THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR THROUGH THE NOVELISTS' EYES

ROMANCILARIN GÖZÜNDEN İSPANYA İÇ SAVAŞI

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Makale Bilgisi
Gönderildiği tarih: 9 Şubat 2016
Kabul edildiği tarih: 18 Mayıs 2016
Yayınlanma tarihi: 23 Haziran 2016

Article Info
Date submitted: 9 February 2016
Date accepted: 18 May 2016
Date published: 23 June 2016

Anahtar sözcükler
İspanya, İspanya İç Savaşı, Romancılar, Orwell, Hemingway, Guernica, Barcelona, İspanya'daki Batılı aydınlar

Keywords:
Spain, Spanish Civil War, Novelists, Orwell, Hemingway, Guernica, Barcelona, Western intellectuals in Spain

DOI: 10.1501/Dtcfder_0000001475

Abstract
The Spanish Civil War was fought between the Republicans, who were loyal to the Spanish Republic, and the Nationalists, a rebel group led by General Francisco Franco from 17th July 1936 to 1st April 1939. The war ended with the victory of the Nationalists, and Franco ruled Spain for the next 36 years, from 1939 until his death in 1975. There were a number of intellectuals and writers who went to Catalonia to back up the Republicans. Both George Orwell and Ernest Hemingway participated in the Spanish Civil War. Orwell wrote a retrospective text about his personal experience in Spain: Homage to Catalonia (1938), whereas Hemingway wrote his famous novel For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940) which takes place during the Spanish Civil War. The novel is set in the spring of 1937, a month after the German troops bombarded the Spanish town of Guernica. This paper work shows to what extent the above-mentioned works of art and literature reflect and inform the readers about the truths and real circumstances of the Spanish Civil War.

Öz
İspanya İç Savaşı, 17 Temmuz 1936 - 1 Nisan 1939 tarihlerinde, İspanyol Cumhuriyeti'ne sadık olan Cumhuriyetçiler ve General Francisco Franco önderliğinde bir isyancı grup olan Milliyetçiler arasında meydana gelmiştir. Savaş, milliyetçilerin zaferiyle sonuçlanmış ve General Franco bu tarihten itibaren 1975 yılında gerçekleşen ölümüne kadar 36 yıl boyunca İspanya'yı yönetmiştir. Cumhuriyetçilere destek vermek için çok sayıda aydın ve yazar Katalonya'ya gitmiştir. Gerek George Orwell gerekse Ernest Hemingway İspanyol İç Savaşı'na katılmıştır. Orwell İspanya'daki kendi kişisel deneyimini yansıtan retrospektif bir metin olan Katalonya'ya Armağan, Hemingway ise konusu İspanya İç Savaşında geçen ünlü romanı Çanlar Kimin için Çalıyor?'u yazmıştır. Roman Alman askerlerinin İspanya'nın Guernica kasabasını bombalamalarından bir ay sonra, 1937 baharında geçmektedir. Bu çalışmanın amacı, yukarıda adı geçen sanat ve edebiyat yapıtlarının ne derecede İspanya İç Savaşını yansıttığını ve okuyucuyu iç savaşın gerçek yüzü ve gerçek şartları hakkında bilgilendirdiğini ortaya koymaktır.

Venid a ver la sangre por las calles,
venid a ver
la sangre por las calles,
venid a ver la sangre
por las calles!

Come and see the blood in the streets,
come and see the blood in the streets,
come and see the blood in the streets!" (Neruda, 1937)

Then diplomatic representative of Chile, in Madrid, Neruda will be strongly criticized for his lack of neutrality in the conflict (...) Indeed, the Spanish war has made it possible to rethink the role of the writer. Should he continue to live in his ivory tower and forget the social reality he is going through? Should he be in the service of the people's cause and forget his role as creator, an artist? For Neruda, the conflict was settled in the first hour. As the poet-soldier, like Miguel Hernandez, Neruda would turn into the leading figure of the pen-gun (Mbaye).

The Chilean poet Pablo Neruda occupied diplomatic posts in Buenos Aires and Barcelona. Later on, he succeeded Gabriela Mistral in Madrid as consul coinciding with the Spanish Civil War. He met and established friendship with prominent figures such as Rafael Alberti, Federico García Lorca, and César Vallejo. As Spain became highly engaged in Civil War, Neruda gradually showed an intense interest in politics backing the Communism for the rest of his life. He was in Spain during the execution of his friend García Lorca by the forces loyal to General Franco. Through his speeches and writings, Neruda displayed his full support to the Spanish Republic, publishing the collection *España en el corazón* (Spain in My Heart, 1938). This shift in his policy, his political militancy made him lose his post as consul. At the beginning of this paper, a few verses from this huge work have been supplied. The poet, by repeating the same verse three times, tries to make the readers be conscious of the fact that violence was ruling over the land.

