



Stuart Christie
1946-2020
“We are not
bystanders to life”

The Kate Sharpley Library and Stuart: an appreciation

The Kate Sharpley Library Collective were deeply saddened to hear of the death of Stuart. From our very earliest days Stuart was a mentor and a supporter and we want to acknowledge his generosity and kindness. We shared his political outlook and his approach to history and we are proud to stand in that tradition. We know it just wasn't us he helped on historical and philosophical matters. A seventeen year old from Scunthorpe would get a response from Stuart equal to any learned professor who wrote to Stuart looking for help. Carrying on the work of Miguel Garcia and Albert Meltzer, Stuart was responsible for bringing to life literally hundreds of anarchists and militants who had, until his work, been forgotten in the pages of history. It was an amazing feat of historical scholarship. He brought them back because he came to understand that anarchism wasn't about great thinkers and writers but was something made by the efforts and sacrifices of ordinary people. He encouraged us think about that beautiful ideal of anarchism in a different way than you read in most of its histories.

It would have been easy for Stuart to play the role of hero and champion. He rejected that and any other idea of him being a leader, which shows the measure of the man. To us he was a friend with a delicious sense of humour overlaid with a magnificent generosity of spirit. It seemed he would always be there, chasing us up for the most obscure references or telling us to read books we had never heard of. Sadly that was not to be. We loved the man, not the legend that has crept into some coverage of his death and we send our love and support to his family. He would have been the first to say that without you and Brenda he would have been a lesser person. ■

Stuart Christie 1946-2020 Anarchist activist, writer and publisher

Stuart Christie, founder of the Anarchist Black Cross and Cienfuegos Press and co-author of *The floodgates of anarchy* has died peacefully after a battle with lung cancer.

Born in Glasgow and brought up in Blantyre, Christie credited his grandmother for shaping his political outlook, giving him a clear moral map and ethical code. His determination to follow his conscience led him to anarchism: "Without freedom there would be no equality and without equality no freedom, and without struggle there would be neither." It also led him from the campaign against nuclear weapons to joining the struggle against the

Spanish fascist dictator Francisco Franco (1892-1975).

He moved to London and got in touch with the clandestine Spanish anarchist organisation Defensa Interior (Interior Defence). He was arrested in Madrid in 1964 carrying explosives to be used in an assassination attempt on Franco. To cover the fact that there was an informer inside the group, the police proclaimed they had agents operating in Britain – and (falsely) that Christie had drawn attention to himself by wearing a kilt.

The threat of the garotte and his twenty year sentence drew international attention to the resistance to the Franco regime. In prison Christie formed lasting friendships with anarchist militants of his and earlier generations. He returned from Spain in 1967, older and wiser, but equally determined to continue the struggle and use his notoriety to aid the comrades he left behind.

In London he met Brenda Earl who would become his political and emotional life partner. He also met Albert Meltzer, and the two would refound the Anarchist Black Cross to promote solidarity with anarchist prisoners in Spain, and the resistance more broadly. Their book, *The floodgates of anarchy* promoted a revolutionary anarchism at odds with the attitudes of some who had come into anarchism from the sixties peace movement. At the Carrara anarchist conference of 1968 Christie got in touch with a new generation of anarchist militants who shared his ideas and approach to action.

Christie's political commitment and international connections made him a target for the British Special Branch. He was acquitted of conspiracy to cause explosions in the "Stoke Newington Eight" trial of 1972, claiming the jury could understand why someone would want to blow up Franco, and why that would make him a target for "conservative-minded policemen".

Free but apparently unemployable, Christie launched Cienfuegos Press which would produce a large number of anarchist books and the encyclopedic *Cienfuegos Press Anarchist Review*. Briefly Orkney became a centre of anarchist publishing before lack of cashflow ended the project. Christie would continue publishing, and investigating new ways of doing so including ebooks and the internet. His christiebooks.com site contains numerous films on anarchism and biographies of anarchists. He used facebook to create an archive of anarchist history not available anywhere else as he recounted memories and events from his own and other people's lives.

Christie wrote *The investigative researcher's handbook* (1983), sharing skills that he put to use in an exposé of fascist Italian terrorist *Stefano delle Chiaie* (1984). In 1996 he published the first version of his historical study *We the anarchists : a study of the Iberian Anarchist Federation (FAI), 1927-1937*.

