience of war	Published after the war	Dedication to a dead comrade	Brigadist	War Correspondent	Translator	Clerk for medical Bureau	Issued the survey	Fight against elements of nature	Nostalgia for comrades	A black brigadist	Victim of the HUAC	Confront the ghosts of war again
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>	1	1	1						1						
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>			1	1		1									
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesa, April 1938</i>			1	1		1									
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>			1	1	1	1						1		1	
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>	1	1	1				1			1					
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>			1	1		1									
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>			1	1		1					1				
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>		1	1		1	1									
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>			1	1		1						1			
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>			1					1							1
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>			1	1			1								1
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>	1	1	1				1								
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>			1	1		1							1		
	3	4	13	8	2	8	3	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	2
	23%	31%	100%	62%	15%	62%	23%	8%	8%	8%	8%	15%	8%	8%	15%

Table 8. Retrospective Group: Criteria.

6.3.7. Retrospective Group: Devices

Poet and title	One or more than one stanzas	Fragmented structure	Ballad	Irregular structure	Free verse	Elegy	Quatians	Quintet	Refrain	Envelope rhyme	Irregular rhyme	Imperfect rhyme	Masculine rhyme	Alliteration
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>		1			1									
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>	1				1									
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesá, April 1938</i>	1											1	1	
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>					1			1						
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>	1				1									
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>			1				1						1	
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>	1											1		
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>	1				1									
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>	1						1							
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>						1	1			1				
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>	1				1		1	1	1					
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>	1						1				1			1
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>	1			1							1	1		
	9	1	1	1	6	1	5	2	1	1	2	3	2	1
	69%	8%	8%	8%	46%	8%	38%	15%	8%	8%	15%	23%	15%	8%

Table 9. Retrospective Group: Devices (1 of 4)

Poet and title	One speaking voice	One narrator and another voice	All lines begin with capital letters	Use of pronouns	Synecdoche	Metonymy	Allusion	Repetition	Comparison	Metaphor	Simile	Symbolism	Anaphora	Enjambment
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>	1										1			1
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>	1		1	1					1		1			1
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesa, April 1938</i>	1		1	1										
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>		1		1						1				1
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>		1	1	1		1	1							
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>	1			1						1				1
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>	1			1				1	1			1	1	1
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>		1	1					1				1	1	
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>	1			1	1	1				1		1		1
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>	1		1	1			1			1		1		1
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>	1			1						1				1
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>	1		1									1	1	1
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>	1		1							1				1
	10	3	7	9	1	2	2	2	2	6	2	5	3	10
	77%	23%	54%	69%	8%	15%	15%	15%	15%	46%	15%	38%	23%	77%

Table 9. Retrospective Group: Devices (2 of 4)

Poet and title	Irony	Antithesis	Personification	Non-finite verbs	Change in word order	Explanatory notes	Indented margin	Rhetoric question	Foreign words	Visual imagery	Auditory imagery	Tactile imagery	Gustatory imagery	Olfactory imagery	Temporal location
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>										1					1
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>	1								1	1	1	1			1
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesca, April 1938</i>					1					1					1
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>						1	1		1	1	1	1			
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>	1							1	1	1	1				
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>			1						1	1	1				
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>			1						1	1	1	1	1	1	
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>			1	1						1	1	1			
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>		1	1		1					1	1				1
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>						1		1		1	1				1
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>				1						1					1
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>		1	1							1	1	1			
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>			1							1					
	2	2	6	2	2	2	1	2	5	13	9	5	1	1	6
	15%	15%	46%	15%	15%	15%	8%	15%	38%	100%	69%	38%	8%	8%	46%

Table 9. Retrospective Group: Devices (3 of 4)

Poet and title	Spatial location	Nature	War scenario	Urban scenario	Nouns used as verbs	Simple diction	Documentary / Narrative style	Conversational / Confessional style	Acknowledgment / Dedication	Rhetoric style
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>	1	1	1	1	1		1			
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>	1		1			1		1		
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesa, April 1938</i>	1		1			1		1		
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>		1	1	1		1		1	1	
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>			1	1			1			
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>		1	1			1	1			
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>		1	1				1			
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>	1	1	1	1			1			
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>	1	1	1				1	1		1
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>	1		1					1		
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>			1			1		1		
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>	1	1	1				1			
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>		1	1				1			
	7	8	13	4	1	5	8	6	1	1
	54%	62%	100%	31%	8%	38%	62%	46%	8%	8%

Table 9. Retrospective Group: Devices (4 of 4)

6.3.8. Retrospective Group: Theme

Poet and title	Civilians are watchful for death as death comes from the sky	Hope which cannot be destroyed rises from hate and death	Death is ordinary	Brigadists' death are not in vain	Time and war change the brigadists' mood	Brigadists' ideals neither died, nor were lost	Is killing innocent civilians worthwhile?	The atmosphere of defeat	Harshness of war	Brigadist remembers his comrades suffering in Spain	Death is a return to birth	The brigadists gave all they had, their lives	World War II is coming	Confront the ghosts of war again
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>	1	1							1					
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>			1	1					1					
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesa, April 1938</i>			1		1				1	1				
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>				1		1			1			1		
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>			1				1		1				1	
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>								1	1					
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>			1					1	1					
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>									1	1				
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>				1		1					1			
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>			1						1			1	1	1
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>			1						1			1	1	1
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>						1			1			1		
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>			1					1	1					
	1	1	7	3	1	3	1	3	12	2	1	4	3	2
	8%	8%	54%	23%	8%	23%	8%	23%	92%	15%	8%	31%	23%	15%

Table 10. Retrospective Group: Theme.

6.3.9. Retrospective Group: Tone

Poet and title	First pessimistic, then optimistic	Despairing, hopeless, sad	Nostalgic
Ackland, Valentine: <i>Valencia July 1937</i>	1		
Baley, Barney: <i>Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938</i>	1		
Baley, Barney: <i>Gandesa, April 1938</i>		1	
Bessie, Alvah: <i>For My Dead Brother</i>	1		
Cunard, Nancy: <i>To eat-To-Day</i>		1	
Gresham, William Lindsay: <i>Last Kilometer</i>		1	
Jump, James: <i>Sun over the Front</i>		1	
Marshall, David: <i>Retrospective</i>		1	1
Martin, David: <i>Jarama Ten Years</i>	1		1
Palmer, Aileen: <i>The Dead Have No Regrets</i>	1		
Rukeyser, Muriel: <i>1/26/39</i>		1	
Sheean, Vincent: <i>Puigcerdà</i>	1		
Yates, James: <i>Spanish Hands</i>		1	
	6	7	2
	46%	54%	15%

Table 11. Retrospective Group: Tone.

6.3.10. Abroad Group: Criteria

Poet and title	Criticism and denouncement of the appeasement policy	Support for the Spanish Republic	Dedication to the dead brigadists	Poem written by a woman	Support of the brigadists	An address to the bankers to whom the Spanish Republic owns money	The censored editor does not publish demoralising news	A call to arms	Strength of Spanish women who built barricades for defence	Connection with the Great War	Propaganda	Remembering the poet Federico García Lorca
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>	1	1									1	
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>		1	1									
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>		1		1								
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>		1			1							
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>	1	1									1	
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>	1	1										
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>	1	1										
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>	1	1										
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>		1			1			1				
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>		1				1						
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>	1	1										
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>		1					1					
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>		1		1				1				
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>	1	1						1				
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>	1	1										
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>		1							1			
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>	1	1										
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>		1						1				
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>		1								1		
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>		1									1	
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>		1			1							
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>		1			1			1				
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>		1										1
	9	23	1	2	4	1	1	5	1	1	3	1
	39%	100%	4%	9%	17%	4%	4%	22%	4%	4%	13%	4%

Tabla 12. Abroad Group: Criteria.

6.3.11. Abroad Group: Devices

Poet and title	One or more stanzas	Apostrophe	Free verse	Elegy	Sonnet	Couplets	Tercets	Quatrains	Quintet	Octets	Written in the form of a letter	Irregular Rhyme	Imperfect rhyme	Perfect rhyme	Consonant rhyme	Masculine rhyme
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>	1		1						1							
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>		1								1			1	1		1
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>	1							1							1	1
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>	1							1				1				1
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>	1				1											1
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>	1		1													
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>			1													
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>	1		1													
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>	1							1				1	1			
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>	1										1					1
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>	1		1													
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>	1		1													
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>	1						1									
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>	1		1													
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>	1		1													
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>	1		1													
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>	1							1								
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>					1							1				
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>	1							1				1	1			
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>	1		1													
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>	1			1		1										
Swimgler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>				1								1				
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>	1		1													
	19	1	11	2	2	1	1	5	1	1	1	5	3	1	1	5
	83%	4%	48%	9%	9%	4%	4%	22%	4%	4%	4%	22%	13%	4%	4%	22%

Table 13. Abroad Group: Devices (1 of 5).

Poet and title	Alliteration	Tetrameter rhythm	Syncopated rhythm	Sprung rhythm	Refrain	One speaking persona	One speaking persona and another voice	Spanish voice / vocabulary	All lines begin with capital letter	Emphatic use of capital letters	Use of pronouns	Metonymy
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>						1			1	1		1
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>						1			1			
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>	1					1			1			
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>		1				1			1		1	
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>						1			1			
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>			1			1			1	1		
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>						1					1	
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>						1						
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>						1			1		1	
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>						1			1		1	
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>						1		1	1		1	
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>							1		1		1	
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>						1			1		1	
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>				1	1	1			1		1	
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>						1			1		1	
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>						1			1		1	
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>		1			1	1			1		1	
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>						1			1		1	
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>						1			1		1	
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>	1						1			1		
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>						1			1		1	
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>	1					1			1		1	
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>	1					1			1		1	
	4	2	1	1	2	21	2	1	20	3	16	1
	17%	9%	4%	4%	9%	91%	9%	4%	87%	13%	70%	4%

Table 13. Abroad Group: Devices (2 of 5).

Poet and title	Allusion	Repetition	Parallelism	Paradox	Comparison	Exaggeration	Metaphor	Caesura	Symbolism	Anaphora	Enjambment	Irony	Personification	Zoomorphism	Visual imagery	Visual imagery of carnage
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>	1						1				1		1	1	1	
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>	1						1				1				1	
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>											1		1		1	
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>															1	
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>										1					1	
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>	1				1							1			1	1
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>		1			1		1		1						1	
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>		1		1		1		1			1				1	
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>											1					
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>			1		1					1	1	1				
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>	1				1				1		1	1		1	1	
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>															1	
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>							1	1			1		1		1	1
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>	1	1	1							1					1	1
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>		1					1		1					1	1	
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>			1							1	1		1		1	
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>			1								1				1	
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>	1				1		1	1	1		1				1	
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>	1				1				1					1	1	
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>		1	1				1						1		1	
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>	1						1					1				
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>	1										1		1		1	
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>					1										1	
	9	5	5	1	7	1	8	3	5	4	12	4	6	4	20	3
	39%	22%	22%	4%	30%	4%	35%	13%	22%	17%	52%	17%	26%	17%	87%	13%

Table 13. Abroad Group: Devices (3 of 5).

Poet and title	Auditory imagery	Tactile imagery	Photografic imagery	Nature	War scenario	Urban scenario	Complex sentences	Rhetoric question	Rhetoric Style	Lyrical Style	Simple diction	Documentary / Narrative style	Conversational / Confessional style	Satire	Dedication	Temporal location
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>	1		1		1	1		1		1						1
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>	1		1		1			1	1				1		1	
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>		1		1	1	1		1			1					
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>				1	1			1					1			
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>	1								1							1
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>			1		1	1	1	1						1		1
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>	1				1							1				
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>				1	1			1	1			1		1		
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>				1	1			1	1				1			1
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>	1	1			1			1					1			1
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>													1			
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>	1		1	1	1			1				1				
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>	1			1	1			1					1			
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>	1	1			1			1	1				1			
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>								1	1							
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>	1		1		1	1		1					1			
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>					1			1			1		1			
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>													1			1
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>	1		1		1											
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>	1		1			1			1				1			
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>	1		1	1	1										1	
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>				1	1								1			
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>					1										1	
	12	3	8	8	18	5	1	14	7	1	2	3	12	2	3	6
	52%	13%	35%	35%	78%	22%	4%	61%	30%	4%	9%	13%	52%	9%	13%	26%

Table 13. Abroad Group: Devices (4 of 5).

Poet and title	Spatial location	Exclamatory sentences	Call and response	Non-finite verbs	Inversion of adjectives and nouns	Spacing between stanzas meaning pauses	Emphasis using negative particle at the beginning of the sentence
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>							
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>							
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>							
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>							
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>	1						
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>							
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>							
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>							
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>	1						
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>							
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>							
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>		1					
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>			1	1			
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>			1				
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>		1		1			
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>							
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>							
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>					1		
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>							
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>						1	
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>							
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>							1
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>							
	2	2	2	2	1	1	1
	9%	9%	9%	9%	4%	4%	4%

Table 13. Abroad Group: Devices (5 of 5).

6.3.12. Abroad Group: Theme

Poet and title	Criticism and denouncement of the appeasement policy	People fear the bombings	Dedication to /support for the brigadists	An address to the bankers to understand the situation of the Spanish people	Censorship of the press by the Republic	Why must the young soldiers die?	Women of Spain who fight for their freedom	The titanic fight of the Spanish people for their freedom	Overcoming the post-traumatic shock of fighting in the Great War	Call to arms	Fight against fascism	Death of innocent children
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>	1											
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>	1		1									
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>		1										
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>			1									
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>	1											
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>	1											
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>	1											
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>	1											
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>			1							1		
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>				1								
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>	1											
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>					1	1						
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>										1		
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>	1											
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>	1											
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>							1					
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>	1											
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>	1							1				
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>									1			
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>										1	1	
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>			1									
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>			1							1		
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>												1
	11	1	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	1	1
	48%	4%	22%	4%	4%	4%	4%	4%	4%	17%	4%	4%

Table 14. Abroad Group : Theme.

6.3.13. Abroad Group: Tone

Poet and title	Impotence and horror	Hopeful	Sympathetic to the brigadists and their ideals	Indignation	First hopeful, then pessimistic	Pessimistic	Despair	Epic	Anger	Encouraging	First sad, then hopeful	Ironic
Berryman, John: <i>Nineteen Thirty-Eight</i>												1
Brinnin, John Malcom: <i>For a Young Poet Died in Spain</i>											1	
Davidman, Joy: <i>Snow in Madrid</i>		1										
Day-Lewis, Cecil: <i>The Volunteer</i>			1									
Dunham Barrows: <i>Neutrality</i>												1
Fearing, Kenneth: <i>The Program</i>												1
Funaroff, Sol: <i>The Bull in the Olive Field</i>	1			1					1			
Grigson, Geoffrey: <i>The Non-Interveners</i>				1			1					1
Heinemann, Margot: <i>This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)</i>					1							
Howard, Brian: <i>For those with investments in Spain</i>												1
Jeffers, Robinson: <i>Sinverguenza</i>				1		1						
Leslie, Kenneth: <i>The Censored Editor</i>							1					
Livesay, Dorothy: <i>Man Asleep</i>		1						1				
Macleish, Archibald: <i>The Spanish Lie</i>									1			
Millay, Edna St. Vincent: <i>Say that we saw Spain die</i>	1								1			
Millet, Martha: <i>Women of Spain</i>										1		
Peacock, Herbert L. <i>Ship for Spain</i>				1					1			
Porter, Kenneth: <i>¡Salud!</i>								1		1		
Read, Herbert: <i>The Heart Conscripted</i>											1	
Rosten, Norman: <i>The March</i>										1		
Stevens, Wallace: <i>Men that Are Falling</i>												1
Swingler, Randal: <i>They Live</i>										1		
Taggard, Genevieve: <i>Noncombatants</i>	1					1						
	3	2	1	4	1	2	2	2	4	4	2	6
	13%	9%	4%	17%	4%	9%	9%	9%	17%	17%	9%	26%

Table 15. Abroad Group: Tone.

6.3.14. *Summary*

Tables 4-15 display the data of the four categories: Criteria, Devices, Theme and Tone for the three groups of poets in our research: the Brigadist, Retrospective and Abroad Groups. The last two lines of each table reflect the total number of times the variables have been used in each category and the corresponding percentage. The percentage has been calculated based on the specific use of a variable out of the total number of poems in each group. One poem may have several variables. Therefore, the percentages may or may not total 100% because the different variables are not necessarily complementary.

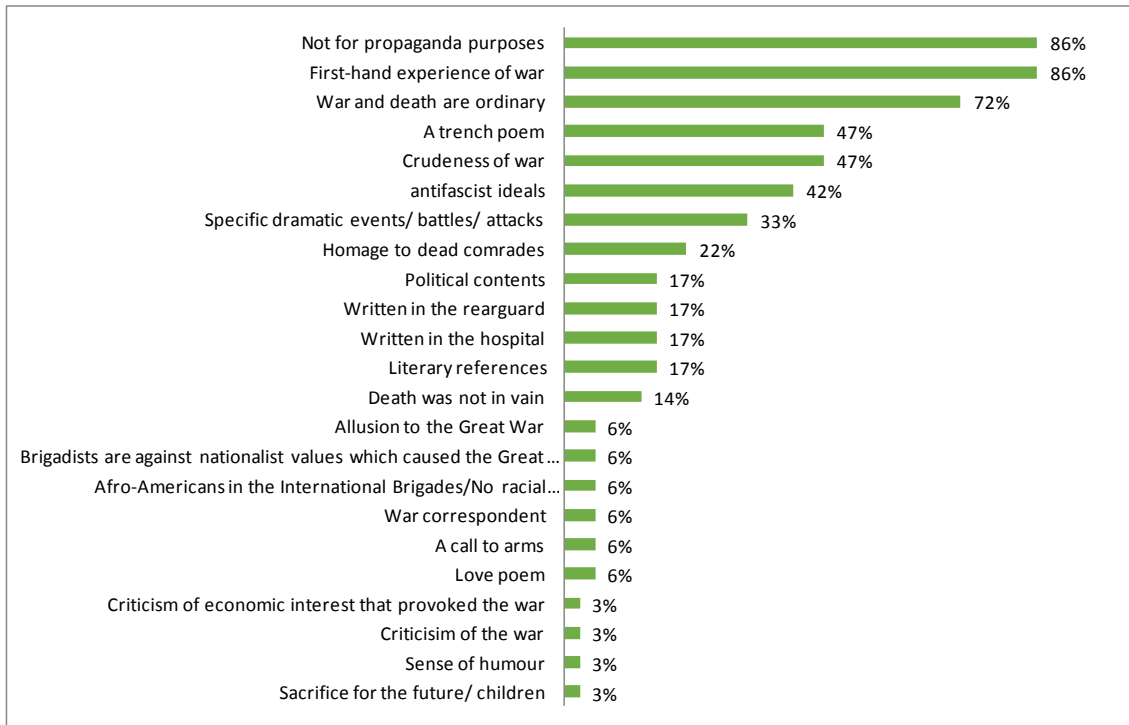
6.4. Brigadist Group, Retrospective Group and Abroad Group (Graphs)

6.4.1. Preface

In continuation, the following Graphs will be self-explanatory and reflect the data obtained from Tables 4-15, providing specific numbers and summarized percentages of the results. Therefore, the following Graphs will be numbered from 1 to 12, with each graph corresponding to Tables 4-15, consecutively. As has been said previously, the percentages may or may not total 100% because the variables are not complementary. These graphs will allow us to compare and interpret the information from each group of poets.

As the graphs display the data, we will give a brief listing of the most relevant percentages for each one. Henceforth, Section 6.4, The Comparison of the Results of the Tables and Graphs of the Three Groups of Poets, will provide further insights.

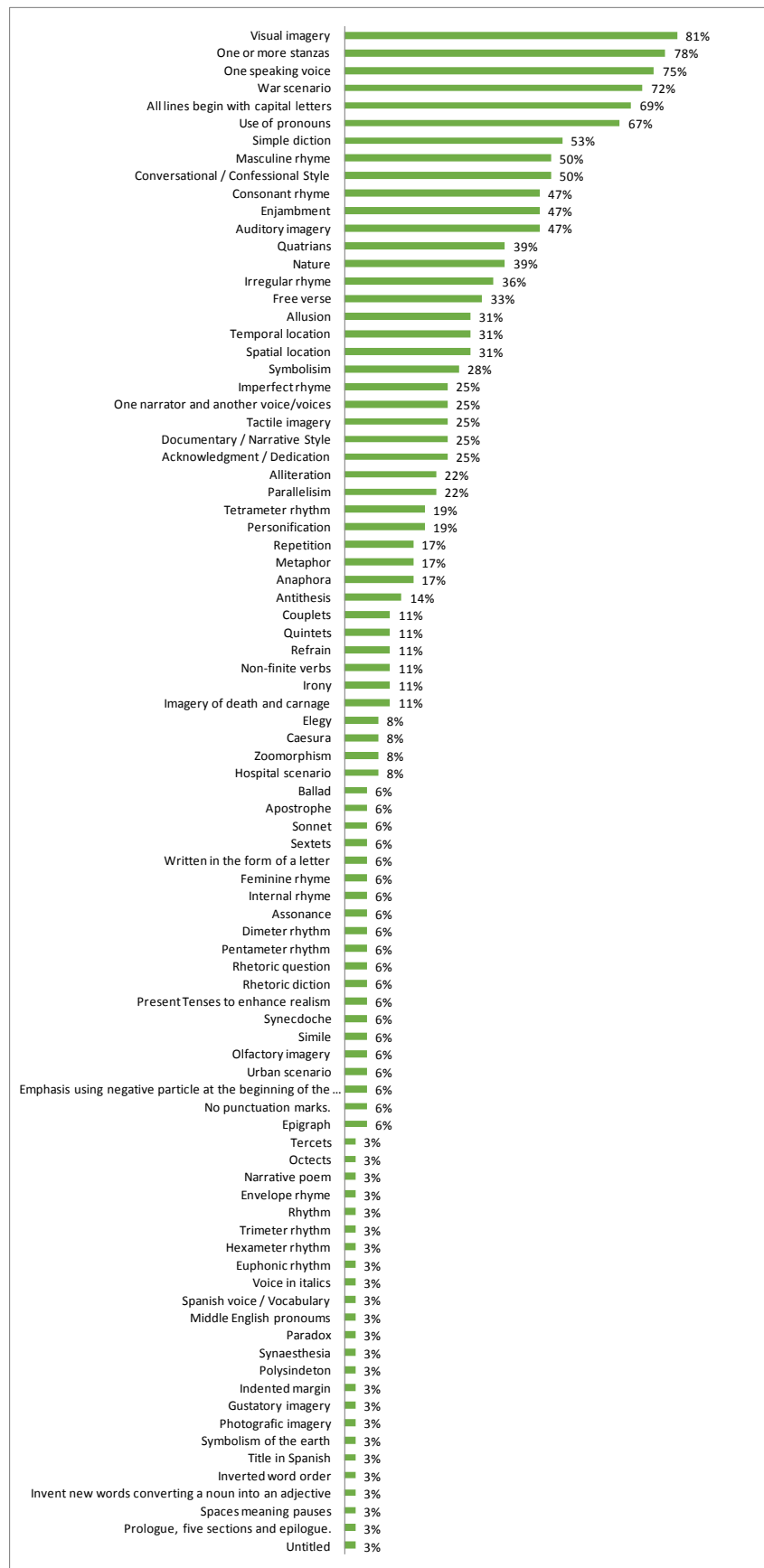
6.4.2. Brigadist Group: Criteria



Graph 1. Brigadist Group: Criteria. (see Table 4).

The most notable criteria are that 86% of the poems were not written for propaganda purposes; on the contrary, 86% depict the brigadists' firsthand experiences of war. They poured their traumatic experiences as shock-force fighters into words. The idea that war and death are ordinary reaches 72%. Nearly half of the poems were written as trench poems (47%) and about the crudeness of war (47%); poems containing the criterion antifascist ideals reaches 42%, and others which were written while brigadists were convalescing in the hospital are 17%.