A year before, in 1937, a Basque Country village in Northern Spain, Guernica, had been bombed by German and Italian warplanes as requested by the Spanish Nationalists. Pablo Picasso's legendary painting was named after this village. Today, this painting is exposed at the Museum of Reina Sofia in Madrid, Spain. It stands as a symbol of the cost of war to the civilians and justifies the main concern of our paper. When one looks carefully at *Guernica*, the scene becomes engraved in the subconscious. One feels the violence, the pain and the bloodshed expressed through the outstanding composition of Picasso. The image is much stronger than the words. Nowadays, this similarity from the point of view of the loss of civilian lives has made many contemporary journalists and scholars of international relations be aware of a significant parallelism between the long-forgotten Spanish Civil War and the Syrian conflict which is constantly climbing, terrorizing the whole world. Moreover, people associate the Spanish Civil War with the Second World War which followed later (1939-1945). So, today, the whole world seems worried about the danger that the Syrian conflict might give rise to greater unfortunate events for the humanity in general. The main concern of the people lies in the fact that in the Middle Eastern region there is a considerable presence of the volunteers from the Western countries similar to the days in which Barcelona was also populated with some Western figures such as Orwell, Hemingway and others - as many romantics and Communists had been attracted by the Spanish Civil War pursuing their romantic ideals and illusions. Some people identified with the Republican side (including volunteers) were: W. H. Auden, Robert Capa, Federico García Lorca (assassinated), Egon Erwin Kisch, Pablo Picasso, John Dos Passos,

José Robles, Laurie Lee, George Orwell, Luis Buñuel and Ernest Hemingway. The presence of the writers and intellectuals produced a long-lasting cultural value to the mankind during the Spanish Civil War whereas today, the contemporary Syrian conflict seems to remain still as a mystery as no one knows which artworks are being painted, which novels are being written by the Syrian exiles in the Western countries. The general expectation is the flourishing of new forms of art, novels, plays related to the contemporary conflict as these intellectual products do illuminate minds and serve as a record of the conflict.

As a final contemporary remark on the foreign presence in Catalonia, we can mention what George Monbiot claims:

> If George Orwell and Laurie Lee were to return from the Spanish civil war today, they would be arrested under section five of the Terrorism Act 2006. If convicted of fighting abroad with a "political, ideological, religious or racial motive" – a charge they would find hard to contest – they would face a maximum sentence of life in prison. That they were fighting to defend an elected government against a fascist rebellion would have no bearing on the case. They would go down as terrorists (Manbiot).

As we all know, all these Western figures and especially Orwell have been regarded by the people as heroes for having undertaken this war experience despite the opposition of the British authorities.

In this article, among all the Western presence in Barcelona, we will concentrate on George Orwell and Ernest Hemingway but before doing so, we should first have a quick glimpse of the Spanish Civil War:

The Spanish Civil War was fought from 17 July 1936 to 1 April 1939 between the Republicans,who were loyal to the Spanish Republic, and the Nationalists, a rebel group led by General Francisco Franco. The Nationalists defeated the Republicans and Franco ruled Spain for the next 36 years, from 1939 until his death in 1975. The rebel coup was supported by a number of conservative groups and some military units in Morocco, Pamplona, Burgos, Valladolid, Cádiz, Cordova, and Seville. However, some important cities such as Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Bilbao, and Málaga remained under the control of the government. Spain was militarily and politically divided. The Nationalist forces led by General Francisco Franco received munitions and soldiers from Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, while the Soviet Union and Mexico intervened in support of the Republican, side. Other

countries, such as Britain and France, maintained the policy of non-intervention, although France sent to Spain some munitions. The Nationalists advanced capturing most of Spain's northern coastline in 1937. They besieged Madrid and the area to its south and west. With Catalonia being re conquered in 1938 and 1939, the war ended with the victory of the Nationalists. Approximately 500,000 people were killed and about 450,000 left-wing Spaniards were exiled mainly to France and to other countries.