Short-run printing enabled him to produce three illustrated volumes of his life story (*My granny made me an anarchist*, *General Franco made me a 'terrorist'* and *Edward Heath made me angry* 2002-2004) which were condensed into a single volume as *Granny made me an anarchist : General Franco, the angry brigade and me* (2004). His final books were the three volumes of *¡Pistoleros! The Chronicles of Farquhar McHarg*, his tales of a Glaswegian anarchist who joins the Spanish anarchist defence groups in the years 1918-1924.

Committed to anarchism and publishing, Christie appeared at many bookfairs and film festivals, but scorned any suggestion he had come to 'lead' anyone anywhere.

Christie's partner Brenda died in June 2019. He slipped away peacefully, listening to "Pennies From Heaven" (Brenda's favourite song) in the company of his daughter Branwen.

Stuart Christie, 10 July 1946-15 August 2020

John Patten

[Update, 21 August 2020]

We have posted three tributes from comrades of Stuart's:

Octavio Alberola says goodbye to Stuart Christie

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/d51dns>

Stuart Christie has died after a lengthy illness Juan Busquets Verges

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/tb2t62>

In Memoriam: Stuart Christie, 10 July 1946-15 August 2020 by Frank Mintz

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/w3r3xf>

We have also posted an interview, from 1980: Anarchy over the water: A visit to Cienfuegos Press & conversation with Stuart Christie by Nhat Hong

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/7d7z0n>

[Update, 3 September 2020]

Stuart Christie, the Eternal Young Rebel Always in the Fight for Life by Xavier Montanyà is up at

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/kprstj>

You can see a fraction of the material Stuart published at For Stuart

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/2nggbg>

[Update, 5 September]

Stuart Christie: In Memoriam by Chris Ealham and Julián Vadillo Muñoz

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/jq2dg8> ■

KSL Update Sept. 2020

Our friend and comrade Stuart Christie has died. It'll take us a while to get over that. Please send us your memories of Stuart. We'd like to try and write something longer about his life (though we don't really know what that will look like yet).

We have lost so many other comrades this year. There are obituaries for Roberto Ambrosoli, Doris Ensinger, Paolo Finzi and Lucio Urtubia Jiménez on

our site <https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/gb5n40>. Our thoughts go out to all our friends and comrades who are finding this a bad year.

On our wiki is a chronology of the 1945 split in British anarchism. It's not simple to sift the legends that have grown up, given the shortage of records from the time. See:

<http://katesharpleylibrary.pbworks.com/w/page/139511268/The%201945%20split%20in%20British%20anarchism>

In this issue of the bulletin we have the second of our new 'worth a second look' series (thanks, Devin). The first one was Barry Pateman on Joseph Lane's *An Anti-Statist Communist Manifesto*. It's at <https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/4f4s2z>

We also have a piece translated from a new collection of the writings of André Prudhommeaux, who is always worth reading. More at <https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/80gbk1>.

If you look at our website or have signed up for our email newsletter you'll have seen we have done a handful of 'not the bulletin' updates since January and put up a lot of articles. Here are a handful:

Elio Ziglioli, an Italian in the anarchist guerrilla struggle: the story of a return by Argimiro Ferrero

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/ncjvmm>

The Return of Comrade Ricardo Flores Magón by Claudio Lomnitz [Book review]

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/rfj8gt>

Tribunals and Political Objectors by Vernon Richards, featuring Albert Meltzer's statement to the Conscientious Objection Tribunal

<https://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/hx3gzf>

Elsewhere, Andrew Whitehead has just produced a podcast and walking tour devoted to Dan Chatterton. Get that (and a biography) via

<https://www.andrewwhitehead.net/dan-chatterton.html>.

Stuart and Albert published the first issue of the *Bulletin of the Anarchist Black Cross* on 19th July 1968 (it would become *Black Flag* from volume 2). Thanks to our comrades at CIRA

(<https://www.cira.ch/>) this and other early issues are available via <http://libcom.org/library/black-flag-vol-01-01-july-1968>.

Sending best wishes: stay safe comrades. ■

Worth a Second Look No. 2.