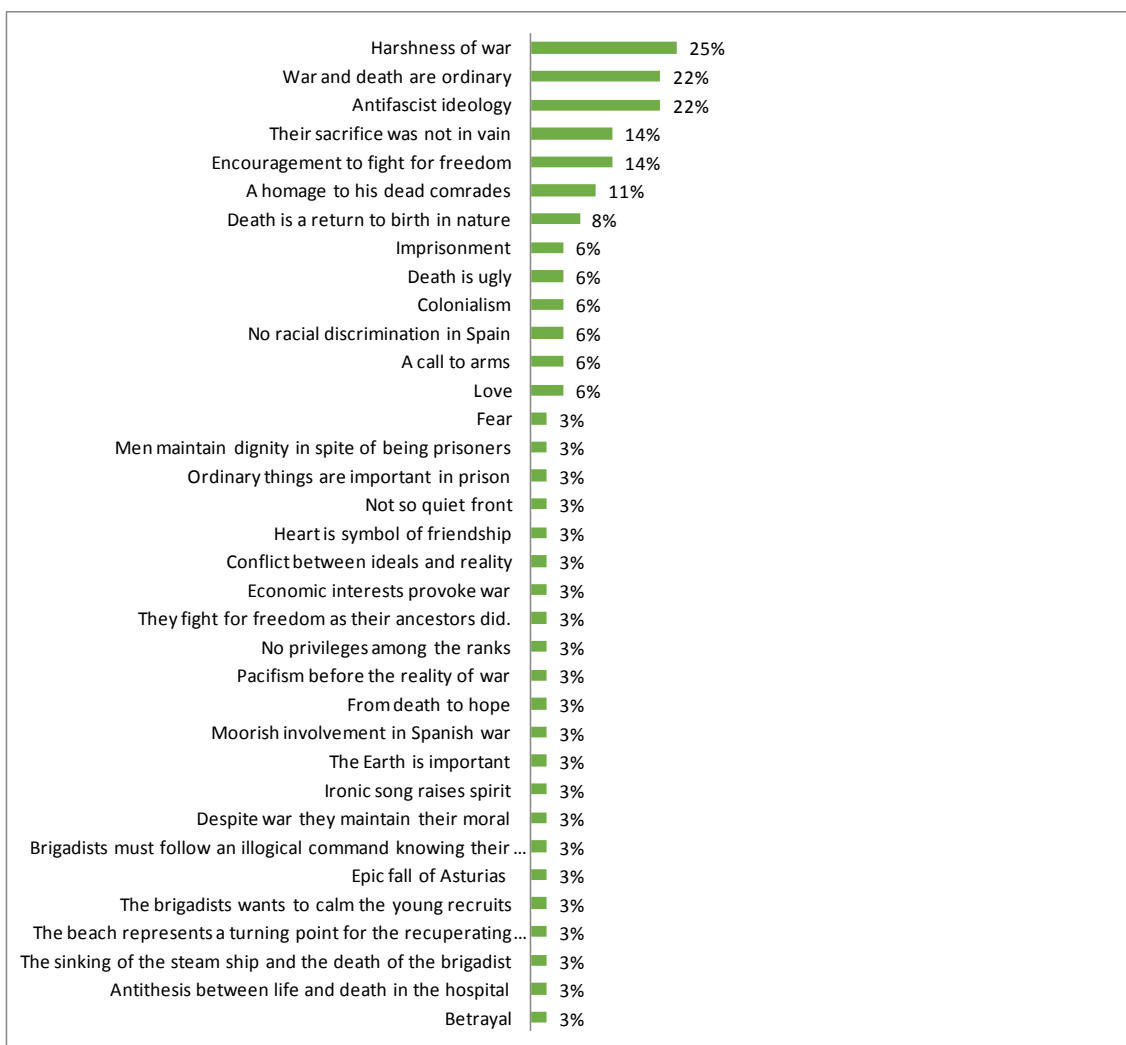
6.4.3. Brigadist Group: Devices



Graph 2. Brigadist Group: Devices. (see Table 5).

The experience of war is far from normal daily situations. The brigadists and war correspondents fought or witnessed the Spanish war; therefore, the contents of their poems can depict any aspect of this traumatic experience. The brigadists themselves narrate with their own voice (75%), using simple diction (53%) and all the sensory imageries: visual imagery (81%), auditory imagery (47%), tactile (25%), olfactory (6%) and gustatory (3%) to describe the war scenario (72%). In order to recreate the atmosphere and the emotions they suffered during the war, this group of poets also used figurative language devices, such as enjambment (47%), symbolism (28%), literary allusion (31%), alliteration (22%), personification (19%), parallelism (22%), irony (11%) and zoomorphism (8%), among others.

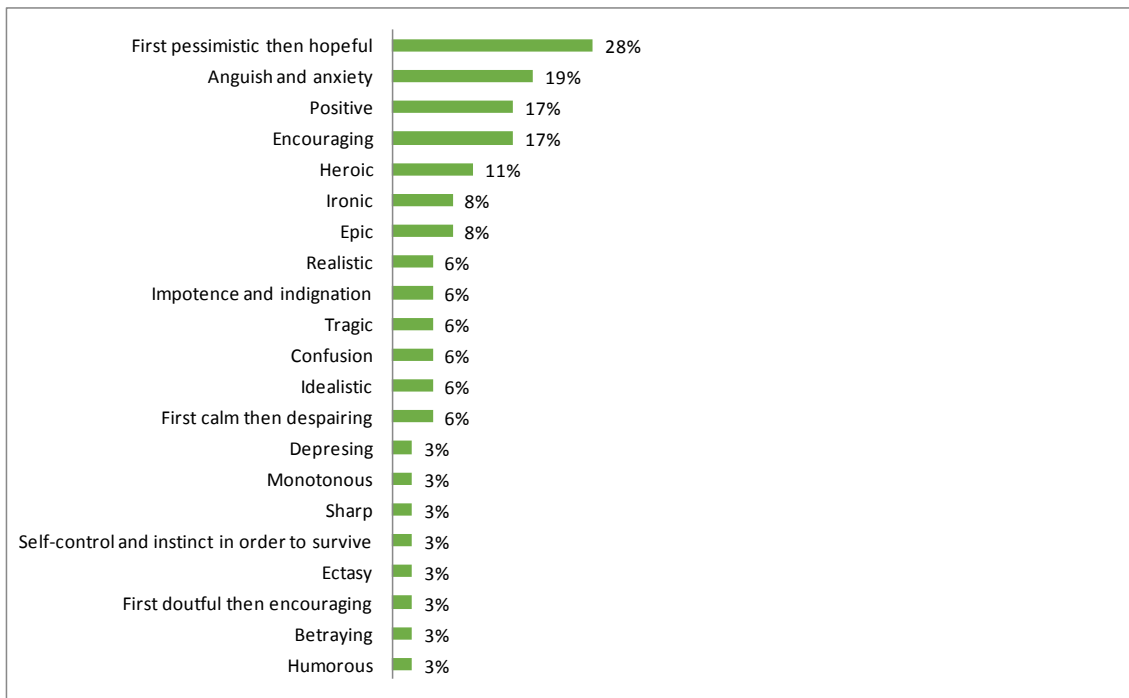
6.4.4. *Brigadist Group: Theme*



Graph 3. Brigadist Group: Theme. (see Table 6).

The themes collect many aspects about the experiences the brigadists had during the Spanish Civil War. The main topics are the brutality of war (25%), antifascist ideology (22%) and that of war and death are ordinary with 22%. There is 14% of encouragement to fight for freedom and their sacrifice was not in vain. As there were so many casualties, there were homages to dead comrades (11%) and there is an eight percent dealing with the idea that death is a return to birth in nature. There are many issues, such as a call to arms, betrayal, the epic fall of Asturias, no privileges among the ranks, the economic interest of the bankers and maintaining dignity in spite of being prisoners. Not everything was so negative; there were also love poems (6%).

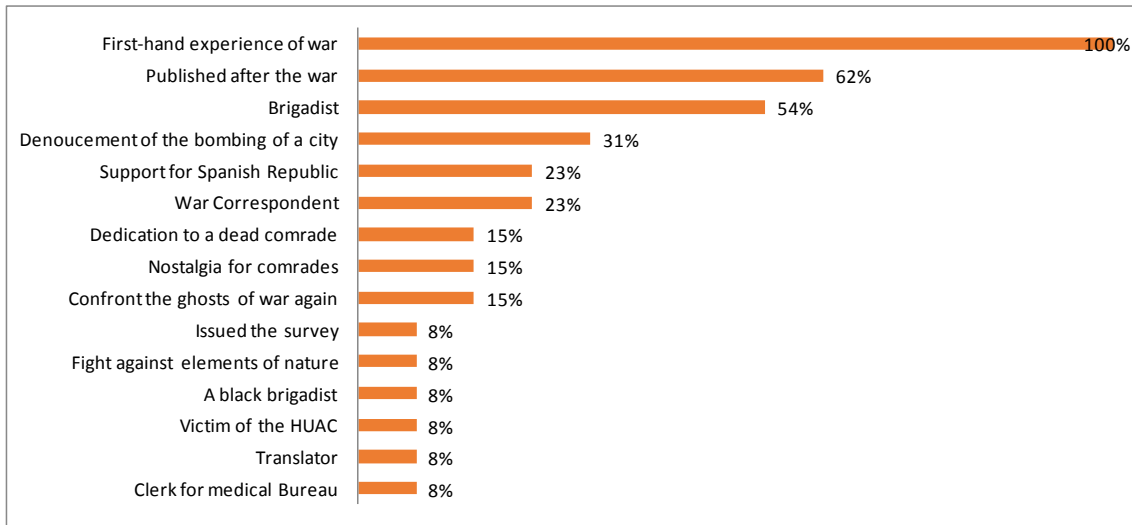
6.4.5. Brigadist Group: Tone



Graph 4. Brigadist Group: Tone. (see Table 7).

Twenty-eight percent of the poems deal with the tone, first pessimistic then hopeful. Poems of anguish and anxiety (19%) compare with the poems which are encouraging and positive, both 17%. All other emotions are reflected, from humor, idealism and ecstasy, to tragedy, impotence and depressing feelings.

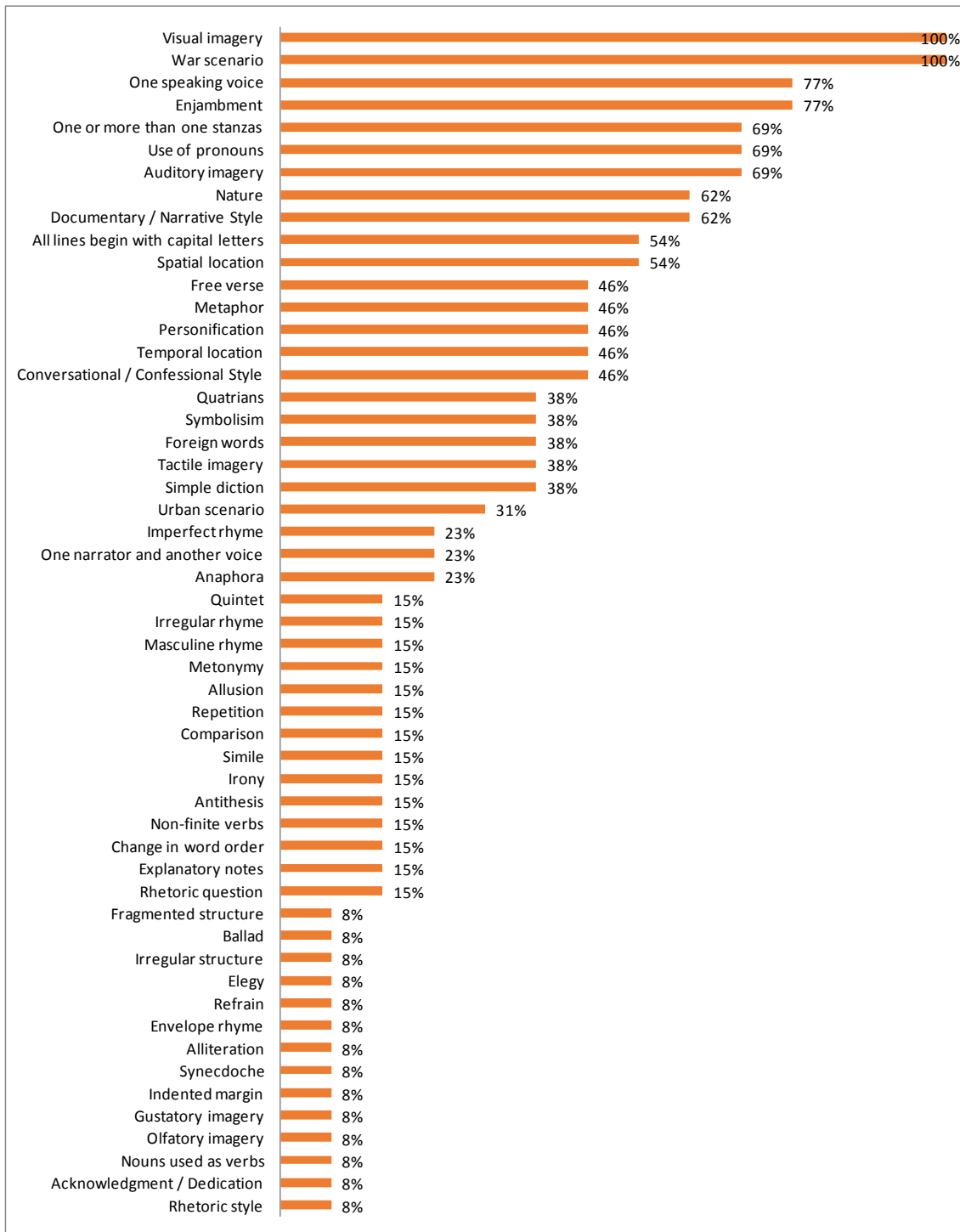
6.4.6. *Retrospective Group: Criteria*



Graph 5. Retrospective Group: Criteria. (see Table 8).

The criteria collect any aspect about an experience in those who had fought or had witnessed war firsthand. In this case we can see that 100% had this firsthand experience. Sixty-two percent of the poems were written by brigadists who had actually fought in the war; the other poets were war correspondents (23%), a translator (8%) or a clerk for the medical bureau (8%). More than half of the poems (62%) were published after the war. Other aspects have been taken into account, such as support for the Spanish Republic, a poem written by a black brigadist or a dedication to a dead comrade.

6.4.7. Retrospective Group: Devices



Graph 6. Retrospective Group: Devices. (see Table 9).

The poets use one speaking voice in 77% of the cases, using visual imagery (100%), as well as 100% to describe the war scenario. Due to this firsthand experience, they use the spatial location device in 54% of the poems and the temporal location 46% of the time. There is 46% of free verse and 38% of the use of simple diction; use of pronouns is 69%, documentary/narrative style is 62% and conversational/confessional

style is 46%. There are large percentages of different kinds of sensorial imagery in order to recreate and remember the scenario where they lived those experiences. Nature appears in 62% of the poems, since the participants were directly involved in the battle zone.

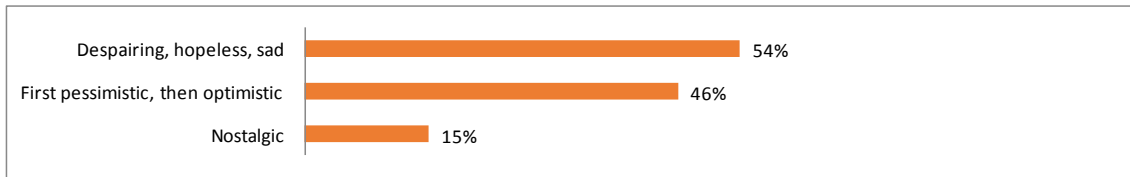
6.4.8. Retrospective Group: Theme



Graph 7. Retrospective Group: Theme. (see Table 10).

The harshness of war is by far the outstanding theme with 92%. More than half the poems (54%) deal with the idea that death is ordinary. As most of the poets in this group were brigadists, they dedicated poems to the memory of their comrades; there is 31% dealing with the topic the brigadists gave all that they had, even their own lives, and 23% remembering that their deaths were not in vain. The Brigadists' ideals neither died, nor were lost is 23%.

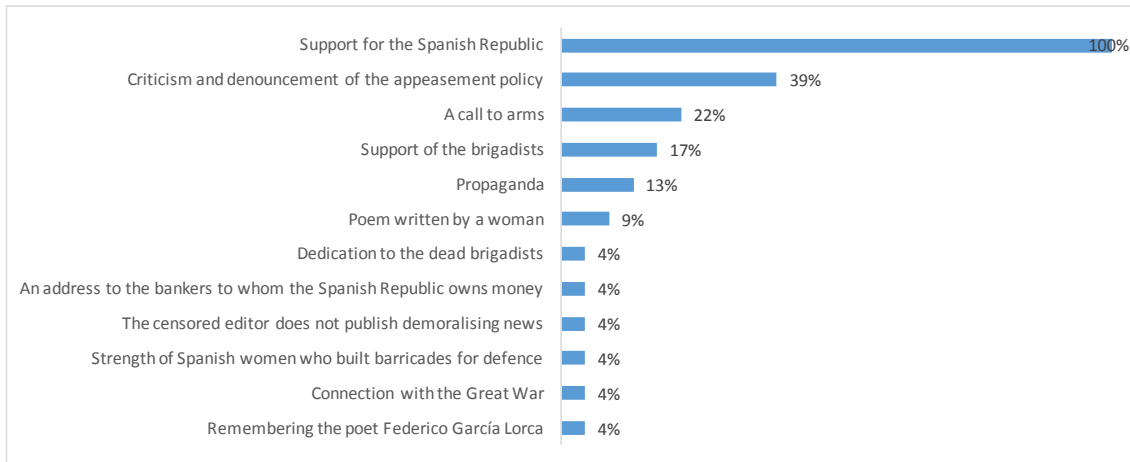
6.4.9. Retrospective Group: Tone



Graph 8. Retrospective Group: Tone. (see Table 11).

More than half of the poems (54%) are despairing, hopeless and sad which are normal emotions for men who have gone through the experience of war, and also for the war correspondents who followed them and reported the events. Other poems (46%) have a pessimistic tone first, but at the end they have some optimism because the fight of the brigadists was not in vain or they hoped the Republic could be freed from the non-intervention agreement. Nostalgia for their comrades is expressed in 15% of the poems.

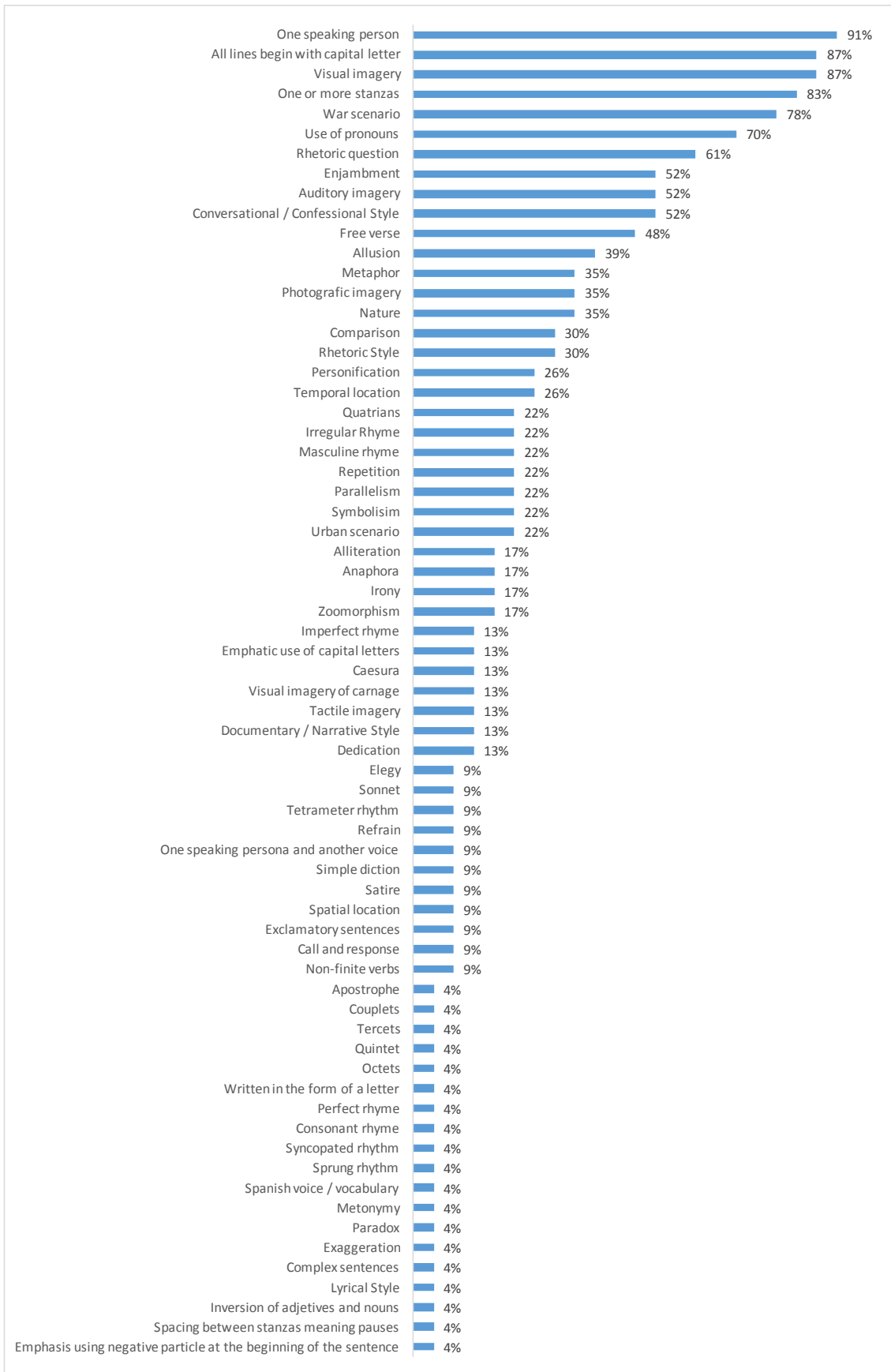
6.4.10. Abroad Group: Criteria



Graph 9. Abroad Group: Criteria. (see Table 9).

The criteria for choosing the poems written from abroad show there is a 100% support for the Spanish Republic. Thirty-nine percent of the poems criticise and denounce the appeasement policy. This is followed by a call to arms with 22% and support for the brigadists (17%). It is surprising to note that only 13% of the poems were written with specific propaganda contents. The remaining criteria of four percent or nine percent show that only one or two poems deal with different purposes, such as one in remembrance of the poet García Lorca or the strength of the Spanish women who built barricades for their defence in Madrid.

6.4.11. *Abroad Group: Devices*

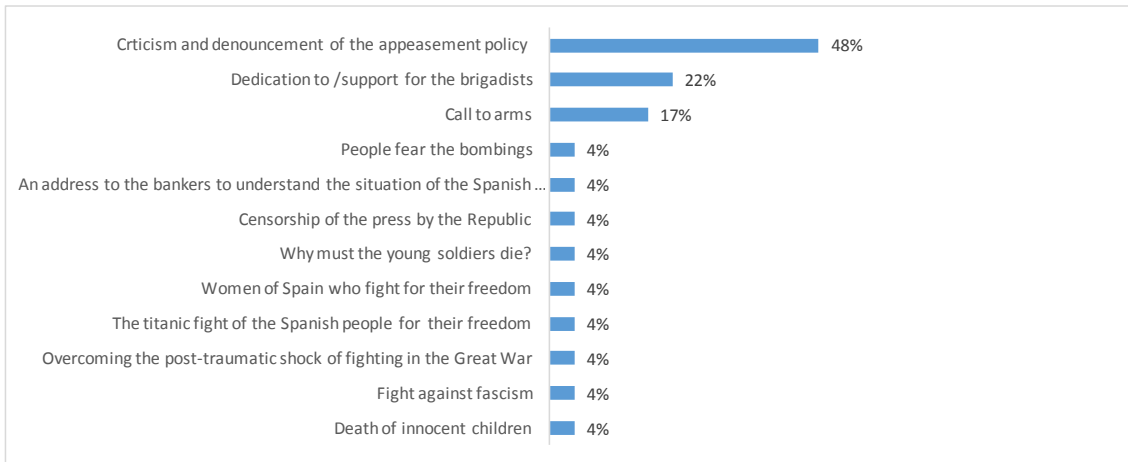


Graph 10. Abroad Group: Devices. (see Table 13).

Ninety-one percent of the poems written by the poets who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad use one speaking persona, probably because the authors are narrating their own ideas, and only nine percent use one speaking persona and another voice. Capital letters at the beginning of all lines are used in 87% of the poems; this is a device remaining from the traditional Georgian or Victorian poetry⁴⁸ Another 83% use one or more stanzas, in some cases without a specific structure. War scenario is used 78%, visual imagery 87% and auditory imagery 52% of the time, depicting vivid pictures to show the world what was happening in Spain. Simple diction is used (22%), as well as, free verse (48%), conversational/confessional style (52%) and documentary/narrative style (13%). Allusion is 39%; this device connects the poems to relevant events or literary works. The use of pronouns reaches 70%, enjambment (52%), metaphor (35%) and nature is important in 35% of the poems. All other devices are less than 30%. It is significant to note the use of different rhymes within the same poem which helps the figurative language enhance the effect of the description of the war scenario in Spain.