Both Orwell and Hemingway participated in the Spanish Civil War. Hemingway was stationed in a hotel in Barcelona where he was quite well-known and respected by the local people. Whereas, Orwell preferred to associate himself with the Republican militia hiding in the mountains. George Orwell wrote a retrospective text about his personal experience in Spain: *Homage to Catalonia* (1938) whereas Hemingway wrote his famous novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) set in Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War exploring the theme of war, the effects of war, and the military bureaucracy's impersonal indifference to human life. The novel poses the question of whether an idealistic view of the world justifies violence. Critic Philip Young famously termed this figure a "code hero," a man who gracefully struggles against death and obliteration. Robert Jordan, the protagonist of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, is a perfect example of this kind of hero. The tragedy of the code hero is that he is mortal and knows that he will ultimately lose the struggle. Meanwhile, he lives according to a code that helps him endure a life full of stress and tension with courage and grace. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is set in May 1937, at the height of the Spanish Civil War. An American named Robert Jordan, who has left the United States to join the Republican side in the war, travels behind enemy lines to work with Spanish guerrilla fighters, hiding in the mountains. The Republican command has assigned Robert Jordan the dangerous and the difficult task of blowing up a Fascist-controlled bridge as part of a larger Republican offensive. A peasant guides Robert Jordan to the guerrilla camp, which is hidden in a cave. Along the way, they come across with the leader of the camp, Pablo, who believes that this bridge operation is extremely dangerous for the safety of the guerrillas. At the camp, Robert Jordan meets with Pilar, Pablo's "woman," who seems to be the real leader. Robert Jordan also meets with a young peasant, Maria, who has taken refuge in the camp as she has recently been raped by a band of Fascists. Robert Jordan and Maria fall in love with each other and along with the atrocities of the Civil War, the novel also presents the readers with a true love story:

> I love thee, Maria."
> "No. It is not true," she said. Then as a last thing pitifully and hopefully.
> "But I have never kissed any man."
> "Then kiss me now."
> "I wanted to," she said. "But I know not how. Where things were done to me I fought until I could not see. I fought until— until—until one sat upon my head—and I bit him—and then they tied my mouth and held my arms behind my head—and others did things to me."
> "I love thee, Maria," he said. "And no one has done anything to thee. Thee, they cannot touch. No one has touched thee, little rabbit." (Hemingway 79).

At the end of the novel, Robert Jordan accompanied by one of the guerrillas descends on the bridge to shoot the Fascist sentries, and plant the explosives. A bullet hits Robert Jordan's horse, which tramples on Robert Jordan's left leg, breaking it. This prepares his end. Before he dies, Robert thinks about the deep love he feels for Maria.

> Like Hemingway, the hero expressed little interest in politics, besides a vaguely stated "anti-fascism" and a willingness to accept "Communist discipline" for the duration of the war.(...) Since Hemingway's hero (Robert Jordan) in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* performs a mission behind enemy lines, many have speculated that the novelist had also witnessed or participated in such an expedition. (Carroll).

We can state that both novelists, who have backed the losing side, have been deeply disappointed with what they have witnessed in Spain. In the case of Hemingway, the disappointment originates from the fact that the partisans have been fighting among themselves:

> But it would not drop that easily. How many is that you have killed? he asked himself. I don't know. Do you think you have a right to kill anyone? No. But I have to. How many of those you have killed have been real fascists? Very few. (...) Don't you know it is wrong to kill? Yes. But you do it? Yes. And you still believe absolutely that your cause is right? Yes.
> But how many do you suppose you have killed? I don't know because I won't keep track. But do you know? Yes. How many? You can't be sure how many. Blowing the trains you kill many. Very many. But

> you can't be sure. But of those you are sure of? More than twenty. And of those how many were real fascists? Two that I am sure of (Hemingway 303-304).
>
> Human life has no value and the justification of these murders is trying to save the Republic: "I myself had felt much emotion at the shooting of the *guardia civil* by Pablo," Pilar said.
>
> It was a thing of great ugliness, but I had thought if this is how it must be, this is how it must be, and at least there was no cruelty, only the depriving of life which, as we all have learned in these years, is a thing of ugliness but also a necessity to do if we are to win, and to preserve the Republic (Hemingway 118).

