

SPAIN, 1931-36

From Monarchy to Civil War

An Eye Witness Account

by

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FOREWORD

I believe, alas, that I am unique in one way. I am the only living Hispanist who witnessed the drama of Spain's second republic, from the fall of the monarchy to the Civil War, during which I was evacuated. Several distinguished living historians have written about that period, but they were either not born or were children at the time of the Civil War. I deeply admire the way they have pieced documents together with great industry and skill to write detailed accounts of the period. They have urged me to write this account of my experiences, since I can convey my personal impressions.

I therefore do so, feeling like Æneas ordered by Queen Dido to tell the story of the fall of Troy. As Book II of the Æneiad says in the opening line: "*Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem*"—"Oh Queen, you ask me to renew an unspeakable sorrow", and all the pain has come back as I describe the fall of the Spanish Republic. Or later "*Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt*"—"They are the tears of things and mortal events wound the mind". Some of my best friends died in the Civil War. "*Mens meminisse horret*"—"my mind shudders as I remember." Writing this book has revived the bitter memories of those days, when I was lucky to escape with my life. While it is enlightening to read accounts of the political and military events of the period, the war was a human tragedy like the fall of Troy. To carry the comparison further, may I suggest that just as Æneas crossed the sea and ended up in Italy, so I crossed the sea and ended up in California, the Italy of the United States. However, there are two important differences between Æneas and me. He could say "*Pars magna fui*"—he took a great part in the events, while mine was minimal, he was a soldier while I was an "intellectual," and this book will be different in that it pays special attention to Spanish intellectuals.

The Civil War changed my life. It is the reason I ended up at Stanford University. More significantly, it changed my outlook completely. French culture was my original field, and I went to Spain in 1931 with a deep affection for my Oxford mentors like Salvador de Madariaga who gently pushed me into Spanish studies, but with the supercilious belief that Spain was a second-rate France. Africa began in

the Pyrenees, and indeed in those days it seemed backward. Slowly my outlook became less France-centric, and I began to see things from the Spanish viewpoint. Since then my research has dealt largely with the conflict of worldviews among countries, one of the basic causes of war.

My attitude toward French culture became more discriminating. Before I had been indoctrinated by my French instructors to believe that French culture was paramount in the world. I had sneaking doubts about this when I got to the period of Baudelaire, Cocteau, and all the -isms: impressionism, cubism, dadaism, etc. I came to the conclusion that there were two modern French traditions. There was the serious one of Auguste Comte, with his creed of "Order and Progress, and, Above All Else, Love." I have written favorably about the influence of his Positivism on Latin America. In Spain a similar role was played by Krausismo; both philosophies derived from Kant.

The other was the revolutionary one in politics and in the arts. The bloody call of the Marseillais to the day of glory seems tragically out of place in Spain. The revolutionary artistic creeds were also misguided and misleading. They also had an influence in Latin America. The once fashionable doctrine of "art for art's sake" led Guillermo Valencia of that tragic country, Colombia, to proclaim the need to: "sacrificar un mundo para pulir un verso"—to sacrifice a world to polish a verse. When in a talk in "the Athens of America", as Bogotá liked to call itself, I condemned this indifference to the real world, Valencia's followers were outraged.

I would not be surprised if this report on Spain also raised hackles (which, it should be remembered are on the throats of noisy, bird-brained cockerels). Silly French art fashions also infected Spanish authors and artists, who wished to prove that they were au courant with the latest Parisian fashion. Picasso and his ilk were despicable individuals and crazy artists. That we take them seriously is evidence that we are culture snobs, frightened to assess them honestly. The same is true of the writers who viewed themselves as revolutionaries, like Federico García Lorca who lived in the Residencia de Estudiantes as I did. I hold that whole tradition guilty of confusing the republican cause and thereby weakening it. In brief, there were two republican Spains: the Spain of serious and responsible thinkers like José Ortega y Gasset, Salvador de Madariaga and Gregorio Marañón, and the Spain of the crazy men. Unfortunately these crazies shock people into paying them attention, whereas the other seem dull to the ordinary sensation seeker. I knew most of these people, and my experience with them confirms my judgment.

It was also fashionable to despise journalists. Many Oxford students who fought in the International Brigades boasted that they never read a newspaper. As a schoolboy I was angered that one teacher tempered a nice report on my work with the comment "a bit of a journalist." As my respect for literary figures declined, my respect for journalists grew correspondingly. The writers for the Madrid newspaper *El Sol* were responsible and well-informed, as well as excellent writers. They served the republic with admirable devotion. Since coming to Stanford, much of my research for first the *Hispanic American Report* and then the *World Affairs Report* was based on newspapers. I hold that the traditional forms of literature—poetry, the novel, and the theater— have ceased to be relevant and that the Nobel Prize for Literature should be awarded to historians, social scientists, and journalists, many of whom are superb writers. After all, Winston Churchill got the prize, Burnett Bolloten, to whom this book is dedicated, began his career as a journalist.

There is a mythology about the Spanish Republic and the Civil War. Eccentrics like García Lorca and Picasso are cult objects, and above all there is a complete misrepresentation of the Lincoln Battalion, raised in this lore to Lincoln Brigade. They were in fact Stalinists, but they are depicted as fighting for a Western-style democracy. It is politically incorrect to tell the truth about them, both in Spain and in

this country. In the new monarchical Spain (!) the survivors have been received as heroes and made honorary citizens. In this country the misrepresentation was petrified when in 1998 a plaque was dedicated on the University of Washington campus praising them as fighters for democracy. Were there no historians brave enough to denounce this travesty? These academics should study the works of Burnett Bolloten, but they probably will not. My report may displease them, but so be it.

This book is an indictment of the Paris of la belle époque, which collapsed in World War I, and of les années folles which followed it. It attracted international bohemians like Hemingway and many Spaniards like Picasso, who attracted by the inexpensive life and -isms which flourished there, strutted around wearing the latest artistic fashion but lacked or even despised the informed responsibility which is essential in building a viable state. They were very different from the earlier afrancesados who followed the great tradition of the philosophes, who represented the great eighteenth-century tradition out of which came modern world represented by the United States and modern England. Men like Ortega y Gasset exemplified the informed responsibility so necessary to build a modern state, but they failed in their attempt to steer the republic. They were betrayed, and Spanish democracy collapsed.

Chapter 1

Early Years: Distant Spain

The writings of a humanist are basically his intellectual history. Hence this personal note. I was born in Torquay, England in 1911, and as a child I wandered around the shores on its beautiful bay during World War 1. Navy vessels came and went~ and I clearly remember arrival of a destroyer different from the ones I was used to; it was American. The United States had just entered the war, and I became conscious of the existence of that distant land, never dreaming that I would make my home there. Some wives of interned Germans were billeted with us; they were kind people, and we became very fond of them. At the same time I saw young English soldiers going off to fight the Hun; I recall how one kindly helped me across a busy street. Then, at the railway station, I would see Red Cross trains arrive, full of young English soldiers with all kinds of ugly wounds. I became aware of the tragic absurdity of such international "relations."

Staring at the sea had made me conscious of the world beyond the horizon, and I saw another aspect of the sea when we moved to the then great port of Southampton. Majestic liners came from and went to America, the outposts of empire, and other even more exotic countries. Every day I walked past the monument to the "Titanic." The docks were full of all kinds of strange people, among them swarthy people who spoke an odd language. They were "dagoes" —from "Diego"— i.e. Spaniards. Diego, or Santiago, is one of the most common Spanish names, since Saint James is the patron saint of Spain. Later I was to wander the length of the Way to Santiago, but at the time I simply thought Dagoes were odd people. At school I studied Spanish, which was regarded as a rather second-class language as compared with French (for culture) and German (for science and theology).

My family moved to Winchester, where I haunted the great cathedral where Philip II of Spain, the Devil of the South, married bloody Mary Tudor. The chantry of Bishop Gardiner, in the gaunt counter-reformation style of El Escorial, contrasted with the more lovely ones of earlier bishops, notably that of William of Wykham. One of my first publications was a detailed account of the marriage, based on

the conflicting versions of chronicles and historians. I realized that history comes in different colors and shades.

Philip II's ambition was to rule the world. This grand design triggered the fear and hatred which Spain inspired in much of Europe. We were proud of Sir Francis Drake, whose victory over the Armada was celebrated in a monument in Plymouth, near where I was born. Later I became familiar with *La Dragonlea*, the Spanish epic about "El Drac"-the Dragon (Drake!)—the monster feared by the Spaniards. This is a splendid example of a historical figure seen from opposing sides. Had the Armada won, how different the history of the world would have been, to borrow Pascal's phrase about Cleopatra's nose.

Spain was seen as obscurantist, backward, and ignorant. The Anglican priest of our church, a scholarly individual, dismayed that I was studying Spanish, said "Spain has no literature." He thus echoed the nasty remark of Montesquieu that Don Quixote "is the only one of their books which is good, because it shows how ridiculous all the others are." Speaking with pity rather than malice, he did not even mention Don Quixote, which enjoyed immense popularity in England.

Already in school I was attracted by the Spanish novels of the nineteenth century, and they had a profound influence on my attitude toward Spain, since I came to appreciate Spaniards as humans.

However, in the history classes the historic antipathy toward Spain was apparent. The totally negative attitude toward Spain's role in the world, which was general in Europe at the time, permeated the textbooks. Later, in the United States, I found that the common view among even professors was that the English came to settle in the New World, while the Spaniards came simply to exploit the lands they conquered, looting them of gold and exploiting or exterminating the Indians. This disregarded the magnificent cities the Spaniards built in America and the work of the missionaries who protected and educated the Indians. All this is what Spaniards call *la leyenda negra*, the black legend. It reappeared in the 1992 celebrations of the discovery of America, which were largely counterproductive.

It was a shock to me to find that in Spain textbooks gave a quite different version of history, which had formed the outlook of Spaniards from their childhood. This is a worldwide problem; it creates misunderstandings which fuel hatreds which easily explode in wars. Hence the importance of international efforts to create a common version of history, which would be fair to all nations. It is an almost impossible task. The latest example is the opposition in Japan to mention in textbooks of the Japanese atrocities in China.

Chapter 2

Oxford

I was attached to Oxford university from 1929 to 1937, first to Christ Church (1929-36), then to Magdalen (1937). In American parlance, I majored in French, minored in Spanish. Oxford at that time had a remarkable succession of Hispanists, notably Salvador de Madariaga, Federico de Onís, Dámaso Alonso, and Jorge Guillén. It was Madariaga who influenced me to move over to Spanish, and I recall him with admiration and affection. He was an engineer by training, and Oxford gave him an honorary M.A. to make him acceptable to humanists. He had in fact already made some valuable contributions to the humanities, notably his 1920 book *Shelley and Calderón* and his 1923 book *The Genius of Spain*, both published by Oxford University Press. He was best known for his work at the League of Nations, and his

Oxford professorship was just an interlude in his long career. It was my great good fortune that I was at Oxford during that interlude.

This is a good place to summarize the career of Don Salvador, well encapsulated in the chapter on him in Paul Preston, *Las Tres Españas del '36*. The title's reference to the three Spains means that the Civil War, which broke out in 1936, divided the Spanish people into three groups: For the Republic, for Franco, or critical of both sides. Madariaga belonged to the last group. Paul Preston entitles his chapter on Madariaga "A Quixote in Politics." Because of his campaign to have the League of Nations intervene in Manchuria, Madariaga was described as "Don Quijote de la Manchuria," a play of course on Don Quijote de la Mancha. Madariaga regarded himself as a Don Quixote. While I was at Oxford he was writing *Don Quijote. An Introductory Essay in Psychology*, which Oxford University Press published in 1934. Despite his quixotic failures in politics, he won international respect as a believer in a united Europe and indeed a united world. He was given honorary doctorates by Oxford and Princeton, he was elected to several academies, and he was awarded both the Goethe and Charlemagne Prizes. He was less appreciated in Spain, where his intervention in politics had not been very happy.

He was born in La Coruña, Galicia in 1886. Since he was only twelve in 1898, it is a little inaccurate to call him a member of the liberal Generation of '98, but he recalled the war with the United States, which aroused great fear in that northwestern corner of Spain. General Franco, born in nearby El Ferrol, was a typical gallego, but Madariaga was not. His name is Basque, and because he ardently defended the thesis that Christopher Columbus was a Spanish Jew, it has been suggested that Madariaga himself had Jewish blood. His father was an army colonel, who, convinced that the defeat of Spain in 1898 was due to technological backwardness, sent young Salvador to France to study engineering. He graduated from two prestigious institutions, the *École Polytechnique* and the *École Nationale Supérieure des Mines*. In 1911 he was appointed a railway engineer, a job which allowed him to travel widely in Spain and deepen his affection for the country.

He was completely fluent in French, and he added an English leg to his linguistic tripod when he went to England and married an economic historian, Constance Archibald. They had two daughters, Nieves and Isabel (now a Russian historian at the University of London). I got to know them well when I went to Spain, and they were so kind I felt like a member of the family. In Madrid he became part of the group of intellectuals known as "the men of 1914." They included figures later to be famous: José Ortega y Gasset, Manuel Azaña (destined to be the last president of the Republic), and Fernando de los Ríos; more about them later. These were the stars of the liberal newspaper *El Sol*, which competed with the less intellectual monarchical *ABC*, and of the weekly *España*. It was then that Madariaga became a journalist, an activity which made him well-known to the general public. During World War I, Madariaga went to London at the invitation of the Foreign Office to write articles to be distributed in Spain. He also wrote for the *Times Literary Supplement* and for the *Manchester Guardian*. He attended a League of Nations conference in Barcelona and there was offered a job as press officer for the Secretariat. He became chief of the Disarmament Department of the League, a post he held until 1927, when he resigned for bureaucratic reasons. Spain was under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, and Madariaga blamed Alfonso XIII, whom he had met in Paris, for what he regarded as a disaster.

Oxford University had just created the Alfonso XIII Chair of Spanish, and Madariaga accepted it, disregarding (fortunately for me) criticism for his accepting a chair honoring the

monarch he despised. He came later to love Oxford, which provided him with a refuge during the Franco dictatorship, but his first impressions of the university were mixed. He has left an amusing account of them in his memoirs, *Morning without Noon* (1974). He continued to write, notably the first version of his book *Spain*, which appeared in 1935 and was to go through several editions, updated and enlarged.