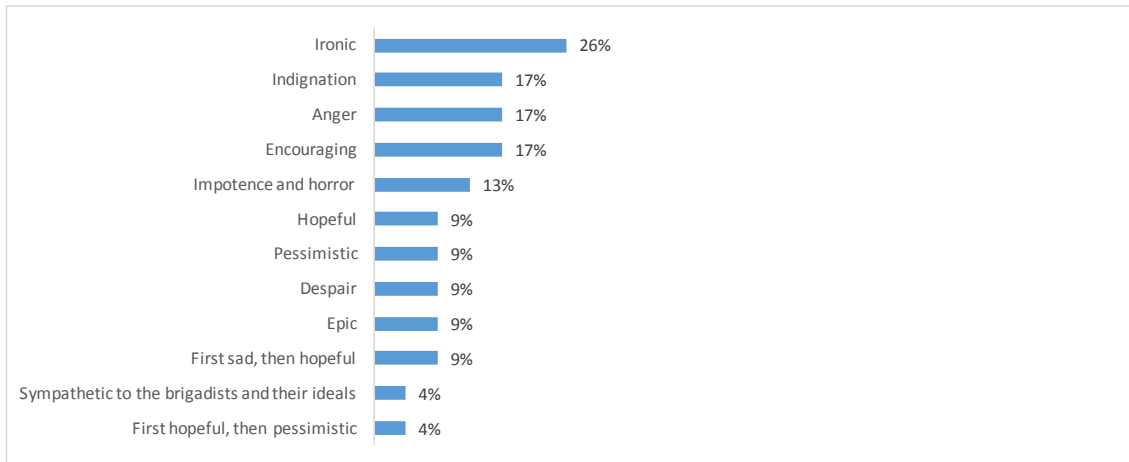
⁴⁸ See Chapter 7.

6.4.12. *Abroad Group: Theme*



Graph 11. Abroad Group: Theme. (see Table 14)

Almost half of the poems (48%) criticise and denounce the appeasement policy, which includes the agreement of non-intervention, the Munich Agreement, and criticism of British politicians, such as Chamberlain. Twenty-two percent is a dedication to or support for the brigadists and 17% being a call to arms, encouraging people to fight for Spain. What we can see is that each other poem has a different theme. The poets wrote about a variety of topics, such as censorship of the press on the republican side in order to prevent the demoralisation of the citizens, people fear the bombings or the death of innocent children.

6.4.13. *Abroad Group: Tone*

Graph 12. Abroad Group: Theme. (see Table 15).

An ironic tone predominates in 26% of the poems, as they are used to denounce the appeasement policy made by the League of Nations against Spain. Seventeen percent are encouraging and another 17% are written with anger and indignation. The tone of despair is nine percent and impotence and horror are 13%. There are others in which the tone of the poem changes, for example from sad to hopeful and the contrary, from hopeful to pessimistic.

6.5. Comparison of the Results of the Tables and Graphs of the Three Groups of Poets

6.5.1 Preface

The legacy of poetry written because of the Spanish Civil War is enormous and all of the poems are relevant and have something to say. However, we could not choose all of them. Therefore we had to make a selection which was not easy. Then our mentor asked the reasons why we chose specific poems for our research. Our criteria for selecting these poems is reflected in Tables 1, 2, 3, 4, 8 and 12 and, as well as, in the Graphs 1, 5 and 9.

6.5.2. Criteria

Even though all the brigadists had firsthand experience, only 86% of their poems specifically represent their involvement in the fighting of the Spanish war. For example, in the Brigadist Group, Sam Levinger's poem speaks about his ideals during the voyage with other brigadists from the United States to Spain and Bill Feeley criticizes the economic interests that provoked the war. Two other poems were written by Stephen Spender and H.G. Sutcliffe; the first was written for propaganda purposes and the second was an epic dedication to Asturias.

The brigadists had been insulted, not only while they were fighting, but also during later decades. Their poems reflect their direct experience of war (86%) and they were not written for propaganda purposes, 86% as well. Another criterion is the idea that war and death are ordinary (72%). There are less percentages of the following: a trench poem and crudeness of war (each 47%) and antifascist ideals (42%). Thirty-three percent deal with specific dramatic events, battles or attacks and 22% are homages to dead comrades. Other criteria which are mentioned are political contents, literary references, being written in the hospital and death was not in vain. What is interesting is that there are also two love poems.

What is noticeable about the Retrospective Group is that 100% had first-hand experience of the war. They wrote their poems because they needed to externalise and write down their emotions and experiences to be able to confront them. Their poems (62%) were published after the war. Sixty-two percent of the poets were brigadists and one was black. Twenty-three percent were war correspondents and showed support for the Spanish Republic; there was also a translator and a clerk for the medical bureau. The poets denounce the bombing of cities 31% of the time. A dedication to dead comrades, nostalgia for them and confronting the ghosts of war are criteria used 15%. One poem (8%) speaks about the fight against the elements of nature. The poem by Nancy Cunard was chosen because she came to Spain as a war correspondent and issued a survey, alongside Stephen Spender and W.H. Auden, in which they asked European authors if they were for or against the Spanish Republic.

The Abroad Group did not participate firsthand, but they did have 100% support for the Spanish Republic. Thirty-nine percent of them criticized and denounced the

appeasement policy. Other criteria are: calls to arms (22%) support for the brigadists, (17%) and propaganda (13%). Two poems (9%) were written by women. There is one poem (4%) of each of the following: a dedication to dead brigadists, an address to bankers, the strength of the Spanish women who built barricades for their defence, a remembrance of Federico García Lorca and connection to the Great War.

6.5.3. *Poetic devices*

Figurative language is a tool used to extend the meaning of ordinary words, giving them a different dimension of understanding. In this case, all these poets needed this kind of language to draw the extraordinary circumstances of the Spanish Civil War; a conflict that brought out the best and the worst of human behaviour. The extensive use of poetical devices, like enjambment, metaphor, allusion, simile, free verse, parallelism, personification and zoomorphism, among others, conveys the reality of war and the human values of those men who, in one sense or another, were involved in the dramatic circumstances of the Spanish war. The experience of war is something which goes beyond the normal experience of life. Therefore, these poets tried to depict this reality into words. On one hand, the brigadists needed to express their experiences and emotions; on the other hand, the poets who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad, focused on emotion and anger in order to provoke indignation. As has been seen in Tables 1, 2, 3, 5, 9, 13, and Graphs 2, 6, 10, their most repeated subject is the denouncement of the appeasement policy, which included the agreement of non-intervention, the hostility of Great Britain against the Spanish Republic and the Munich Agreement, among others. The Retrospective poets use figurative language devices to recreate the atmosphere where they were the protagonists, where they lost their comrades and where they shared the suffering of the civilians.

The combination of classical structures and the natural cadences of the real language of men create tension in the meaning of the poems. Apart from using some classical forms of verse, such as the sonnet, ballad, elegy and apostrophe, the poets used free verse: the Brigadist Group (33%), Retrospective Group (46%) and Abroad Group (48%). This does not necessarily mean that this poetry breaks with the classical poetry; instead, some poems from each group alternate free verse and rhyme or rhythm in their stanzas, the number of lines varies and there are no punctuation marks in other poems.

Different types of rhyme and rhythm reflect the mood of the poets. Alliteration helps to reproduce scenes in movement, as is the case when the poet describes a war scene; the Brigadist Group (23%), the Abroad Group (17%) and the Retrospective Group (8%) make use of this device. Assonance is used less in comparison to this: the Brigadist Group (6%).

Nineteen percent of the Brigadist Group use tetrameter rhythm; however this group also uses different rhythms in low percentages, as for example, dimeter, trimeter, pentameter, hexameter and euphonic. Three poems, written by Langston Hughes, Bill Harrington and Joseph Selligman use two types of rhythm within each of their poems. The Abroad Group makes use of the tetrameter rhythm in two poems (9%), and one

poem each of syncopated and sprung rhythm (4% each). What makes a difference is that the Retrospective Group does not use rhythm in their poems.

Rhyme catalyses the different moods of the poems and their protagonists. There are different types of rhyme: perfect rhyme, imperfect rhyme and some of its variations, such as, slant, half or near rhyme. Depending on the stress of the last syllable of the word, the rhyme can be masculine or feminine. There are also consonant, internal and envelope rhymes, among others. The influence of Wilfred Owen, a British poet from World War I, is noticeable with use of the imperfect rhyme, where words sound alike, but they do not exactly rhyme. This device reflects the tension of the atmosphere of war. The Brigadist Group (17%), the Abroad Group (13%) and the Retrospective Group (23%) use imperfect rhyme.

Regarding style, the poets use poetic devices that show how they maintain control of their poems and what they want to communicate. The conversational poem is a genre of poetry of emotional nature, most often dealing with real events from the poet's life. These poems do not have to follow a rigid structure, but rather they are addressed in natural real conversation, mostly using simple diction. Sometimes they combine the use of a conversational or narrative style with rhymed lines. Simple diction is used by more than half of the Brigadist Group (53%); however, the Retrospective Group (38%) uses this device and the Abroad Group only nine percent. For example, the American poets make use of their colloquial tradition, based on American diction and speech rhythm, inherited from the well-known American poets, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams and Robert Frost.

Following this, the poets want to tell their story; they mainly use their own voices. In other cases, they use a speaking persona or narrator and there are several voices in some poems. This device is used to extend the realism of the situation or event described in the poem. The percentages indicate the extensive use of only one speaking voice: Abroad Group (91%), Retrospective Group (77%) and Brigadist Group (75%). The use of one speaking voice and other voices rises to 25% with the Brigadist poets, 23% with the Retrospective poets and 9% with the Abroad poets. These different voices are indicated by either italics, quotation marks or without any indication at all.

Equally important is a variation of the conversational style, the confessional poem. Confessional poetry is that of psychological introspection. It depicts the poet's feelings and shocking experiences about death and trauma during the war. The percentages of the poets that used either the conversational or confessional style are the following: the Brigadist Group (50%), the Retrospective Group (46%) and the Abroad group (52%).

The documentary and narrative styles also deal with individual or collective events or scenes. The documentary style gives details about specific battles, attacks or circumstances, whereas the narrative style tells a story and has a plot. The Brigadist Group (25%) and the Retrospective Group (62%) focus on their firsthand experiences as witnesses. However, in the case of the Abroad Group (13%), their point of view from the distance is more general and is based mostly on the denouncement of the appeasement policy.

Equally important is the extensive use of pronouns in all their forms: subject, object, possessive and demonstrative. Personal pronouns give us an insight to the real feelings of the poets and the protagonists of the poems. For example, when the poet uses the first person point of view to express his subjective feelings, he wants to share his own personal experiences in the war. In the other cases, the repetition and combination of them in the poems is a device which enhance the realism of the situation and events. The percentages convey the use of pronouns: the Brigadist Group reaches 67%, the Retrospective Group 69% and the Abroad Group 70%.

Besides this, some poets use explanatory notes to give additional information about the situation, as for example in the case of two Retrospective poets, Alvah Bessie and Aileen Palmer, giving 15%. Another device which is used is the epigraph. Edwin Rolfe and Frank O'Flaherty from the Brigadist Group utilise it, making six percent. Joseph Rosenstein employs a prologue and epilogue in his poem, making three percent in the Brigadist Group. Some poems are written in the form of a dedication; in the case of the Brigadist Group there is 25%. The Retrospective Group uses a dedication eight percent with Alvah Bessie and the Abroad group, John Malcolm Brinnin, Wallace Stevens and Genevieve Taggard, have 13%.

Actually, non-finite verbs enhance the realism of the images where the protagonists are described through physical action. The poems written by the Brigadist Group (11%) mainly concentrate on action; this also happens with the ones written by the Abroad Group (9%) and the Retrospective Group (15%). This device is notable in the case of the brigadists, as for example, the poem, "Battle of Jarama," which describes the course of the battle; in the Abroad Group, Edna St Vincent Millay and Dorothy Livesay depict action through their protagonists; in the Retrospective Group, David Marshall and Muriel Rukeyser recreate their experiences more intensively with non-finite verbs.

All three groups use many other devices to a greater or lesser degree, they use enjambment extensively: Brigadist (47%), Abroad (52%) and Retrospective (77%) to intensify the meaning of their images. The spatial and temporal locations are significant; these are typical devices for the documentary style: Brigadist Group (31% and 31%, respectively), Retrospective (54% and 46%, respectively), and Abroad (9% and 26%, respectively). The Retrospective Group uses these devices so much because they wish to convey specific dramatic events; they try to represent the reality they lived. The Abroad Group concentrates more on general issues to get people's attention to help and support Spain by making donations.

Allusion is widely used in all three groups of poets, both about literary and specific events, which are grouped in one column in order to facilitate the reading of the tables and graphs. Under the device allusion, we have included several types: literary, historical, mythological and about specific events or battles. The Brigadists Group uses this device (31%) and the Retrospective Group (15%). Thirty-nine percent of the poets from abroad used this device; the perspective from the distance allowed them to write under less pressure than the others and they had more time to develop their ideas and provide a richer sense to make their poems more meaningful.

The Brigadist Group mainly alludes to literary works; this is may be due to the fact that many brigadists were students or writers and knew this canonical literature. John Cornford and Daniel Hutner refer to the novel *All Quiet on the Western Front* by Remarque (1929). Daniel Hutner, in "Airplane-Attack," recreates a scene similar to the graveyard attack from chapter IV. The Great War is also another important reference. In the poem, "Jarama," M. A. Elliot says that the brigadists' fight is for antifascist ideals, not for nationalism. George Green refers to that war and also to the poets, Wilfred Owen and Sigfried Sassoon, who denounced its barbarity and the politicians' hypocrisy. However, in the Spanish war, the brigadists fight as equals against fascism. Thomas Wintringham was a veteran of World War I, he says in his poem "Barcelona Nerves" that people must fight with courage. Laurie Lee uses the same device, in the form of other voices, as in the poem "The Waste Land," by T. S. Eliot (1922). Alex Mc Dade writes a humorous song using the music from the popular American folk song "Red River Valley." Tony McLean uses mythological and Biblical references, when depicting his crossing of the Pyrenees. Thomas O'Brien alludes to the poem by John Cornford, "A Letter from Aragon" 1936. The poem "Death By Water" by Edwin Rolfe (1996) uses the name of section IV of the poem "The Waste Land" and also alludes to the poem "The Rhyme Ancient Mariner," by Samuel Coleridge (1834) and at the same time to the Fascist invasion and bombings of Abyssinia. Joseph Rosenstein uses the structure of *The Spoon River Anthology*, by Edgar Lee Masters (1915) for his poem, and he also he quotes part of the title of the satiric poem "Dulce et Decorum Est, Pro Patria Mori" (1917) by Wilfred Owen, which in turn comes from Horace's poem with the same title, which praises war. Joseph Selligman uses a refrain similar to the one in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Lord Tennyson (1854). Sylvia Townsend Warner, in her poem *Benicasim* refers to a Greek mythological figure, Aqueront.

The Abroad Group alludes to different sources, such as historical, mythological and political; perhaps the perspective from the distance allowed them to write under less pressure than the others and they had more time to develop their ideas and provide a richer sense to make their poems more meaningful. They do not use literary allusion to the extent as the Brigadist group; only Kenneth Fearing in "The Program" (1938) makes a reference to the Bible. John Malcolm Brinin refers to Hermes in his poem "For a Young Poet Died in Spain" (1938). Two poets make political allusions: Kenneth Fearing also refers to the European dictators, Robinson Jeffers in "Sinvergüenza" (1938) uses zoomorphism to characterize Chamberlain, Hitler and Mussolini and Archibald Macleish's title "The Spanish Lie" alludes to the false agreement of non-intervention. John Berryman in "Nineteen Thirty-Eight" (1938) alludes to the Japanese invasion of China. Kenneth Porter in "Salud!" (1946) makes historical references to the Spanish kings, the Inquisition and El Cid. Wallace Stevens, in his poem "Men that Are Falling," indirectly alludes to the dying brigadists and Spanish soldiers. Herbert Read in "The Heart Conscripted" (1939) refers to World War I and also names the poets William Wordsworth, Federico Lorca and Ralph Fox. Randal Swingler in his poem "They Live" (1937) names the brigadist writers Ralph Fox and John Cornford.

There are two women in the Retrospective Group who use this device; Nancy Cunard makes historical and mythological allusions in her poem "To Eat Today" (1938)

and Aileen Palmer, names the poets Federico Lorca and Heinrich Heine in “The Dead Have no Regrets” (2006).

The war scenario is present in all the poems, one way or another; it moves from the battlefields to the cities, in hospitals, from the air or on the sea. The cities became the frontline; for example, the trenches began at the Plaza de España in Madrid, combats were fought at the Complutense University and the city was repeatedly bombed by the fascist aircraft. The Brigadist Group use a specific war scenario (72%), the Abroad Group (78%) and the Retrospective Group (100%).

All three groups made an extensive use of sensory imagery: the participants because they wanted to reflect what they saw, narrating their experience scene by scene to build the imagery of the horrors of war and the supporters from abroad, who either experienced or imagined what war was like, since they wanted to convey the real experience of those who were suffering its consequences. Although these supporters had not seen the scenario, they could depict it because they had a real interest in recreating that situation of war to impact the readers.

All five senses are used throughout this poetry. There is an extended use of visual imagery. The Retrospective Group employs it 100% and the Brigadist Group 81% plus photographic imagery (3%) and imagery of carnage (11%). The Abroad Group has 87% with visual imagery and also imagery of carnage (13%). Auditory imagery is also used: the Brigadist Group (47%), the Abroad Group (52%) and the Retrospective Group (69%). Tactile imagery is used less: the Brigadist Group (25%), the Abroad Group (13%) and the Retrospective Group (38%). Finally, olfactory and gustatory imageries are also used to a low percentage.

Nature is an important aspect in most of the poems: In the case of the Brigadist Group (49%), because they were shock forces integrated in the popular army and suffered the consequences of being exposed to the weather conditions, the Retrospective Group (62%) because they wanted to draw a scenario as real as the one they lived, and the Abroad Group (35%) as they tried to give content to immediate images of real war. Although the poets describe the atmosphere of war, sometimes the true enemy was nature itself. For example, the poem “Sun Over the Front” (1990) by James Jump, a brigadist included in the Retrospective Group, narrates that the heat and the sun were stronger enemies than the war itself. This poem echoes “Exposure” (1917), written by Wilfred Owen, a canonical British poet who died in World War I; the poem describes the harsh conditions to which the soldiers were exposed for days in a frozen trench. On the other hand, nature could be comforting, as in the poem “Snow in Madrid” (1943) by Joy Davidman, included in the Abroad Group, where for once in a long time the snow is the protagonist in Madrid and not the bombs and dead civilians.

Even though there is a low percentage of the specific symbolism of the earth, it is also significant (3%) for the Brigadists, since the trenches protected and gave them shelter. In many cases, earth was the only thing they had for survival. In the poem “Written During An AIRPLANE ATTACK” (1937), by the brigadist Daniel Hutner, and in “Puigcerdà” (1938) by the war correspondent Vincent Sheean, from the Retrospective Group, they both hide in the earth and become part of it.

Nature is an important device in many poems; from the death of the soldiers there will be a new rebirth of life in nature. This idea was previously developed in T. S. Eliot's poem, "The Waste Land" (1922), where he shows his interest in the transformation of life into death and vice versa and in part I, "The Burial of the Dead," the hope that the buried corpse will grow. Two brigadists, Edwin Rolfe, in his poem "Elegy for Our Dead" (1937), and Frank O'Flaherty (1937) in "To John Lenthier" convey the idea of this rebirth.

Symbolism bestows a certain significance to objects that is different from its original meaning, deepening abstract ideas and emotions. The Brigadist Group uses this device (28%), as well as, the Abroad Group (22%) and the Retrospective Group (38%). There is a poem in the Brigadist Group which uses the earth as a symbol (3%).

Whereas a symbol is used to represent an abstract idea, metaphor and simile are used to compare two objects or ideas. The Brigadist Group uses metaphor (17%) and simile (6%), the Retrospective Group (46% and 15%, respectively) and the Abroad Group uses metaphor (35%). Other devices which are used are metonymy and synecdoche. The Brigadist Group uses synecdoche (6%), and the Abroad Group uses metonymy (4%). On the other hand, the Retrospective Group uses both devices: synecdoche (8%) and metonymy (15%).

The use of personification is important. It appears in the Brigadist Group (19%), in the Abroad Group (26%) and in the Retrospective Group (46%). Zoomorphism gives persons and objects animalistic traits; it appears in the Brigadist Group (8%) and in the Abroad Group (17%).

Irony also appears in some poems. The Brigadist Group (11%) applied it as a means of criticism or psychological therapy and the Abroad Group (15%) used it to make the reader perceive the hypocrisy of the appeasement policy. In the Retrospective Group (15%), Nancy Cunard adopted it as a means to criticize the carnage caused by the fascist attacks on the civilian population and Barney Baley wanted to express the contrast of love for their homes and death in Spain.

6.5.4. *Themes*

Commencing with the Retrospective Group, they speak about the harshness of war (92%). Writing about the war helped them confront their memories; they described events in war in order to release their emotions in a confessional style. This gives authenticity to their testimonies. However, only 25% of the Brigadist Group wrote about the specific brutality of war. The immediacy of death made the Brigadist Group write about other topics, as for example, the routine and monotony in the trenches since war and death had become ordinary, death is ugly, love, ideals, a call to arms, homages to their fallen comrades, colonialism, economic interests, men maintain dignity in spite of being prisoners, they fought for freedom as their ancestors did, no privileges among the ranks, betrayal and encouragement, among others.

The Brigadist Group wrote about antifascist ideals (22%) and the Retrospective poets wrote that the brigadists gave all they had, their lives (31%). The theme that the

brigadists' deaths were not in vain rises to 23% with the Retrospective poets and 14% with the Brigadists. Death is a return to birth in nature is another idea used by the Brigadists (9%) and the Retrospective Group (8%).

Finally, the Abroad Group focuses on other themes. Almost half (48%) criticizes and denounces the appeasement policy. The death of innocent children appears (4%) and the censorship of the press is four percent. They also wrote about a call to arms (17%) and 22% wrote in support of the brigadists. One poem each (4%) deals with several other topics.

6.5.5. *Tone*

The Retrospective poets use a despairing, hopeless and sad tone 54 % of the time; the remaining poems are first pessimistic and then optimistic (46%). Within these poems, 15% convey a feeling of nostalgia.

In the Abroad poems, 26% have an ironic tone and 17% are encouraging. There are also feelings of impotence and horror, indignation, despair and anger (all 13%) and pessimism (9%). However, hope is also reflected in nine percent of the poems.

The Brigadist poems reflect a variety of feelings. The most notable is that the poems are first pessimistic and then hopeful (29%), anguish and anxiety are shown (20%), but 17% are both encouraging and positive. Other tones go from betraying, confusing, tragic, impotent, depressing and monotonous to humorous, idealistic, epic and heroic.

There is a change in the tone in some poems written by each of the three groups of poets. The reason may be the same for all of them. First there is a pessimistic and despairing tone because the poets are confronted with the realities of war. However, they have to maintain their own morale; this is why the tone changes and becomes more optimistic and encouraging. The poets try to keep hope alive, waiting for the agreement of non-intervention to be revoked.

6.5.6 *Summary*

Last of all, this section has dealt with the comparative study of the results from all three groups of poets displayed in the tables and graphs. This explanatory section helps to understand the quantitative percentages of the results from the entire analytical process of this research.

7. CONCLUSION

Guided by our first objective and hypothesis, we think that this extended research has allowed us to substantiate the differences and similarities between the three groups of poets, the Brigadist, Retrospective and Abroad Groups.

Dealing with the themes based on the poems that we have selected, this research partially confirms the statement made by Álvarez and López about “poets in uniform” (1986: 6). Their consideration that the poetry written by the Brigadist Group was not focused on propaganda is true, shown by the results of the evidence which give 86% not for propaganda purposes and also another 86% for first-hand experience of war. Their poems were written under extreme circumstances because the brigadists joined the popular army as shock forces with few possibilities of survival. Their poetry was above any political doctrine; it was the poetry that spoke the truth of a man who could die at any moment and left his last thoughts on paper.

Considering the investigation, we realized that there was a group of poems written by brigadists and war correspondents during or after the war, but when they had returned to their countries. For this reason we named these poets the Retrospective Group because their poems were based on the memories of their 100% first-hand experience, but not for propaganda purposes. The evidence in the graphs shows that the harshness of war was the most important theme for the Brigadist and Retrospective Groups, whereas the criticism and denouncement of the appeasement policy was the most important idea for the Abroad Group.

Following this, the Brigadist and Retrospective Groups did not intend any other thing than to express their reality and circumstances through their poetry without idealizing the war. They also wrote about death is a return to birth in nature. Regarding the Brigadist Group, they wrote about antifascist ideology, encouragement to fight for freedom and even love. In the case of the Retrospective Group, other themes were: ideals neither died nor were lost, confronting the ghosts of war, they gave all they had and they remember their comrades, among others.