Re-reading Kuwasi

Balagoon's 'Anarchy Can't Fight Alone'

When I first read this essay it was in pamphlet form, and it felt electric to me, like anarchist writing should feel. (1) I was in some musty corner of the old Oakland AK Press warehouse I believe, and as I

excitedly pawed through the slim volume I was bowled over and invigorated. The explicit uniting of the Black Liberation struggle with revolutionary anarchism (or maybe it's the other way around) argued for here is so clear and unapologetic, and exciting. Re-reading it still makes me feel like everything is possible and the revolution is just around the corner.

The short essay was written from behind walls, and reads with the impatience of an action-oriented person cut off from the field of action. It was in connection with a BLA-led expropriation attempt (in concert with former Weather Underground members, collectively calling themselves the Revolutionary Action Movement) that Balagoon and several others were captured in early 1981. Kuwasi was convicted in September, 1983. This piece seems to have been written in early '83 judging from the topical references (though I do not know the exact writing date). It is a founding document of what would come to be known as New Afrikan Anarchism, a tendency within recent anarchist history that has increasingly found fertile soil in subsequent decades.

Within, Balagoon talks to the reader with understandable urgency: he saw himself and his Black Liberation Army comrades as fighting a war for liberation on behalf of an oppressed internal colony within the 'united states,' and himself as a prisoner of war. He dispenses with the theory quickly to get on to his main points, but in doing so elucidates the heart of anarchism more clearly than several pages worth of academic acrobatics would:

"Of all ideologies, anarchy is the one that addresses liberty and equalitarian relations in a realistic and ultimate fashion."

Kuwasi is more interested in a theory of action than in theory for its own sake. His life, after all, was one of almost constant activity since his time in the military. From directly confronting racist soldiers and officers in the Army, becoming an organizer active in tenants' struggles in Harlem, joining the Black Panther Party, his political education—from soldier to activist to Black nationalist to revolutionary anarchist—had been largely gained through lived experience. Clearly he never stopped thinking for himself, and was reticent to accept any authoritarian tendency, even including that of some within the BPP, whom he calls out here in the context of the notorious 'Panther 21' case, of which he had been a defendant.

"...How could they neutralize the courage and intellect of the cadre? The answers to these questions are that the cadre accepted their leadership and accepted their command regardless of what their intellect had or had not made clear to them. The true democratic process which they were willing to die for, for the sake of their children, they would not claim for themselves."

As he moved through being a cadre to becoming

an anarchist, he remained committed to anti-colonial struggles, including that of New Afrikans, as well as to his comrades. He also remained true to himself, living a revolutionary life in all senses: as a revolutionary anarchist, a Black Liberation soldier, and a queer man, his very existence threatened a society based on racist, gendered atomization and bigotry, and undoubtedly challenged some of his own comrades as well. One gets the sense Kuwasi wouldn't have it any other way.

The pamphlet didn't come with footnotes (at least not that I remember), so I was pretty confused at first about many of events referenced within, which serve both as time-stamps for the document and evidence of his central arguments. These include the aforementioned Panther 21 case (2), the Overtown rebellion (3), the Canadian anarchist saboteurs Direct Action (4), etc. All of these references seemed like some mythical codex to me when I first read them, which only added to the excitement and mystery of the writing.

But the thrust of the argument remained, and remains, intact. This is an urgent call to arms by a captured revolutionary. It is also an explanation—by way of exhortation—of a radical politics at the nexus of Black liberation and anarchism. Balagoon expresses his impatience with the inevitable pitfalls of authoritarianism, both through his own experiences as a Black Panther and through 20th century and contemporary history (citing for example Communist China's involvement in repression of anti-colonial struggles in Angola and South Africa). It seems he is seeking to explain to his Black nationalist and New Afrikan comrades how, or at least why, he came to anarchism. At the same time he calls on all anarchists to not sit out anti-colonial struggles as not being of purely anarchist origin:

"It is beside the point whether Black, Puerto Rican, Native American, and Chicano-Mexicano people endorse nationalism as a vehicle for self-determination or agree with anarchism as being the only road to self-determination. As revolutionaries we must support the will of the masses."

The title of the article itself implies a clever double-meaning: unless anarchists act in meaningful solidarity with communities fighting for liberation from racist, colonial, and class oppression, we should neither expect nor deserve reciprocal solidarity ourselves. More than that, it is simply the duty of those who take up the cause of anarchism that we follow the thread to its 'ultimate' conclusions, which of course means struggling not just alongside self-described anarchists, but in solidarity with all of the exploited and oppressed.