What Hemingway emphasizes is that the group of guerrillas continuously receive orders and blindly execute them but in reality they are not totally aware of what they are doing. They criticize the Nationalists for being cruel and ruthless but they are not conscious of the fact that what they are doing is more less the same. Moreover, in an attempt to kill a few people from the other side, they explode trains, bridges without thinking about the lives of the other people who are scarified along with the targeted people. This idea does not bother them. They cannot even understand it. Hemingway makes his readers note this through Pablo. The same idea is valid for the day the fascists have been killed, together with the priest in the village where Pilar used to live:

> And in that moment, looking through the bars, I saw the hail full of men flailing away with clubs and striking with flails, and poking and striking and pushing and heaving against people with the white wooden pitchforks that now were red and with their tines broken, and this was going on all over the room while Pablo sat in the big chair with his shotgun on his knees, watching, and they were shouting and clubbing and stabbing and men were screaming as horses scream in a fire. And I saw the priest with his skirts tucked up scrambling over a bench and those after him were chopping at him with the sickles and the reaping hooks and then someone had hold of his robe and there was another scream and another scream and I saw two men chopping into his back with sickles while a third man held the skirt of his robe and the Priest's arms were up and he was clinging to the back of a chair and then the chair I was standing on broke and the drunkard and I were on the pavement (...) (Hemingway 125-126).

This depiction of the scene of killing the priest is one of the most impressive events in the novel. While reading this violent text, one identifies himself with the priest who tries to escape death till the end of his life. The persecution of the clerics by the Republicans is a well-known fact. The reason why Hemingway reports the event with such real-life, violent depiction shows his disapproval of the way the left-wing people behave as they normally preach fraternity, equality and liberty. On the other hand, they do not consent even the freedom of existence to the members of the Church.

Robert Jordan, the protagonist of the novel has quite negative ideas about Spain:

> Though how can I keep from it? I know that we did dreadful things to them too. But it was because we were uneducated and knew no better. But they did that on purpose and deliberately. Those who did that are the last flowering of what their education has produced (...) There is no finer and no worse people in the world. No kinder people and no crueller. And who understands them? Not me, because if I did I would forgive it all. To understand is to forgive. That's not true. Forgiveness has been exaggerated. Forgiveness is a Christian idea and Spain has never been a Christian country. It has always had its own special idol worship within the Church. Otra Virgen más. I suppose that was why they had to destroy the virgins of their enemies. Surely it was deeper with them, with the Spanish religion fanatics, than it was with the people. The people had grown away from the Church because the Church was in the government and the government had always been rotten. This was the only country that the reformation never reached. They were paying for the Inquisition now, all right (Hemingway 303-304).

Also George Orwell is having serious thoughts about the fact that there is something wrong with the whole system. Gradually he sees that the key factor is "the absence of activity" and keeping people under control in ambiguity and organizing the whole issue through collaboration with international circles:

> World War II gave Orwell, like Koestler, second thoughts about Spain, which he titled "*Looking Back on the Spanish War.*" Writing in 1943, Orwell summarized the international stalemate that had killed the Spanish Republic: "The outcome of the Spanish war," he stated, "was settled in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin—at any rate, not in Spain." He said nothing about the role of Washington or Moscow, for in his

> opinion they had played small parts. Although Orwell was an eyewitness to the communist crushing of an anarchist uprising in Barcelona, he now insisted that "the much-publicized disunity" within the Republic "was not a main cause of [its] defeat." Rather, "the Fascists won because they were the stronger; they had modern arms and the others hadn't. No political strategy could offset that." Orwell didn't abandon his anti- communism, but neither did he forget which sides were at war in Spain (Carroll).

Stephen Schwartz finds that Orwell shows his total disappointment as according to him, the Soviets and Spanish Communists acted as agents of counter-revolution:

> Many foreign literary and historical works about Spain identified vaguely with the Communist version of the war's historiography, in which the allegedly-valiant Soviet Union under Stalin, and the Spanish Communist leaders, represented the van guard of the people's self-defence. So crude an approach was seldom presented in film. When in 1995 Ken Loach's Land and Freedom appeared, it was shocking to many foreigners in its anti-Stalinism and overt identification with the Partito Obrero d'Unificacion Marxista (POUM), the militia of which included George Orwell, author of the most famously controversial account of the war by a non-Spanish commentator, *Homage to Catalonia* (1938). Orwell's book was, for its time, distinctive in presenting the Soviets and Spanish Communists as agents of counter-revolution, repression in Spanish Republican ranks, and mercenary betrayal. Land and Freedom told the story of an English Communist who travels to Spain and more or less by chance enlists in the POUM militia. He is disillusioned by the actions of the Stalinists, including assassination of Spanish revolutionaries (Schwartz 503).