During the Spanish Civil War, these two groups of poets also used their poetry to connect their comrades and readers through the leftists periodicals, bulletins or newspapers. As many of them died young, their poems remain as a biographical part of their short and intense lives. Many of their writings have only been published recently or never even published. Most of them are still unknown men and women for most of the Spanish people, whose country they defended against the invasion by the fascist powers.

Referring to the writers who supported the Spanish Republic from abroad, they used poetry in a new pedagogic sense to make people around the world understand and react to what was actually happening in Spain. The corpus written by poets from abroad gave 100% support for the Spanish Republic, 39% criticized and denounced the appeasement policy and thirteen percent specifically used propaganda. By *propaganda* we mean the use which is given to the poems because all of those we analyzed contain

themes which could have been used for propaganda purposes. Other issues of these poets dealt with a call to arms (22%) and support for the brigadists (17%).

In respect to the poetic devices utilized by the three groups, the extensive use of figurative language to intensify the contents of the poems was significant. For instance, to recreate the atmosphere of the war scenario, the poets used a great deal of imagery in all its variations, as for example, visual, auditory or olfactory.

It is interesting to note that there was one speaking voice in most of the poems because the participants reflected their personal memories and, in the case of the Abroad Group, the poets tried to put themselves in the shoes of the soldiers or the civilians who suffered the consequences of the war. Throughout the body of the research we observed that the poets gave testimony of their experiences, by sometimes using conversational or confessional style which was used about half of the time. Wanting to communicate the veracity and the authenticity of the specific events they endured, the poets used the documentary and narrative style. The Retrospective Group used this style more than twice as much as the Brigadist Group, maybe because this second group still did not have the overall view of the situation. The Abroad Group used this device less, only thirteen percent, as they were not on the spot of the war. However they used the rhetoric question in sixty one percent of the cases because they wrote poetry to call attention to the situation in Spain.

Regarding the tone of the poems, despair was found in all of them. However there were also shifts in their mood, sometimes from pessimistic to hopeful and vice versa. The Abroad Group showed anger and indignation because they wanted people and politicians to wake up and react to the situation caused by the appeasement policy. in Spain.

Simultaneously to these analyses we have approached the poetical influences from two poets of the First World War, Isaac Rosenberg and Wilfred Owen, on the poetry of the Brigadist and Retrospective Groups. In our opinion, Isaac Rosenberg made the transition from the gentleness of the Georgian poetry to the harshness of the trench poetry within the frame of Imagism and Modernism. Owen also underwent this transition from Georgian subtleties to Modernism; he made an extensive use of the half rhyme or imperfect rhyme. Concurrently with these influences, we have also found the echo of the most important poem of the 20th century, "The Waste Land" (1922) by T. S. Eliot, and other canonical poets such as Ezra Pound or Carl Sandburg.

Returning to our second objective and hypothesis, this research has shed light on and helped us understand some of the causes why this poetic legacy has been neglected and is still neglected today. When we began, we asked ourselves why this poetry, written to defend freedom, has remained without diffusion and the acknowledgment that it deserves. We have looked into the personal experiences and testimonies of the poets, on one hand, based on the direct war experience of the Brigadist and Retrospective Groups and, on the other, on the direct experience of the committed viewer from abroad who supported the Spanish Republic and denounced the appeasement policy.

A surprising fact that we have learned was the story about Alva Bessie, an American writer from the Retrospective Group, who was jailed for a year in 1956. He was one of the "Hollywood Ten," a group of intellectuals who were judged and

condemned to prison for their communist ideology before the House of Un-American Activities Committee, some years after the Spanish war had ended.

In our opinion, the testimony of the *Abroad Group* has had an important historical value for this research because it has provided historical details about events that we did not know. This may be due to the fact that during the Spanish dictatorship and even during the following democracy, the history of the Spanish Civil War has been kept silent. It could be added that, compared to other countries where all aspects of their contemporary history are studied, it is unusual that this period was not taught in schools. Consequently generations of Spaniards have not known about the civil war. Only recently, is its teaching being normalised, but not in all regions of Spain. There are still professors, teachers and politicians who are reluctant to make the study of this recent period of contemporary Spanish history accessible. In fact, there are books in the bibliography which have not even been translated into Spanish and which we have had to import because they were necessary for our research.

After World War II finished, the world was polarized into two antagonist blocs. On one hand, there were the countries of the Western world under the NATO alliance with the United States as the leader and, on the other hand, the Eastern Bloc with the Soviet Union and its allies in the Warsaw Pact. This situation brought about an ideological rivalry, creating hostile political policies and an atmosphere of economic and political tension. This global situation of confrontation, the Cold War, made it difficult and nearly impossible to publish the poetic legacy of the Spanish Civil War.

This poetic legacy was mainly neglected because of the following factors:

- The appeasement policy.
- General anti-communist feelings.
- McCarthyism in the United States.
- The Cold War.
- The silence about the Spanish Civil War in Spain.

We could not find another way to approach this legacy, than by contextualizing the historical, political, social, economic and literary situation of that decade. In some way, this poetry continued the main issues of the thirties and the previous decades.

Due to the incompetence of the European political leaders who established a policy of appeasement in view of the advance of fascism in Europe and the invasion of Spain, preventing the Spanish Republic from its right of self-defence, the International Brigades took a step forward. The brigadists fought for noble ideals, without expecting anything in return. They helped the Spanish people whose only crime was to defend themselves from a coup d'état and the subsequent invasion by foreign troops.

Placing our research in a wider perspective, we have made a small overview of the connection between the Spanish Civil War poets and those from World War I. For further study it would be interesting to extend this connection more in depth, as well as to continue to the poetry from World War II. We would like to deepen the comparative

analysis and historical events, to give us a more open and wider perspective of the circumstances where this poetry was born.

It is curious that in the year 1944, Nancy Cunard published a compilation of poems in favour of France, *Poems for France*, edited by La France Libre. This booklet was launched the same year that Paris was liberated. This anthology recalls the survey she and Pablo Neruda, with the support of Stephen Spender and W.H. Auden, published some years earlier to prompt writers' opinions about support for or against the Spanish Republic, *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War* (1937).

We took on this research with the desire that this poetry be known. This legacy is the voice of the poets; we want these voices to be heard again and the poets to become alive in our memory. If the words survived the comings and goings of history and the avatars of life, they should return because they are part of our history. This research has been a dedication to those who came to and supported Spain by giving their all to help the Spanish people.

Poetry is a messenger, which links the past, the present and the future; it can make the memories, which were torn and thrown into exile, return.

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8.3. Libraries and newspaper archives

Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archive:

- <http://www.alba-valb.org/>
- <http://www.alba-valb.org/resources/lessons/they-still-draw-pictures-1>
- Colonies for the refugee children from bombings held by the brigadists:
 - <http://www.alba-valb.org/resources/lessons/they-still-draw-pictures-1/life-in-the-colonias-infantiles>
 - <http://www.alba-valb.org/resources/lessons/they-still-draw-pictures-1/children-depict-the-war>
 - <http://www.archives.gov.on.ca/en/explore/online/spain/drawings.aspx>

Asociación de Amigos de las Brigadas Internacionales:

- <http://www.brigadasinternacionales.org/>

Ateneo Mercantil de Valencia:

- <http://www.ateneomercantilvalencia.org/html/hemerot.htm>

CRAI: Centre de Recursos per a l'Aprenentatge i la Investigació Archiu del Pavelló de la República. Universitat de Barcelona:

- <http://www.bib.ub.edu/es/bibliotecas/pabellon-republica/>
- The Volunteer for Liberty, the newspaper of the International Brigades: Vol. II edited in Barcelona, numbers 6, 15, 25, 31, 33 35:
- <http://www.bib.ub.edu/es/bibliotecas/pabellon-republica/expos/pabellon-republica/>
- http://catleg.ub.edu/search~S1*spl?/Xvolunteer+for+liberty&searchscope=1&SORT=D/Xvolunteer+for+liberty&searchscope=1&SORT=D&oculto=&SUBKEY=volunteer+for+liberty/1%2C3%2C3%2CB/frameset&FF=Xvolunteer+for+liberty&searchscope=1&SORT=D&3%2C3%2C

Hemeroteca Municipal de Madrid. Centro Cultural Conde Duque:

- War newspapers. Microfilming department, roll: 1052/87. *Volunteer of Liberty*, the newspaper of the International Brigades: Vol I, numbers 10, 26, 35. There are some issues with missing pages:
<http://www.madrid.es/portal/site/munimadrid/menuitem.f4bb5b953cd0b0aa7d245f019fc08a0c/?vgnnextchannel=0c369e242ab26010VgnVCM100000dc0c>

a8c0RCRD&vgnextoid=9d14c757d9a6b010VgnVCM100000d90ca8c0RCRD

Hemeroteca Municipal de Valencia:

- *Bulletin of News of the International Brigades.1937:*
<http://www.valencia.es/cgi-bin/abwebpAB.exe/X7102/ID9563/G0>

Jews who served in the International Brigades:

- <http://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/History/spanjews.pdf>

Libraries of the Universitat of Valencia:

- http://biblioteca.uv.es/valenciano/noticias/noticia.php?id_noticia=469
- http://biblioteca.uv.es/valenciano/bibliotecas/de_campus/b_socials/b_ciencias_sohp
- http://biblioteca.uv.es/valenciano/bibliotecas/de_campus/b_his_med/b_his_med.pp

Marx Memorial Library:

- <http://www.marx-memorial-library.org/>

Spanish National Library:

- *El Mono Azul*, periodic publication of the Alliance of Antifascist writers. Madrid.
- <http://hemerotecadigital.bne.es/details.vm?q=root&t=%2Balpha&lang=en&s=714>

The International Brigades Memorial Trust:

- <http://www.international-brigades.org.uk/>
- http://www.international-brigades.org.uk/sites/default/files/IBMT1-13Web_0.pdf

The People's History Museum, Manchester:

- <http://www.phm.org.uk/>
- <http://www.phm.org.uk/news/new-addition-to-museums-collection-spanish-civil-war-fan/>

UNZ.org-Periodicals, Books, and Authors:

- <http://www.unz.org/Pub/NewMasses-1937nov30-00018>
- <http://www.unz.org/Pub/NewMasses-1937jun15-00020>
- <https://www.unz.org/Pub/NewMasses-1937jul20-00005?View=PDF>

8.4. Photographic archives

Capa, Robert:

- <https://pro.magnumphotos.com/Catalogue/Robert-Capa/1936/SPAIN-The-Spanish-Civil-War-The-Republican-side-NN145552.html>

Government of Canada:

- http://www.canadainternational.gc.ca/spainespagne/media/bethune_photos_hd.aspx?lang=spa, p59

IWM: Imperial War Museum Photographs:

- Elkan Vera collection:
<http://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/search?f%5B0%5D=makerString%3AEIkan%20Vera&query=>
- Posters: <http://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/item/object/4922>
- The International Brigade between December of 1936 and January 1937:
<http://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/item/object/205020741>

PARES: Portal de Archivos Españoles:

- <http://pares.mecd.es/>
- <http://pares.mecd.es/ArchFotograficoDelegacionPropaganda/inicio.do, Jarama, 75>

Shots of War: Photojournalism during the Spanish Civil War:

- <http://libraries.ucsd.edu/speccoll/swphotojournalism/>

The Tamiment Library and Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives. Harry Randall: Fifteenth International Brigade Photograph Collection ALBA Photo:

- http://dlib.nyu.edu/findingaids/html/tamwag/alba_photo_011/bioghist.html
- <http://www.nyu.edu/library/bobst/research/tam/>
- http://dlib.nyu.edu/findingaids/html/tamwag/alba_photo_011/controlaccess.html

8.5. Miscellaneous

www.albavolunteer.org/2014/03/and-when-i-get-another-ship-ill-sail-there-once-again/

www.bbc.co.uk/archive/ww2outbreak/7957.shtml?page=txt

www.buques.org/Navieras/Elcano/Elcano2_E.htm

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_foreign_ships_wrecked_or_lost_in_the_Spanish_Civil_War

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_shipwrecks_in_1938

<https://lenathehyena.wordpress.com/tag/spanish-civil-war/>

<http://spartacus-educational.com/SPjarama.htm>

<http://www.valencia.edu/~cultura/e/expesetsegoncongresplumapistola07ing.htm>

ANNEX 1: Biographical Notes on the Poets and Information about the Publication Dates of the Poems

Brigadist Group

Anonymous



According to Jump (2006) Rob Straddling in his book *Wales and the Spanish Civil War: The Dragon's Dearest Cause?* (2004) published by the University of Wales, Cardiff 2004, attributed the poem to Jack Roberts: “Surrounded by noise and horror, pain and death, crouched under a bush in Brunete, Roberts quickly scribbled a few verses that have come ode to rival Spain Auden.” Jack Roberts was born in 1899 in Penrhydeudraeth in Merionethshire. He was a Communist councillor of his city in Caerphilly when he left for Spain in 1937. He did not join the British Battalion until May, because he was arrested and repatriated to Wales in the first attempt to cross France. He was appointed political commissar of the battalion and participated in combat for the first time in Brunete in July and later in Quinto in August, where he was wounded in his arm. Roberts spent time recovering in the hospital and also attended a school for officials in Tarazona de la Mancha, after which he was promoted to lieutenant. He returned to Wales in February 38, died in 1979. (Jump, 2006). Jack Roberts and Leo Price, photo from the book *There was no Choice* Richard Felstead.

Eyes

- First published in *Poems for Spain*, Spender and Lehman (1939), in which no further explanation, the poem is attributed anonymous.
- Published later in Jump (2006) [the poem and biographical information are from this book].
- Published in Dietz (1985).
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by Fernando Núñez Roldán].

Norman Bethune



Henry Norman Bethune, surgeon, inventor and political activist was born in 1890 in Gravenhurst, ON; died 12 November 1939 in Huang Shiko, China). After a visit to the Soviet Union in 1935, Bethune joined the Communist Party. This commitment took him to the Spanish Civil War in 1936, where he organized a mobile blood transfusion service, the first of its kind, to operate on a 1000 km front. He returned to Canada in 1937 to raise money for the antifascist cause in Spain and soon turned his attention to the war being waged by communist forces against the Japanese invaders in China. “Spain and China,” he wrote, “are part of the same battle.”

For further information consult:

<http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/norman-bethune/>

I come from Cuatro Caminos

- (1995). First published in *The Mind of Norman Bethune*.
- Published in *Sealed in Struggle: Canadian Poetry and The Spanish Civil War*.
- Published in Hannant (1998) [the poem is from this biography].
- The translation is ours.

Clive Branson



An artist and writer, Clive Branson was born in India in 1907. He studied at the Slade School of Fine Arts in London with Felicia Brown, a sculptor killed in the trenches in Spain in August 1936, who was the first victim of the British volunteers. Branson lived in Battersea, in South London, where he actively participated in the movement that led to aid the Republican Spain after Franco's insurrection. He arrived in Spain in January 1938 and joined the British Battalion. He was captured in Calaceite (Aragón) in March and then jailed in a concentration camp in Palencia and later in Burgos, until his repatriation to England thanks to the Red Cross at the end of October 1938. He died in Burma on February 25, 1944 while serving in the 25th Dragoons Company, belonging to the Royal Corps of the Navy.

San Pedro

- First published in *New Writing*, new series II, spring 1939. The poem is dated: *San Pedro De Gardena, 1938*.
- Published in Cunningham (1980).
- Published Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by Alfonso Gil Olivares].
- Published in Spanish in AABI [translated by Alfonso Gil Olivares].
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical sketch are from this book].

Prisoners

- First published in Jump (2006).
- The translation is ours.

John Cornford



Rupert John Cornford was the great grandson of Charles Darwin; he was born in Cambridge in 1915, where he would later graduate in history from the university there. He left for Spain in August 1936, where he first fought with the P.O.U.M. militia on the Aragón front. Cornford went back to England to recruit more volunteers for the International Brigade and returned to Spain with a group of twenty men in October. Cornford took part in the defence of Madrid in the Complutense University as a member of the English-speaking section of the XI Brigade, where he was wounded in the head by a fragment of shrapnel. Later, he joined the No. 1 Company of the Marseillaise Battalion. Cornford fought at Lopera, near Cordoba, where he died on December 28, 1936.

A Letter from Aragon

- First published in *Left Review*, November 1936.
- Published in English in Skelton (1964).
- Published in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in English and Spanish Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by José Honrubia Peris].
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and biographical notes are from this book].

Charles Donnelly



Charles Donnelly was a republican Irish poet born in Dungannon, Co Tyrone in 1914. He worked as a journalist in Dublin and was imprisoned twice for his trade union activities in 1934 and 1935. Donnelly then moved to London where he joined the Spanish Medical Relief Committee and arrived in Spain in January 1937 and soon after joined the British Battalion. Later he was transferred to the American Lincoln Battalion with most of the Irish Volunteers.

He died on February 27, 1937 in the assault on the Pingarrón Hill. Donnelly commanded the company for only four days, after arriving at the front line.

Heroic Heart

- First published in *Ireland Today*, Volume II, No. 7, July 1937, p. 30.
- Published in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical note are from this book].
- Published in Charles Donnelly (2010) [translated into Spanish by E. Retana Donnelly].

M. A. Elliot (Lon)

Lon Elliot was born in Ipswich in 1912. He studied modern languages at the University of Cambridge. He worked as a teacher and ran a bookstore until March 1937, when he left England to go to Spain. He was arrested in St. Gaudens (near the Pyrenees) along with other volunteers on the way to Spain and he spent six weeks in a French prison, but eventually could cross the Pyrenees, in May and enlist in the British battalion.

Elliot was the interpreter for the political commissar, George Brown, during the Battle of Brunete. After Brown's death in July 1937, he was sent to Madrid, where he worked on the editorial staff of the newspaper of the XV Brigade, *Volunteer for Liberty*. He left Spain in February 1939, but remained in Paris for a while organizing voluntary repatriation. Finally, with Eric Edney, he edited the newspaper of the *Association of the International Brigade* and *USA Today*.

Jarama

- First published in *The Book of the XV Brigade*, 1938, while Elliot worked on gathering the facts of the XV International Brigade [the poem was published by Frank Graham in 1975].
- Published in English in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical sketch are from this anthology].
- Published in Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by Carlos Martín].

Bill Feeley



Bill Feeley was from St Helens and worked in the glass industry. He took up the fight for democracy in August 1937. However, Feeley further suggested that the only affiliation he had with the Communist Party of Great Britain was that he contacted it as he believed the Communist Party was “brave enough to flout [the] Foreign Enlistment Act. Bill Feeley had no political background, but viewed the spread of fascism across Europe as a threat to humanity and progress. Whilst Feeley admitted that he held no political alliance, he confessed that he was informed of the problems in Spain before making the decision to join the International Brigades.

Who Wants War?

- First published in *Poetry and the People*, September 1938.
- Later published in *Jump* (2006) [the poem and the biographical sketch are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

George Green



Photograph 11. George Green playing the cello at the front door of the hospital in the British Medical Unit in Huete (Cuenca). Behind, playing the accordion, Nan Green, his wife and the brigade and German violinist Willi Remmel. Marx Library, London Foundation (Jump, 2006: 113)

George Green was a virtuous cellist born in Stockport, England, in 1904. He drove an ambulance to Spain in February 1937 and was later employed as a dispatch rider, ambulance driver and clerk. Green served at the fronts of the Casa de Campo, Jarama, Segovia and Brunete and in December 1937 joined the British Infantry Battalion. Green was wounded in August 1938 in the Sierra de Pandols during the Battle of the Ebro, but he quickly returned to the front line, where he died a few days later, on September, 23, the last day of the battalion action. His widow, Nan Green (1904-1984), from Beeston, Nottinghamshire, worked as a member of the administrative staff at the Huete hospital in Spain, where she arrived in September 1937. After the war Nan was the secretary of the Association of the International Brigades.

Dressing Station

- First published in Jump (2006) [the poem and biographical note are from this book].
- The translation is ours.



Photography 12. Dressing Station in Brunete in July 1937, used to care for seriously ill.
Left with shorts, Anthony Carritt died in Brunete. (Baxell, 2004: 81).

Bill Harrington

Harrington was born in London in 1915. When he arrived in Spain in January 1937, he described himself as a “handyman.” Harrington was a RAF pilot, journalist, sailor, among other things. He joined the British Battalion at the Battle of Jarama and was wounded in Belchite in September 1938. Harrington was promoted to sergeant in the Gun Company N° 2 in April 1938. He fell injured again on Hill 481 near Gandesa, during the offensive of the Ebro, in July, and remained in the hospital until mid-October. In December 1938 he was repatriated to England. Since then, the trail of his life has been lost.

To a Fallen Comrade

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty*, II, No. 31, Barcelona, September 5, 1938, p.3.
- Published later in English in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical sketch are from this anthology].
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by María Dolores Maestre].

In an Olive Grove

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty*, II, num. 33. Barcelona, October 6, 1938, p.4 [the poem is from *The Volunteer*].
- Published later in Jump (2006).
- The translation is ours.

Langston Hughes



Langston Hughes was an American writer born in Joplin, Missouri in 1902. He was one of the greatest exponents of the Harlem Renaissance of the twenties, and later the chief representative of the African-American culture. His writings and public appearances were primarily aimed at the social and civil progress of the Afro-American population in the United States.

He travelled by sea from the United States to work in France and Italy before making his appearance on the literary scene in Harlem, where he published some poems in the journals *Crisis* and *Opportunity* between 1921 and 1925, which brought him to fame. He lived the experience of the Spanish Civil War in 1937, as a correspondent at the Republican front with the XV Brigade. During the fifties he was persecuted during the McCarthy era. He died in New York in 1967.

Letter from Spain

- First published in *Volunteer for Liberty I*, November, 1937, Madrid [the poem is from the newspaper].
- Later published in English by Rampersad (1994).
- Published in Spanish in Hughes (2011) [biographical note extracted from this book, translation by Maribel Cruzado Soria]

Postcard from Spain

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty, II*, No. 15, Barcelona, April 9, 1938 [the poem is from the newspaper].
- Published in Rampersad (1994).
- Published in *Escritos sobre la guerra de España, Langston Hughes* (2011) [biographical note is from this book, translated by Maribel Cruzado Soria].

LETTER FROM SPAIN

ADDRESSED TO ALABAMA

Lincoln Battalion,
International Brigades,
November Something, 1937.

Dear Brother at home:

We captured a wounded Moor today.
He was just as dark as me.
I said, Boy, what you been doin' here
Fightin' against the free?

He answered something in a language
I couldn't understand.
But somebody told me he was sayin'
They nabbed him in his land

And made him join the fascist army
And come across to Spain.
And he said he had a feelin'
He'd never get back home again.

He said he had a feelin'
This whole thing wasn't right.
He said he didn't know
The folks he had to fight.

And as he lay there dying
In a village we had taken,
I looked across to Africa
And seed foundations shakin'.

Cause if a free Spain wins this war,
The colonies, too, are free —
Then something wonderful'll happen
To them Moors as dark as me.

I said, I guess that's why old England
And I reckon Italy, too,
Is afraid to let a workers' Spain
Be too good to me and you —

Cause they got slaves in Africa —
And they don't want 'em to be free.
Listen, Moorish prisoner, hell!
Here, shake hands with me!

I knelt down there beside him,
And I took his hand —
But the wounded Moor was dyin'
And he didn't understand.

Salud,

Johnny

LANGSTON HUGHES

his activities were discovered and his resignation demanded. After a brief period in emigration in the United States, he returned to become one of the militants in the Communist Party of Ireland. He was in command of the First Irish Section at Cordoba in December, at Majadahonda in January, at Jarama in February. He was a competent leader, courageous almost to the point of recklessness. More than once, he exposed himself unduly in action to encourage some youngster whose nerve was willing under a baptism of fire. The Irish suffered their greatest loss when "Kit" died of wounds received while directing the defence of Pingarron Hill on February 12.

Among other Irishmen who died there in those first days of the Fascist offensive was Rev. R. M. Hilliard, the "Boxing Parson" from Killarney who handled a rifle in the ranks until the gunners of a Fascist tank hit him at point-blank range.

Frank Edwards, school-teacher dismissed by the Catholic Bishop of Waterford for working-class activities, was wounded in the side by shrapnel at Las Rozas in January. He walked two hundred yards back, called for a stretcher for another wounded comrade, and collapsed from loss of blood. Two months later, he was one of the Third Irish Section on the Cordoba Front. Here on one occasion, he and Joe Monks of Dublin remained alone in a position to face and break a charge of Moors by slinging grenades into their ranks. Jack Nally, Dublin rank and file leader and noted athlete, had one arm smashed and was wounded in the other and in the chest at Lopera in December. He walked unaided three kilos back to a dressing station, and recovered to fight again through the Jarama campaign.