At Oxford he seemed to us students less monkish, more lively, than most professors. I took a seminar in which he compared two novelists, the liberal, anticlerical Galdós and the conservative, Catholic Pereda, to the great advantage of the former. Incidentally, these two nineteenth century writers were close friends, whereas in the Spain of 1936 they would have been on opposite sides and probably hated each other. The seminar introduced us to the early, liberal Madariaga; later he was to become conservative, even reactionary. I was fairly conservative and sympathetic to religion. In the Oxford system of those days there was a written and oral examination which, in American terms, divided lower from upper division. To ensure fairness, examiners were brought in from other universities. I wondered who the examiner in Spanish would be. The written essay question was on the nineteenth-century novel. I wrote a long, eloquent piece denouncing the literary values of Salvador de Madariaga. Then came the oral examination; I wondered who the examiner would be. When I was ushered into the room, I saw to my horror that it was Madariaga; the system had broken down. Most professors would have given me a low or even failing grade, but Madariaga received me with a friendly smile, saying "I liked your essay and I have a scholarship for you to go to Spain." It was the de Osma scholarship at the Instituto de Valencia de Don Juan. Thus I went to Madrid in late March, 1931; more about that in the next chapter. And thus began my long connection with Salvador de Madariaga. He did not have a son, and he treated me like one.

In 1930, just after these events, Don Salvador went on sabbatical to give lectures in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. I lost touch with him until 1934. While he was in Havana he read in the press that the new Republican government had named him Ambassador in Washington without consulting him. Most of the old ambassadors were monarchists, so the Republic replaced them with literary figures who could enhance its prestige: Ramón Pérez de Ayala in London, and Américo Castro in Berlin. More about both of them later. Madariaga spent less than two months in Washington, since he was also attached to the Council of the League of Nations in Geneva. As second to Foreign Minister Alejandro Lerroux, who knew virtually no French, Madariaga would therefore write his speeches, which he would read in almost incomprehensible French.

Madariaga left Geneva in 1934 when he was appointed Minister of Education by Lerroux, who was now prime minister. After a short period he moved to the Ministry of Justice, but his service there was only ten days, since the Lerroux government fell. This was the virtual end of his political career. He never achieved the post of Foreign Minister, for which he thought himself the best qualified person. He was regarded as a Quixote who could get Spain into dangerous adventures. He had been elected deputy by his home town la Coruña without his campaigning, but even in parliament he was pushed aside, detested by the rightist CEDA government because of his defense of Azaña and by the left, whose view of him as now a reactionary was confirmed by his book *Anarquía o jerarquía*.

Back in Oxford, when Madariaga went to Cuba and Mexico on sabbatical, Federico de Onís was appointed visiting professor. Unlike Madariaga, he was a career academic, being Professor of Spanish at Columbia University and director of its Spanish House. Born in 1885,

he had taught at Oviedo and Salamanca before going to New York in 1916. He left no monumental work, being best known for his studies of Spanish classics and an anthology of Spanish and Spanish American poetry. Like the other Spaniards I studied under at Oxford, he was a brilliant lecturer, unlike most of their northern colleagues. Being in New York, unlike most Spanish intellectuals he was not involved directly in Spanish public life. More about my New York meeting with him after the Civil War, see the last chapter.

William J. Entwistle was appointed to succeed Madariaga in the Oxford chair. Born in China in 1896, of missionary parents, he was, unlike Madariaga, a scholars' scholar, as Madariaga himself generously recognized. His knowledge of many languages gave him a rare expertise in comparative literature. This was exemplified in *The Arthurian Legend in the Literatures of the Spanish Peninsula* (1925), which also indicated his preference for medieval literature, as did *European Balladry* (1939). He spoke poor Spanish, but he wrote the monumental *Spanish Language* (1936). He named me to the Esme Howard Scholarship which took me to Spain in 1934. Unlike the Spaniards, he was a dull lecturer; he read his lectures, which afterwards were incorporated into a book. Unlike them and most other British Hispanists, he did not take sides in the Civil War, since he held that scholars should be above political turmoil.

One of my tutors was Jorge Guillén, a charming, sensitive man who gave me every encouragement. Born in Valladolid in 1893, he studied in Spain, Switzerland and Germany and taught in Murcia and Seville before coming to Oxford in 1929. When the republic came he went to the University of Seville, but he left his chair there in 1938 because of the Civil War and went to the United States, where he taught in Wellesley until his death. He was famous for his collection of poems entitled *Cántico*, published first in 1928. There were three subsequent editions, each one with more poems. This book was sufficient to gain him reputation as a great poet, although personally I found it too abstruse. He was modest about his fame. He was a sensitive lecturer. When Gabriel Miró died, he came to the lecture hall almost in tears and launched into a spontaneous elegy in Spanish, beginning "Gabriel Miró has died!" Since we did not know Miró, we did not share his feelings and his oratory, albeit sincere and touching, was overly dramatic.

Another Spaniard of the Oxford galaxy was Dámaso Alonso, born in Madrid in 1898. He must have been apolitical, since he returned to Spain and under Franco became Professor at the University of Madrid, and a member of the Royal Academy, of which he later was named president. I saw him in Madrid at that time. A plump little man and a hypochondriac, when he was in Oxford he complained constantly about his health and told me, his student, to take his pulse to see for myself. I dutifully did so. I loved listening to him lecture because, when he opened his mouth, I had a splendid view of his tongue moving according to the laws of phonology. He too was a poet, but the title of his best known collection, *Hijos de la Ira* (Sons of Wrath) indicated that he was temperamentally far removed from the sweetness of Guillén. The poems themselves reveal a man with all kinds of complexes. I am impervious to the charms of modern Spanish poetry, and I appreciated him more as a scholar. However, there again I was not on his wavelength. He led the cult of the Golden Age poet Góngora and the dramatist Calderón, both baroque and unreal. All the scholars of this school thought of themselves as aesthetes, a pose which impressed me as egocentric at a time when Spain desperately needed more civic responsibility.

Curiously, Dámaso Alonso had high regard for the poetry of Salvador de Madariaga, about which little is said. He devoted to him the study *Salvador de Madariaga, Poeta* (La Coruña, 1979). It was a tribute to him on his death in 1978.

Finally, among my instructors I should mention Enrique Moreno Baez, although he did not have the fame of the others. Born in Seville in 1908, he was only three years older than I, and we became good friends. He returned to Spain and became Professor at the University of Oviedo. His special field of research was the picaresque novel *Guzmán de Alfarache*, of which he published a study in 1948. His anthology of Spanish poetry (1952) was well received. In 1954 he published a book on art, poetry and criticism from the Christian viewpoint, which suggests that he was an active Catholic, although that never came out in our conversations. It seems as though he was in tune with the Catholic Spain of Franco, although I lost touch with him and have no proof of this. He later published editions of and commentaries on many Spanish authors. His *Reflexiones sobre el Quijote* (1968) went into three editions. His interests broadened to include Argentine literature; His *Poesía Gauchesca Argentina* appeared in 1953. He also studied European culture in general. *Los Cimientos de Europa* (1971) was reissued in 1996 by the University of Santiago de Compostela, suggesting that it had saintly blessing. He was not vocal in politics.

One Spanish writer I met in Oxford who did not impress me favorably was Ramón Pérez de Ayala, who had been rewarded for his support of the Republic with his appointment as Ambassador to London. The Spanish Society of which I was an officer invited him to Oxford and gave a banquet for him. He was well-known as a novelist, and I went to Blackwells to get one so that he could autograph it for me. The only one Blackwells had was A.M.D.G., a reference to the Jesuit motto “Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam”. Ayala had studied with the Jesuits, and this book was a gross attack on them in line with the leftist charge that the woes of Spain could mostly be traced back to the Jesuits. The Republican constitution had ordered the dissolution of the Jesuit Order and the confiscation of its properties. Smiling through his teeth, blackened presumably by cigarette-smoking, Ayala signed the book expressing pleasure at the anger his book had aroused among the Jesuits and their friends. I took a dislike to him, since he impressed me as being an opportunist as well as an undistinguished writer. My hunch proved correct. After the defeat of the Republic, he went into exile in Argentina, but he soon returned to Madrid, like another erstwhile Republican, Pío Baroja. He engaged in writing articles for papers like the monarchist newspaper ABC. He simply wanted to lead the pleasant life of a Madrileño. Even Gerald Brown says “he was a lazy, comfort-loving man.” His novels, which he wrote before the Civil War, exemplify the flimsy essence of the bulk of the literature of the period and the triviality of the writers themselves.

While I was extremely lucky to study at Oxford when there were so many luminaries in the field of Spanish, there were limitations which seem odd today. Although there was an academic place for Catalan because its ties to provençal and therefore to French, Portuguese was beyond the pale. In the eyes of the classicists, and the French, Italian and German specialists, Spanish was barely inside it. I studied Portuguese privately with Entwistle. In those pre-aviation days, Latin America seemed to be in a different world. Even Spain was distant and exotic. The Spanish themselves showed little interest in it except for its Spanish colonial past. There were no courses on it at Oxford, but toward the end of his life Entwistle ventured into the field of Spanish American literature. Even academic interest in the United States was rare in England then. It is difficult to conjure up those days now, when many British universities have institutes of United States and Latin American studies.

At Oxford medieval and modern European languages were housed in the Taylor Institution, named after the architect Sir Robert Taylor (1714-1788), who left a bequest to establish the teaching of modern European languages in Oxford University and to provide a building for it. A century later (1893) the Ashmolean Museum was built as part of the same complex. As a

splendid representative of the eighteenth-century enlightenment, Sir Robert Taylor deserves to be rescued from oblivion. In 1988, to mark the centennial of his death, the Taylor Institution staged an exhibit of which there is a catalog, *The European Languages: A Selection of Books from the Taylor Institution in Commemoration of the Death of Sir Robert Taylor, 27 September 1788*. Although officially the Taylor Institution, it is generally known as the Taylorian. I must admit that in all the years I haunted the Taylorian, it never occurred to me to think about the origin of the name. Such is fame. Everyone has heard of Jack the Ripper, but quiet benefactors like Sir Robert Taylor?

Chapter 3

1931: Madrid: The Fall of the Monarchy and the Proclamation of the Republic

I went to Spain by train, changing at Irun because, while France had standard-gauge track, Spain's was (and still is) broad-gauge. My first shock came when I entered the station men's room. Scrawled in black on the wall was "Muera el rey!" (Death to the King!). In the English press there was little mention of this hostility to him; the fact that his wife Victoria Eugenia de Battenberg was of the British royal family helped his cause in England, but Spaniards stressed that she transmitted hemophilia which made the succession dangerous. In fact, the youngest son Juan, the father of the present king, Don Juan Carlos, was free of it, thus saving the dynasty. I have since wondered if that graffito was simply an expression of leftist republicanism, of Basque nationalism, or also, but this is improbable, of Basque hatred of that royal line, since the Basques had supported the rival Carlist line.

I spent the first night in San Sebastian, a beautiful resort on a shell-shaped beach (la Concha), not far from the French border. Now it is a hotbed of ETA Basque nationalist terrorists, but that was unknown there in those days. San Sebastian was proud of the fact that well-to-do families spent the summer there to escape from the heat of Madrid and most of Spain, which has nine months of invierno (winter) and three months of infierno (hell). While there was no terrorism, there was, even more than in Catalonia, an active nationalist movement which wanted a federal republic. Republican leaders had met there in the autumn of 1930 and signed the Pact of San Sebastian. I heard no mention of it, but it became an important document when the republic was proclaimed and the Basques and Catalans demanded that the pact be honored.

My next stop was Burgos. Spanish trains were primitive, and the passengers mostly poor. In each train there was una pareja—a pair of Civil Guards armed with rifles; they always traveled in pairs for self-protection. An elite group—soldiers were demoted one rank when they joined—the Civil Guard was the symbol of harsh law and order and as such was commonly resented. Today the Basques want them out as the symbol of Castilian imperialism. Despite their grotesque hats, they inspired respect in me, although the sight of them with their rifles slung over their shoulders seemed odd.

The train chuffed wearily up from the pleasant coast to the highlands, going through the small town of Hernani, which Victor Hugo chose as the name for the hero of one of his dramas about Spain. The line then goes down to valley of the Zadorra to Vitoria, the capital of Alava, one of the three Spanish Basque provinces and now the seat of the autonomous Basque government. The line crosses the Ebro, which flows east to the Mediterranean, at Miranda del Ebro. Climbing up to the Montes de Oca, it goes through La Bureba region, where the Castilian language was born. With the Reconquest of

Spain from the Moors the language spread south, becoming known as Spanish, and across the Atlantic as far as Patagonia. It one of the world's great languages.

Soon the line reaches Burgos, now a bustling city, but in those days a sleepy little cathedral town, God bless it; it has lost its ancient quaint charm. The cathedral is one of the most beautiful in Spain. It was dark when I entered. Old women were praying with a devotion I had not seen in northern countries. Next day I toured the cathedral. The eleventh-century Spanish hero El Cid (from the Arabic word for lord) was from the village of Vivar, just north of Burgos; hence his name Rodrigo Ruy Díaz de Vivar; the village is now known as Vivar del Cid. His Arabic title betrays the fact that he was an adventurer who fought for both sides during the Reconquest, of which legend has now made him the Spanish hero. Spanish liberals have tried to debunk him as the symbol of old Spain. Certainly his dubious morality is embodied in a wooden box proudly displayed in the cathedral. The Cid filled it with sand and pledged it to two Jews, Rachel and Vidas, saying that it was full of gold. The Cid may have been a cheat, but the Jews are not that stupid. His defenders claim that he repaid the loan.

I took an evening train to Avila, arriving there in the early morning. It was dark and cold, but fortunately there was a coal fire in the station waiting room. I huddled by it, waiting for the dawn. When it was light, I walked toward the city walls. The streets were deserted, but I passed a priest, waiting for his first mass. We saluted each other solemnly. In the city there was a stand selling churros—sticks of dough boiled in olive oil. To a hungry young man they tasted like ambrosia, but today they would make me sick. The gaunt stone city of Avila with its massive walls stood out sharply against the blue sky. Storks flew around or perched on their nests. Avila, more than any other city, embodies the spirit of the rocky highland of Old Castile, just as its most famous daughter Santa Teresa expresses the religious tradition of this tierra de santos y de cantos—land of saints and boulders.

From Avila, the train took me over the Sierra de Guadarrama range to El Escorial on the foothill overlooking the plain where Madrid is located. From his stone bench, Philip II could survey the progress of the great monastery he was building as well as the plain where he was transforming a village into the capital of Spain. Even liberal Spaniards who dislike Philip II view the Escorial as the embodiment of the greatness of the Spain of his time. Little did I realize then that Spain was to be torn by a Civil War at the end of which Franco would build the huge underground mausoleum, El Valle de los Caídos, as a burial place for himself and the dead of both sides. It really is an echo of El Pútridero, the crypt in the Escorial where the bodies of the kings of Spain were allowed to rot (hence the name) before they were buried in splendor. Felipe II, who watched mass every day from a room overlooking the altar, rests today in the church in splendid isolation.