As Lutman (149-158) argues,

> ...of all the themes that run through Orwell's work, one of the most interesting is patriotism, because it stands to some extent opposed to the received view of a left-wing writer. It is the kind of subject that is rarely dealt with in the imaginative literature of Orwell's period, but it is part of his developing view of the relationship between the individual and society, standing as it does within the crucial area of political feelings. His treatment of patriotism as a theme also illustrates his own changing commitment and position in English

> society (…) In his essay *'Why I Write'* Orwell said: 'The Spanish war and other events in 1936-7 turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood. Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic socialism as I understand it.' More than ever before, Orwell in his writing now became involved in a directly political world, and the experiences embodied in Homage to Catalonia (first published in 1938), which stands at this turning point, had a great influence on his later work. In terms of structure, and the depth of experience he was trying to communicate, it is also one of Orwell's most complex books, even though its style may seem very simple (…) The lessons that Orwell learnt in Spain were not forgotten when he crossed the border to return to England, for the book is addressed to an English audience, and is an examination of an Englishman's loyalties and experiences in Spain, and Orwell later developed many of the ideas in Homage to Catalonia in a specifically English context. It was within the con-text of the pressure of political events in Spain, and the exigencies of war, that Orwell developed this feeling of loyalty. He examines it under three main aspects. Firstly in terms of personal relationships, that is, in terms of what happened to his own loyalties in Spain and how they changed; secondly, he looks at the reasons that made the Spanish people fight and the system of values that this implied; thirdly, he links these with his analysis of the political aspects of the war. The book itself is complex because Orwell wrote in a retrospective framework…

In *Homage to Catalonia,* George Orwell joined the militia in order to support the republicans. The day he joined the young Italian man who impressed him highly. There is a vivid description of the moment in which the two meet and Orwell presents the same scene once more at the end of the book. This young Italian impressed him with his genuine, pure ideals and innocence. Later on we observe that one of the main reasons why Orwell finds himself distanced from the so –called Civil War idealism is that he witnesses how these young, innocent boys full of idealism are exploited, deceived and sent to death by the authorities of the same side to which they joined as volunteers.

The so-called soldiers were novice boys with no experience and on top of it they were given very old, useless rifles with almost no training:

> The recruits were mostly boys of sixteen or seventeen from the back streets of Barcelona, full of revolutionary ardour but completely ignorant of the meaning of war. It was impossible even to get them to stand in line. Discipline did not exist; if a man disliked an order he would step out of the ranks and argue fiercely with the officer (Orwell 4).

The training for the use of arms was eternally delayed by the Spanish fighters:

> The answer was always a harassed smile and a promise that there should be machine-gun instruction mañana. Needless to say mañana never came. Several days passed and the recruits learned to march in step and spring to attention almost smartly, but if they knew which end of a rifle the bullet came out of, that was all they knew (Orwell 5).

Orwell goes on emphasizing the unethical behaviour of the Republican Militia towards the recruited young boys who were being deceived and were not capable of even being aware of it. This made Orwell's heart sink and put him in a position of despair because of not being able to interfere and give an end to something going on around the whole issue which was evidently wrong:

> On our third morning in Alcubierre the rifles arrived. A sergeant with a coarse dark-yellow face was handing them out in the mule-stable. I got a shock of dismay when I saw the thing they gave me. It was a German Mauser dated 1896-more than forty years old! It was rusty, the bolt was stiff, the wooden barrel-guard was split; one glance down the muzzle showed that it was corroded and past praying for. Most of the rifles were equally bad, some of them even worse, and no attempt was made to give the best weapons to the men who knew how to use them (8).

Orwell's ideas about Spaniards are not so different than those of Hemingway. He keeps underlying the inertia of the Spaniards and the way they delay everything as if it were the right way of handling things in life. Without doubt, as a British citizen Orwell cannot accept this concept:

> The Spaniards are good at many things, but not at making war. All foreigners alike are appalled by their inefficiency, above all their maddening unpunctuality. The one Spanish word that no foreigner

> can avoid learning is mañana—'tomorrow' (literally, 'the morning'). Whenever it is conceivably possible, the business of today is put off until mañana. This is so notorious that even the Spaniards themselves make jokes about it. In Spain nothing, from a meal to a battle, ever happens at the appointed time. As a general rule things happen too late, but just occasionally—just so that you shan't even be able to depend on their happening late—they happen too early (6).