The Irish also played their part in the great Brunete offensive in July. Among the prominent comrades who fell during this month were Michael Kelly, young London Irish leader, and William Beattie and William Laughlin, two workers, of different creeds, who at one time had been in opposing sectarian factions in

their native Belfast, until the common exploitation of the working-class showed them the road to working class-unity, and eventually to the front lines of the fight against Fascism. Here too died Bill Davis whose clenched fist shot up in salute as a machine-gun riddled him at the storming of Villanueva de la Cañada. Paddy Duff of Dublin, Machine-gun Commander, saved his own life and that of stretcher-bearers at Brunete, when — wounded in the leg — he rolled into a shell-hole, and yelled the First Aid men back out of the zone of hurtling steel. Not even Tom Jones of

Wexford, devil-dare leader of the First Aid Section, who ever insisted on dressing a wounded man where he fell, dared disobey Duff's command! At Villanueva, too Paddy Murphy's chivalry almost cost him his life, when he tried to save women and children whom the Fascists were driving before them as cover in a sortie.

Death took its toll again in the victorious Aragon offensive in August. Among those who fell at Belchite was Jim Woulff of Limerick, killed by a grenade at the very moment the town was captured. Peter Daly, I. R. A. veteran from Wexford, wounded in the Anglo-Irish war, wounded at Jarama in February, wounded again at Cordoba in April, rose from the ranks, promoted for bravery in the field until he attained the rank of Battalion Commander. He was the ideal working-class officer whose comradeship with his men did not lessen his command over them. He fell at the head of his Battalion at the storming of Purburell Hill, on the Aragon Front, on August 28. Not since the death of "Kit" Conway, who was of the same stamp, did the Irish Unit suffer such a heavy blow. Peter Daly's comrade, Paddy O'Daire of Donegal, still with us, has also won successive promotions for bravery and leadership in battle. He is now a Battalion Commander. With him others of the original Irish Unit survive. Thus, after almost a year's war in Spain "The Irish still remain". And the gaps are being filled. New recruits arrive — veterans and youths, men of different, and differing parties — here united in the common struggle.

Irish Fascist intervention in Spain ignominiously collapsed when the duped Catholic rank and file revolted on discovering that they were fighting not for Christianity but for Fascism. The Irish in the International Brigades remain — for they fight for the same cause for which they fought at home, for the overthrow of the enemy which is attempting to enslave not only the people of Spain but the whole human race. And so while there is an International Brigade there will be Irish fighters in Spain.

C. Q.

Illustration 8. Newspaper of the XVth International Brigade, *The Volunteer for Liberty*. Library-newspaper archive Conde Duque, Madrid, microfilm section, film reel 1052/87.

4 THE VOLUNTEER FOR LIBERTY

CANADA PAYS TRIBUTE TO 15TH BRIGADE



Above is shown the stage of the Massey Hall meeting in Toronto, Canada, at which the first anniversary of the 15th International Brigade in Spain was celebrated. Draped across the back of the stage was a huge banner carrying paintings of Mackenzie and Papineau, while the four large portraits were those of Neilo Makela, Joe Dalter, Bob Kerr and Ed Cecil-Smith.

BRITISH VOLUNTEER'S STORY POST CARD FROM SPAIN

ADDRESSED TO ALABAMA

So down the road we marched, and when we came in sight of the bridge we observed a body of men about fifty strong on the side of the road. I halted the boys and detailed a patrol of six to go ahead and find out who they were. I told young Luis Sanchez to go with the patrol to do the talking (he was our Spanish Political Adjutant). The patrol moved ahead slowly, too slow, in fact, for my liking, so I walked up after them, followed by Bobby Walker, Joe Norman and Harry Dobson.

When we got in line with this group about fourteen of them came onto the road with rifles pointed at us, shouting "Manos arriba!" They then lined us up and started frisking us for guns. While this was going on, one of them was demanding money, watches and pistols.

There we were, stood up reaching for the sky, when I happened to catch Bobby Walker's eye.

"What are they, Sam, fascists?" said Bobby. I nodded.

"O, K," he whispered. "Yes", I said, "let it go".

Then wham! Bobby's fist elevated the chin of the nearest fascist and then the fun started. I kicked the legs from under one, Dobson

hit one with a tin of lolly in a sandbag and everybody in a lurch contributed to the free fight. What with fists and feet flying and guns snapping it was real D.W.Y.

We all managed to get away, with the exception of young Sanchez. Bobby had to swim the Elbro and finished on the road naked, but nevertheless O. K. The remainder of us are still arguing which of us beat Jesse Owens' record.



Fortificar, fortificar, fortificar. Es el gran deber del soldado, mandos y comisarios.

Dear Folks at home:

I went out this mornin',
Old shells was a-fallin',
Whistle and a-fallin'
When I went out this mornin'.

I'm way over here
A long ways from home,
Over here in Spanish country
But I don't feel alone.

Folks over here don't treat me
Like white folks used to do,
When I was home they treated me
Just like they treatin' you.

I don't think things'll ever
Be like that again:
I done met up with folks
Who'll fight for me
Like I'm fightin' now for Spain.

Salud,
Johnny
— LANGSTON HUGHES

Lincoln-Washington Battalion,
April, 1938

Published by the author, 1938

Printed in Spain - Imp. Elevación, E. C. - Torres Amat, 9 - Barcelona

Illustration 9. *The Volunteer for Liberty*. CRAI Archive Pavelló de la República, Barcelona. SCW, publications, V6.

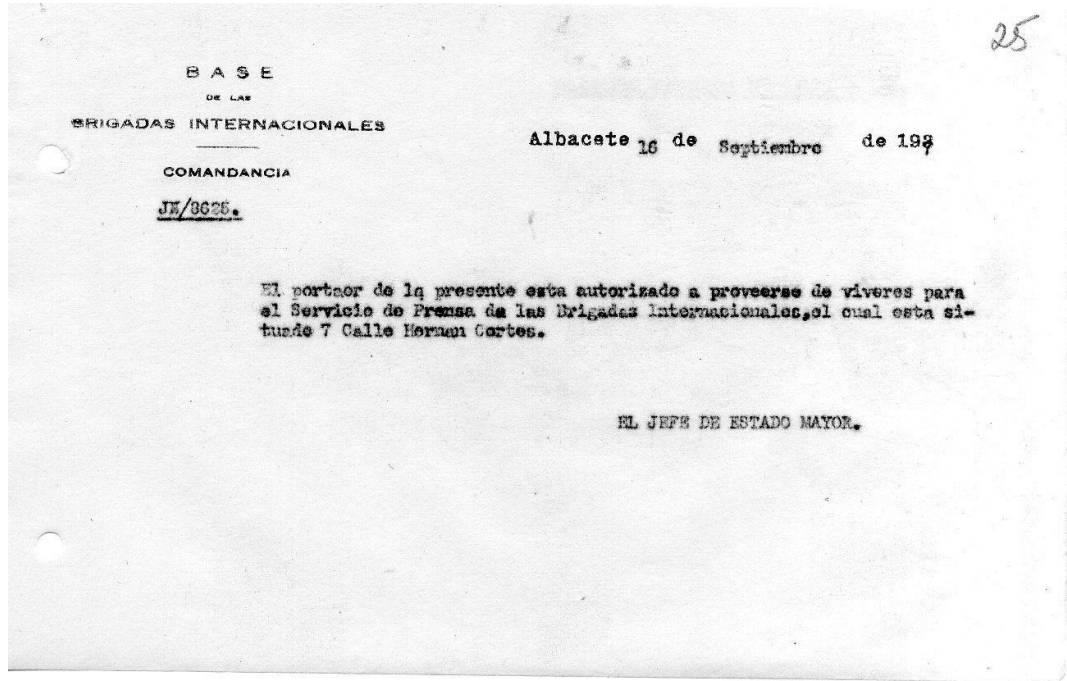


Illustration 10. Document provided by Raymond Hoff.

Daniel Hutner

Daniel Hutner was a New York Jew; he studied journalism at the University of New York, in lower Manhattan; where he was a well-known champion long -distance runner. He crossed the Atlantic aboard the Queen Mary and, when he arrived in Spain, joined the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, which was integrated into the English-speaking XV International Brigade. He died while commanding a reconnaissance patrol in Belchite (Teruel) in September 1937.

Information retrieved from Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives:
<http://www.alba-valb.org/volunteers/daniel-hutner>

Written During An AIRPLANE ATTACK

- The poem was first published in *The Volunteer for Liberty*, I, nº 10, Madrid, August 16, 1937, a month before his death in Belchite
- The translation is ours.

Laurie Lee



Laurie Lee was born in Stroud, Gloucestershire in 1914. He lived in Almuñécar, near Motril, when the coup d'état of Franco occurred in July 1936. Laurie was evacuated by a British destroyer, however, he returned to Spain in December 1937. He was arrested in Figueres until his identity and motives for crossing the Pyrenees were confirmed. Finally, he was ordered to move to the British Battalion in Tarazona de la Mancha. There he suffered from epilepsy and was assigned to administrative tasks. In 1938 due to health problems he was sent home, but first he went to Barcelona where he was arrested for a few days, until the correspondent of the Daily Worker, Bill Rust, helped him get out of prison. He left Spain the following month. Lee later became famous as a writer, with a series of autobiographical novels published in 1959. He also wrote a memoir in which he relates his experience in Spain during the Civil War, *A Moment of War*, which was published in 1991, six years before his death.

A Moment of War

- First published in Laurie Lee, *The Sun My Monument* (1944).
- Published in Skelton (1964).
- Laurie Lee, *Selected Poem* (1985).
- *Poems from Spain*, Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical sketch are from this anthology].
- Published in Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by Rubiales Roldán, Antonio].

John Lepper

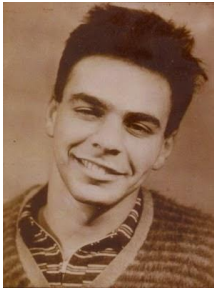
He worked as a journalist in Spain when the war broke out and at the age of twenty-four enlisted in the International Brigades in late 1936. He gave his address as that of a London pub in Fleet Street. Due to health reasons Lepper was declared unfit for combat, being selected as an ambulance driver. He was later sent to fight at the battlefront of Jarama in February 1937.

Traumatized by the battle, in March he went to Valencia where he was arrested, along with Tony Hyndman, for leaving his unit without permission. As a result, he was sentenced to prison in Albacete. He was repatriated in September.

Battle of Jarama

- First published in *Poems for Spain*, Spender and Lehman (1939).
- Published later in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- Published in Álvarez and López [translated by Francisci Núñez Roldán (1986)].
- Published in Dietz (1985).

Samuel Levinger



Sam Levinger only was 20 years old when he volunteered in the International Brigades in 1937 to fight against fascism during the Spanish Civil War. He was an undergraduate at Ohio State University in Columbus, a Socialist, and the son of a rabbi. Samuel Levinger was an exceptionally sensitive man and also was an excellent writer—of stories, letters, and poetry.

For further information consult: <http://www.albavolunteer.org/2010/11/a-volunteer%E2%80%99s-farewell-sam-levinger/>

Sam, 1937

- First published in English in *Love and Revolutionary Greetings: An Ohio Boy in the Spanish Civil War*, Levinger (2012).
- Published Spanish in Levinger (2013) [translated by Agustín Lozano de la Cruz]. The poem and the biographical sketch are from this edition.

Alex Mc Dade



Alex Mc Dade was a worker in Glasgow. He came to Spain as a volunteer in 1937, at the age of 32, and was wounded while serving in the British Battalion at the Battle of Jarama, in February. He was commissar of the company when he died in Villanueva de la Cañada, July 6, 1937, during the Battle of Brunete.

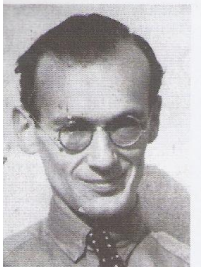
The Valley of Jarama

- First published in the *Book of the XV Brigade*, published by the Commissariat of War in 1938.
- Published later in the second edition of *The Book of the XV Brigade*, Graham (1975).
- Published in Jump (2006).
- The translation is ours.



Photograph 13. Brigade Commander Copic conducts an impromptu concert at a First Aid post (Graham, 1975: 96).

Tony McLean



Mc Lean was born in 1911 in Langwith, Nottinghamshire. He worked as a teacher and writer, while he lived in North Kensington (London). Volunteer of the International Brigades, he arrived in Spain in May 1937, but he was not sent to the front due to his poor physical condition. Then he was assigned to an administrative and logistical task, including censorship of mail and teaching with the British Battalion in the barracks of the brigades in Albacete. He returned to England in December. In 1945 Mc Lean took a job as a tutor at the University of Oxford, but also spent much time in Africa. Finally he worked as a tutor at the University of Kent (Canterbury). He died in 1982.

Sunrise in the Pyrenees May 1937

- First published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the bibliographical reference are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.



Photograph 14. A brigadist observes the pile of suitcases and clothes abandoned by the brigade volunteers upon their arrival at Albacete, Jan. 1937. Elkan Vera. British Imperial War Museum, International Brigades-HU 71510

Anton Miles



He was an English Jew who joined the XV International Brigade and was repatriated to England in December 1938.

The Turn of the Tide

- First published in the *The Volunteer for Liberty* II, n° 25, Barcelona, July, 1938 [the poem is from *The Volunteer*].
- The translation is ours.

JULY 4TH - JULY 19TH

By JOSEPH NORTH



AT THE training base EN LA base de instrucción

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

Arouse all the soldiers, the dawn will soon break,
For none can sleep while the guns are awake.
Forward to victory, rise with the morning,
Today we the enemy's stronghold are storming.

The men are tired and need a rest
But still they fight with determined zest.
In yonder trenches the enemy stand,
So forward soldiers and free the land.

So let your voices rise to the sky,
All soldiers and workers will take up the cry,
« Viva República ! Long live Spain »,
And throw aside the binding chain.

The soil is stained and sodden red,
Red with the blood of the wounds that bled
That freedom might live and never die,
Upon this soil where their bodies lie.

The soldiers are ready and now it is light,
The guns they do roar and into the fight,
Over the land and through the vines,
Advancing and breaking the enemy lines.

As the victors be honored when Spain you have won ;
So clip on your bayonet and up with your gun
And fight like good comrades all side by side,
And let your advance be the turn of the tide.

ANTON MILES

During the July fourth celebration of the Lincoln Washington battalion I thought : it is difficult to gauge the height of a mountain when you are climbing it ; it is a hard job to estimate the value of an historical action when you are going through it. So it is with the war in Spain. The value of the International Brigades here will be better estimated by the fighters themselves when the war is over. Today they are too deep in the thick of the powder fumes to see the historical perspectives clearly. The work of the internationals here will be one of the highwater marks of history. It ranks with the work of the volunteers in the American war for Independence in 1776 ; with the American Civil War in 1861.

Today we are celebrating the second anniversary of the Spanish war for liberty. The parallel between the two wars is startling. Earl Browder, one of the leading figures in American working-class history has quoted Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln in his studies of the American tradition. He told how Jefferson, for example, observed in a report on negotiations with Spain March 18, 1792 : « In the course of the war (the American Revolution) we were joined by France as an ally, and by Spain and Holland as associates ; having a common enemy each sought that common enemy where they could find him ».

The common enemy of all democracies today is fascism ; but at the moment leaders of all democracies today are not as clear-minded as Jefferson was back in 1792. The people of the democracies however will carry the lantern to show them the way ; and their sons fighting in Spain will light the wick.

The international support of American democracy did not end with the revolutionary war ; the Civil War found the bravest progressives of all the world on the side of the North to free the slaves and to help American retain its unity.

Lincoln responded to the letters of encouragement and support sent him by the First International and by the British workers organizations. He praised the heroism of the British workers movement which supported the North at the price of suffering and starvation, a heroism which, he declared « has not been surpassed in any age or in any country ».

The volunteers of Spain today are carrying on in the finest traditions of Washington, Lincoln, Tom Paine and Jefferson, giants who founded American democracy. Just as our own country gloried in and was encouraged by the aid of internationals so Spain today welcomes the support of the true lovers of democracy who have come here to help win victory. These allies of America played a great part in history ; the allies of republican Spain who came here to fight against fascism play a similar great part in contemporary history.

André Marty, the great leader of the Black Sea revolt, and one of the giant figures of the twentieth century, father of the International Brigades in Spain, put it well when he said to the American Volunteers :

« Noble sons of the great American people, noble sons of Jefferson and Lincoln, noble fighters for liberty, I salute you in the name of all our volunteers. You now enter the struggle of the volunteers for liberty. One hundred and fifty years ago, Frenchmen went to America to fight for the cause of liberty in your country. Now you too, have come here to fight for peace and for the liberty of the peoples of the whole world. You are truly the disciples of Jefferson and Lincoln » Marty speaks in the name of all the progressives of mankind. He says most clearly what millions throughout the world think. This should not be overlooked on this second anniversary of the Spanish war. The work of the International Brigades in Spain shall be written on the imperishable pages of history.



ENGINEERS working on fortifications on the Ebro
INGENIEROS construyendo fortificaciones a lo largo del Ebro



BRIGADE BAND
LA BANDA DE LA BRIGADA

Illustration 11. *The Volunteer for Liberty*, newspaper of the XV International Brigade. CRAI, Archive Pavelló de la República.

Joe Monks



Photograph 15. Sitting, Monks is the first on the left (Monks, 2011: 4).

Monks was born in 1904 in Dublin, emigrated to Acton, west London, where he worked as a machine operator. He enlisted as a volunteer in the International Brigades in December, 1936 in a group of 145 British volunteers and was assigned to the Company No. 1 of the French-speaking Marseillaise Battalion, attached to the XIV Brigade. They moved from Albacete to Andújar, near the border with Córdoba. Then, Monks was wounded fighting in Lopera and was evacuated to the hospital in Orihuela until February 37. Monks was a committee member of the International Brigades Memorial Appeal, who erected in 1985 a monument in honour of the Brigades in South Bank, London. That same year he published his autobiography, *With the Reds in Andalusia*. He died in 1988.

Fuente-O-Venjuna

- First published in *With the Reds in Andalusia*, Monks (1985), in which he says he wrote the poem in a letter to Maria Donnelly in the spring of 1937, while serving in the northern front of Córdoba.
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical sketch are from this anthology].
- Published in Spanish in *Monks* (2012) [translated by Aurora Rice Derqui].
- The translation is ours.

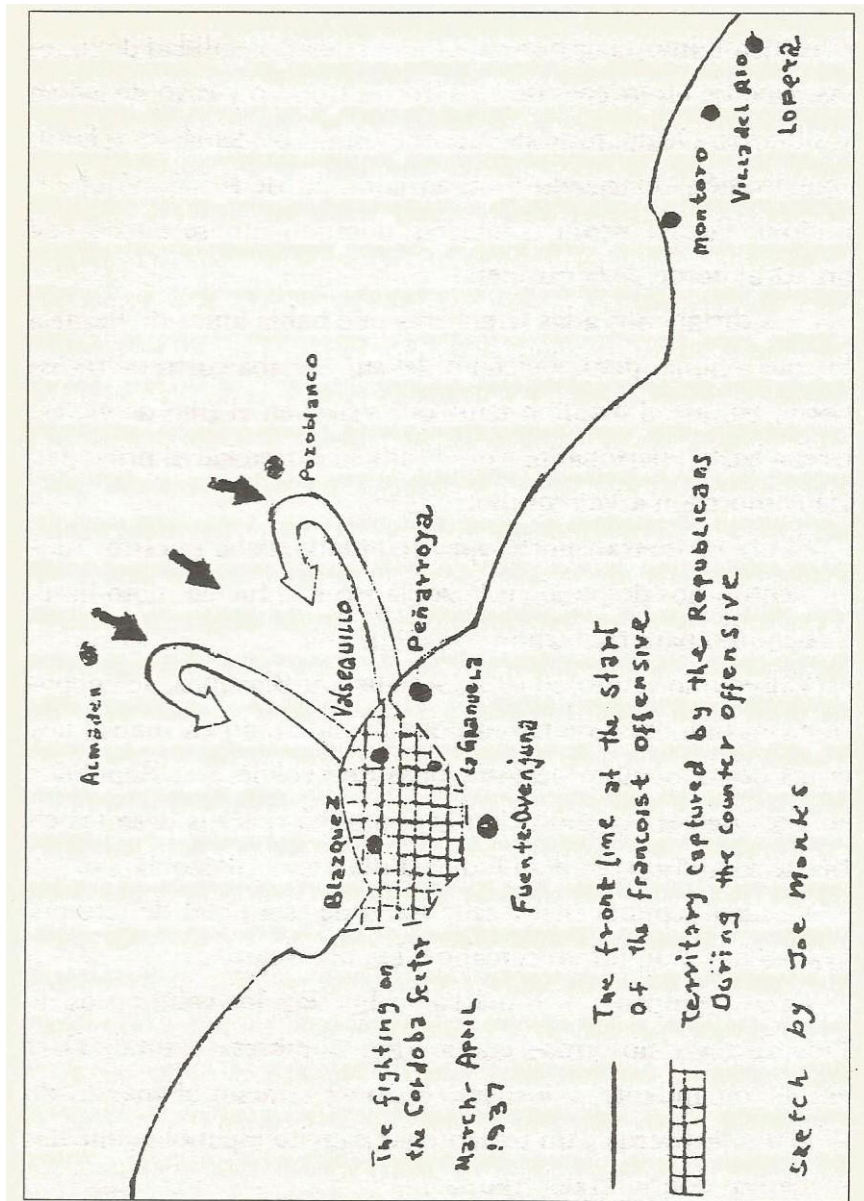


Illustration 12. Loyalist army and rebel army positions sketch by Monks (Monks, 2011: 130).

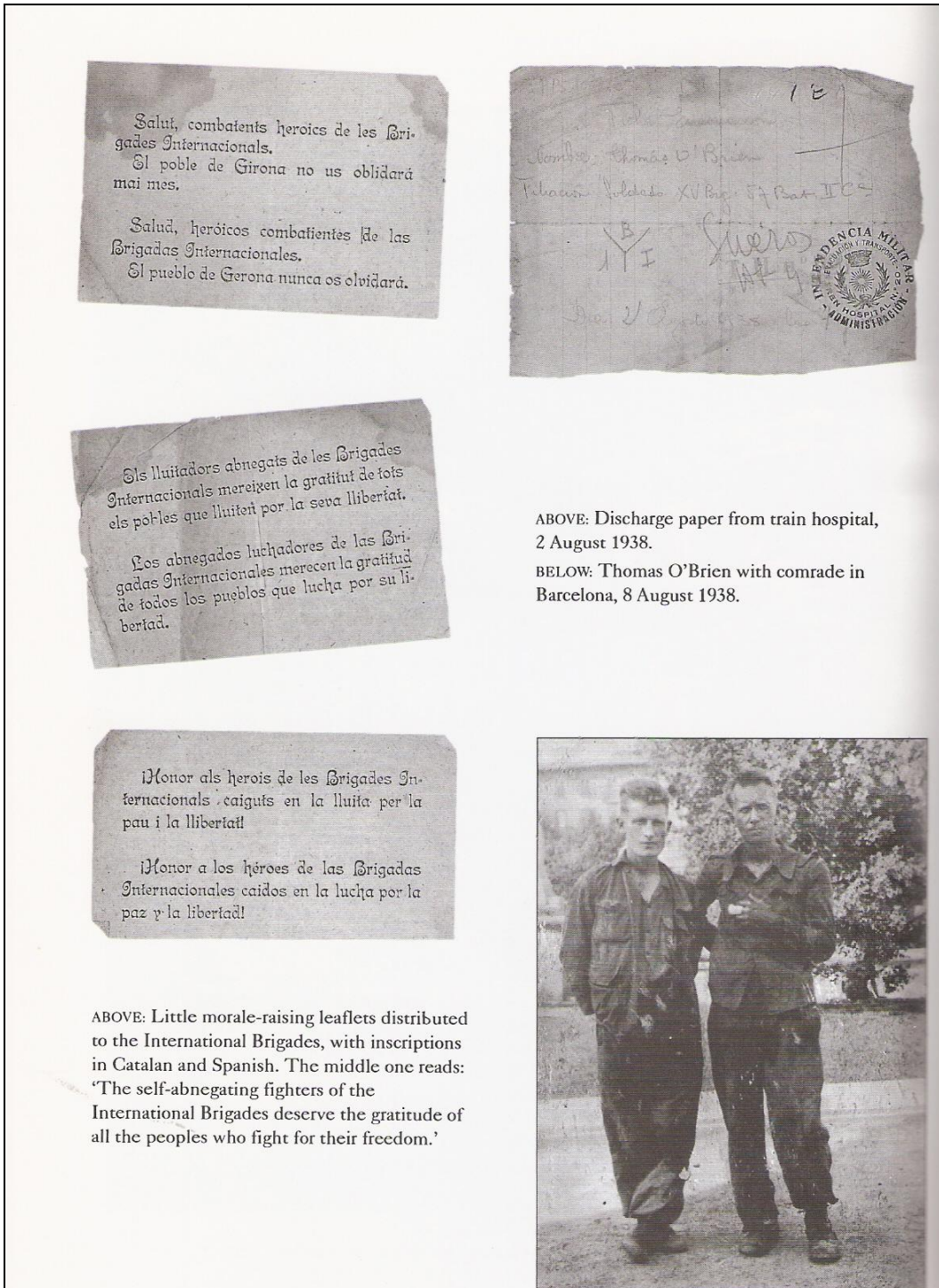
Thomas O'Brien



O'Brien was born and educated in Dublin. During his youth he participated in the Republican Movement, in which, together with Mr. Peadar O'Donnell and Mr. George Gilmore broke with the IRA to form the Republican Congress in 1934. The congress decided to advise the IRA to abandon the armed struggle and reconvert itself into a unionized social political association. He arrived in Spain in April 1938 and joined the British Battalion. Later he crossed the Ebro during the Republican offensive in July and August of that year. In late August, after being wounded, he was assigned functions in the rear. O'Brien returned to Ireland in December 1938. He wrote fiction novels, poems, plays and essays under the pseudonym of Harry Mancher and founded his own publishing house. He died in 1974.