Near the end of the article he sets down a list of constructive efforts anarchists and revolutionaries should undertake in their communities, which brings to mind echoes of another great fighter, Durruti: Anarchy can't fight, or build, alone.

Sadly, Kuwasi died in prison on December 13, 1986. We can only wonder where his unwavering revolutionary anarchism would have taken him... and us.

Devin Hoff

Notes

- (1) It was also printed in a posthumous collection of writings by and about Balagoon entitled 'A Soldier's Story' originally published by Solidarity; an expanded edition was republished by PM Press in 2019. https://www.pmpress.org/index.php?l=product_detail&p=884 [You can read the article online at <https://kersplebedeb.com/posts/anarchy-2/>].
- (2) 21 NYC-based leaders and activists of the BPP were arrested and indicted on a wide-range of mostly bogus conspiracy charges in 1969. Tensions arose during pre-trial between the California-based national leadership and some of the 21 who were formally purged from the Party while awaiting trial. Most of the defendants—though not Balagoon—were found not guilty of all charges.
- (3) A multi-day riot began in the Overtown neighborhood of Miami in May 1980, in response to the acquittal of police who beat to death a Black man named Arthur McDuffie.
- (4) Direct Action was a Canadian collective that sabotaged a weapons manufacturing plant and other targets. Several members were arrested in January 1983. The last lines of this pamphlet seem to refer to those events: "...I refuse to believe that Direct Action has been captured." ■

Berta Tubisman

Arrested in February 1937. Two years and eight months under interrogation. That covers the whole period of the "Great Terror" with its torture methods. This woman in her fifties evidently refused to confess to anything. Otherwise she would have received a death sentence. She managed to last till the "Beria thaw" and was rewarded with five years. Who can beat that?

—A. V. Dubovik

Berta Israilevna (Betia Isrulevna (Srulevna)) Tubisman (1884, Vinnitsa, Podolskaya province —?) A seamstress by trade, she had no formal education. In 1903 she joined the Bund. In 1905 she



was on the executive of the Union of Confectioners of Odessa. In 1906 she became an anarchist, and was arrested the same year, being incarcerated in the Odessa prison.

From 1908 she lived in emigration in Switzerland, while taking part in the anarchist movement. In April, 1917, she arrived in Petrograd on the famous "sealed" train.

Upon returning to Odessa, she was one of the organizers of the Red Guard, and took part in the January [1918] uprising there. In 1919 she was active in the underground work of the "Foreign Bureau," carrying on agitation among soldiers and sailors (French, Greek) of the armed forces of the Entente. She was a member of the "Nabat" Group of Anarchists of Peresyp. [Peresyp is a district of Odessa.] In the second half of 1919, she took part in the anti-Denikinist underground.

In the 1920s she worked in a confectionary factory. In 1929 she took part in an illegal anarchist conference held in Odessa on January 1 which was disguised as a New Year's Day celebration. This led to her arrest and she was sentenced by a Collegium of the OGPU to exile in Central Asia for three years, which she served in Aulie-Ata [today Taraz], Syr-Daryinsky okrug.

Upon finishing her term, she received a "minus 6" [forbidden to live in six major Soviet cities]. She lived in Voronezh, then in Orel, working as a milliner. She took part in the anarchist under-ground and corresponded with the IWA [International Workers' Association] Relief Fund for Anarchists and Anarcho-Syndicalists Imprisoned or Exiled in Russia.

She was arrested again on January 27, 1934, and sentenced by plenipotentiaries of the OGPU for the Central Black Earth Region on May 14, 1934, for participation in counter-revolutionary anarchist work to three years of exile in the Northern krai [region]. The sentence was served in Arkhangelsk. She was arrested again on February 18, 1937, and sentenced by a Special Council of the NKVD on October 4, 1939, to five years in a Corrective Labour Camp. Her subsequent fate is unknown.

by Sergei Ovsiannikov (translated by Malcolm Archibald). ■

Prisoner 155: Simón Radowitzky by Agustín Comotto [Book review]