My next stop was Madrid. We had arranged an exchange by which the son of a Madrid family would stay with us in Winchester. My good mother, who never warmed up to the French boys who stayed with us, took a great liking to the Spanish boy, who displayed indeed the human qualities which make Spaniards in general so attractive. The family with which I lived had a modest apartment overlooking a colorful and noisy street market. The father, who dominated the family, worked for a savings bank called Previsores del Porvenir—Foreseers of the Future, a name which turned out to be totally wrong as far as the depositors were concerned. The bank had impressive quarters on the Gran Vía and put out a magazine making it appear that the customers belonged to some kind of a club. It promised fabulous returns at the end of twenty years, and every day at meals the father would make speeches about the dazzling plan. Wishing to show that I was appreciative, I began paying monthly installments from my meager resources. The Civil War suspended operations; after it I received a

circular letter saying that the bank was conducting a ponzi scheme. I have always wondered if the father was fooled too or whether he was an unscrupulous salesman.

It was the de Osma Scholarship which took me to Madrid, and more precisely to the Instituto de Valencia de Don Juan. Pleasantly located at Fortuny 43, just west of the great Castellana avenue, it is primarily a fine arts museum. It was founded in 1916 by Guillermo J. de Osma and his wife the Condesa de Valencia de Don Juan. Its collection of Spanish art, especially of Morisco pottery is remarkable; I was impressed, but too ignorant to appreciate it fully. My closest contact there was Pedro Longás, a portly, serious priest who always wore his black cassock. He was the institute's literary scholar, and librarian. With Martin de la Torre he edited the Latin codices in the National Library. The first and apparently only volume appeared in 1935, just before the Civil War which forced almost all my Madrid acquaintances who were not killed into exile. Since so many priests were killed, I have often wondered what happened to Don Pedro. I believe he was in nationalist territory and survived.

Obviously my Madrid experience was dominated by the fall of the monarchy. The dictatorship of General Miguel Primo de Rivera had ended in January 1930. It was not really a harsh dictatorship, not a dictadura (hard) but a dictablanda (soft). Many Spaniards, especially the Basques and Catalans, resented his rule, while the intellectuals were especially resentful because he scorned them. The army was much in evidence. Many churches and other old buildings had been turned into barracks. In Old Castile I had visited a monastery used as a barracks. The commanding officer let me in reluctantly. Hoping to impress him, I said my sponsor was Salvador de Madariaga. I could not tell from his face whether he did not know the name or whether he despised the liberal intellectual.

Primo de Rivera died a simple, lonely death in Paris soon after his dismissal. As his successor, Alfonso XIII appointed General Dámaso Berenguer, who convened the parliament (Cortes) for March, 1931. Just before I arrived in Madrid, Alfonso XIII set up a new government under Admiral Juan Bautista Aznar on February 17, 1931. Perhaps Alfonso XIII doubted the loyalty of the army because of the December 1930 military uprising in the Pyrenean town of Jaca led by two crazy young captains, Fermín Galán and Angel García Hernández. They were captured and shot while they marched on Saragossa. They became martyrs to the republican cause, and the King, who was blamed for insisting on their execution, lost more popularity. To ease tensions, he scheduled municipal elections for April 12, 1931.

Their precise results have still not been established, but all the major towns voted republican, and this was taken by the crowds as a mandate without waiting for elections to parliament. The King realized that the game was up, and on April 14 he and his family sailed to Italy. The Republican leaders were embarrassed later to realize that they had failed to get him to sign a declaration of abdication. Monarchists were saddened by this course of events. I clearly remember a cover picture in the monarchist paper ABC of Count Romanones sitting desolately in the railroad station of El Escorial after saying farewell to Alfonso XIII. In Madrid the public mood was one of rejoicing. It was an unusually bloodless revolution. Crowds strolled happily through the sunny streets. The Republicans claimed that they were restoring ancient liberties and that the blue in an old flag symbolized those liberties. The old red-yellow-red striped flag lost one red stripe, replaced by a deep blue one. It happened that the capes of the police had a deep blue lining, so they draped the cape over their shoulders to show their republican sympathies. The crowds appreciated the symbolism and applauded. No one realized that a civil war was in the making.

The transition was not abrupt. The new prime minister, Niceto Alcalá Zamora was a lawyer from Andalusia, and both he and Interior Minister Miguel Maura were Catholics. However, the cabinet contained others who were opportunists and demagogues, notably Foreign Minister Alejandro Lerroux, a founder of the Radical Party and the boss of a notorious district of Barcelona. An anti-clerical, he was remembered for a 1905 speech in which he exhorted a crowd to raise young nuns to the status of mothers. Another anti-clerical was his right-hand man in the cabinet, Diego Martínez Barrio from Seville, a strong Mason in a country where that meant secrecy and anti-clericalism. Many of the republican leaders had ties with the anti-clerical *Institución Libre de Enseñanza*, described elsewhere. Here then, within the government, was the fatal religious split.

Another problem was the irresponsibility of many "intellectuals" who backed the republic. While I had the greatest respect for men like Salvador de Madariaga, other struck me as poseurs.

Already in 1931 I was becoming suspicious of the famous authors of the period. Ramon del Valle-Inclán (1866-1936), the author of four exotic fantasies called *Sonatas*, was a clown, an extravagantly eccentric character. Posing as a conservative in his youth and as a radical in his old age, he wanted to show that he was bucking the trends. Pedro Salinas (1892-1951) as an author was fantastical, but as an individual and as a university professor he was a solid citizen. When I called on him he must have wondered what was wrong with me, since I had an awful stomach attack; I had just eaten my first meal of *calamares en su tinta*, rubbery "squid in their ink", a favorite Spanish dish and an acquired taste which I never acquired. Pedro Salinas was solicitous and kind. Just as I recovered, Valle-Inclán swept in, a strange bearded figure wrapped in a cape. I had told Salinas that I would like to meet some authors, so Salinas introduced me and suggested that I meet with Valle-Inclán for a chat. Valle-Inclán said he would be delighted to chat with me, and when I asked him when and where, he insisted that any time was fine with him. I suggested noon next day in his hotel, and he readily agreed. So I arrived on time with one of his books which I hoped he would autograph. He had not turned up by one, so I asked where he was. "Está en el café" was the reply—in his habitual cafe with his friends. I left a message that I would return next day at 12:30, which I did, but by 1:30 he had not arrived. So I said I would return the next day at one, with the same result. The next day I proposed 1:30, with the same result. My humility and patience were wearing out, so I decided to make one last try at 2:00 the next day. Always the same reply—he must have spent his life in the cafe. Now quite angry, I left the book at the desk with the request that he sign it. When I went back, he as usual was not there, but the clerk gave me my book in which he had written in his flourishing hand "To my old friend Ronald Hilton." These were kind of people who thought they were ordained to run Spain.

I returned to England by another route, taking the train to Zaragoza, and then up to Jaca (the scene of the uprising of Gabriel and Galán) and across the Pyrenees to France. I learned a grammatical lesson which I have often told my students. A man in my compartment had two *botas*—typically Spanish leather wine bottles with a spout. The trick is to hold it about a foot from the mouth, hold your mouth open and then squeeze the leather do that the wine shoots into it. It was a skill I had never acquired. The two *botas* were full of thick red wine from La Rioja. French customs allowed each traveler to carry only one, so the man asked me to take one through customs for him, which I did.

When we got into the French train he invited me to take a swig of the wine. Realizing the challenge I faced, I declined, but he insisted three times, which, under Spanish rules means that one must accept. With great misgiving I did. I held the *bota* a foot away, opened my mouth aimed and squeezed. I was a poor shot. The thick wine made a big red patch on my white shirt. General

puzzlement. I tried again, raising my sights. This time I was hit in the eye, and I was literally red-faced. For a third try I chose the middle route. This time my aim was good, but the wine hit my uvula, triggering a violent coughing spell. By this time the compartment was looking at me as if I were demented.

Sitting next to me was a priest. He clearly decided that I was mad and dangerous, so he buried himself in his breviary. I decided to prove to him that I was sane and harmless. Just before reaching Pau, the line crosses the Gave river, The train stopped on the bridge. Hoping to establish reasonable contact with the priest, I pointed to the river and asked him in French if it was la Gave. It was a terrible mistake. Gave is masculine in French, therefore le Gave. The priest thought I said la gare—the railroad station. He was confirmed in his belief that I was insane, pointing at the river and asking if it was the railroad station. He answered with obvious alarm “pas encore!”—not yet! I was not aware of my mistake. Having asked the question and got the same reply three times, I gave up. As the train pulled into Pau, the priest showed the courage of the martyrs. As we got out, he asked me “Where are you going my son?” “To Paris” I replied. He took me by the arm, led me across the platform, urged me to get in and said slowly and clearly “This train will take you to Paris.” After he took off, I belatedly realized my mistake. I used this experience to impress on my students the importance of grammar in language and of using the right gender of nouns.

Chapter 4

1932: Barcelona

At Oxford in those days French culture and language enjoyed a special place in the Faculty of Medieval and Modern Languages, with German coming in second and Spanish a distant third. Provençal was a key ingredient in the study of French, and Catalan, which is related to it, was viewed as an extension of the French world. I chose it as my special subject. As for Portuguese, it was not in the curriculum; I studied it independently with Professor Entwistle. The Americas in general and Latin America in particular were beyond the cultural pale of the language departments. Even in the United States in those days the importance of Portuguese as the language of Brazil was not recognized. Typically, we had much later at Stanford a dean of humanities who thought that the Brazilians spoke Spanish. British interest in Catalonia derived from the historic trade ties between England and Barcelona, and also from dim memories of the War of the Spanish Succession, when Catalonia sided with Britain. So I decided in 1932 to go to Barcelona.

As usual, we arranged an exchange. While I was in Barcelona, Jaime Pujol stayed with my family. The Pujol family lived in a big apartment on the Via Layetana, one of the main thoroughfares of Barcelona. It was an extended family, the grandparents staying there as well as a younger son Juan. It was also a lovely family. Whereas we lost contact with most of the families with which I had exchanges, we remained friends with the Pujols for years. My mother, always a good judge of character, took a great liking to Jaime and to other members of the Pujol family who visited us later. Tragically, Jaime drowned in a swimming accident when he was in his thirties.

The Pujols were a very Catholic family. Every evening the father said vespers to the assembled family in the living room. In the darkness a few candles glimmered like stars. There was no sense of my being, as an Anglican, an alien in religion, and there was no suggestion that I attend the vespers. However, in Rome, do as the Romans do, so I asked the family if I might attend. They were touched and pleased, but my gesture was unfortunate. They sat me down on a prize chair, which broke under

my weight, leaving me sprawling on the floor in the darkness. The ceremony was stopped, the lights went on, and I picked myself up. It was the last time I attended vespers, but the family never alluded to the mishap.

Whereas Madrid is a modern city, Barcelona has roots deep in antiquity. The city claims to have been founded by Hercules; the name Barcelona is said, apparently erroneously, to derive from the name of the Carthaginian Hamilcar Barca. The city was originally overshadowed by the Greek settlement of Ampurias to the northeast and above all by the even older Tarragona to the southwest, which gave its name to the eastern section of Spain, Hispania Tarraconensis. Under the Romans, Barcelona grew around the site of the present cathedral, where there are important subterranean remains. After flourishing under the Visigoths and being briefly held by the Moors, it became important after 874 as the seat of the Counts of Barcelona. The center has important medieval monuments in the Gothic quarter, which is bounded on the southwest by the Ramblas (an old riverbed which has been transformed into the city's most lively avenue), and on the northeast by the lower part of the Via Layetana. Most noteworthy are the cathedral and behind it, on either side of St. James' Square, two key government buildings: the huge Palace of the Generalitat (the government of the four provinces which make up Catalonia) and city hall. The Institute of Catalan Studies, where I took courses, was in the Generalitat. After studying there in the morning, I would for exercise walk briskly to the end of the mole along the waterfront and then back to the Pujol home on the new section of the Via Layetana.

The Pujol apartment was on the sixth floor. Rather than take the elevator I would run up the stairs, arriving out of breath. The maid would open the door and I would throw myself for a rest on a sofa in the lobby. One day I did that. When I opened my eyes, there was a strange man staring at me in a puzzled way. I had miscounted, and I was in the apartment below the Pujols. I apologized and left in a hurry. Such confusion is possible in a modern apartment block, but not in the older quarters.

There are some interesting buildings in the new district, notably the huge basilica of the Sacred Family, the major work of Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926), who was run over and killed by a streetcar before finishing it. He was obsessed with the idea of creating a church which would combine Catalan gothic architecture with modernist trends. Like all Gaudí's work it is to me unconvincing. Three facades have four huge spires which look like cigars. The twelve spires symbolize the apostles. The three entrances between the spires on the main facade represent Hope, Faith and Charity. There is a central spire over the crossing, representing Christ, and around it are four spires representing the Evangelists. The saving grace of the building is Gaudí's piety, but he has been unable to breathe it into his work.

In 1992, the auxiliary bishop of Barcelona, Joan Carrera, backed a campaign to have Gaudí beatified. This judgment has been sustained in 1998 by a strange argument. The priest of the church staged a campaign to have Gaudí proclaimed a saint, which would obviously have been good for business. In a pastoral letter, Richard María Cardinal Carles announced that he would campaign to have "the universal Catalan architect" beatified. An architect, José Manuel Almazara, founded an Association for the Beatification of Antoni Gaudí. The Catholic author Rafael Alvarez Izquierdo retorted that Gaudí was demented, anti-Catholic, a Templar, a Mason, agnostic and Calvinist. This charge was supported by others who denounced Gaudí as insane, sexually deviant, and a drug addict, which would explain his strange architecture. All this makes him sound like other modernist Spanish artists I knew. However, unlike Picasso and co., he hated liberalism and represented the most reactionary brand of Catholicism.