On Guard for Liberty

- First published in *Workers' Republic*, August, 1938.
- Published in O'Brien (1994) [the poem, biographical information and images are from this book].
- Jump (2006) [part of the biographical sketch is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.



Salut, combatents heroics de les Brigades Internacionals.
El poble de Girona no us oblidarà mai mes.

Salud, heróicos combatientes de las Brigadas Internacionales.
El pueblo de Gerona nunca os olvidará.

Els lluitadors abnegats de les Brigades Internacionals mereixen la gratitud de tots els pobles que lluiten per la seva llibertat.

Los abnegados luchadores de las Brigadas Internacionales merecen la gratitud de todos los pueblos que lucha por su libertad.

Honor als herois de les Brigades Internacionals caiguts en la lluita per la pau i la llibertat!

Honor a los héroes de las Brigadas Internacionales caidos en la lucha por la paz y la libertad!

Nombre: Thomas O'Brien
Relacion: Soldado XV Brig. 57 Bat. I.C.
B
117
Suero
1174
EVIDENCIA MILITAR
EMERGENCIA Y TRASPORTE DE
HOSPITAL
ADMINISTRACION

ABOVE: Discharge paper from train hospital, 2 August 1938.

BELOW: Thomas O'Brien with comrade in Barcelona, 8 August 1938.

ABOVE: Little morale-raising leaflets distributed to the International Brigades, with inscriptions in Catalan and Spanish. The middle one reads: 'The self-abnegating fighters of the International Brigades deserve the gratitude of all the peoples who fight for their freedom.'



Illustration 13. Farewell leaflets to the International Brigades. On the right guard of discharge from the hospital train in August 1938. Pictured O'Brien with a partner (Klaus, 1994: 108).

Frank O'Flaherty



Frank Patrick O'Flaherty, an Irish American from Boston, who at the age of 30, sailed to Europe in January 16, 1937 aboard the *Paris*. He served with the XV Brigade's Lincoln Battalion at Jarama where he was wounded in action. O'Flaherty returned to the United States in the fall of 1937. During World War II he served in the Merchant Marine.

Biographical data retrieved from Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives:
<http://www.alba-valb.org/volunteers/frank-patrick-oflaherty>.

For further information consult: <http://www.albavolunteer.org/2016/01/jarama-series-the-james-connolly-column/>

To John Lenthier

- First published in *The New Masses*, June 15, 1937, p. 20: *The New Masses*:
<http://www.unz.org/Pub/NewMasses-1937jun15-00020>
- The translation is ours

Pat O'Reilly



Pat O'Reilly was born in Thurles, Co Tipperary, Ireland in 1908. He emigrated to London to work as a binder. He enlisted in the British army for a while. Known as Pat, although his real name was John, he came to Spain in early December of 1936 and joined a group of Irish and English brigadists in the XIV Brigade at the front in Cordoba. He fought in Lopera and Las Rozas. Afterwards, he joined the British Battalion, but was moved to the Lincoln Battalion, together with the majority of the Irish brigadists. He was later wounded and, while being in the hospital, he met an Afro-American nurse, Salaria Kea (1913-1990), to whom he married in October of 1937. They spent their honeymoon in Valencia before being repatriated. Finally, they settled in the United States. Salaria Kea was the only Afro-American nurse in Spain. The photograph was taken by Langston Hughes at the American Hospital in Saelices.

A Dying Comrade's Farewell to His Sweetheart

- First published in *Jump* (2006) [the poem and the biographical information are from this book].
- The translation is ours.

Edwin Rolfe



Edwin was born in Philadelphia in 1909. His parents were of Russian-Jewish origin. He spent the first years of his life in Philadelphia; later his family moved to New York. His father was a committed socialist who later became a member of the faction of the American Communist Party called *Lovestonite*, and his mother, who was a member of the party as well, was fervent collaborator of the movement in favor of birth control.

In the spring of 1937 he enlisted as a volunteer and came to Spain. Rolfe was assigned the responsibility of editing *the Volunteer for Liberty*. After nearly two years in Spain, he returned to the United States in January 1939, when the Republican cause and the brigadists were already considered contrary to the interests of the United States by different power groups. Despite the harassment against the veterans by the government, that same year he decided to publish his famous book about the Lincoln Battalion. He later worked for the TASS news agency until 1943. Afterwards he moved to Los Angeles where he published the novel *The Glass Room* and found a job in the film industry. Both he and his brother, Bern Fishman, who had been collecting money for the Republican cause, were watched very closely by the McCarthy committee. In 1947 Rolfe was inscribed on the blacklist. However, he never stopped his relentless struggle against Mccarthyism until his death by a heart attack in 1954.

Elegy for our Dead

- Published first in *The Volunteer for Liberty* 2, nº.1, Jan.3, 1938 [the poem is from the *The Volunteer*].
- Published later in *New Republic*, May 25, 1938, 65.
- Published in *Salud!* 1938.
- Published in *Young Communist Review*, February 1939, 10.
- Published in *Daily Worker*, October 1, 1939, 5.
- Published in *Rolfe, Collected Poems* (1996) [the biographical information is from this book].
- Published in Nelson (2002).
- The translation is ours.



Illustration 14. The newspaper of the brigade, *The Volunteer for Liberty*.
 Library-newspaper archive Conde Duque, Madrid, microfilm section, film reel 1052/87.

Death By Water

- Published in *First Love and other Poems*. by Larry Edmunds Book Shop, 1951.
- Published in *Rolfe* (1996).
- Published in *Nelson* (2002).
- The translation is ours.

Joseph Rosenstein

The American Joseph Rosenstein, a native of Detroit, Michigan, was born of Jewish origin in 1915. He completed his university studies and worked as a journalist; he was not affiliated to any political party. As a member of the XV International Brigade, he participated in various actions with the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, integrated in the 35th Division. He achieved the rank of sergeant and fought in the Battle of Jarama River, where he fell seriously wounded and where many members of his company died on the twenty-seventh of February. He dedicates this poem to them and it was published a posteriori in *The Volunteer for Liberty* in June of that same year. He rejoined the Lincoln Battalion after receiving a medical discharge. Later he served in Quinto, Belchite, and also in the Commissariat of the Brigade as the driver for the officials of the 35th Division. Wounded again, he was designated to deliver the mail to his comrades in the base camp. During the withdrawals from Aragón to Catalonia he was considered missed in action, on the third of March in 1938.

Information retrieved from: <http://www.alba-valb.org/>

Twenty of Us

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty, II*, No. 6, Barcelona, February 19, 1938 [the poem is from *The Volunteer*].
- The translation is ours.



Anglo-American Section of Anti-Fascist Club Formed in Barcelona

An English-speaking section of the International Anti-Fascist Club of Barcelona was formed recently by a group of British and American contacts who are in the city. The idea was conceived as a result of a spontaneous gathering of a number of contacts of the Club one evening. These English-speaking contacts themselves are well acquainted with the Club, and mention that almost every major language group was represented in it except English.

This new group met a few days later and elected a Provisional Committee of four whose function was to contact the Secretary of the Club, make arrangements for the incorporation of the English-speaking and to invite other contacts not present at the very meeting. Moreover, all those at-

tempts agreed to pass the word on to their acquaintances. Consequently, more than 20



contacts turned up at the meeting held on Tuesday night. February 10. Constanto Alonso Ribot, speaking for the Provisional Committee, explained the aims of the International Anti-Fascist Club and the club wanted to provide the various anti-fascist organizations with a place where they can meet for political or social purposes. He said the club accepted its tasks only those who were devoted anti-fascists and were contributing in some way towards the winning of the war for the Spanish Government.

It was concluded that the last days of the month of the meeting included a dinner, which was given going from ten to midnight. After dinner, there were talks on politics, culture, films, choruses, and other matters.

What the English-speaking contacts themselves were offered and based on the body elected as Provisional Committee on that to carry on



THE HOME of the International Anti-Fascist Club, where our contacts get together for cultural and recreational activities.

Number of Planes Brought Down in 1937

The Ministry of National Defense has made public the following figures giving the results of air battles during 1937:

GOVERNMENT PLANES BROUGHT DOWN BY THE REBELS

January: 2 bombers, 1 pursuit plane, 1 observation plane; total, 4.
 February: 2 bombers, 3 pursuit planes; total, 5.
 March: 1 bomber, 1 pursuit plane; total, 2.
 April: 1 bomber, 1 pursuit plane; total, 2.
 May: 1 bomber, 1 pursuit plane; total, 2.
 June: 1 bomber, 1 pursuit plane, 1 seaplane; total, 3.
 July: 7 bombers, 12 pursuit planes, 1 seaplane; total, 20.
 August: 4 bombers, 8 pursuit planes; total, 12.
 September: 5 bombers, 5 pursuit planes; total, 10.
 October: 3 bombers, 1 pursuit plane; total, 4.
 November: 3 pursuit planes; total, 3.
 December: 2 bombers, 4 pursuit planes; total, 6.
 Total number of Republican planes lost, 57.

REBEL PLANES BROUGHT DOWN BY THE GOVERNMENT AIR FORCE

January: 13 Junkers bombers, 12 Fiat pursuit planes, 5 Heinkel pursuit planes, 5 planes of unknown type; total, 33.
 February: 4 Junkers bombers, 11 Heinkels, 5 planes of unknown type; total, 21.
 March: 7 Fokker bombers, 5 Junkers bomber, 14 Fiat pursuit planes, 2 Heinkels; total, 28.
 April: 2 Junkers bombers, 3 Heinkels, 5 sea planes, 5 Fiat pursuit planes; total, 15.
 May: 4 Fiat pursuit planes, 2 planes of unknown type; total, 6.
 June: 10 Fiat pursuit planes, 1 Junkers bomber, 5 planes of unknown type; total, 16.
 July: 8 Junkers bombers, 12 Heinkels, 5 observation planes, 3 planes of unknown type, 48 Fiat pursuit planes; total, 76.
 August: 2 Junkers bombers, 1 twin-engine plane, 12 planes of unknown type, 12 Fiat pursuit planes; total, 27.
 September: 1 Junkers bomber, 5 twin-engine planes, 1 Heinkel, 12 Fiat pursuit planes; total, 21.
 October: 3 Junkers bombers, 1 Heinkel, 14 Fiat pursuit planes; total, 17.
 November: None.
 December: 4 Junkers bombers, 1 seaplane, 1 Heinkel, 12 Fiat pursuit planes; total, 18.
 Total number of planes lost by the rebels, 185.

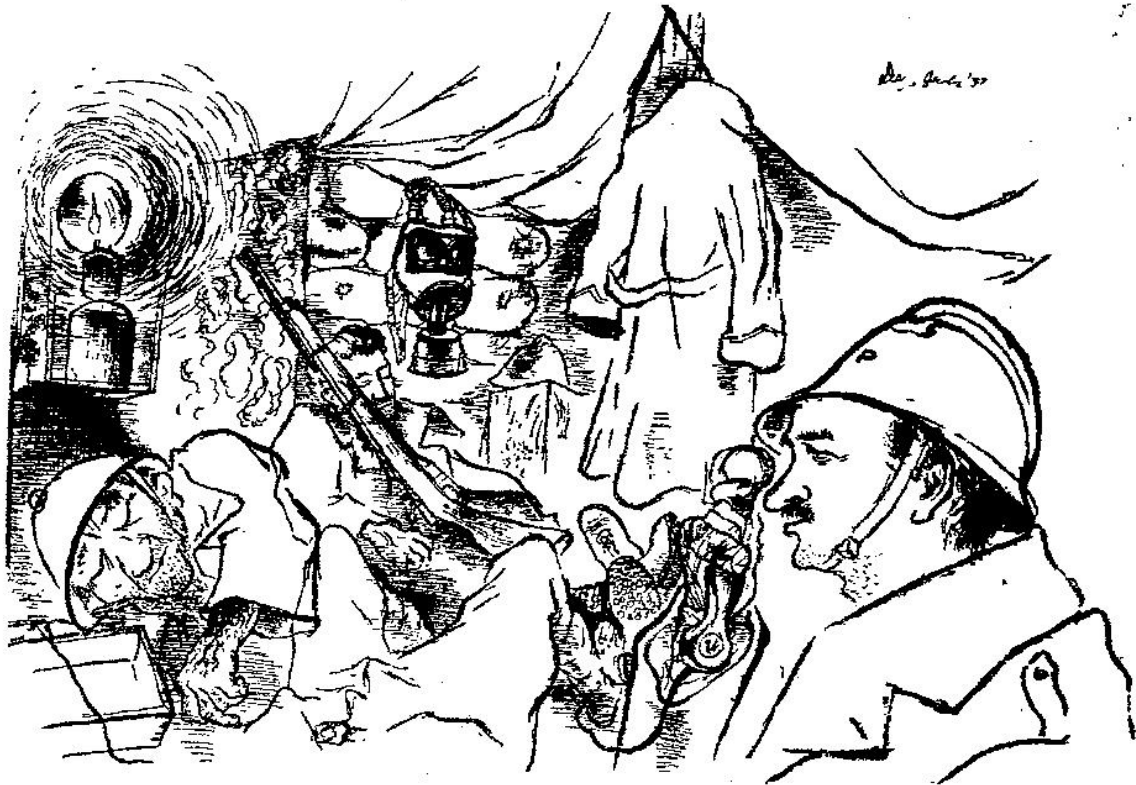
the name of English-speaking contacts. One of the Provisional Committee will represent the Section on the Executive of the International Anti-Fascist Club itself. The Committee members are composed of the following: H. Linton, A. Elliot, T. John, Kathleen O'Sullivan and Paul Vickers.

A meeting was made and passed setting every Saturday night, a place as the regular meeting time

for the English-speaking members to get together. The Club is open to all members every day, 10 to 12, located in the "Casa dels Infants", Plaça de Sant Jaume No. 4.



Illustration 15. Front page of the *The Volunteer for Liberty*. CRAI. Archive Pavelló de la República, Barcelona.



Drawn in Spain by Deyo Jacobs

Illustration 16. Cartoon drawn by Deyo Jacobs, American brigadist of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. Deyo Jacobs illustrates an article by Herbert Kline published in the same issue in *The New Masses* in July 20, 1937:

<https://www.unz.org/Pub/NewMasses-1937jul20-00005?View=PDF>

Joseph Selligman



A native of Louisville, Kentucky and undergraduate at the Swarthmore University, Joseph Selligman travelled from the United States and arrived in France alone. In Paris he joined the International Brigades with a contingent of English and Irish volunteers. A few days after fighting in the Battle of Jarama, he died in the hospital of Colmenar de la Oreja. Joseph Selligman was only twenty years old.

The biographical information is retrieved from the files of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives: <http://www.alba-valb.org/> [Consultation 13/8/2012].

Swarthmore University Halcyon , year book 1937, p. 74:

<https://archive.org/details/halcyon1937unse>

Bibliographic Reference of the poem

- First published in *The Last Great Cause*, by Stanley Weintraub (1968).
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez and López (1986) [the poem and the translation by John Eslava Galán are from this book].

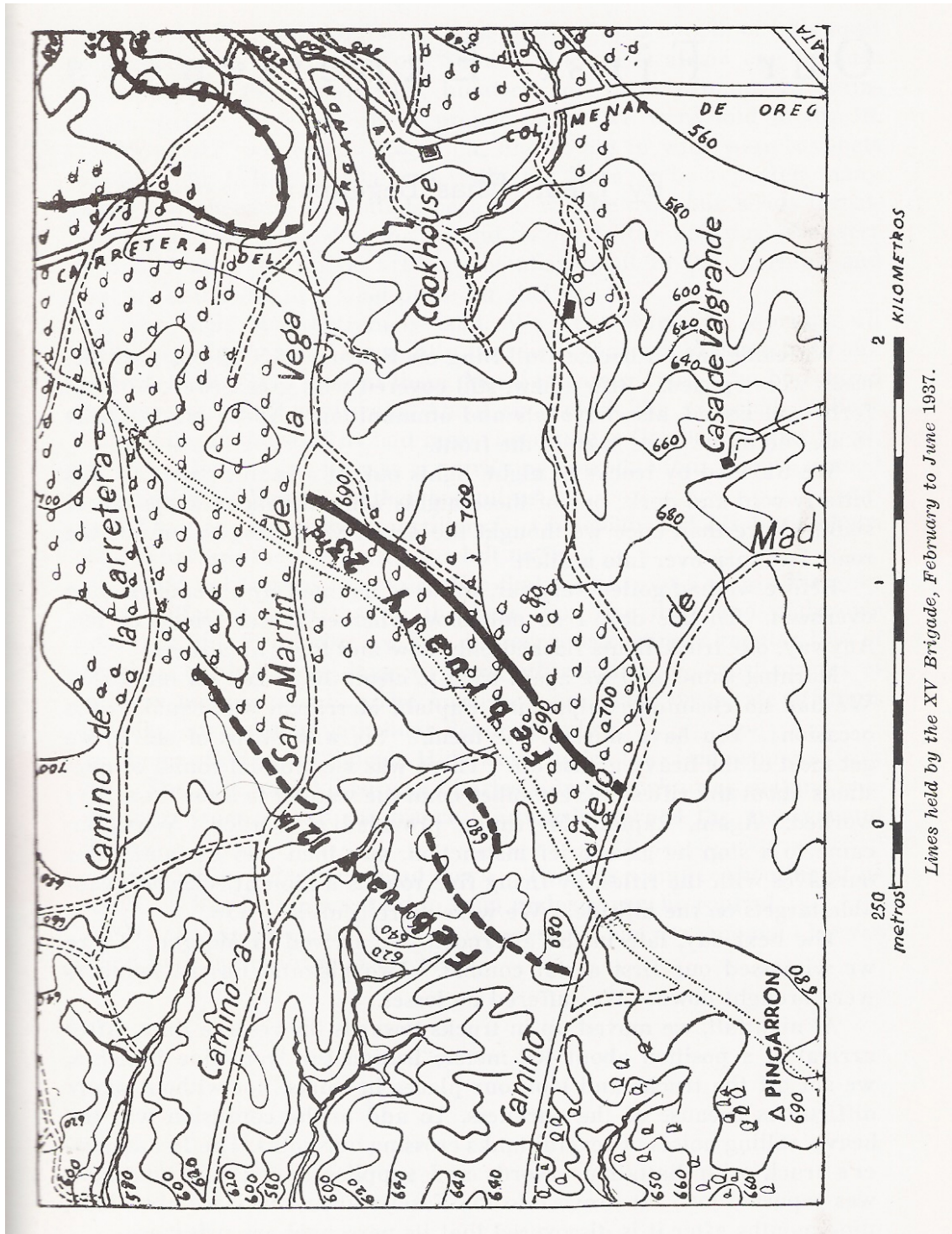


Illustration 17. Map of the area controlled by the Lincoln Brigade June 10, 1937. Extracted from *The Book of the XV Brigade* (Graham, 1974: 69).

Stephen Spender



Stephen Spender was born in London in 1909. He worked as a writer and studied at the University of Oxford, where he met W. H. Auden, with whom he formed part of the so-called *Oxford Group*, that attempted to incorporate a social and political dimension to poetry. He wanted to fight with the brigades, but the communist party thought that he would be more useful as a propagandist for the cause on the radio in Valencia. Spender also collaborated in the organization of the Congress of Antifascist Writers in the summer of 1937. Separated from the Communist Party after the end of the war in Spain, in which he was committed to the republican side, he then enlisted in the fire department in London as a volunteer at the outbreak of the Second World War. His poetic works include: *20 poems* (1930), *Vienna* (1934), *Poems For Spain* (1939), *The Still Center* (1940), *Ruins and Visions* (1942), *He Returned to Vienna* (1947), *The Generous Days* (1971) and *Collection of poems 1920-1985* (1985). Spender died in 1995.

War Photograph

- First published in *New Statesman* (5 June 1937), p.922.
- Published later in *The Still Centre* (1939), pp.62-3;
- Published in *Selected Poems* (1940), p.46, *New Statesman* text. [1-3] Omitted from 1939 and 1940.
- Published in Cunningham (1980).
- The translation is ours.

H.G. Sutcliffe

No information could be found about the author.

Asturias

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty* I, nº 26, Madrid, December 13, 1937.
- Published in Cunningham (1980) [the poem is from this anthology].
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez y López (1986) [translated by Fernández Corrugado].



Illustration 18. The poem was published three months after the invasion and occupation of Asturias by the rebel army and its allies, the Legion Condor and the Italian fascist troops.

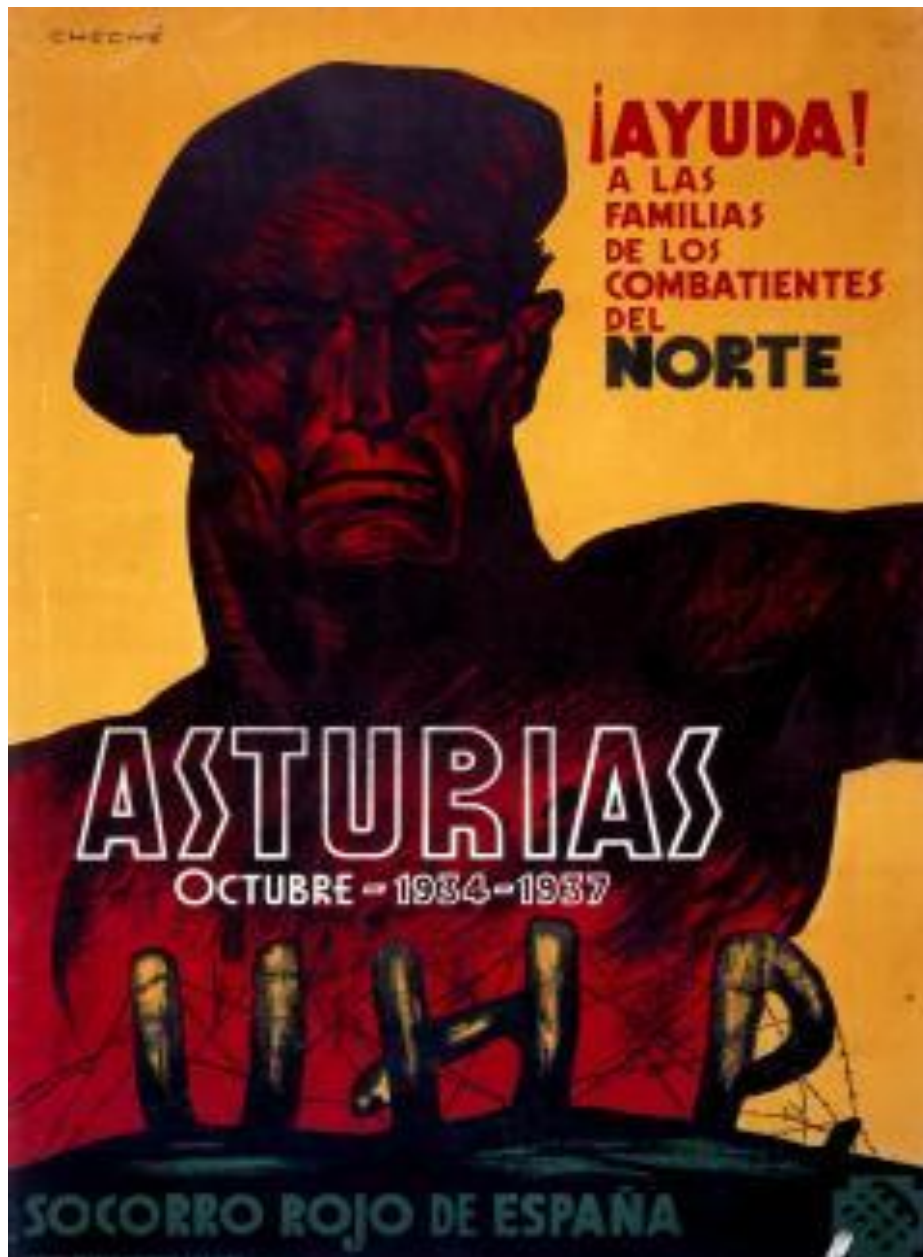


Illustration 19. Poster by Cheché. Asturias. Imperial War Museum: Art. IWM.PST 8478.