Seeing as, at the time of writing, I haven't set foot outside my house for three weeks, I'm feeling pretty well incarcerated. But Augustin Comotto's handsome graphic novel is about real incarceration with a vengeance – the imprisonment, for over two decades, of Ukrainian activist Simon Radowitzky for the

assassination in 1909 of a murderous Argentinian police chief. Comotto chronicles Radowsky's remarkable life story from the childhood trauma of the pogroms through his growing political awareness, exile, imprisonment, solitary confinement and torture to eventual release, service in the Spanish revolution on the Aragon front and in Barcelona, and then into dignified old age in Mexico. For those like me who have managed little more in a lifetime than the odd spell of leafleting, it's a sobering example.

And it's a labour of love, beautifully constructed. Greyscale throughout (with occasional splashes of red at moments of violence or extreme emotion), Comotto's tonal line and wash drawings, carefully composed as if for camera, create the feel of black and white film, and the flashback structure has a filmic quality too. I found myself desperate to get through it at one sitting, exactly as if watching a film. The drawing is workmanlike and effective, but never showy, which allows the narrative to do the business without distractions. Some moments, especially those of loss or disappointment, are remarkably touching; as the refugees from Barcelona cross the French frontier the dialogue switches off, and the eye follows the long line of grey figures, draped in blankets, trudging silently through rain.

Comotto draws largely on the account of Radowsky's life by Augustin Souchy, though where there are holes in the record there is some necessary fictionalisation, as Comotto's interesting postscript admits. This is sensitively done, though it comes as a bit of a shock to find that the locksmith's militant daughter Lyudmyla, Radowsky's constant inspiration in his darkest moments of torture and despair, is almost entirely Comotto's creation. Absent pictorially, though present through quotes from her letters, is another inspiration, the wealthy bohemian activist Salvadora Medina Onrubia, who campaigned tirelessly, and successfully, for Radowsky's release. Despite their lifelong connection, they apparently met only once, so her invisibility in the strip feels entirely appropriate. Lastly, a respectful nod to the short introduction by Stuart Christie, which is informed, sympathetic and wise.

Prisoner 155 is readily available to buy online. As you sit out your pandemic isolation, pondering on the glaring inefficiencies of the state, the potential of local mutual aid, and the shape of the future, you could do worse than take a bit of inspiration from this impressive tale of one man's resistance, modesty and commitment to justice.

Richard Warren

Prisoner 155: Simón Radowsky is published by AK Press, ISBN 9781849353021
<https://www.akpress.org/catalog/product/view/id/3237/s/prisoner-155-simon-radowsky/> ■

Barcelona 1936

Woke one bright morning – not so long ago –
 heard the sound of shooting from the street below.
 Went to the window and saw the barricade
 of paving stones the workingmen had made
 – not so long ago.

Met a man that morning – not so long ago –
 handed me a leaflet, on the street below.
 Lean and hard-faced workingman with a close-cropped head
 – held me for a moment eye-to-eye, then said:
 Read it, read it, read it, and learn
 what it is we fight for, why the churches burn.

Down on the Ramblas, she passed me on her way,
 weapon cradled in her arm – it was but yesterday.
 Not just for wages now, not alone for bread
 – we're fighting for a whole new world, a whole new world, she said.

On the barricades all over town – not so long ago –
 they knew the time had come to answer with a simple Yes and No.
 They too were storming heaven – do you think they fought in vain;
 that because they lost a battle they would never rise again;
 that the man with the leaflets, the woman with a gun,
 did not have a daughter, did not have a son?

Hugo Dewar (1908-1980)

This poem first appeared in *Socialist Worker* (23 August 1975). Two fragments appear in *Soil of Liberty* (Minneapolis) v.2, n.4 (undated but advertising events in July 1976). 'Down on the Ramblas' to 'she said' and 'They too were storming heaven' to end appear as boxes in 'The CNT, a history of struggle' by Jess Gordon. The poem was reprinted in *Cienfuegos Press Anarchist Review* #3 (Autumn 1977). It was then quoted in various anarchist publications (*The Sheffield Anarchist*, *Land and Liberty: Anarchist influences in the Mexican Revolution*) before being published by Dewar in a collection of poems: *Arsy-Versy World* (Bookmarks, London, 1981). The 1981 version lacks 'bright' in the first line but has better line-breaks (which are used above).