More recent Catalan artists have no grace, human or divine. The Catalan character is characterized by *seny*, which may roughly be translated by "good sense" This is the quality of a bourgeois trading community, and the aim of modern artists was to *épater le bourgeois*. Catalans think they are more European than other Spaniards, and modern artists rushed to Paris to pick up the latest artistic fashion of Art Nouveau. Some day we will come to our senses and realize that they are phony. The architects like Luis Domenech i Muntaner (1850-1923) and Josep Puig y Catafalch (1867- 1956) are tolerable. After all, a building has to stand up and serve a useful purpose. It is the painters and sculptors who can give free rein to their sick fantasy. The worst is Pablo Ruiz Picasso (1881-1973), an Andalusian who spent much of his life in Paris, but who was long associated with Barcelona. There is a Picasso Museum, incongruously housed in a beautiful ancient palace. Joan Miró (1893-1983) was a native of Barcelona. He is regarded as a leader of avant-garde art, and a collection of his scribbles is kept in a foundation named after him. The worst and yet most talented of the crowd was Salvador Dalí (1904-1989) who would have been a great painter had he not been a childish show-off.

The greatest of modern Catalan painters was José María Sert, whose masterpiece was the collection of murals in the cathedral of Vich, half way between Barcelona and the Pyrenees. The Pujol family drove me there, and they made a deep impression on me. The murals, which were completed just before our visit, represent the mystery of the Redemption, beginning with Original Sin through Christ to the martyrs. The history of Catalonia is interpreted likewise as the triumph of good over evil. The see of Vich had been the spiritual center of Catalanism thanks to Bishop Morgades, who restored Catalan monasteries and advocated the use of Catalan in sermons, and his successor Bishop Torres y Bagés, who wrote theological works in defense of regionalism.

Sert had not foreseen that evil would triumph. When the Franco forces under General Rafael García Valiño entered Vich in 1939 he found that the church had been burned early in the Civil War, ruining the murals. After the Civil War, Sert repainted them and had completed the task before he died in 1945. Spain chose to honor him when it selected him to paint (1934-35) the three murals entitled "The Solidarity of Peoples" in the Palais des Nations in Geneva, now a U.N. complex.

My main purpose was to learn Catalan, which is so different from Castilian that most Spaniards have difficulty understanding it. The Pujol family always spoke it, and I became fluent in it. It was a different story when I visited them after the Civil War in which, as good Catholics, they took the side of Franco and escaped to Franco territory. Jaime was dead, but his younger brother Juan fought with Franco's troops all the way back to Barcelona. I should have asked him for a detailed account of his experiences. Franco banned the use of Catalan and now the Pujol family spoke Castilian at home. The family was still Catholic, although in a less ceremonial way. There were no vespers after supper. Joan drove me to the famous monastery of Montserrat west of Barcelona, where there is a Black Madonna, the patron of Catalonia. It is in a niche above the high altar. Narrow steps behind the altar lead to the niche, and we joined the pilgrims going up and down the steps.

Juan also drove me to Manresa, where there is a Jesuit convent near the grotto where Saint Ignatius, the founder of the Company, is said to have written his *Spiritual Exercises*. We were shown around by a young and pleasant Jesuit priest. He had to leave us to preach a sermon in the church. I was surprised when he said he would preach in Catalan. Priests are usually good speakers, so I did not want to miss the opportunity to hear Catalan well-spoken. Juan and I sat down in the church filled mostly with old women. The first part of the sermon was devoted to the finger of Saint Ignatius which the Pope had given the church as a holy relic. The old women listened devoutly to this praise of the finger, now separated by hundreds of miles from the saint's body. Suddenly the priest changed

his tone and said: "Now I will discuss a modern problem: birth control." The poor old ladies listened in bewilderment.

While deeply grateful for this renewed hospitality of the Pujol family, I was ill at ease since my timid attempts to discuss the political and religious situation were a blind alley from which I retreated. I later sent Juan a copy of *Homage to Catalonia* in which Orwell describes his experiences during the Civil War. Juan's acknowledgment simply said "That's not at all the way it was." I do not know whether he simply detested Orwell's ideology or whether indeed the book gives a false picture. Probably both explanations were correct. Since the death of Franco in 1975 the Catalan language has come back with a bang; attempts to impose it in all government operations and in education are being resisted firmly but tactfully by the Madrid government.

Franco's attempt to stamp out the Catalan language simply exacerbated the enthusiastic support the language enjoyed under the republic as the expression of Catalan nationalism. At the Institut d'Estudis Catalans I took a course on the Catalan language given by Pompeu Fabra (1868-1948), whose Catalan grammar went into many editions. He was a fervent nationalist, having prepared an edition of the 1892 Bases de Manresa, a constitutional plan drawn up in the aforementioned Manresa. He was a warm person, pleased, indeed flattered that an Oxford student had come to study Catalan with him. He took refuge in France during the Civil War. Now he is honored as one of the great figures of Catalan culture, and a Barcelona university has been named after him.

Catalan bilingualism creates problems as far as names are concerned, since the Catalan form is somewhat different from the Castilian form. For example, the place name Vich is Vic in Catalan, and the same goes for personal first names. Catalans are sensitive about this. A Catalan reader of this chapter wanted me to change the names back and forth, even those of my friends, according to the exact year I was discussing. I decided this would be too confusing, even though I may incur the wrath of Catalan nationalists, to whom I apologize.

At the institute I also took courses on Catalan medieval history and literature with Jordí Rubio i Balaguer (1888-1961). His father, the more famous Antonio Rubio y Lluch (1856-1936) had taught the same subjects in the institute, but he had retired when I was in Barcelona; he died just as the Civil War broke out. Jordí's lectures were dull, but, in post-Civil War exile, he wrote to me when I was in Stanford to express his appreciation of something I had written. I was touched and surprised at his alertness, and also sad that this scholar was now earning his living as a proof-reader in France.

The Secretary of the Institute was the historian Luis Nicolau d'Olwer (1888-1961). The Institute was closed by Franco, and most of its faculty fled Spain. He kept it alive in exile, and every year he sent me and others a card indicating that it was still alive. He returned to Spain, but he died before the death of Franco allowed the Institute and other Catalan institutions to flourish again.

The president of the University of Barcelona was the pre-historian Pedro Bosch Gimpera (1891-1974). He was an extraordinary scholar, writing extensively about human origins and especially of man in Spain. For this reason he was keenly interested in rock paintings. Like many Spanish intellectuals, he was forced into exile in Mexico, where he was received with great honor. The Instituto de Antropología and Historia organized a conference honoring him on his 70th birthday; the proceedings were published in 1963. While in Mexico he did extensive research in the pre-history of the New World. I saw him several times in Mexico, and he was extraordinarily hospitable. In 1971 he published in Barcelona a book on the Catalan university based on his experience as President of the University of Barcelona. After his death in 1974, the centennial of his birth in 1891 was marked with a

symposium devoted to him in Andorra and Puigcerda. Presumably Andorra was chosen because Catalan is the official language and the Bishop of the Seu d'Urgell is co-regent. Catalans regard it, and also Roussillon, now French, as part of their world. The memoirs of Bosch-Gimpera, published posthumously in Barcelona in 1980, are a valuable source of information about the modern history of Catalonia.

The other great authority on pre-history was the German Adolf Schulten (1878-1960). He spent half of each year in Tarragona, the capital of Roman eastern Spain. I was fortunate to find him there. He was very friendly, and we discussed prehistory while strolling under the famous Roman walls with their Cyclopean bases. I believe he was a good friend of Bosch Gimpera. While they both wrote about prehistory in general, Schulten was especially interested in Numantia. He is famous for having identified the biblical Tartessos as Cadiz, claiming that it was the oldest city in Europe.

The historian Ferrán Valls i Taberner (1888-1942), was immensely productive as a scholar, being a specialist in legal history. He was the author of a history of Catalonia which went into several editions. A liberal Catholic, he died just after the Civil War. He was a deputy in the Republican parliament in Madrid; I do not know how the Civil War treated him. He was an extraordinary, polite, friendly man. A university in Tarragona is now named after him.

Another Tarragona university has been named after Antoni Rovira i Virgili (1882-1949), famous as an ardent nationalist historian. Among his many publications is a massive history of Catalonia, which he began in 1922. His lectures were too emphatic for me, but his hostility to Franco made him an idol of the extreme nationalists. After the fall of the Republic he traveled to the USSR, Curiously, his account of his trip there was published posthumously in Barcelona in 1968 while Franco was still alive. He settled in Buenos Aires where he established a review Catalunya. It published in 1940 his memoirs on the last days of the Catalan republic and the Catalan exodus. After both he and Franco were dead, two editions were published in Barcelona (1976, 1989). His articles denouncing Franco were collected and published in 1998, under the title *The War Which They Provoked*, by the Abbey of Montserrat (!). Apparently before death he became reconciled with the Catholic Church. I still think that he represents an extreme form of Catalan nationalism which makes me uneasy.

In sum, I have warm feelings toward Catalonia and the Catalans. They are a reasonable and peaceful people. One way to judge the character of a people is through its dance. The Catalan dance is the slow, majestic sardana, which must be of ancient origin, although the origin of the word is uncertain. There is a long article on it in the monumental work of Joan Corominas, *Diccionario crítico etimológico de la lengua castellana* (1954). I shall always remember with emotion watching the circles in the old squares of Barcelona dancing solemnly in a round to the sound of a melancholy wind instrument. Most Spanish dances, like the fandango and the bolero, are wild and passionate, quite different from the sardana.

The Barcelona violence which manifested itself in the Civil War came largely from outsiders, many foreigners. In Barcelona when I was there, the Valencians had the reputation of being violent, and that coincides with my impressions. The Catalan language does not have the clear, dramatic quality of Castilian, and the people are less theatrical, two characteristics which are both a blessing and a curse. Left by themselves the Catalans would be a peaceful crowd like the Portuguese. This brings us to the complex character of Catalan nationalism. Like Basque nationalism, it was originally conservative and Catholic. Now, while the conservative Partido Popular and the Socialist PSOE Party stress regions' ties with Madrid, the extreme left-wing Izquierda Unida has just distanced itself from

the Socialist Party by promoting a very loose federation which would apparently allow the regions to declare their independence.

September 11, the Day of Catalonia, is a somber festival, since it commemorates the successful assault on Barcelona by Felipe V in 1714 in which the Catalan leader Rafael Casanova was killed. Catalonia lost its liberties, so the day is implicitly anti-Castilian, even anti-Spanish, and for this reason it was banned by Franco. When I was in Barcelona in 1932, the revolutionary spirit was expressed in the repeated playing of "Els Segadors" ("The Harvesters"), the song of the anti-Spanish country people, just as in Madrid we heard constantly the music of the Hymn of Riego. The refrain of "The harvesters" was "Bom colp de fals," a good blow with a scythe to cut the Spaniards' heads off. Obviously when their independence is threatened, the peaceful Spaniards can rise to the occasion.

Much happier is the Day of St. George, Catalonia's patron saint, April 23. The lively Ramblas avenue is the scene of a book fair, and the custom is to give books to friends, which is very good for the book industry, of which Barcelona is an important center. Women get a rose, so they and the flower industry are happy too. In general, life along the Catalan coast is very pleasant and modern. The hinterland around Barcelona is industrial, while the interior of Catalonia, albeit prosperous, reminds one of highland Spain. Barcelona has a reputation as a great European city, and city planners from all over Europe come to study it. It is indeed the most attractive city on the Mediterranean. Think of that!

Chapter 5

1934: The Real Spain

I graduated from Oxford in 1933, with a record good enough for Christ Church to give me a graduate scholarship. I was widely congratulated, but soon my faculty sponsors despaired of me. My field was France and especially its relations with Spain, and I was expected to settle down in a library and collect documentation for a book (not a dissertation, since in those days the doctoral system was scorned as a German-American invention). Instead, I was deeply dissatisfied with the exclusive study of old books, documents, and the history of Romance languages. I was interested in the contemporary world, and I wanted to get to know more about the reality of Europe. What I had in mind was what later became known as a language and area program. At Stanford I was to establish Bolivar House and its program of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies, so my wanderings in Spain and similar ones later throughout Latin America were excellent preparation.

What better means than cycling around the continent? So I covered thousands of miles that way, always armed with the appropriate Baedeker. First, I must complete my education by getting to know Germany and Italy. I had lived with a German-speaking family in Metz, Lorraine, but I had simply crossed the Rhine at Strasbourg. I arranged an exchange with a family in Bayreuth, and I spent the summer of 1933 there. I saw the early days of the Nazi government and have written an account of my impressions, refuting some later accounts by younger people who had not had that experience. From Bayreuth I cycled across the Alps to Venice and then back to France through northern Italy and Switzerland. I was to return to Italy in the autumn of 1935, so I got a first-hand acquaintance with Italian fascism, which I was able to compare with Nazism.

I spent the academic year 1934 to 1935 studying at the Sorbonne under the historian Philippe Sagnac. He encouraged me to prepare a doctorat d'état (not the shorter doctorat d'université which foreigners usually did). I agreed, since at Oxford the doctorate was still belittled as producing narrow

specialists; my mentor, Professor Entwistle, was a great scholar, and it angered him that in academic processions young, lesser scholars who had taken the newfangled D. Phil marched ahead of him. I chose as the subject of my major thesis (the program required two) relations between France and Spain in the eighteenth century. Little did I dream that my research would be cut short by the Spanish Civil War and most of the materials lost. After all these decades I have returned to the subject, or at least one aspect of it, in a book which will appear about the same time as this one: *L'Espagne et les Amériques vues de la France et de la Grande Bretagne*.

In Paris among other things I studied Russian at the Institute of Oriental Languages—Russian was so exotic then that it was classified as an oriental language!. Again, my action was viewed as strange by my Oxford mentors, but I was sure that Russia would gain in importance and with it the Russian language. Knowledge of Russian made it possible for me to produce the twenty volumes of the World Affairs Report devoted to the Soviet role in world affairs.

Having received an Esme Howard Scholarship to study at the Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid, I set out from Paris by bicycle in the spring of 1934. Along the way I looked up some leading Hispanists. At the University of Poitiers, Jean Sarrailh received me in his home, dressed in the red pants of the oyster fishermen of Arcachon, where he had bought them. He was beginning his distinguished career as a Hispanist, his major work being *The Enlightened Spain of the Second Half of the 18th Century* (Paris, 1954). He rose to become Rector of the University of Paris, perhaps the most important educational job in France, since it controls the whole educational system of the Paris region. I met him again at a conference in Mexico in the 50s. He was coldly indignant because he came via New York, where the U.S. immigration officials barred him because during World War II he had belonged to a resistance group which for a while had been under communist control. Somehow he got to Mexico. With me he was as cordial as a Rector can be, but the episode soured U.S.-French relations.