Miles Tomalin



Miles Tomalin, born in Sanderstead, Surrey in 1903, was a Cambridge University graduate and worked as an advertising typographer, musician, teacher and journalist. He went to Spain in May 1937 and joined the British Battalion's Anti-Tank Battery. He saw action at Brunete and then in Aragón at Quinto, Belchite, Fuentes de Ebro and Segura de los Baños. He worked on the staff of the *Volunteer for Liberty* during the winter of 1937/38. He was back with the British Battalion when it crossed the Ebro in July 1938 and was evacuated to hospital with a blood-poisoned leg a month later. Repatriation came in December 1938, following hospital treatment and convalescence. He resumed his career as a writer and died in 1983.

Wings Overhead

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty* II, n 4, February 5, 1938, p.10, Madrid.
- Published in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical information are from this anthology].
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez y López (1986) [translated by José Mayo López].

The Gunner

- First published in *The Volunteer for Liberty* II, n 35, November 7, 1938, Barcelona, p. 9 [the poem is from *The Volunteer*].
- Published in Cunningham (1980)
- The translation is ours.



Photograph 16. The crew of the Anti-Tank Battery. Miles Tomalin (recorder), Otto Esterson and Hugh Sloan, squatting on the left (Salas Franco, 2011:134).

Sylvia Townsend Warner



A novelist and poet, Sylvia Townsend Warner was born in Harrow, Middlesex (England) in 1893. She worked briefly at the offices of the British Medical Unit in Barcelona in the autumn of 1936, with Valentine Ackland. The two women returned to Spain in July 1937, visiting Madrid and Valencia as representatives at the Congress of the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture.

Benicasim

- First published in *Left Review*, II, December 15, 1936.
- Published in *The Heart of Spain* by Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade (1952).
- Published in Skelton (1964).
- Published in Cunningham (1980).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical information is from this book].
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez and López (1986) [Translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán]



Photograph 17. Volunteers of the British Battalion returning to the front of Brunete, after the convalescence of their wounds in the hospital in Benicasim, Photo by Alec Wainman. IWM London, ref: HU 33015, July 1937.



Photograph 18. The Republican Government set up an education program for refugee children at Benicassim. Some of these schools were supported by international aid and the International Brigades.
Photograph by Alec Wainman, IWN, London, ref.HU33021.

Tom Wintringham



Tom Wintringham was born in Grimsby in 1898. He served as a mechanic and messenger in the First World War. He worked as a professor of History at Oxford and was founder of the Communist Party and the literary magazine *Left Review*. In 1925, along with other party leaders, he was sentenced to one year in prison due to the Decree of Inciting Rebellion, as it had campaigned with law enforcement with the following motto: “Do not wear your guns against your peers workers.” He was also military correspondent of the *Daily Worker*.

He travelled to Barcelona on August 36 and assisted in the formation of the Tom Mann Centuria, composed of the few British volunteers who were in the city and later joined the International Brigades in Albacete. After fighting on the Aragón front, T. Wintringham noted with concern the lack of discipline and military expertise of the militia and volunteer brigade. Among other things he taught them what a trench was and why it was necessary. He was one of the founding members of the training base of Albacete.

In February 1937 he took control of the British Battalion at the Battle of Jarama, where he was wounded. In June of the same year he served as a military school instructor in Pozorrubio for military officers belonging to the International Brigade. Later he went to the front in Aragón with the British Battalion. He was wounded in the shoulder during the offensive of Aragón in 1937. He was finally repatriated at the end of the year. Before leaving, Wintringham met Kitty Bowler, an American journalist who was accused by the Comintern of being Trotskyist. Wintringham was ordered by the Communist Party to end the relationship with Kitty, but he refused. Finally he was expelled from the Party that he had founded. The following year he wrote “Captain English” which recounts his experience of war in Spain. During World War II, Wintringham gave a strong impetus to the creation of the Home Guard in 1940, an army of veterans over forty, to defend London from a Nazi invasion. He died in 1949.



Photograph 19. The Tom Mann's Centuria taken in Barcelona, September, 1936.

Sid Avner, Nathan and Ramona Cohen, Tom Wintringham, George Tioli, Jack Barry and Dave Marshall (Salas Franco, 2011: 258).

Barcelona Nerves

- First published November, 1937 in the *The Volunteer for Liberty* under the title "We're going on!"
- Published as "Barcelona Nerves" in *Poems for Spain* by Spender and Lehman (1939)
- Published as "Barcelona Nerves" in Cunningham (1980) [the poem is from this anthology].
- Published in Purcell (2006) as "We're going on!"
- Published in English and Spanish by Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán].

British Medical Unit –Granien

- First published November 2, 1936; in *Left Review* in January, 1937, V II, num. 16.
- Published in *The Volunteer for Liberty* I, nº 24, Madrid.
- Spender and Lehman (1939), *Poems for Spain*.
- Published in Jump (2006) as “Granien” [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- Published in Purcell (2006) as “Granien- British Medical Unit.”
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán].
- Published in Montero (2001) [translated by Bern Dietz].



Photograph 20. British nurses of the British Medical Unit at the Poleniño Hospital (Salas Franco, 2011: 78).

Poem in the Summer of 1937

- First published in Purcell (2006) [the poem is from this book].
- Published in Jump (2006).
- The translation is ours.

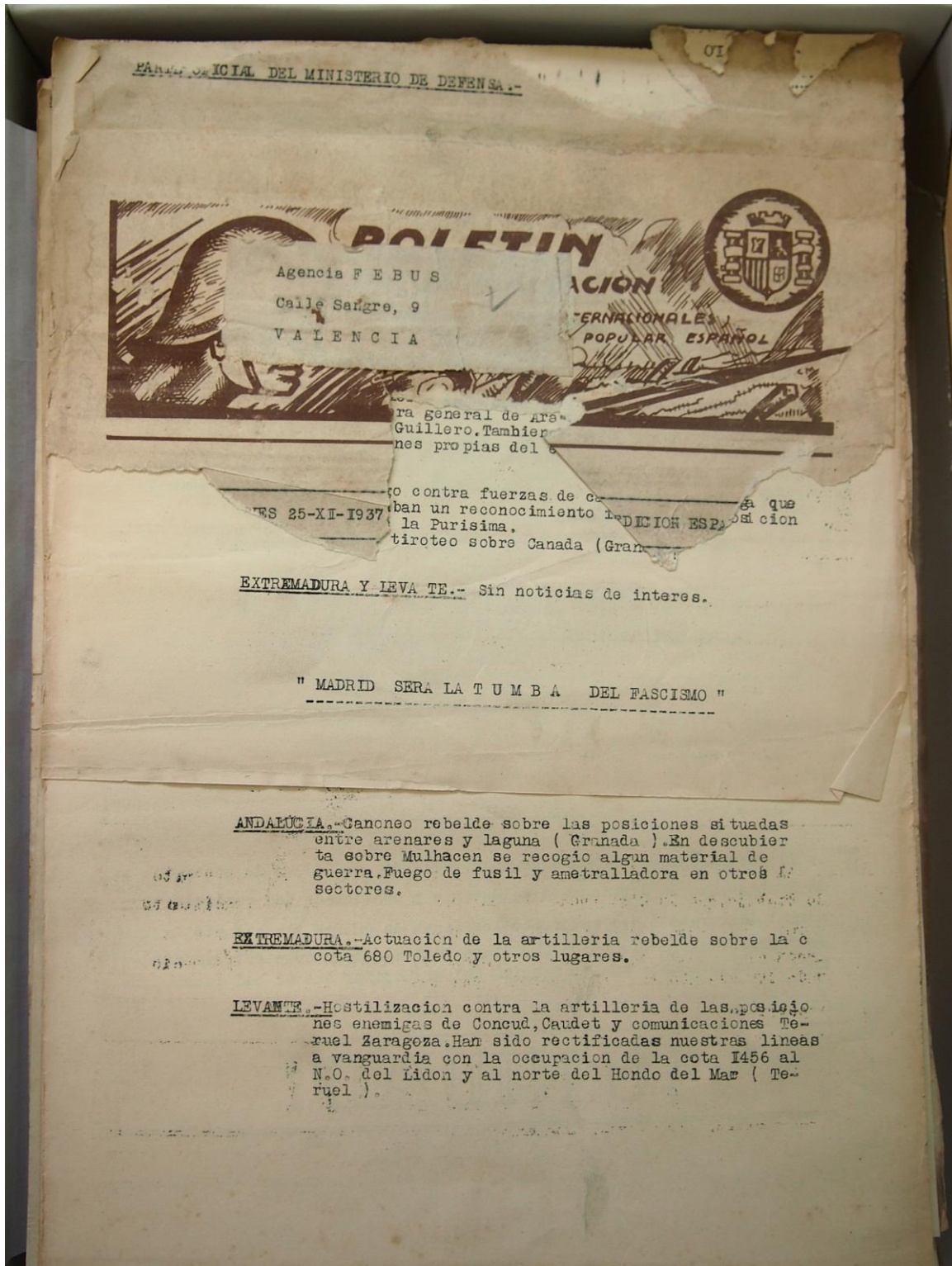


Illustration 20. *Bolletín de Información de las Brigadas Internacionales*, mimeographed in the Jarama trenches. Newspaper archive of Valencia.

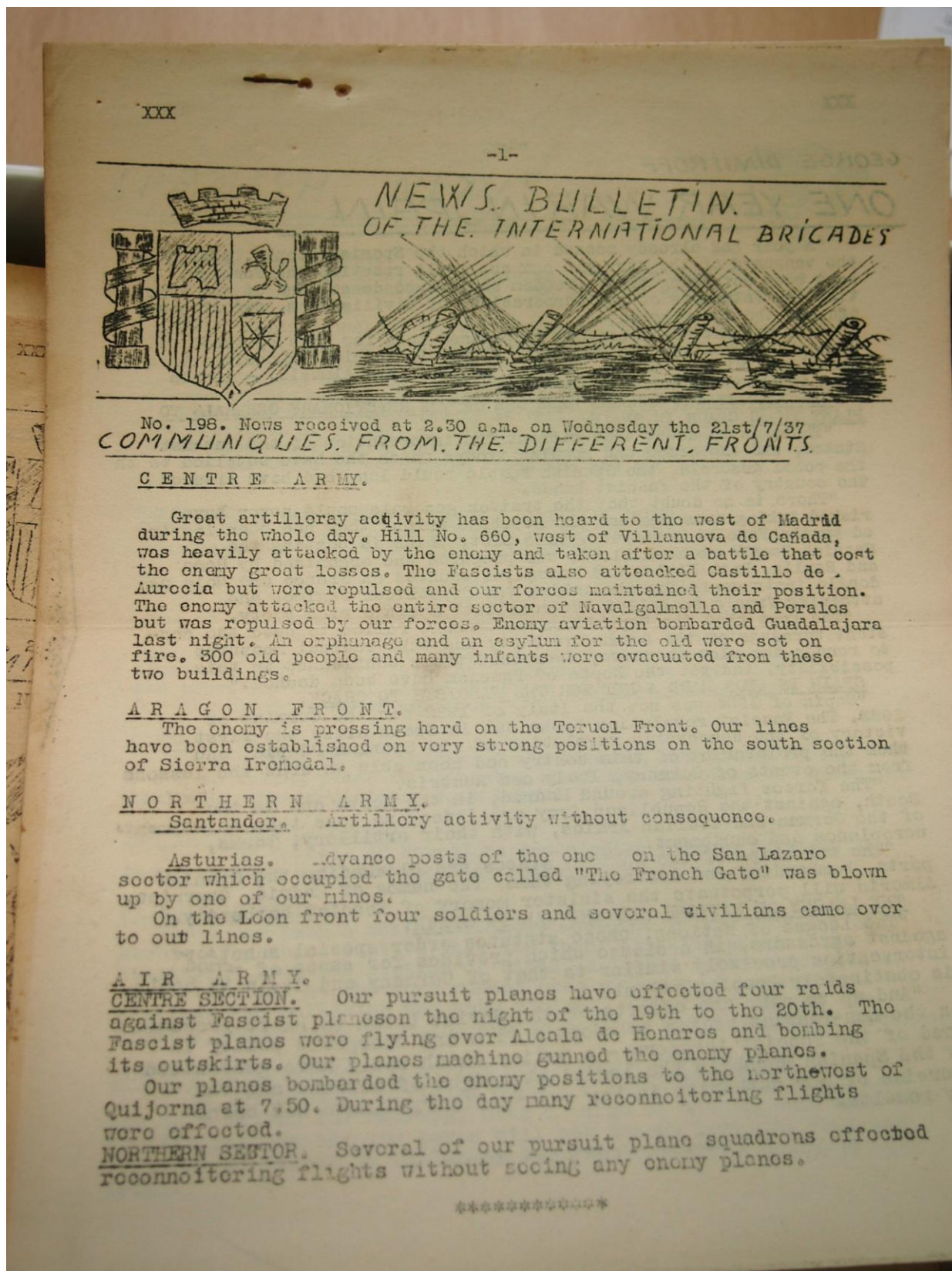


Illustration 21. News Bulletin of the International Brigades, mimeographed in the Jarama trenches. Newspaper library of Valencia.

Retrospective Group

Valentine Ackland



Mary Valentine Ackland was born in a wealthy family in London in 1906. She suffered an unhappy childhood and endured a convent education, culminating in marriage at 19 to a man who she was not in love with. She refused to consummate the marriage and it ended in annulment. She was a member of the communist party, and a journalist. Once settled in the village of Dorset, she and Sylvia Townsend Warner collaborated on a book of poems entitled *Whether a Dove or a Seagull*, which was published in 1934. In 1936, she defied British authority and, along with Sylvia, aided the Spanish loyalists in their civil war. During the Second World War, she worked as a civil defence clerk in England. A second volume of poems, *The Nature of the Moment*, was published posthumously in 1973, with an autobiographical memoir concerning her relationship with Warner following in 1985.

Information retrieved from: <http://hellopoetry.com/valentine-ackland/> an

Valencia, July 1937

- Published in *The New Masses*, November 30, 1937, p.18:
<http://www.unz.org/Pub/NewMasses/?Title=Valencia%2CJuly&Author=Valentine+Ackland&Period=1937&Action=Search>
- The translation is ours.

Barney Baley

Barney Baley was born in Arnett, Oklahoma. As an active member of the San Francisco Bay Area Post, he had served in the merchant marine during World War II and worked as a construction laborer afterwards. After serving in the Lincoln Brigade, he returned to his home in southern California and wrote a book of poetry, titled *Hand Grenades* that was published in 1942. The poems were both political and autobiographical. He died on February 28, 2001 after a long illness.

Cruzar del Ebro-July, 1938

- 1st Published by The Mercury Printing Company in a collection of poems, under the name of *Hand Grenades* in 1942 in Los Angeles (California).
- 2nd Publication in *The Volunteer: Journal of the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade*, September 2001, p. 21 [the poem is from this periodical and the biographical note from the ALBA archives].
- The translation is ours.

Gandesia-April, 1938

- 1st Published by The Mercury Printing Company in a collection of poems, under the name of *Hand Grenades* in 1942 in Los Angeles (California).
- 2nd Publication in *The Volunteer: Journal of the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade*, September 2001, p. 21 [the poem is from this periodical].
- The translation is ours.

Alvah Bessie



Alvah Bessie (1904-85) was born in New York and was educated at Columbia University. He survived the first years of the Depression digging potatoes for farmers in Vermont and writing book reviews and short stories. He returned to New York to work for the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* but soon quit to assist the Spanish Information Bureau in the same city. In 1938 he left for Spain to join the International Brigades, fighting with the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. His novel *Men in Battle* (1939) was the first personal narrative by an American Volunteer. In 1943 he went to Hollywood to write screenplays for Warner Brothers, but four years later he was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Like other members of the Hollywood Ten, Bessie cited his First Amendment rights in refusing to testify. He was cited for contempt and sent to federal prison in Texas, where he wrote a series of poems about the Spanish Civil War. Even though he was blacklisted, Bessie continued to write fiction but was barred from pursuing his Hollywood career.

For my Dead Brother

- 1st Published in *Masses and Mainstream*, 1953. This poem is a tribute to Aaron Lopoff.
- 2nd Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Nancy Cunard



Nancy Cunard was born in 1896. She was educated at several exclusive schools and started to publish poetry in 1916. She continued her writing with *Outlaws* (1921), *Sublunary* (1923) and *Parallax* (1925). In 1928 Cunard founded Hours Press that published writers, such as, Richard Aldington, Louis Aragon, George Moore, Robert Graves, Ezra Pound and Samuel Beckett.

In 1931 she wrote a manifesto in which she attacked the racism against blacks and defended interracial relationships, *Black Man and White Ladyship* (1931). It was followed by *Negro* (1934), an anthology of African-American art.

On the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, Cunard went to Spain where she wrote for the *Manchester Guardian*. In 1937 she launched a survey asking British writers about their opinions towards the Spanish conflict and published their comments in the booklet, *Authors Take Sides On The Spanish War*. She died in Paris in 1965.

Biographic data extracted from:

Nancy Cunard, by Anne Chisholm (1979).

Nancy Cunard: Brave Poet, Indomitable Rebel Edited by Hugh Ford (1968).

For further information consult: <http://spartacuseducational.com/Wcunard.htm>

To Eat To-Day

- First published in *New Statesman* (1 October, 1938), p.488.
- Published in *Voice of Spain* n° I, January, 1939, p.13. The last stanza appeared separately, entitled “In Spain it is Here” and with the appended date *Barcelona, September 13, 1938*.
- Published in Cunningham (1980) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

William Lindsay Gresham



William Gresham was born in Baltimore in 1909 and died in 1962. He was an American novelist and non-fiction author. He became famous for his novel *Nightmare Alley* (1946). Upon graduating from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn in 1926, Gresham drifted from job to job and worked as a folk singer in Greenwich Village. In 1937, Gresham served as a volunteer for the XV Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. Returning to the United States in 1939, after a troubling period that involved a failed suicide attempt, Gresham found work editing crime pulp magazines. In 1942, Gresham married Joy Davidman, a poet, with whom he had two children, David and Douglas, however they finally divorced.

Information retrieved from:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Lindsay_Gresham

Last Kilometre:

- First published in *War Poems of the United Nations*, edited by Joy Davidman. (New York, 1943).Dial Press.
- Published in Nelson (2002).
- The translation is ours.

James Jump



He was born in Wallasey, England, and was a twenty-year-old reporter on the *Worthing Herald* when he travelled to Spain in November 1937. In the first place, he was assigned to paymaster and interpreter duties at the British Battalion base at Tarazona de la Mancha. In May 1938 he transferred to the n° 2 Machine Gun Company and in August his hand was wounded at Hill 666 in the Sierra Pandols during the Ebro offensive. Following hospital treatment, he returned to Britain in December 1938. James Jump later married and wrote books about the Spanish language, including *La Ofensiva del Ebro*, and *The Penguin Spanish-Dictionary*, which was published in 1990, shortly before his death. He was the secretary of the International Brigade Memorial Appeal, which raised the funds to erect the International Brigade memorial unveiled in Jubilee Gardens in London's South Bank in 1985. He wrote about his experiences in the civil war in *The Distant Drum: Reflections of the Spanish Civil War*.

Sun over the front

- 1st Published in *With Machine Gun and Pen*, by James R Jump. Alfred Killick Educational Trust, Westcliff-on Sea 1990.
- 2nd Publication in *Poems from Spain*, by Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

David Marshall



David Ronald Marshall was born in Middlesbrough, England, in 1916 and died the 19th of October, 2005. He worked as a civil servant in an unemployment office . In September 1936, he went to Spain and joined the anti-fascist militia in Barcelona, where he teamed up with other anti-fascists from Britain. They called themselves the Tom Mann Centuria, after the dockers' union leader, and they made their way to Albacete at the end of October, after hearing that the International Brigades were being created. In November Marshall received a bullet in his leg in action at Cerro de Los Ángeles and was repatriated in January 1937. During the Second World War he participated in the Normandy landings in June 1944 and the liberation of the Belsen concentration camp in April 1945. In 1961 he moved to London, working as a joiner for theatres and later buying and refurbishing a Thames barge, the *Jock*, which, as well as providing him with an income, hosted several reunions of International Brigade veterans. He died in 2005.

Retrospect

- 1st Published in *Poems for Spain*, Spender (1939).
- 2nd Publication in *Jump* (2006) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

David Martin

David Martin was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1915 as Ludwig Destinyi. He was educated in Germany, which he left in 1934, moving first to the Netherlands and then Palestine. In December 1936 he travelled to Spain and enlisted with the medical service of the XV Brigade, serving at the Battles of Jarama, Brunete and Teruel. In 1938 he returned to London to work with his father and later became a journalist with the *Daily Express*, *Reynolds News* and the BBC in Glasgow and London. In 1948 he moved to India as a correspondent for the *Daily Express*. In 1949 he emigrated to Australia where he worked as a journalist and writer. His autobiography, *My Strange Friend*, was published in 1991. He died in 1997.

Jarama, Ten Years

- First published in *Spain Today*, February 1948.
- Published in Edwards and Shaw (1958).
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Aileen Palmer



Aileen Yvonne Palmer (1915-1988), poet, translator and political activist, was born on 6 April 1915 in London, the elder daughter of Australian-born writers Edward Palmer and Janet Gertrude Higgins. The Palmers returned to Australia in October that year. Aileen graduated with first-class honours in French language and literature from the University of Melbourne (BA, 1935). She also studied German, Spanish and Russian.

Politically conscious from an early age, as an undergraduate, Palmer was involved with the Melbourne University Labor Club and the left-wing Victorian Writers' League, through which she helped to organise the campaign for Egon Kisch in 1934. She joined the Communist Party of Australia in April that year. Travelling to England with her family early in 1935, she took part in anti-fascist rallies in London and spent three months in Vienna translating the work of the German writer Helene Scheu-Riesz. In Spain with her parents in 1936, translating for the Popular Olympics that were planned as a left-wing counter to the Berlin games, she was caught up in the July uprising in Barcelona that heralded the start of the Spanish Civil War. After briefly returning to London she joined the first British medical unit, as a secretary and interpreter with the International Brigades until 1938.

Information retrieved from: <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/palmer-aileen-yvonne-15015>

The dead have no regrets

- 1st Taken from a photocopied sheet in the Marx Memorial Library, London; reproduced by permission of State Trustees, Victoria.
- Published in Jump (2006) [the poem and part of the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Muriel Rukeyser



Muriel Rukeyser was born in 1913 in New York and was educated at Vassar College and Columbia University. During the thirties Rukeyser wrote for Communist publications, like *New Masses*. Her first collection of poems, *Theory of Flight*, won the Yale Series of Younger Poets Competition in 1935. Her subsequent books of poetry would be inspired by certain events she witnessed, including the Scottsboro trial in Alabama, the Gauley Bridge tragedy in West Virginia, and the civil war in Spain.

She went to Barcelona to cover the People's Olympiad, filling in for a colleague of a friend of hers. These games were meant to be a protest against Hitler's Berlin Games, where Jews were not allowed to participate because of the Racial Laws passed in Berlin in 1933. However, instead of reporting on the games, she documented the outbreak of the civil war, because the fascist-backed coup d'état, that plunged Spain into violence, took place two days before the People's Olympiad was to begin.

For further information read: <http://www.feministpress.org/books/muriel-rukeyser/savage-coast>

1/26/39

- First published in 1939, from *The Collected Poems of Muriel Rukeyser* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1978).
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Vincent Sheean



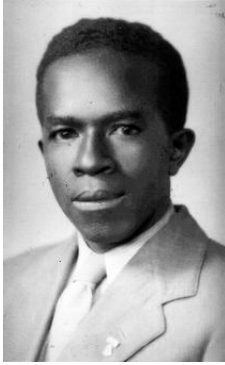
James Vincent Sheean was an American journalist and novelist. He was born in Pana, Illinois in December 1899 and studied at the University of Chicago. In 1918 he joined the United States Army with the intention of taking part in World War I, but the armistice was signed before his departure. Sheean visited Europe in 1922 and eventually settled in Paris where he became foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. During this period he became close friends with Ernest Hemingway and John Gunther .