Anarchists obviously took to this evocation of the Spanish revolution despite the fact that Dewar was a Trotskyist. It makes a connection of historic struggles with current ones. It's telling that Dewar meets two people, and that they interrupt their journeys to have their say, before he looks at the big picture. The morning setting matches the hopeful theme.

The poem does carry (why wouldn't it?) signs of when it was written. Were many militants busy

writing and handing out leaflets explaining what was going on, on the morning of the 19th of July as the revolution got going? Unlikely, but Dewar's 'Lean and hard-faced workingman' is meant to reach out to us, across the years, with his message. And he forms a counterpoint to the (historically accurate) 'woman with a gun' who surely represented 'a whole new world' to people in the 1970s as much as she did in the 1930s. All that without making them seem as if they're just there to repeat someone else's historic slogans. You try and tell me which one is supposed to be a symbol of the destructive aspect of the revolution, and which the constructive!

Thanks to <https://splitsandfusions.wordpress.com/> for a copy of the original *Socialist Worker* printing. ■

Insulting the flag (1938)

The most fulsome possible insult to the tricolour flag has just been hurled at it by the neo-patriots.

The Daladier[1] government has just cast itself in the role of flunkey to Mussolini and Hitler and the French *Cagoulards*[2] by launching an across-the-board embargo on foreign anti-fascists.

The National Popular Front or Popular National Front chamber has put its signature to this disgraceful measure, a trespass against democracy, a silly chauvinism and cravenness on the part of this nation.

The range of political parties, personalities and agencies of the Left has made itself complicit in this infamy: without the slightest whimper of protest.

Ultimately, the country as a whole has indicated that it is okay with penal servitude, okay with butchery, okay with the most abject of Sacred Unions, that of stupidity and slavishness.

The entire nobility of a people can be summed up by its stance vis à vis those not part of the nation.

Now, by order of Monsieur Albert Sarraut, known as "The Sphinx", there are to be two very well-defined classes of "guests of France"; the well-to-do, protected ones, including the spies and agents provocateurs of foreign powers, such as the likes of Troncoso, Tamburini and Co.[3], the S.A. from the Brown House in Paris, the henchmen of the *fasci*, the informers of the GPU and Gestapo, in short, all of those one associates with money, idleness, paper in perfect order (be they genuine or phoney) and adherence to the police-national-capitalist game. And then there are *the others* ...

The others: that means the outlawed, the persecuted, the courageous free men who had fled from the abjection of dictatorial rulers. It means the workers lured to France by French capitalists and who have well-meaningly agreed to rent their brawn to it, without quite agreeing to sell it their souls too. It means all those foreign proletarians or colonials who have retained their independence vis à vis the informers of such as Chiappe[4], Sarraut or Doriot[5]

– and stayed honest when faced with the thugs from the Consulates, Mussolini's *dopolavoro*[6] schemes and the yellow unions – and retained their integrity by steering clear of Carbone's gangs[7] and the gangs of *Sidilarité Française*[8]. Meaning, ultimately, all the Spanish republican refugees that have been stalked (by bombs most fascist, Nazi flame-throwers, blackshirt bayonets, the cut-throats of the Tercio[9] and Moorish mercenaries, by shells blessed by the Pope and, sometimes, even by the revolvers of the stalinist Cheka) all the way to the oh-so-hospitable and oh-so-liberal land of French democracy.

These are in good standing. All set-asides of expulsion orders are to be reviewed and all files re-examined! There is to be no renewal of residence permits for those who had managed thus far to evade civil service whims! Draconian punishment (minimum of one year in prison) for any breach of the foreigners' statute! *Draconian prison terms and fines for any French citizen who may have welcomed, hosted, harboured under his roof a foreigner whose identity card is not up to date! Men hunted through the streets, in furnished rooms, in public places, in workshops and homes.* Rewards posted for information given, for unspeakable revenge, for anonymous informants. Police attention unleashed against all who have dared think that France was somewhere that they might yet have the right, even though starving to death, to think for themselves and walk along with head held high, without being subjected to marching in step and political, trade union and religious dragooning into the ranks of totalitarian fascism.

This climate of provocation and unbridled tittle-tattle, this fascism which they had been seeking to flee from, is orchestrated by France against these people first and even against her own liberalism-guilty citizens.