From Poitiers it was on to Bordeaux, a beautiful city with a university which is an important center of Hispanic studies. In retrospect I wish that I had made it my French base rather than Paris, a grim city which I knew well. The great Hispanist there was Georges Cirot (1870-1940) In European scholarship there is no sharp line between literature and history, and Cirot cultivated both. His first great work (1904) was a study of the Jesuit Juan de Mariana (1537-1624), author of a history of Spain which he wrote in Latin and later translated to Spanish. His courage was demonstrated in his defense of Arias Montano, threatened by the Inquisition. Most notorious is his *De rege et regis institutione* (1599) in which he justified regicide in certain cases. The book was said to have inspired Ravaillac, who killed Henri IV of France in 1610.

Among the many other works of Cirot were studies of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews in Bordeaux who had fled into exile because of the Inquisition. The essayist Michel de Montaigne is said to have been partly of that origin. Cirot devoted much of his efforts to Spanish historiography, studying primarily the centuries before Philip II. He is best remembered as a senior statesman of Hispanic studies.

After cycling across the Landes, I entered Spain and began my odyssey along its north coast, which was more rugged than I had imagined, and then down through Portugal to Lisbon. It was an extraordinary experience in which I saw many monuments. However, I will relate only those experiences which had some social or historical significance.

The first, in the Basque country, was my first meeting with a real anarchist. Not the dangerous kind, known as anarcho-syndicalists, but the harmless kind. The first had been active in Barcelona, throwing bombs and killing many people. The police repression was brutal. The harmless kind had been led by Francisco Ferrer (1849-1909), who loved birds and would certainly not have harmed one. I assume my Basque anarchist was of the harmless kind. He was a simple-minded person who thought the world would be better off without governments. There must be a connection between people like him and the Basque terrorists. The belief that the world would be better without governments could transmute into the belief that they must be destroyed. The Basque country is prosperous, the land of hard-headed bankers and lusty eaters. It is difficult to understand how terrorists and anarchists would flourish here. They may mostly be dropouts, like violent people in the prosperous United States.

I rode along the coast and then to Guernica (Gernika in Basque), a small town which is the shrine of Basque nationalism. The sacred symbol is an old oak tree. It was one of four places where the lords of Biscay came to swear that they would respect local privileges (fueros). Close by is the building where the Biscay Assembly met. In 1934 Guernica was just a sleepy village. I stopped for a glass of wine and some food at a bar where the wine was kept in large pigskins lined up behind the counter. Little did I imagine then that Guernica would be hit by Nazi bombers during the Civil War on April 26, 1937 and become the symbol of Franco's barbarity. In reprisal for their resistance, Franco abolished the fueros of Vizcaya, Guipúzcoa and Alava, while Navarre, the home of the pro-Franco requeté fighters, was allowed to keep its. The memory of the destruction of Guernica has seared itself into the minds of Basques and triggered the anti-Spanish violence which has wrecked so many lives. Picasso's notoriety ensured the fame of his wild painting "Guernica." It was just another Picasso nightmare, which originally had nothing to do with Guernica. Apparently it began as a painting of a bullfight; hence the rearing horse. Picasso, who was living in Paris, just gave it the name "Guernica" when the Spanish republican government, which was sponsoring an exhibit there, asked him for an anti-Franco painting.

Bilbao on the estuary of the Nervion River is an uninteresting city, and I paused there only briefly. Then it was back to the coast and westward to Laredo, located on the mouth of a bay facing Santoña. Both are fishing villages, chasing after the same sardines. The two communities were engaged in a nasty fight over fishing, as is quite common along the coasts of Spain. Since the creation of the European Union, which now regulates fishing, these fights have become internationalized. The sea, with its fluid boundaries, and the tangles of international law, have involved Spain in fights as far away as Canada and La Réunion island in the Indian Ocean.

From there it was on to Santander, an attractive seaside town where there is a royal palace now used by the Menéndez y Pelayo Summer School. Next came Santillana del Mar, a lovely colonial town located, as the name indicates, on the sea. I should point out that, since I visited them, many old Spanish cities were badly damaged during the Civil War and later restored with varying success. Near Santillana are the famous caves of Altamira, discovered in 1879. Today they are tourist attractions, with their seven galleries; the chamber with the bison ceiling painting has been called the Sistine Chapel of Quaternary Art. When I was there in 1934 its importance was still not recognized. A simple peasant served as caretaker. While he held a flashlight in his hand I crawled through the entrance and saw the prehistoric paintings. It is only in the last decades that the importance of rock paintings has been fully appreciated.

Then it was on westward to another historical site, the shrine of Covadonga in Asturias., described as the cradle of the Spanish monarchy. After defeating the Visigoths at the battle of Guadalete in 711, the Muslims occupied the whole peninsula, except pockets like this area. Here a Visigothic nobleman Pelayo and his group of followers organized a revolt. In 722 the emir of Cordoba sent an army to wipe out the group, but it was roundly defeated. Pelayo's followers elected him king, and he set up his capital at Cangas de Onís, a few miles to the northwest. The cave in Covadonga where Pelayo hid is now known as the Sacred Cave. It houses a wooden statue of the Virgin, called "La Santina". She is honored every year on September 8. Nearby is the late 19th-century Basilica, before which stands a statue of Pelayo, brandishing the Cross of Victory, the supposed original of which is on display in the Cámara Santa of the Cathedral of Oviedo. Nearby is a museum housing gifts to the Virgin, including a splendid crown with more than 1,000 diamonds. Since Asturias is regarded as the cradle of Spain, the crown prince is known as the Príncipe de Asturias.

Since Covadonga is the only part of Spain not conquered by the Moors, when in 1934 Franco sent Moorish troops to put down the rebellious miners of Asturias, the leftist slogan was "The Moors in Covadonga!" and posters with this as the theme circulated widely. When I was there a few months earlier, I had of course no idea of what was to happen. When an official delegation visited the Hoover Institution in 1990, I mentioned the slogan, and it was clear that over fifty years later there were still bitter memories.

Oviedo, a few miles to the west, is the capital of Asturias. To the south of it are the coal mines in the Mieres area, the scene of the 1934 uprising. In the heart of the old city stands the magnificent cathedral, which was badly damaged then and again in 1937 during the Civil War. I was lucky to see it before all this havoc. The cathedral is the pantheon of the Asturian kings, and its treasures are too numerous to describe here.

The cathedral was especially interesting to me because it was the focal point of one of my favorite novels, *La Regenta* (1884) by Leopoldo Alas (1852-1901). He is generally known by his pen name, Clarín (the Bugle), an eccentric law professor formed in the Krausist school described in the chapter on the intellectuals. His 1878 thesis on "Law and Morality" reflected the Krausist preoccupation with morality in civic life and its anticlerical conviction that the Catholic Church is insufferably corrupt. The poor heroine, *La Regenta* (the wife of a judge) is coveted by her confessor, the Canon Fermín de Paz, who spies on her with a telescope as she sits at home. The two fat volumes of the novel are brilliantly written, so that the reader swallows the anticlerical message without realizing it.

Life imitated art. I took an elevator to the top of the tower to get a good view of the city and conversed with the operator. He was an embittered electrician who had been unable to find a decent job. For him running the elevator was professionally beneath him, but a job is a job. I asked him about life in the cathedral, and he regaled me with stories about the jealousies among the canons. His account made the novel come to life. A similar novel is *La Catedral* (1903) by Vicente Blasco Ibañez (1867-1928), which describes in similar terms the Cathedral of Toledo, the primate see of Spain. The thesis of these and similar novels is, to use the notorious words of Manuel Azaña, "Spain has ceased to be Catholic."

Ramón Pérez de Ayala, the author of *A.M.D.G.* was also a native of Oviedo and a pupil and disciple of Clarín. He studied with the Jesuits whom he ridiculed in his novel. He lacks the wit of Clarín, and, as noted earlier, I found him personally unattractive.

It is appropriate here to tell an experience in a village somewhere along this ride. It stood back from the road, but I had to spend the night somewhere so I went there and found an inn opposite the church. I joined the folks having dinner around a big table. Sitting at the head and orchestrating the conversation was the loudly anticlerical village doctor, whose constantly played the same old record denouncing the priest of the church across the street. The priest returned the compliment by fulminating at him from the pulpit. When he asked me where I was from, I replied "England." He looked pleased and said "Ah! They hate the priests there!" To judge his feelings I replied "Well, no longer. They are generally respected." His eyes narrowed, and he snarled "I thought England was a decent country!"

From Asturias I went on to Galicia, a Celtic microcosm in the northwest corner of Spain. It held a special interest for me because of my research on its most famous author, Emilia Pardo Bazán, whose novels describe a rural country dominated by caciques, rural bosses, and priests. The first town was Mondoñedo, which I had never heard of. Galicia prospered in the eighteenth century thanks to the whaling trade, and because of this prosperity many romanesque churches were refurbished in the baroque style. This was true of the cathedral of Mondoñedo, whose size amazed me. When I entered an old woman dressed in the colorful attire of the region was praying with intense devotion, kneeling on the stone floor and with her *brazos en cruz*, arms stretched out to resemble Christ on the cross. She looked as though she were desperately praying for help. I have never seen such piety in Spain, not even in Old Castile. Across from the cathedral was a bookstore specializing in religious books. I talked with the owner, who was pained by the anticlericalism of the republic. He was convinced that things would change because the government did not realize the power of the Pope. The great shrine of Santiago de Compostela is in Galicia, as is the port of El Ferrol, the birthplace of pious dictator Francisco Franco, and for this reason known during his rule as *El Ferrol del Caudillo* (of the Leader). My guess is that the bookstore owner was a strong supporter of Franco.

Then it was on to Betanzos, about fifteen miles from the port city of La Coruña (known to the British as Corunna). I spent the night in a picturesque stone inn on the square, where women with wooden buckets on their heads were taking turns getting water from the fountain in the middle of it. Presumably their houses did not have running water. I had supper in the inn, and chatted with the owner while she prepared the typical meal of the region: fish and potatoes. When she asked where I was from, I replied "England." "Ah, so you are a North American!" "No," I said, from England." She looked puzzled, but finally understood: "So, England and North America are two different places?" "Yes." "Ah, like Betanzos and La Coruña!" —fifteen miles away. Swimming ancestrally in her head were memories of the Armada, which sailed from La Coruña against England, of Drake, known in Spain as the Dragon, who attacked La Coruña the following year, and of the Yankees, who the Gallegos feared in 1898 were going to invade Galicia. Pardo Bazán reports that the people there believed that Yankees had three rows of teeth, like sharks.

La Coruña is a large and attractive port town, but it has little of historic interest, so my stop there was brief. So it was on to Santiago, of enormous historical and religious significance. The cathedral has been amply described in many books, with its baroque exterior and its massive Romanesque interior. I will therefore dwell on an episode which has sociological interest. My great problem from this point on was sleep. Every night there were fireworks honoring some saint, the worst being June 19, the festival of the "Popular Saints," Saint Peter and Saint Paul, who for some reason are lumped together in Spain, and July 26, and that of Saint James (Santiago). Usually these saints are celebrated with three nights of fireworks, making sleep extremely difficult.

In Santiago I therefore sought out a quiet hotel on a quiet street, and took a back room facing a courtyard. Scarcely had I gone to sleep when a loud barking woke me. I looked down at the courtyard; the villain was a huge dog. I went downstairs several times and told the clerk to stop the barking. Every time he told me to go back to my room; he would take care of it. In the early morning I went down again in a towering rage. The clerk blanched and said "The dog belongs to the local cacique (boss) who lives next door!" I understood: he would never confront the cacique. Everything I had read in Pardo Bazán about caciques suddenly came to life.

From Santiago I went south to Redondela; the port of Vigo was some distance to the west. I could not find a room; all the hotels were full. On the street I passed a plump priest in a silky black cassock. I told him my problem. "Come with me" he said and led me to a nearby noisy cafe. When we entered there was silence. He said in a dominating tone: "There is a stranger here who cannot find a room. Can any of you put him up?" A simple fellow finally said he could. I thanked the priest and went to my host's home. It was simple; the family slept on the ground floor, next to the animals. I slept upstairs in a small room lulled by the noise of the animals, while smoke from the fire without a proper chimney choked me. Next day I thanked my host and gave him a fair amount. I wondered why the priest, who must have had a nice parish house, could not have put me up himself. This was a vision of the clericalism about which I had read so much.

The River Minho, the boundary with Portugal, was just to the south. It is a charming country with beautiful cities and monuments. Down the coast I went through Vila do Conde, with its horse-drawn street cars, to Porto. It sits on the Douro, linked to smaller Vila Nova de Gaia on the opposite bank by a large double-deck bridge built by Eiffel. I was still trying to find a quiet hotel, so it occurred to me that I might find one across the bridge, at the entrance to which a policeman stood. I could read but not speak Portuguese, so I explained to him my desire in Spanish. He simply shrugged his shoulders and said in Portuguese "I do not speak Spanish." So, on a fiercely hot afternoon I crossed the bridge but searched in vain. Hot, desperate, and bathed in sweat, I re-crossed the bridge and walked past the policeman. Seeing my plight, he took pity on me and addressed me in good Spanish; he was making the supreme sacrifice of speaking to me in the language of the historic oppressor. He told me where there was a quiet hotel. I went there, and again took a back room. Scarcely had I gone to sleep than there was a bang, bang, bang from the building opposite. To my dismay, it continued all night. In the morning I could see into the window. It was the post office, and the employees were vigorously canceling stamps. What did Shakespeare say about sleep?

From Porto the road led me southward through the ancient university city of Coimbra, to Pombal, famous as the home of Portugal's great eighteenth-century statesman, the Marquis of Pombal. In this little town there was a jail like a store front, except that instead of a glass window there were bars. As I passed, a desperately sad peasant woman stood inside, holding on to the bars and looking out at the street. I tried to console her, but, staring blankly into space, she said not a word.

Further south came the peace of beautiful monastery of Batalha (Battle, site of the 1385 battle which secured Portugal's independence from Spain), whose founding was tied to England. Eleven miles south is the huge Cistercian monastery of Alcobaça, one of the largest in the world. Further south is another large monastery, Mafra, built by a work force which at times numbered 45,000! The luxury and expense of these great monasteries expressed the piety for which Portugal was famous, or infamous, since its notorious inquisition, whose building can still be seen in Lisbon, gave the English language the expression *auto da fé*. Eighteenth century travel accounts describe how these monasteries had become almost clubs for wealthy nobles. The earthquake of 1755 shook both the

buildings of Lisbon and the piety of the people, but these monasteries to the north suffered little. Today they are museums and tourist attractions. While I was examining the rare books in Mafra's great library, a sharp rat-tat-tat rent the air. The courtyard was used by soldiers for machine-gun practice. Was this an extreme form of secularization or of the cooperation between church and state?