George Orwell eventually got tired of waiting without action. Nothing was taking place except inner disputes among the republicans. This is again one of the main reasons why Orwell (10) felt he was running after a false cause and he changed his ideas once he went back to his country:

> I ought to say in passing that all the time I was in Spain I saw very little fighting. I was on the Aragon front from January to May, and between January and late March little or nothing happened on that front, except at Teruel. In March there was heavy fighting round Huesca, but I personally played only a minor part in it. Later, in June, there was the disastrous attack on Huesca in which several thousand men were killed in a single day, but I had been wounded and disabled before that happened.

All through the book we observe the efforts of Orwell in trying to understand the situation and in trying to convince himself somehow that he had done the right thing in going to Barcelona in order to support the people he had idealised while he was in Britain. But the more he witnesses the situation, the more he loses faith in his ideals:

> When I came to Spain, and for some time afterwards, I was not only uninterested in the political situation but unaware of it. I knew there was a war on, but I had no notion what kind of a war. If you had asked me why I had joined the militia I should have answered: 'To fight against Fascism,' and if you had asked me what I was fighting for, I should have answered: 'Common decency' (Orwell 21-22).

In the following citation, we still observe the same idea of the young militia desperately waiting for any action:

> And still nothing happened, nothing ever looked like happening. 'When are we going to attack? Why don't we attack?' were the questions you heard night and day from Spaniard and Englishman

> alike. When you think what fighting means it is queer that soldiers want to fight, and yet undoubtedly they do (Orwell 35).

While waiting for action, they started getting short of everything: *"Everything was running short—boots, clothes, tobacco, soap, candles, matches, olive oil. Our uniforms were dropping to pieces, and many of the men had no boots, only rope-soled sandals. You came on piles of worn-out boots everywhere"* (Orwell 36).

Orwell (77) kind of confesses that he has made a mistake and reports it in the following lines which upsets the reader who manages to share Orwell's disappointment and bitter feelings:

> I have tried to write objectively about the Barcelona fighting, though, obviously, no one can be completely objective on a question of this kind. One is practically obliged to take sides, and it must be clear enough which side I am on. Again, I must inevitably have made mistakes of fact, not only here but in other parts of this narrative. It is very difficult to write accurately about the Spanish war, because of the lack of non-propagandist documents. I warn everyone against my bias, and I warn everyone against my mistakes. Still, I have done my best to be honest. But it will be seen that the account I have given is completely different from that which appeared in the foreign and especially the Communist press. It is necessary to examine the Communist version, because it was published all over the world, has been supplemented at short intervals ever since, and is probably the most widely accepted one. In the Communist and pro-Communist press the entire blame for the Barcelona fighting was laid upon the P.O.U.M. The affair was represented not as a spontaneous outbreak, but as a deliberate, planned insurrection against the Government, engineered solely by the P.O.U.M. with the aid of a few misguided 'uncontrollables'. More than this, it was definitely a Fascist plot, carried out under Fascist orders with the idea of starting civil war in the rear and thus paralysing the Government.

Almost everybody was upset and disappointed with the Party (P.O.U.M) and the immobility of the politics. George Orwell got wounded on his neck and had to return home:

> I could quote a great deal more, but this is clear enough. The P.O.U.M. was wholly responsible and the P.O.U.M. was acting under Fascist orders. In a moment I will give some more extracts from the accounts that appeared in the Communist press; it will be seen that

> they are so self-contradictory as to be completely worthless. But before doing so it is worth pointing to several a priori reasons why this version of the May fighting as a Fascist rising engineered by the P.O.U.M. is next door to incredible (78).

The disappointment he had gone through pushed Orwell towards writing his masterpieces *Animal Farm* and *1984* which gave a realistic portrait of Stalin and his politics.

To conclude, the presence of the foreign intellectuals and writers in Barcelona has definitely supplied an international and a long lasting touch to the Spanish Civil War as these books produced during and after the war have almost recorded the daily events day by day. Particularly when one reads Homage to Catalonia, one con divides the anguish of the writer surrounded by the novice boys, inertia, ambiguity and lack of action in a foreign atmosphere marked deeply with this corrosive feeling of incapability and impossibility of changing things while keeping under control one's own life which is at risk any moment but what is the final goal? This is the dilemma reflected by the two great novelists. The added value has been the calibre of these figures and the high quality of the works produced. Through literature people have been deeply informed about the truths behind the war.

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