The policy of the Popular Front and communists, the bloc stretching from Thorez[10] to Marin[11], proceeds to cries of "France for the French!" It is to cries of "France for the French!" that machine-guns will be installed tomorrow along the Pyrenean border, not so that they can be trained on fascist or swastika-daubed planes coming to bomb Cerbère or Bourg-Madame, but to strafe the huddled working class masses stalked by Franco's murderers and to deny refugees seeking asylum across the French border, which will be open solely to the disciples of Gil Robles[12] and Juan March[13], but must remain hermetically sealed against these "undesirables".

In the face of such a disgrace, without precedent in the history of any people, our reckoning is that every French person whose bond with the land of their birth is not made up exclusively of sordid jealousy and greed, is duty-bound to consider themselves a foreigner in their own country. And have no option but to deny a Homeland which is brazenly embracing

a world that is a hideous confraternity of profiteers, informers and assassins, a land bereft of righteousness, ideals or honour.

The blood of natives, slaughtered in their thousands by the French government in Violette's Indochina and in North America; the blood of Spaniards turned away under aerial bombardment or handed over to the firing squads of the rebel army; the blood of the Italians and Germans delivered up to their fascist executioners; the blood of those we have described as "our friends and our guests" and which is holy in the eyes of every god-given and man-made law; that blood is on the head of the French nation.

That blood is and shall remain upon your head, all of you who support the parties (whether these purport to be "nationalist" or "internationalist") which have, by their silence or their votes, countenanced, allowed, authorized, encouraged the recent ignominy of the Daladier government.

The shame that falls upon all who go by the description "French", when that tag is synonymous with so much squalor, money-grubbing and penny-pinching, when, say, they turn back to certain death and despair all of the asylum-seeking populace of Spain, just to make a 50-billion franc saving!

When German racism seeks to exclude from Germany those of different stock, it may come as an affront to one's humanitarian feelings; yet it operates on the basis of a political complex of ideas and enthusiasms. But for France which – so they say – "covers with her flag" a majority of colonized peoples (whose lands she has ravaged) and foreigners (whose labour she exploits) to have behaved the way she has towards the "native" and "foreign" workers on her "soil" is an overwhelming indication once and for all just what a sordid and filthy rag the flag of Monsieur Jean Zay[14] and the French Republic is.

[André Prudhommeaux as] A.P. In *Terre libre* (Nîmes) No 52, 6 May 1938

Notes (KSL)

- 1, Edouard Daladier, French politician: one of the 'fathers' of the Popular Front.
- 2, The Cagoule was the nickname of the clandestine, far right, pro-fascist CSAR (Secret Revolutionary Action Committee) *Cagoulard* was the name given to its members/supporters.
- 3, Julián Troncoso was the leading Francoist spy involved in operations against Spanish republican interests on French soil. Tamburini (passing for an "anarchist") was involved with Locuty and Fiomberti in a double bombing in Paris in 1937 designed to bring a crackdown on communists and anarchists. On capture, he admitted having worked for Rome, Salamanca and Berlin.
- 4, Jean Chiappe, French civil servant, police prefect and politician involved with the far right.
- 5, Jacques Doriot, one-time leader of the Communist

Youth and a communist party prefect who moved to the right and launched the PPF (French People's Party) in 1936, before becoming an open associate of the Third Reich and fighting on the Eastern Front alongside the Germans in WW2.

6, The *dopolavoro* (after-work) schemes were the cultural front of the Italian fascist movement.

7, Carbone was a Corsican gangster, pimp and drug pusher, involved in political bossism and strike-breaking in Marseilles and partnered with Chiappe (above) in prostitution in Montmartre.

8, A mocking reference to Solidarité Française, a far right activist group founded by Major Jean Renaud.

9, The Spanish Foreign Legion, notoriously pro-fascist.

10, Maurice Thorez, prominent French Communist Party leader.

11, Louis Marin, French politician who held a number of cabinet portfolios in the 1930s.

12, Leader of the right-wing CEDA party in Spain.

13, Notorious Spanish smuggler and financier who was a major backer of the July 1936 coup attempt in Spain.

14, Jean Zay, French minister of Education, 1936-1939.

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Translated by Paul Sharkey ■

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