Through Cabo da Roca, the westernmost point of continental Europe, and Cintra with its palaces, I went on to Lisbon on the estuary of the Tagus. It is a charming city with a string of attractive suburbs. Stretching along the shore almost as far as Cabo da Roca. Ever in search of quiet and sleep, I took a room in a suburban hotel. I thankfully went to bed, only to be aroused by a lusty cock in the yard below supposedly greeting the first glimmer of dawn, but in fact determined to vent on me his hatred of humans. I sold my bicycle and took the train to Madrid.

The line passes through Extremadura, a poor and relatively uninteresting part of Spain, although many conquistadores came from there, including Hernán Cortés, who was born in the now insignificant village of Medellín. I visited it later, and there is naturally a local cult of Cortés, which Madariaga's biography of him boosted. In the village square there is a bronze statue of the conquistador with plaques honoring his military victories in Mexico. Cortés provides an excellent example of conflicting historical assessments. In Mexico he is the official villain of Mexican history. When I was lecturing once in Mexico I asked the students if he was a bad or a good man. All said he was a bad man, except one Catholic girl, who said "Well, if he had not conquered Mexico, some one else would have." Another conquistador like Cortés! Their response exemplifies the stereotypes inculcated by history textbooks; hence the fight over them in many countries, notably Mexico. Conversely, Mexican textbooks idealize the Indian Benito Juárez uncritically. As I write this, official Mexico is celebrating the revolutionary holiday, November 20, with parades and boring set speeches.

After Extremadura, it was a surprise to enter suddenly the modern world of Madrid, which, unlike ancient Barcelona, is not the natural center of a prosperous area, but rather a capital created, like Ankara or Brasilia, for geopolitical reasons. Apart from the old town, it is really a modern city built to the east of it, although the royal palace is to the west. The main square, which separates and links the two, is named La Puerta del Sol—the sun gate, since from it the rising sun could be seen. The main avenue, the Castellana, is comparable to the Champs Elysées in Paris. It runs from north to south through the new district, which has expanded northward. The Residencia de Estudiantes, which was to be my home, lies on an elevation just east of the northern section, a most attractive location.

Madrid is a curious combination of the old and the new. I once went to a bank to cash a check. The clerk said my signature was no good. I angrily asked him why. Because, he said, it does not have a *rúbrica*—a wiggle under my name. I protested that I did not use a *rúbrica*. He was firm; "Without a *rúbrica* I cannot cash it." So I wrote a wiggle under my name, and he cashed it immediately. Since then I have kept the wiggle. This custom goes back to the times when few could write. Scribes would sign, and people would simply add their personal *rúbrica*.

Habits from the colonial period which have disappeared in Spain survive in Spanish America. It affects speech. Just as "gotten" has disappeared in England, but survives in the United States, so "vos" (you) has disappeared in Spain but survives in Argentina. Mexico, is still spelled "México" in Mexico, but it has become Méjico in Spain.

It affects customs too. Both Benito and Porfirio Juárez were born in Oaxaca (now spelled "Oajaca" in Spain). I once gave a Mexican a ride in my car there. To find out his historical viewpoint, I asked him if he respected Juárez. Yes, he said, and raised his hat. Did he respect Díaz, I asked. Yes, he replied,

and raised his hat again. In the conversation, whenever I named either great man, he raised his hat. It was comic to see him sitting in the care constantly raising his hat. I suddenly realized that this was the old Spanish custom of raising one's hat whenever one mentioned the king. There was quite a protocol about this, the way one raised his hat being an indication of rank.

What about bullfighting, a symbol of old Spain? When I was in Spain, soccer, now a national passion, was unknown. It began to lose official status under the Bourbon king, Charles III, who despised it. It was also condemned by the Church, which forbade priests to attend. Franco tried to revive its status, and the present monarchy does not wish to appear hostile to it.

I attended a bullfight. An *esponáneo*, a wannabe bullfighter, jumped into the ring, infuriating the handsomely attired pro, who turned to throw him out of the ring. The bull seized the opportunity, sneaked up behind the pro, and jabbed his horn into his seat, causing great pain and making his pants drop. The bull died proud of his deft feat.

Chapter 8

The Intellectuals

Somehow Spanish had picked up the word "intellectual," meaning a member of the intelligentsia. In Marxist parlance, this meant someone who did mental rather than physical labor. I remember sitting next to someone at a Madrid café counter. He struck up a conversation, beginning "Yo, que soy intelectual." (I, as an intellectual,). He may have been a traveling salesman. The word also had the more specific meaning of an intellectual. The Residencia was a meeting place for liberal intellectuals. Don Alberto has devoted a small book to them, *Residentes, Semblanzas y Recuerdos* (Madrid: Alianza, 1989, pp.147). It was published posthumously by his heirs. Don Alberto was a kind man, who practiced "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." The result again is a secular "flos sanctorum" which I do not emulate here. Much of the book is devoted to distinguished foreigners who had visited the Residencia. In his English exile, Don Alberto seemed to console himself by remembering old friends and illustrious visitors. Since they visited the Residencia before my time, I shall not speak of the famous foreigners who came to give lectures: General Charles Granville Bruce, who in 1922 made the first serious attempt to scale Everest; H. G. Wells, Lord Keynes, Howard Carter, Gropius, Le Corbusier, Eddington, and Madame Curie, to name just some of them. Spanish intellectuals have been divided into traditionalists and "europeizantes," those who wanted Spain to join the main currents of Europe. By inviting many illustrious foreigners to the Residencia, Don Alberto made an extraordinary contribution to the latter group, as did my own mentor Salvador de Madariaga.

The Writers

Among Spanish intellectuals, a special place must be given to Emilia Pardo Bazán (1852-1921). She died ten years before I first went to Spain, but I almost feel as though I knew her, since I have devoted many studies to her, helping to bring her from relative obscurity to the prestige she enjoys today. Don Alberto devotes a chapter to her and to her friendship with Francisco Giner de los Ríos, with whom she long exchanged letters. The chapter is entitled "Jaime, Doña Emilia and Don Francisco" Jaime being her son to whom she was deeply attached. Don Alberto mentions that she gave a lecture at the Residencia, but strangely the chapter is devoted almost wholly to her correspondence with Giner de los Ríos (1840-1915), who was twelve years her senior. This failure to give a full account of her may be due to the fact that she was a neo-Catholic, and probably the only member of the Residencia group not hostile to the Church. She disliked the "Anglo-Saxons" and

Protestantism. Since she was combative and argumentative, there were probably some sharp arguments which don Alberto preferred not to discuss. Her husband, Jaime Quiroga, whom she had married in 1868, when she was 16, is simply mentioned. The chapter ends with a letter to her from Don Alberto's father-in-law, Manuel Cossío, congratulating her on her appointment as Professor of Romantic Literatures at the University of Madrid over the objections of anti-feminists. For my accounts of this and other aspects of her life, see the bibliographical essay at the end of this book.

A chapter of Don Alberto's book is devoted to Federico Garcia Lorca, who was idolized as a poet by leftists as they did his friend Manuel de Falla as a composer. They were both companions of the English Hispanist J. B. Trend, who did much to spread the cult of them in England and the United States. The chapter opens describing a music festival one night in the gypsy quarter of Granada, the Albaicin. Lorca was very gitano, which in Spanish is a two-edged word. It can simply mean gypsy in a disparaging sense, or it can mean having a gypsy-like charm, manifest in song and dance. The same ambivalence exists toward the gypsies in Hungary. Leftist admiration for Lorca was quite uncritical. He was a notorious homosexual, which normally in Spain would have meant ostracism, but in his case it was overlooked. When he disappeared, the left spread the story that he had been killed by the hated Guardia Civil. His body was never found. One story was that he had been killed by a fellow homosexual in a brawl. He may simply have disappeared; who knows. Be that as it may, I took an instant dislike to him as the representative of the gypsy lifestyle and the irresponsibility which brought about the fall of the republic. The fact that Don Alberto placed this chapter "Lorca and other poets" before the prose writers reflected the old romantic hierarchy which rated poets their own corner in Westminster Abbey. This chapter does nothing to enhance my opinion of García Lorca. In 1998, the centennial of his birth, leftists and their ilk organized festivals in his honor with the usual dithyrambs. In San Francisco the Theatre Flamenco "celebrated the García Lorca centenario with dance, poetry and song." The program was illustrated with exotic gypsies dancing the flamenco.

It may be politically incorrect to say that the gypsies deserve the negative reputation they have, even among admirers of flamenco. They are cheats. Once a gypsy woman wanted to tell my fortune, and I frustrated her attempt to steal my wallet. She screamed angrily. García Lorca and his gang may admire gypsy lore, but civically the gypsies are a negative factor. This scarcely justifies the treatment they have received recently in the Czech Republic, but they must be reeducated. They were told to go to Spain, viewed as a land of gypsies. Gypsies from all over Europe recently held a congress in Spain, presumably hoping to find a home there. They were received politely, but top government officials told them to go home and become integrated in their countries of origin. The most positive approach has been made in Colombia, where the Catholic Church has organized classes for them and persuaded them to give up making a living by telling fortunes.

The poet Juan Ramón Jiménez was an Andalusian, having been born in Huelva in 1881, but he was very different from the flamboyant García Lorca. He was almost apolitical and therefore not a public figure, but in literary circles he was beloved and even revered; in 1956 he received the Nobel Prize for Literature. He lived at the Residencia from 1913 until his marriage in 1919. He no longer came to the Residencia and he did not have a clique like García Lorca. The students never mentioned him, and since he was not a political symbol he is forgotten today. He designed the gardens of the Residencia. Because of the Spanish Civil War, he moved to Puerto Rico, then to Cuba, and finally to the United States. Another poet, Antonio Machado, was much like him; as a poet, I think he was deeper and more significant. He too seldom came to the Residencia. Probably they had isolated themselves to avoid the political tension.

The next chapter is devoted to Miguel de Unamuno, who was part poet, although he is best remembered for his prose works and above all for the courage with which, as President of the University of Salamanca, he was later to defy General Millán Astray in a public ceremony at which Franco's right-hand man furiously damned the Basques and the intellectuals. There was something manic-depressive about him, and when I knew him he was naturally depressed at the state of the republic. He sat opposite me at table, gloomy and totally uncommunicative. He was quite different from the earlier Unamuno described by Don Alberto. In politics he was notoriously muddle-headed. He was in Salamanca when Franco took the city. Franco confirmed him in his position as president of the University of Salamanca, and, were it not for the confrontation with Millán Astray, he would probably have remained in that post. As it was, he was put under house arrest, and he died shortly afterwards. He became a martyr and the revered symbol of the university. Today his house is a museum.

The next chapter is devoted to José Ortega y Gasset, whom I would have placed at the top of the list, as I am sure other serious foreign observers would. His first book, *Meditaciones del Quijote*, published by the Residencia, launched his international fame as a social critic and philosopher. The Rebellion of the Masses revealed an insight into what was coming. With others he founded the group In the Service of the Republic, which was the voice of informed moderation in parliament. He was just a little out of place in the Residencia, since he was a great admirer of German culture and had little understanding of the English tradition. He took himself very seriously, and at the Residencia he seemed pompous. He was not popular, and non-Castilians resented his cult of Castile's "don de mando," gift for governing. This was an expression of the anti-regional centralism which Franco was to carry to its unfortunate extreme. He could be charged with being a racist, as when he applauded that the Berbers of North Africa were really a European people who had crossed into Africa. However, he was certainly not a Nazi as he preached tolerance and love, and it was this that linked him to the Residencia. In the early days of the Residencia, he visited it every day, but during the Republic he seldom came, since he was taken up with public affairs.

Like so many Spanish intellectuals I met in Spain and who were inflated with their own importance, he seemed quite a different person when I later met him in his Lisbon exile. In conversation with me he was modest and showed himself to be extremely well informed. I completely revised my earlier judgment of him. His contribution to Spanish intellectual life was great. The son of a journalist, he was one of the movers of Spain's most influential newspaper, *El Sol*. He founded an important intellectual journal, *La Revista de Occidente*, and created a school of philosophers of which Julián Marías was the best-known representative. At the early age of twenty-six he had been appointed Professor of Metaphysics at the University of Madrid.

Ramiro de Maeztu (1875-1936) had been a leftist writer in his youth, but he had moved to the Catholic right and thus no longer frequented the Residencia. His father was Basque, his mother English. He was active as a journalist, having for years written for the Bilbao daily, *El Porvenir Vasco*. He made his name with *Hacia otra España* (1901). The Bolshevik revolution shocked him, and he sided with first Primo de Rivera and later with Franco. During the republic, he was generally viewed as a Catholic conservative. A republican firing-squad executed him on October 29, 1936.

The Scholars

The most famous scholarly center at the time was the Centro de Estudios Históricos on Medinaceli street, downtown, close to Madrid's main north-south avenue, which has a series of different names.

The Centro, a creation of the Junta para Ampliación de Estudios, happily combines all historical disciplines, without the unfortunate division into history and literature departments as in American universities. It reflected the European tradition, observed also in countries like Russia, of having research institutes separate from teaching departments, although a few advanced students are accepted.

The most famous scholar at the Centro was Ramón Menéndez Pidal. He was a quiet, friendly man. When I visited him once in his home in Chamartín de la Rosa, then on the northern outskirts of Madrid, we had a long talk and I got to know him better. Born in 1869 in La Coruña, Galicia, he came to Madrid to study with Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo. He was especially interested in medieval literature, and he was only twenty-four when in 1893 the Spanish Academy gave him a prize for a study on the Poema del Cid. This was at a time when liberals were debunking the cult of historical figures, especially the Cid. The famous Joaquín Costa (1846-1911) had proclaimed that the tomb of the Cid must be locked with seven keys to prevent his ghost from haunting Spain. Like his mentor, Menéndez y Pelayo, don Marcelino was a conservative, and, although the liberals of the Residencia respected him, I never saw him there and they had little in common. He became a professor at the University of Madrid and was still teaching there until the Civil War. While he wrote a number of studies on medieval Spanish literature, his international fame came from his establishing the history of language in Spain as a scientific subject. He published a historical grammar of Spanish in 1904 and in 1914 he established the *Revista de Filología Española*. However, his nationalism crept into his "scientific" study of language, notably in regard to Catalan. The standard view is that this is a variant of Provençal, i.e. French, whereas Menéndez Pidal maintained that the languages of the Peninsula, from gallego (i.e. Portuguese) to Catalan formed a continuum, so that Catalan belonged to the Spanish rather than the French family. This gave rise to a heated argument with the Catalans, but I had neither the will nor the interest to become involved. In 1902 he was made a member of the Royal Academy and in 1912 of the Academy of History. He edited a history of Spain in many volumes. In 1925, during the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, he became director of the Royal Academy, a post he left when he abandoned Spain during the civil war. He returned quietly to Spain and was reinstated as director of the Academy in 1947 during the Franco regime. He was apolitical rather than a good Franquista. He received many international distinctions as a scholar. He died quietly in 1968. He was succeeded a director of the Academy by my old Oxford teacher, Dámaso Alonso.