He recounted his early life in *Personal History* (1935), which detail his adventures in the Middle East, his sympathy for anti-imperialist movements in China, and his growing concern over the rise of European fascism. During the Spanish Civil War, he served as a reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*. He wrote the narration for the feature-length documentary *Crisis* (1939), directed by Alexander Hammid and Herbert Kline, and many other books and novels.

Puigcerdá

- First published in *New Masses*, October 4, 1938.
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

James Yates



James Yates was born in 1906, in the Brown settlement (Quitman), Mississippi. He worked as a porter for the railroad. Married with two sons, Yates left them to join the volunteers, arriving in Spain on March 17, 1937. James served with the International Autopark in Albacete and later was assigned to the XV Brigade as a driver. Coming back to Valencia from the Teruel front, he was injured by a bomb dropped by the Aviazione Legionaria. After recovering, he returned to the United States on February 16, 1938. The hardest part of his coming back home was the trench of racism, nearly forgotten while being in Spain and France, where he was treated as an equal.

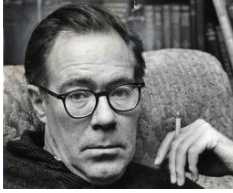
Information extracted from his autobiography *Memoir of a Black American in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. Mississippi to Madrid* (1990).

Spanish Hands

- First published in *Poems from New Writing 1936-1946*, Lehman (1946).
- Published in English and Spanish in Álvarez and López (1986) [translated by S.G. Fernández-Corrugedo].

Abroad Group

John Berryman



John Berryman was born in Oklahoma in 1914 .When he was twelve, his father committed suicide. Berryman studied at Columbia and Cambridge Universities and became a teacher at Harvard, Princeton and Minnesota. He wrote and published poetry; this poem comes from his early left-wing poetry. Berryman died in 1972.

Nineteen Thirty-Eight

- First published in the Kenyon Review, (1938).
- Published in *Five Young American Poets: Mary Barnard, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman, W. R. Mosses, George Marion O'Donnell* in Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1940, First Series, by New Directions Publishing Corp.
- Published in Nelson, (2002) [the poem and the biographical information are from this book].
- The translation is ours.

John Malcolm Brinnin



John Malcolm Brinnin was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada in 1916. He was educated at the University of Michigan, and he taught at the Universities of Connecticut and Boston. Brinnin was the editor of the left-wing literary journals, *New Writers* and *Signatures* in the 1930s. In 1942 he began publishing the first of six volumes of poetry and eleven volumes of literary criticism and nonfiction, among them, the studies or memoirs of Dylan Thomas, Gertrude Stein, and Truman Capote.

For a young poet died in Spain

- First published in *Salud! Poems, Stories and Sketches of Spain by American Writers*, edited by Alan Calmer, New York: International Publishers, 1938.
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical information are from this book].
- The translation is ours.

Joy Davidman



Helen Joy Davidman, an American poet and writer, was born in 1915. She earned a master's degree from Columbia University in English literature in 1935. She won the Yale Series of Younger Poets Competition for her book of poems, *Letter to a Comrade*, in 1938 and the Russell Loines Award for Poetry in 1939. She was the author of several books, including two novels.

While being an atheist and after becoming a member of the American Communist Party, she met and married her first husband, William Lindsay Gresham, in 1942. After a troubled marriage, they divorced and she left America to travel to England with her sons. Davidman published her best known work, *Smoke on the Mountain: An Interpretation of the Ten Commandments* in 1954 with a preface by C. S. Lewis, who had been an influence on her work and became her second husband in 1956. She died in 1960.

Information obtained from:

<https://messianicjewishhistory.wordpress.com/2015/04/18/18-april-1915-birth-of-joy-davidman-poet-writer-and-wife-of-c-s-lewis-otdimj/>

Snow in Madrid

- First published in *War Poems Of The United Nations. The Songs and Battle Cries of a World At War* (1943) [the poem is from this book].
- The translation is ours.

Cecil Day Lewis



Cecil Day-Lewis was born in Ballintubbert in the Midlands of Ireland in 1904. The Day-Lewis family moved to England in 1906. In October 1923, he went to Wadham College, Oxford. He was not a distinguished scholar, and decided to dedicate himself to poetry. He published his first collection, *Beechen Vigil*, in 1925, but it was in his final year at university, 1927, when he met WH Auden, a fellow student.

In the early 1930s, Auden and Day-Lewis, together with Stephen Spender, Louis MacNeice, Rex Warner and others, became known as the '*Poets of the Thirties*'. Their political, polemical verse, modern in its industrial imagery but traditional in form (against the prevailing Modernist mood of the time), created unease about the political, economic and social crisis of the decade that saw the failure of the first Labour government, economic collapse, mass unemployment, hunger marches and the rise of fascism in Europe

Information obtained from: <http://www.cday-lewis.co.uk/#/biography/4525050882>

The Volunteer

- First published in 1938 in the collection, *Overtures to Death* (1938).
- Published in Cunningham (1980) [the poem is from this book].
- Published in *Short is the Time*, Poems 1936-1943, (1945).
- Published in Álvarez and López (1986), the translation of the poem is by Agustín García Calvo.
- Published in Montero (2001).

Barrows Dunham



Barrows Dunham, an American author and professor of philosophy, was born in 1905. He is best known for popular works of philosophy, such as *Man against Myth* (1947) and *Heroes and Heretics* (1963). Dunham also gained notoriety as a martyr for academic freedom when he was fired from Temple University in 1953 after refusing to “name names” before the House Un-American Activities Committee. He died in 1995.

Information is available from: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Barrows_Dunham

Neutrality

- First published in *Presbyterian Tribune*, January 5, 1939.
- Published in (Nelson, 2002) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Kenneth Fearing



Kenneth Fearing, an American poet and novelist, was born in 1902. Literary critic Macha Rosenthal called him “the chief poet of the American Depression.” Fearing was born in Oak Park, Illinois. His parents divorced when he was a year old, and he was raised mainly by his aunt. After studying at the University of Wisconsin, Fearing moved to New York City, where he began a career as a poet and was active in leftist politics. In the Twenties and Thirties, he published regularly in *The New Yorker* and helped found *The Partisan Review*, while also working as an editor, journalist, speech writer and also a pulp fiction writer. He often published under the pseudonym Kirk Wolff. A selection of Fearing's poems has been published as part of the Library of America's American Poets Project. His complete poetic works, edited by Robert M. Ryley, were published by the National Poetry Foundation in 1994. Fearing published several collections of poetry, including *Angel Arms* (1929), *Dead Reckoning* (1938), *Afternoon of a Pawnbroker and other poems* (1943), *Stranger at Coney Island and other poems* (1948), and seven novels, including *The Big Clock* (1946). Fearing died in 1961. He is the father of the poet Bruce Fearing.

Information obtained from: <http://www.poemhunter.com/kenneth-fearing/biography/>

The Program

- First published in *New Masses* (1938).
- Published in *Salud! Poems, Stories and Sketches of Spain by American Writers*, edited by Alan Calmer, New York: International Publishers (1938).
- Published in Nelson, (2002) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Sol Funaroff

Sol Funaroff was born of Russian parents. His father died in Palestine after the family fled across Europe. He endured a hard life, working since a child. During the depression years he got a part-time job as a relief investigator and as a reporter for the *New York World*. He collaborated with the *New Republic* and *Scribner's*, and the WPA Writer's Project. Funaroff also wrote poetry and became an organizer for the proletarian poetry movement in the 1930s. He founded *Dynamo Magazine* and also published books by Fearing, Rolfe, and his own poem poetry collections *The Spider and the Clock* (1938) and the posthumous *Exile from a Future Time* (1943).

The Bull in the Olive Field

- First published in *Exile from a Future time: Posthumous Poems of Sol Funaroff* (New York: Dynamo Press, 1943).
- Published in *The Heart of Spain*, edited by Alvah Bessie (New York: Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade 1952).
- Published in Nelson (2002). In the index of the poems, it appears as written in 1939.
- Published in *Poesía Anglo-norteamericana de la Guerra Civil Española* by Álvarez and López (1986), translated by José Antonio Cáceres [the poem and the translation are from this anthology].

Geoffrey Grigson



Geoffrey Grigson, a Cornish poet, critic, and naturalist, was born in 1905. He was an impressive versatile writer with books about travelling, art, literature, the English countryside and botany.

In the 1930s he emerged first as a poet, then as the founder-editor (with his first wife Frances Galt) of the *avant garde* poetry magazine *New Verse*. He claimed that *New Verse* was not an organ for left-wing politics, but he famously championed Auden and MacNeice. Lambasting members of the literary establishment, such as Edith Sitwell, he made many enemies. Some of Grigson's most interesting journalism was collected in volumes whose titles announced his adversarial persona: *The Contrary View* (1974) and *Blessings, Kicks and Curses* (1982). He died in 1985.

Information obtained from: <https://www.seh.ox.ac.uk/about-college/geoffrey-grigson>

The Non Interveners

- First published in *Several Observations: Thirty-Five poems* (1939).
- Published in Skelton (1964).
- Published in Cunningham (1980) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Margot Heinemann



Margot Heinemann, the daughter of a banker, was born in London in 1913. Her parents were German Jews who were both supporters of the Labour Party. She attended South Hampstead High School before moving to Roedean in Brighton. She was a very intelligent young woman and won a scholarship to Newnham College, Cambridge University. She was an active member of the Cambridge Socialist Society, where she met John Cornford and Kenneth Sinclair Loutit.

In 1934 she joined the Communist Party of Great Britain. After leaving university she taught factory workers at Cadbury's Bournville in Birmingham and began living with John Cornford.

During the Spanish Civil War she played an active role in supporting the Republicans. This included selling pamphlets and organizing meetings. She died in 1992.

Information available from: <http://spartacus-educational.com/SPheinemann.htm>

This New Offensive (Ebro, 1938)

- First published in *Poems for Spain* (1939).
- Published in *The Heart of Spain* (1952)
- Published by Cunningham (1980).
- Published in *Poesía Anglo-norteamericana de la Guerra Civil Española* by Álvarez and López (1986), translated by Agustín García Calvo [the poem is from this anthology].

Brian Howard



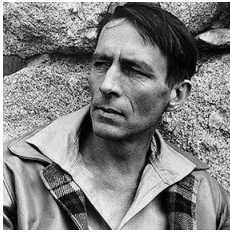
Brian Howard, an English poet, was born in Surrey in 1905. His work belied a spectacularly precocious start in life; in the end he became more of a journalist, writing for the *New Statesman*. He was educated at Eton College, where he was one of the Eton Arts Society, group including Harold Acton, Oliver Messel, Anthony Powell and Henry Yorke. He entered Christ Church, Oxford in 1923, not without difficulty. He was prominent in the group later known as the Oxford Wits. He was one of the Hypocrites group that included Harold Acton, Lord David Cecil, L P Hartley and Evelyn Waugh. He allegedly provided the model for Anthony Blanche, the social butterfly in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*. He died in 1958.

Information available from: <http://gayfortoday.blogspot.com.es/2007/03/brian-howard.html>

For Those with Investments in Spain

- First published in *Les Poètes du Monde défendent le peuple espagnol*, issued by Nancy Cunard and Pablo Neruda, Paris (1937) [the poem is from this collection].
- Published in *Poems for Spain* (1939).
- Published in *The Heart of Spain* (1952).
- Published in Skelton's *Poetry of the Thirties* (1964).
- Published by Álvarez and López in (1986). [Translated by Francisco Núñez Roldán].
- The translation of the poem is ours.

Robinson Jeffers



Robinson Jeffers was born in 1887, in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. His father, a professor of Old Testament Literature and Biblical History at Western Theology Seminary in Pittsburgh, supervised his education, and Robinson began to learn Greek at the age of five. His early lessons were soon followed by travelling, in Europe, which included schooling at Zurich, Leipzig, and Geneva. When the family moved to California, Jeffers, at age sixteen, entered Occidental College as a junior where he later graduated at eighteen. Jeffers immediately entered graduate school as a student of literature at the University of Southern California. By the spring of 1906, he was back in Switzerland studying philosophy, Old English, French literary history, Dante, Spanish romantic poetry, and the history of the Roman Empire. Returning to USC in September 1907, he was admitted to the medical school. The last of his formal education took place at the University of Washington, where he studied forestry.

Strongly influenced by Nietzsche's concepts of individualism, Jeffers believed that human beings had developed a self-centered view of the world, and passionately felt that they should learn to have greater respect for the rest of creation. Many of Jeffers's narrative poems also use incidents of rape, incest, or adultery to express moral despair. *The Woman at Point Sur* (Liveright, 1927) deals with a minister driven mad by his conflicting desires. The title poem of *Cawdor and Other Poems* (Liveright, 1928) is based on the myth of Phaedra. In *Thurso's Landing* (Liveright, 1932), Jeffers reveals, perhaps more than in any of his other collections, his abhorrence of modern civilization.

During the late 1930s and the 1940s, Jeffers's genius was judged to have faded, and many of his references to current events and figures, such as Hitler, Stalin, FDR, and Pearl Harbour, raised questions about his patriotism in a period of national strife. He died in 1958.

Information obtained from: <https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/robinson-jeffers>

Sinverguenza

- First published in *The Collected poems of Robinson Jeffers, vol 3* (1988).
- Published in Nelson, (2002) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Kenneth Leslie



Kenneth Leslie, a Canadian poet, clergyman and political activist, was born in 1892. In the 1920s he was part of a literary society in Halifax called The Song Fishermen, which included Charles G.D. Roberts and Bliss Carmen. After this he and his first wife moved to New York. His first collection, *Windward Rock* (Macmillan, 1934), received positive attention on both sides of the Atlantic, and his fourth book, *By Stubborn Stars* (Ryerson, 1938) won him the Governor General's Award. Although he was not a communist, he was given the nickname "God's Red Poet" due to his political activism. In the late 1930s he worked steadily against fascism and anti-semitism. He founded the influential journal *The Protestant Digest*, which earned him many friends and many enemies. The magazine's editorial advisers eventually included Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr. Rather than face the House Un-American Activities Committee, Kenneth Leslie returned home to the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia. He died in 1974.

Information obtained from:

<http://kingdompoets.blogspot.com.es/2015/06/kenneth-leslie.html>

The Censored Editor

- First published in *New Frontier* (1937).
- Published in *Sealed in Struggle: Canadian Poetry and The Spanish Civil War* (1995) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Dorothy Livesay



Dorothy Kathleen May Livesay was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1909. In 1920 she and her family moved to Toronto, when her father, J.F.B. Livesay, a well-known news correspondent for the First World War, became the first general manager of the Canadian Press. Her mother, Florence Randal Livesay, was a poet, journalist and pioneering translator of Ukrainian literature in Canada; both parents helped Dorothy publish while she was a teenager. Livesay received a B.A. in modern languages at the University of Toronto (1927-31) and a Diplôme d'études supérieures at the Sorbonne in Paris (1931-32). She became active with the Communists in France, and when she returned to Canada to study at the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto (1932-1934), she joined the Communist Party. Beginning in the late 1930s, she wrote extensively for newspapers and for the newly established CBC Radio.

Livesay won the 1944 Governor General's Literary Award for poetry for *Day and Night* (1944), and in 1947 won the same award for *Poems for People* (1947). This early recognition of her work culminated in her award of the Royal Society of Canada's Lorne Pierce Medal in 1947 for distinguished contribution to Canadian literature. Though she broke off her formal connection with Communism in the 1940s, her interest in social movements continued. She died in 1996.

Information available from:

<http://canadian-writers.athabascau.ca/english/writers/dlivesay/dlivesay.php>

Man Asleep

- First published in *New Frontier* 1.6 (October 1936).
- Published in *Sealed in Struggle: Canadian Poetry and The Spanish Civil War* (1995) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Archibald MacLeish



MacLeish was born in 1892 and raised in Illinois. He was educated at Yale University and Harvard Law School. He lived in Paris in the early 1920s, after frontline service in World War I. He was on both the Editorial board of *Fortune* magazine in the 1930s and the executive committee of the League of American Writers, a Popular Front organization supported by the Communist party. MacLeish served as a librarian of Congress and Assistant Secretary of State in the Roosevelt administration. He often addressed political topics in poems or radio plays. His poetic drama *Panic* (1935) and his book *Public Speech* (1936) signal his endorsement to collective action. He died in 1982.

The Spanish Lie

- First published in *Collected Poems, 1917-1982* (1985).
- Published in Nelson, (2002) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Edna St. Vincent Millay



Edna St. Vincent Millay was born in Rockville, Maine in 1892 and educated at Vassar College. In 1917 she moved to New York's Greenwich Village and joined the revolutionary mix of politics, modernism and sexual experimentation that typified the community. She was consistently involved in political causes during World War II and regularly wrote poems about them. However, her most important legacy is no doubt the witty, anti-romantic sonnets she wrote in significant number. Their rhetorical dexterity and confidence reflect an adaptation of the Elizabethan sonnet style, while the gender instability and reversal of conventional gendered roles embody both her feminism and the rethinking of sexual identity. She died in 1950.

Say that We Saw Spain to Die

- First published in *Harper's* (1938).
- Published in *Collected Poems* (1956).
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

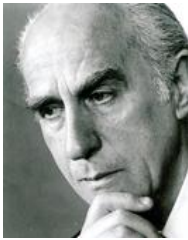
Martha Millet

Martha Millet was born in 1919. She was regularly visible as a writer of the left from the 1930s to the 1950s. She contributed poetry to such radical publications, as the *Young Pioneer* and *Daily Worker*. Millet wrote a series of poems, among them an elegy of García Lorca, in *Seven Poets in Search of an Answer* (1944). She published a poem sequence, *Thine Alabaster Cities*, in 1952 and *Dangerous Jack*, a verse play, in 1953. She edited *The Rosenbergs: Poems of the United States* in 1957. While contributing to *Masses* and *Mainstream*. She moved to Boulder, Colorado with her husband, the radical journalist Sender Garlin in 1980. She died in 2008.

Women of Spain

- First published in *Daily Worker* (September 14, 1936).
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Herbert L. Peacock



Herbert Leonard Peacock, an educator, author and artist, was born in Heacham, Norfolk, England, in 1910. He graduated from Cambridge University, holding a Holmes Scholarship. He contributed to *Cham's Journal* and Heinemann Educational Publications. He authored *The History of Modern Europe 1789-1981*. Peacock immigrated to Canada in 1979 and three years later became one of the 12 founding members of "La Societe Canadienne de l'Aquarelle" in Quebec. He died in Ottawa in 2011.

Information obtained from:

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/ottawacitizen/obituary.aspx?n=herbert-peacock&pid=148722643>

Ship for Spain

- First published in *Poetry and the People* , No 6 (December 1938).
- Published in Cunningham, (1980) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Kenneth Porter

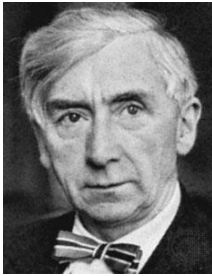


Kenneth Porter was born near Sterling, Kansas, in 1909 and educated at Sterling College and Harvard University, where he received a Ph.D. in 1936. He taught history at several schools, ending his career at the University of Oregon. *No Rain from These Clouds: Poems, 1927-1945* (1946) includes works from earlier chapbooks. His nonfiction includes the two-volume study *John Jacob Astor* (1931), *Relations between the Negroes and Indians within the Present Limits of the United States* (1933), and *The Negro on the American Frontier* (1971). He died in 1997.

¡Salud!

- First published in *No Rain from These Clouds* (1946).
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Sir Herbert Read



Sir Herbert Edward Read, a poet and critic, was born in Yorkshire in 1893. He was the chief British advocate and interpreter of modern art movements from the 1930s to the 1960s. His critical scrutiny embraced society, art, and literature from the point of view of a philosophic anarchist. Read grew up on a farm, and described his childhood in *The Innocent Eye* (1933), which was later incorporated with other autobiographical writings in *The Contrary Experiences* (1963). He died in 1968.

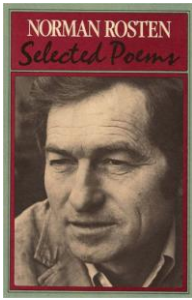
Information obtained from:

<http://global.britannica.com/biography/Herbert-Read-British-art-critic>

The Heart Conscripted

- First published in *Poems for Spain* (1939).
- Published in *Collected Poems* (1966).
- Published in *The Penguin book of Spanish Civil War Verse*, Cunningham, (1980).
- Published by Álvarez and López (1986) [the poem and the Spanish translation by Francisco Núñez Roldán are from this anthology].

Norman Rosten



Norman Rosten was born in New York in 1914 and educated at Brooklyn College and New York University. During the 1930s he worked for the Federal Theatre and regularly published in *New Masses*. In addition to his poetry, Rosten wrote novels, nonfiction, and a series of plays, including a number of radio plays for the Armed Forces Radio during World War II. *The Big Road* (1946) is a book-length poem about road building in Alaska. He died in 1995.

The March

- First published in *New Masses* (1937).
- Published in *Salud! Poems, stories and sketches of Spain by American Writers* (1938).
- Published in the author's collection *The Fourth Decade and Other Poems* (1943).
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.

Wallace Stevens



Wallace Stevens was born in 1879 and grew up in Reading, Pennsylvania. He studied at Harvard and New York University Law School. He spent most of his life working as an executive for an insurance company in Hartford, Connecticut. He won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for his *Collected Poems* in 1955. Some of his best-known poems include *Anecdote of the Jar*, *Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock*, *The Emperor of Ice-Cream*, *The Idea of Order at Key West*, *Sunday Morning*, *The Snow Man*, and *Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird*.

Information obtained from: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wallace_Stevens

Men that are Falling

- First published in *Collected Poems* (1954).
- Published in Nelson, (2002) [the poem is from this anthology].
- The translation is ours

Randall Swingler



Randall Swingler was born in 1909. He was educated at Winchester College, and New College, Oxford. He was an accomplished flautist, playing regularly with the professional London orchestras. Among several notable pieces, Swingler co-wrote *Ballad of Heroes* with Britten and the poet W. H. Auden.

He joined the Communist Party of Great Britain in 1934. His numerous ventures as a literary entrepreneur included: the setting up of *Fore Publications* (1938); the magazines *Left Review* (to 1938), *Arena*, *Seven* (taken over in wartime, mainly for the paper stock), *Our Time*; and the publishing of the *Key Books*, and later *Key Poets* series. These proved more influential than his Blake-flavoured verse, which has consistently been criticised (and scarcely defended, except by Andy Croft).

He operated in North London, as a close associate of Nancy Cunard, sometimes lending his name. He was one of the organisers of the covert Writer's Group of the late 1930s, attempting to co-ordinate a "literary policy" of the Left. He was also involved in work for the Unity Theatre. He was the literary editor of the *Daily Worker*, and often reviewed books for *The Times*, *The Manchester Guardian*, and other newspapers. He served with the British Army in Italy in World War II. His egalitarian beliefs led him to refuse a commission and he joined as a private soldier, repeatedly refusing offers of a battlefield commission. He saw action in the Italian campaign and was awarded the Military Medal. He left the CPGB in 1956. He was a founder of E. P. Thompson's *The New Reasoner* (from 1957). He died in 1967.

Information retrieved from:

<http://www.tandfonline.com/doi/abs/10.1080/14735787609366407?journalCode=rctc19>

They Live

- First published in *Les Poètes du Monde défendent le peuple espagnol*, issued by Nancy Cunard and Pablo Neruda, Paris (1937).
- Published by Álvarez and López in (1986) [the poem and the translation by Carmen Bueno Núñez are from this anthology].

Genevieve Taggard



Genevieve Taggard was born in 1894 to James Taggard and Alta Arnold, both of whom were school teachers. Her parents were both active members of the Disciples of Christ, and at age two her parents moved to Honolulu, Hawaii, where they became missionaries and founded a school. Genevieve Taggard began writing poetry at the early age of 13. In 1914 the family left Hawaii, and Taggard enrolled at the University of California, Berkeley. Here she became an active member of the socialist political and literary community. She graduated in 1919. Moving to New York in 1920, she started working for the publisher B. W. Huebsch and in 1921 she co-founded the journal *The Measure* along with fellow writer and friend Maxwell Anderson. In the same year she married poet and novelist Robert Wolf with whom she had her only child Marcia Wolf. Upon living in New York for most of the 1920s she assumed a teaching position at Mount Holyoke College where she taught from 1929 to 1930.

In 1931, she was a Guggenheim Fellow. In 1932, she accepted a professorship at Bennington College. In 1934 Taggard and Wolf divorced, and the following year she married Kenneth Durant. In 1934, she moved on to teach at Sarah Lawrence College, where she remained until 1947, a year before her death in 1948.

Her poems were published in *The Nation*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic*.

Noncombatants

- First published in *Long View* Harper's and Brothers (1942). © 1938.
- Published in Nelson (2002) [the poem and the biographical note are from this anthology].
- The translation is ours.