I had closer ties with another literary scholar, Américo Castro, born in 1885. Although he worked in the Centro like Menéndez Pidal, they were totally different. Whereas the latter was modest, Castro took himself seriously, like Ortega y Gasset. I was hurt when he slapped me down for saying I was writing an article on Spain in the *Divine Comedy*. He said that had been done by other scholars, to which I objected that they had written about the *Divine Comedy* in Spain, which is quite a different matter. He refused to listen to me, and I was so discouraged that I put my manuscript aside. I was right, and he was wrong. I pulled my manuscript out of my drawer a few years ago, only to discover that an Italian scholar has just published an article on the subject. I threw my mss away. This is one of several cases when established scholars claimed wrongly that a subject I had studied had already been done or was invalid, discouraging me and leading to refrain from publication. In each case, they were speaking in ignorance. Advice to young scholars: listen to the counsel of senior scholars, but being always prepared to disregard it. After this experience with Castro, I avoided him, but after the Civil War he moved to the United States, settling finally in Princeton. Like Ortega y Gasset, he had been deflated by the Civil War, and he greeted me like a long-lost friend.

He was much more political than Menéndez Pidal, and his scholarship shows it. He became famous through his 1925 book on the thought of Cervantes. He maintained that Don Quijote was really an anti-clerical work, basing this largely on one episode. When Don Quixote is seeking the divine Dulcinea, he and Sancho Panza come across a large stone building which Don Quixote thinks must be her castle. Finally, realizing that it is a church, he says to Sancho Panza "Con la iglesia hemos topado"—"We have run into the Church." It always seemed to me that this was a slender, indeed silly, basis for Castro's theory that the book was anti-clerical, and, in later years, when he had lost his anti-clerical fervor, he admitted it. It was said that he was of Jewish origin, but I have not checked this.

A parallel theory was his belief that Spanish culture was the result of the mingling of three cultures, Arab, Jewish and Christian. He expressed this theory best in *España en su historia* (1948), which has been translated into English. Again, the book is really anti-clerical. Whereas conservative Catholic historians describe Spanish history as a glorious crusade sponsored by the Church, Castro maintains that Catholicism is only one of three threads. After coming to the United States, Castro became more interested in Latin America, and wrote a popular textbook *Iberoamérica*, the term Spaniards are pushing to make it clear that "Latin America" is really an extension of the Iberian peninsula, not Italy.

Here we should mention a very similar intellectual, Fernando de los Ríos (1879-1949), who deserves more attention than he gets. He was a humanist and a socialist, said to be a Jew and a Mason. He favored developing ties with North Africa, and he wanted to make the University of Granada to be a mecca for Moroccan students. He was sent as ambassador to Paris when the civil war broke out. During his exile he came to New York, and published there in 1944 a draft constitution for the United States of Europe. In this regard his ideas were similar to those of Madariaga.

He was commonly thought to be slightly crazy, but he must have concluded that I was mad. I called on him in Paris. His office was on the third floor, so I took the rickety old elevator. I have always been afraid of being caught in such an antique, and sure enough it stopped between floors. Looking through the grill at the concrete wall, I called "concierge," but no one came. So I shook the cage and yelled louder and louder. I happened to turn around, and I saw that the exit door was on the other side of the elevator. Standing outside, obviously alarmed, were several embassy employees. All they could see was the back of a madman shaking the elevator and yelling. I regained my composure and walked out stiffly, but I fear that I never overcame that impression on Fernando de los Ríos.

His major scholarly work was on church and state in sixteenth-century Spain: *Religión y estado en la España del siglo XVI* (Mexico: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1957). Many of his publications express his socialist convictions. In 1922 he went to the Soviet Union and reported on his visit in *Mi viaje a la Unión Soviética*. His conviction that socialism was humanistic was expressed in *El Sentido humanista del socialismo*, the second edition of which was published by Ediciones Populares Argentinas of Buenos Aires in 1957. He was in exile at the time, and the book could not be reprinted in Franco Spain. During the Civil War he wrote actively in support of the Republican government. He believed that universities were an essential part of the political struggle; *La Posición de las universidades ante el problema del mundo actual* (1938) was published by the University of Havana, since publication in Spain was impossible. His warning *Nazi Infiltration in Ibero-America* (New York, 1940) denounced the support of Latin American dictators for Franco. Also published in New York (1941) was his optimistic *Sovereignty and the coming peace*. After his death and that of Franco, his beloved University of Granada published in 1982 his *Estructura social y cambio político en España*. Despite all of Spain's problems, he remained an optimist.

Students of the Spanish language at almost any level came into contact with Tomás Navarro Tomás, born in Arenas de San Pedro in the Sierra de Gredos in 1884. He wrote some literary studies (on Santa Teresa, Garcilaso de la Vega), but most of his work was on Spanish pronunciation. His *Manual de pronunciación española* (1918) went into many editions (the twelfth was published in 1965) and was translated into German and English. He wrote also on intonation and regional linguistics, including that of Iberoamerica. At the Residencia he taught students who had come for the summer session. He took himself very seriously and the Spanish students poked fun at him. In 1931, with encouragement from Dámaso Alonso, I began a study of the thousands of Spanish nouns which occur with different meanings; usually the feminine form indicates something bigger and better. I worked on this project for decades, and the Hispanic Society of America issued a draft of the resulting dictionary. It is now in the hands of the Spanish Academy; I hope it will be completed and published. When I mentioned this project to Navarro Tomás, thinking he would be interested and supportive, he simply dismissed it out of hand. I did not enjoy being rebuffed. His rather arrogant attitude was typical of the liberal intellectuals during the republic; they felt that their hour had come. In general I found the conservatives more considerate. As I mentioned elsewhere, defeat in the Civil War cured this arrogance.

A similar person was Samuel Gili Gaya, somewhat younger and a disciple of Navarro Tomás. He too wrote a few literary studies (on Guzmán de Alfarache, Vida de Marcos de Obregón), but he was essentially a student and teacher of the Spanish language, which was rather odd, since, as his name indicates, he was of Catalan origin and edited Francisco de Moncada's chronicle of the Catalan expedition against the Turks and the Greeks. He was pleasant but dull. Even though we often ate at the same table, I did not get to know him, which was unfortunate, since with his interest in lexicography, he might have been sympathetic to my subject; In 1960 he published in Madrid *Tesoro Lexicográfico* (1492-1726), describing the vocabulary of Golden Age Spanish.

The Scientists

By far the greatest scientist when I was in Spain was Santiago Ramón y Cajal (1852-1934). In 1922 he founded his Institute for the Advancement of Neurobiological Research. In 1906 he won the Nobel Prize in medicine for his work as a cytologist; he discovered a way to stain cells, and some cells located near the surface which he discovered are named after him. He died in 1934 while I was in Madrid; he was given a very impressive funeral. He was a key figure in the Junta para la Ampliación de Estudios. Curiously, he played an important role in my career. When I was interviewed by the Commonwealth Fund for the fellowship which brought me to the United States, a physiologist on the committee asked me if I knew of Ramón y Cajal. He pronounced the j in Cajal the English way, so I haughtily put him right, using the Spanish jota, and then proceeded to lecture him about Ramón y Cajal. I assume he voted for me, but I do not know.

Later at Stanford I preached the doctrine of faction, not fiction, and based several of my courses on biographies and autobiographies. In one Spanish course I used Ramón y Cajal's story of his youth, *Mi infancia y juventud*. He was born in an Aragonese village, Petilla, and as a youth he was a trouble maker, even spending a short time in jail. He went on to study medicine at the University of Saragossa. In 1898 he was drafted into the army and went to Cuba, where he fought as a private. In his book he describes the war from that viewpoint, which is virtually unknown in the United States. After his return to Spain he began his academic career, which ended brilliantly, even though his laboratory was badly funded. He writes a rich and difficult Spanish, and I feared that his book would therefore discourage my students. To my pleasant surprise they loved it. They were amazed that a

juvenile delinquent from a Spanish village could rise to become a Nobel laureate. He seemed to offer them a model. Just before his death he wrote *The World as seen at age eighty*. He seemed disillusioned, and because of his age he had virtually retired from public life.

Juan Negrín (1892-1956) came from Las Palmas in the Canary Islands to study physiology under Ramón y Cajal. He entered politics as a follower of the moderate socialist Indalecio Prieto, and during the republic he was a deputy for the Canary Islands. He had his laboratory in the Residencia complex, and I would see him passing by regularly. He was not a political leader, but the right regarded him as a leftist. A Swiss businessman who lived near the Residencia hated the whole group, and him in particular. He veered further to the left, and when the civil war broke out he became finance minister in the government of Prieto's rival; Francisco Largo Caballero. He served as an intermediary between the two men, and later between them and Julio Alvarez del Vayo, who was even further to the pro-communist left. In 1937 he became prime minister and tried unsuccessfully to make peace with Franco. In 1939 he fled to France. In exile he was warmly received in the White House by President Roosevelt and especially Mrs. Roosevelt.

Although he was on good terms with the Soviet Union and the Communists, it was Great Britain which offered him a refuge. He came to England on a Royal Navy vessel and settled in a pleasant house in Bovington, not too far from London, where he founded a republican organization which was quickly taken over by the communists. He died in Paris. Whereas some Spanish scientists did important work in exile, Negrín did not; he was obsessed with politics.

My contacts with scientists were slight, although I knew many by sight or by name. As a result of the Civil War, many of them came to the United States and continued their work. The best known was Severo Ochoa, born in 1905 in Luarda, a small town on the northern coast of Spain. I went through it in 1934; it is noteworthy that small towns can produce Nobel laureates like Ramón y Cajal and Ochoa. He studied at the University of Madrid with Ramón y Cajal and then in Glasgow, Berlin and Heidelberg. He taught at both Madrid and Heidelberg. In 1940 after the Civil War he settled in New York and became a U.S. citizen in 1956. He joined the College of Medicine of New York University in 1942, being named chairman of the biochemistry department in 1954. He was the first to synthesize a nucleic acid, which exists in all cells and controls heredity. In 1959 he shared the Nobel Prize in physiology or medicine with Arthur Kornberg of Stanford University. Arthur Kornberg was born in 1918 and was therefore thirteen years younger than Ochoa, and he was his first postdoctoral student. In his autobiography, *For the Love of Enzymes. The Odyssey of a Biochemist* (Harvard University Press, 1989), Kornberg pays warm tribute to Ochoa, describing the difficulties with Ochoa overcame without losing his charm. Ochoa wrote widely in his field and received numerous honors, but he seems to have published nothing about his life. He died in 1993, and Arthur Kornberg wrote two obituaries of him, one in *Nature* (12/2/93) and a more extensive one in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* (December 1997). The Civil War forced Ochoa to go from one place of exile to another, but he remained "imperturbable in the face of all kinds of adversities." He had been under the influence of physiologist Juan Negrín, later the president of the Republic, and worked at Negrín's laboratory at the Residencia. Naturally, the Franco regime was impressed when Ochoa won the Nobel Prize and tried in vain to persuade him to return to Spain. Instead, Ochoa sent Kornberg to Spain to renew ties with the scientific community there, and he performed that role in the course of many subsequent visits. When Ochoa and Kornberg made the discovery which led to the Nobel Prize, Kornberg shrieked "Holy Toledo!" an American colloquialism unknown in Spain; it amused Ochoa; I have yet to discover how American slang picked up this euphemism. After Franco's death,

Ochoa and his wife Carmen returned to Spain in 1985, where she died shortly afterwards. He is honored in a museum in Valencia founded by his disciple Santiago Grisolia. In Madrid, the Severo Ochoa Center for Molecular Biology is directed by another disciple, Margarita Salas. Among the many Spanish studies of Ochoa is a biography, *Severo Ochoa*, by M. Gómez Santos (Oviedo: Caja de Ahorro de Asturias, 1989, pp. 384).

We should mention also Blas Cabrera, who came from Lanzarote in the Canary Islands in 1894 to study at the University of Madrid. He is unusual in that both his son and this grandson became well-known U.S. scientists. His grandson, also named Blas Cabrera, is a professor of physics at Stanford University. The grandfather (in traditional Spanish usage Blas Cabrera Felipe) was honored on the centennial of his birth in 1978 as was the fiftieth anniversary of his death in 1995, when the Amigos de la Cultura Científica (attached to the Universidad Politécnica in Madrid) organized a commemoration with a large committee of scientists and an honor committee of leaders of all the Canary Islands. The 111-page catalog gives a good account of his life, to which one hall was devoted, and of his scientific activities, to which the second hall was devoted. The sponsorship of all the Canary Islands testified to the fact that he was viewed as a glory of the whole archipelago. A list of collaborating institutions with which he was associated begins with the Academy of Scientific Research of Mexico and ends with the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México. Although this is simply because the list begins with A and ends with U, it is fitting since after the Spanish Civil War Blas Cabrera moved to Mexico, where he was associated with the two institutions and where he died from Parkinson's disease in 1945, at the early age of sixty-seven. Also collaborating was the Blas Cabrera High School of Arrecife (the capital of Lanzarote Island) where he had gone to school and which was renamed after him. The family moved to the larger island of Tenerife, where he finished high school. In 1894 he went to Madrid to study law, but he fell under the spell of Ramón y Cajal and switched to physical-mathematical sciences.

The Junta para Ampliación de Estudios, discussed earlier, created a physics research laboratory, and in 1911 Blas Cabrera was named director of it. In 1926 the Rockefeller Foundation provided funds for a new building in the Residencia area, commonly referred to as "the Rockefeller Foundation." In 1929 he became president of the University of Madrid, and he received many international honors. In 1934 he was made president of the Academy of Sciences, and in 1936 he was elected member of the Spanish Academy of Language (the adjective "Royal" had been dropped), occupying the chair of Ramón y Cajal.

The republic had taken over the royal summer palace in Santander, and Blas Cabrera established a summer school there and became its president. When the civil war broke out, he was there. Santander was in the anti-republican zone, and he escaped through France to the republican zone and to Madrid. In 1937 he moved to Paris, where he was affiliated with the International Committee on Weights and Measures. In 1941 he emigrated to Mexico.

His youngest son, Nicolás Cabrera Sánchez (1913-1989), came to the United States and from 1951 to 1968 was Professor of Physics at the University of Virginia. He returned to Spain in 1969 as Professor of Physics at the University of Madrid. He kept alive the memory of Blas Cabrera's scientific work, to which the second part of the catalog is devoted. The bibliography at the end of the catalog lists the informative 1994 volume *The Silver Age of Spanish Culture (1898-1936)* in the "Historia de España" edited by Menéndez Pidal. The story of Spain's exiled scientists was told by F. Giral González in *Ciencia española en el destierro, 1939-1989*, the last edition of which was published in Madrid in 1994.

A well-known pupil of Blas Cabrera was Miguel A. Catalán (1894-1957), whom I knew in the Residencia. An exhibit honoring him was held there in 1994. The fate of Spain's scientists is an important subject, but somewhat marginal to the subject of this book. Suffice it to say that, as is the wont of dictators, Franco blew Spain's brains out.

Chapter 9

1935-1936: To Italy and Back

Having received a grant to study in Italy, I went on a clockwise tour of the Western Mediterranean, first through France to Perugia. It was the period of Mussolini and the Ethiopian war. After the tensions and chaos in Spain, Italy seemed very orderly; the trains ran on time. Italy's fascism was unlike Hitler's Nazism. Mussolini enjoyed wide support. The family with which I stayed owned a grocery store. The Communists had invaded it and stolen all the vino santo. I heard this story innumerable times, and there was, as in Spain, a real fear of Communism. There was some opposition, but nothing like the gestapo. Once in a cafe I asked someone there what fascism was. His angry and negative picture of it caught the attention of the proprietor, but he merely scowled in an embarrassed way. The war in Ethiopia seemed far off. Once when I was strolling through the Umbrian countryside, I chatted with a peasant. He asked me in a worried way: "Is it true that there is a war going on?" The Church was coming to terms with the regime. I bought a postcard showing a pious-looking Italian soldier leaning on his rifle, equipped with a bayonet, while the Virgin Mary blessed him from above. From Perugia I traveled all the way down the coast and into Sicily, visiting historic sites, but I heard little about the war.

As for Spain, there was practically no talk about the republic and its politics. The attitude toward Spain was one of disdain or dislike of its historical role in Italy. This was partly the result of *Promessi sposi* (1827) by Alessandro Manzoni, which was published in English under the title *The Betrothed* (1834). Manzoni is to modern Italian what Goethe is to German. Manzoni was born in Milan and wrote the novel originally in Milanese dialect, but he went to Florence and rewrote it to make sure that it was in the best Florentine language. As a result, it is required reading in schools, and, since it is a story of Milan under Spanish rule in the seventeenth century, it has fixed in the minds of Italians a memory of Spanish tyranny. Since the book was immensely popular throughout Europe, it contributed to the "Black Legend" of Spain's nefarious role in the world.

Northern Italians despise the Mezzogiorno, the south, and the role of Spain there has only heightened the blackness of the Black Legend. In fact, the growth of the mafia occurred during the Spanish rule over "the Two Sicilies," as the area was historically known. The Normans seized Sicily beginning in 1060. They were succeeded by the Angevins in 1266, but the 1282 uprising known as the Sicilian Vespers ended their rule in Sicily, which became an Aragonese kingdom, and was absorbed, together with Naples, by Ferdinand V of Castile in 1503. The whole area remained under the control of Spain until the Treaty of Utrecht (1713). In 1735, the two Sicilies were ceded to the Spanish Bourbons, but were not to become part of Spain. The area became part of Italy in 1860 following the campaign of Giuseppe Garibaldi. There was a parallel between the liberation of the North from the Spanish Hapsburgs and of the South from the Spanish Bourbons. As a result of this history (here necessarily simplified), the North has viewed the South with the disdain of the French who, speaking of Spain, said "Africa begins in the Pyrenees."

From Palermo I took the overnight boat to Tunisia, then a French protectorate. In Carthage I had a long talk with an old Père Blanc, attached to the cathedral built in Moslem style. He told me his sad tale. He had spent his life traveling through the Sahara and beyond, preaching to the heathen and making converts. When he went back next year, all his converts had gone over to Islam, whose missionaries were more to their liking. The reasons obviously were simplicity of dogma, the acceptance of polygamy, even of concubinage, and the rejection of pacifism. The old priest did not analyze the causes of his plight. He simply knew he had wasted his life. He ended his sad story by saying "L'Islam, c'est le chef d'œuvre du Diable!"— Islam is the Devil's masterpiece.

This is an appropriate place to discuss Islam, which figures prominently in the debate among Spaniards about the history and nature of their culture. It is common for Spanish intellectuals to boast that in places like Toledo three religions—Christianity, Judaism, and Islam—coexisted happily. Turning on its head the French charge that Africa begins in the Pyrenees, they say that Spain is Europe's link with the Arab world and has a special role there. This has led to what might be called the Pink Legend that Islam was a tolerant society, as opposed to the notorious Black Legend that Catholic Spain was a hell of intolerance. Fernando de los Ríos (1879-1949), a nephew of Giner de los Ríos and a professor at the University of Granada before he entered national politics, dreamed of making that university an academic Mecca for Arab students. At the other extreme was Emilia Pardo Bazán, a feisty neo-Catholic who debunked the Pink Legend of Islam. Possibly, as Spain's leading feminist, she was especially incensed by the plight of women in the Islamic World. The historic Spanish hatred of the Moors was aroused when Franco used them to put down the revolt of the Asturian miners in 1934. The argument still goes on discreetly today. The government is pro-Catholic and promotes the Catholic tradition, but the annual ceremony in Granada commemorating its conquest by Ferdinand the Catholic has been countered with demonstrations denouncing this act of imperialism. To soften this criticism, the government has promoted exhibits of Hispano-Moresque art, and used a word unknown in the Spain of my time to designate Moorish culture: *la arabía*.

This debate has fascinated me. While Catholic Spain's Black Legend was earned, Spain, along with the Western world, has learned the lesson of religious tolerance. The Moslem world has not, and while the default position of Christianity is pacifism, war being accepted only in extreme cases, in Islam it is an essential part of the promotion of Islam. The claim that the jihad was just a spiritual struggle is just an evasion. As Disraeli said, Islam is Judaism on horseback, spreading around the world, whereas Judaism wandered unwillingly in the diasporas. Some Spaniards speak of friendly, likeable Arabs, but I met none. My ignorance of Arabic was admittedly a barrier. I have many Jewish friends in the United States, and, when I was later lecturing at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, I got along splendidly with the westernized Jews, but I had no contact with the unwesternized Sephardic Jews, originally from Spain who are very similar to the Arabs. In brief, while I promote good relations between the West and Islam, the to me unattractive basic nature of Islam is still there.

What about the Jews? From Tunisia I crossed over into Algeria, still under French rule. On the way to Bone, the train passed through Numidia, now Souk-Ahras, where St. Augustine was born in 354. He later studied in Carthage, where a Carthaginian woman bore him a son. He spent his last years as Bishop of Hippo, now Bone, where I spent the night. He died a sad death in 430, as the city was being besieged by the Vandals who had swept through Spain (giving its name to Andalusia) and across Africa. Being Arians, the Vandals persecuted the conquered Catholics. They moved on to Rome, which they sacked in 455, gaining for themselves the reputation of being "Vandals." They destroyed the Roman fleet off Hippo in 468. They set up a kingdom in Tunisia, but in 534 it was

conquered by Emperor Justinian's general Belisarius. In the seventh century the Arabs swept in from the east, and Byzantine rule ended. As a result of these invasions, for which religion provided a pretext, the area was left in ruins. The unity of the Roman *mare nostrum* was smashed, with the result that the Mediterranean has been a sea of warfare and piracy ever since. I meditated sadly on this as I surveyed the Roman ruins on the coast of Algeria.

I thought also of the great mystic Ramon Llull (1231-1315), a Majorcan like his fellow Franciscan Junipero Serra (1713-1783), who much later established the California missions. Both have been beatified. Both incarnate the peaceful nature of the Franciscans and the Majorcans. Since he is a great figure in Catalan literature, I had made a special study of Ramon Llull. He was born just three years after the Catalans reconquered Majorca from the Moors, and he was inspired with the hope of converting the Moslems to Christianity. He became professor of Arabic and even translated some of his own works written in Latin into Arabic. He sailed to Tunis and was expelled for preaching Christianity. He came back, this time to Bougie, west of Bone, where he was stoned and died of his wounds. The peaceful Franciscan was a martyr of the fanatic Moslems.

Before reaching Bougie I stopped at Constantine, then the capital of the easternmost of the three departments into which French Algeria was divided. The Roman emperor renamed the city Constantine with a lack of Christian humility, and strangely it is one of the old names which has not been Arabized. It became French in 1837. It is impressively situated on a plateau 1,000 feet higher than the surrounding plain, from which it is separated by deep ravines on either side. When I arrived it had been the scene of a mass murder of Jews. For ages Jews and Arabs had got along well in Algeria, but the French conquest changed all that. Jews were a powerful force in France, especially after 1870. The Jews easily became French citizens. In fact it was automatic, whereas the Arabs had to overcome many obstacles, especially renouncing their faith, which they refused to do. Thus the Jews became first-class citizens, the Arabs not citizens at all. The result was harsh resentment, for which the French must take the blame.

From Constantine, my itinerary took me through Bougie to Algiers. I traveled by bus through the territory of the Kabyles, who are now revolting against the attempts of the Algerian government to impose Arabic as the sole language. Then all was in appearance peaceful. In fact, from one end of North Africa to the other there was peace. It was only later that, with Soviet assistance, the independence leaders launched their armed revolt. Obviously there was simmering resentment, which would boil over later, but at the time I accepted the French view that Algeria was an integral part of France.

In Algiers I visited the home of the outstanding French Hispanist, Marcel Bataillon (1895-1977), who was teaching at the local university. He was working on his great dissertation *Erasme et l'Espagne*, which appeared in 1937. A new edition in three volumes came out in 1991, after his death. Several Spanish translations appeared. The subject dovetails with my discussions in religion, since the theme is the persecution of the Spanish followers of Erasmus by the Inquisition. Erasmus was an Augustinian, and it was Saint Augustine who inspired his *Enchiridion* (1503). He was a councilor to Charles V, but lost favor because he refused to join the persecution of Luther. Moreover he was friendly with moderate Protestants like Melancton. To escape possible persecution, he spent several years in Switzerland. Bataillon revealed the extent of Erasmus' influence in Spain. Bataillon's interest in liberal Catholics was evident also in his 1971 study *Las Casas et la défense des Indiens*. Later, during the Spanish Civil War, he did not take an active part in the anti-Franco campaign. He was a

scholars' scholar. I met him several time later, and he visited me in Stanford. We had very cordial relations.

While in Algiers I had an experience which revealed the degree of Islamic fanaticism. I hired an Arab guide to take me through the Casbah and up to a shrine on the hill back of the city. On leaving I sat down to take off the obligatory sandals. An old hag entered the temple with a child, presumably her grand-daughter. She stopped and stared at me. Trying to appear friendly, I said to her "That's a nice child you have there." My guide was appalled and dragged me outside. As we hurried off, he said with fear in his voice: "If they caught you speaking to a woman, they would have killed us both."

From Algiers I went west, visiting the Roman ruins at Cherchel, and on to Oran, where I planned to take a boat to Malaga. However, the sailing had been canceled, so, via Tlemcen, with its impressive mosque, I crossed boundary into Spanish Morocco, going to Melilla, where there was a boat sailing to Malaga. Spanish Morocco was a protectorate, but Spain had sovereignty over its plazas fuertes: the port cities of Melilla and Ceuta. When I was in Spain, resentment against the United States for its aggression in 1898 was dying down, but memories of the Moroccan War were very much alive.

Since Spanish history was depicted as a reconquest of its territory from the Moors, the idea was to carry victory to the enemy's homeland, Morocco itself. The Moors were the enemy, and neo-Catholic Pardo Bazán despised them. So did the liberal Joaquín Costa, who preached that Spain had a special mission in Africa. Even my mentor, Salvador de Madariaga, maintained that Spain should have proceeded to the conquest of North Africa rather than diverting its efforts to the discovery and conquest of America. This, incidentally, was an example of his lack of political realism.

This wild scheme was launched by Prime Minister Leopoldo O'Donnell (1809-1867), who took the title Duke of Tetuan following its conquest in 1860. The campaign, described admiringly by Frederick Hardman in *The Spanish Conquest of Morocco* (Edinburgh, 1860), produced a wave of euphoria in Spain and a sense of national unity. The power and budget of the army increased, which backfired by strengthening the trend toward a military dictatorship and in response widespread anti-militarism. Occupation of Morocco required more military service, creating resentment among the conscripts.

In 1909, the government called up reservists to fight tribes which were attacking the iron mining operations of a Spanish-German company. The tension came to a head with the 1921 defeat at Annual by Abd el Krim. The psychological impact was similar to that of the 1898 defeat by the United States. The French had invaded Morocco and established a protectorate. Spain occupied what became Spanish Morocco under an agreement with the French. Abd el Krim, who once had fought for the Spaniards, became enemy number one. The Spanish Army was now accused of incompetence and corruption.

King Alfonso was among the targets of attack in parliament, and in September 1923, General Miguel Primo de Rivera, a hero (?) of the Moroccan wars, proclaimed a dictatorship, with the approval on King Alfonso. This won them the enmity of both liberals and conservatives. Intellectuals like Ortega y Gasset fought the dictatorship. Miguel de Unamuno was exiled, and the Ateneo, the meeting place of the Liberals, was shut down. Universities were closed and students imprisoned. In 1930 the King dismissed Primo de Rivera, who fled to Paris, where he died shortly afterwards. This did not save the monarchy. All these events were still vividly in the memories of the older Spaniards and even of the students I knew. Morocco, which was to have brought Spain glory, had in fact triggered the long series of events which led to the Civil War.

Since the Spanish Legion, which put down the rebellious Moors, had used Morocco as a battle field where soldiers could gain glory and promotion, there was surely deep resentment there against Spain, which also controlled Spanish Sahara, now defiantly occupied by Morocco, which rejects U.N. demands for a plebiscite to decide the territory's future. The Spanish-owned Canary Islands are off the coast, and Moroccan nationalists are demanding their annexation as a geographical part of Morocco. Spain thus holds several pieces of Moroccan territory, but the Rabat government does not raise the issue publicly since it needs Spain's assistance. It is quite likely that a nationalist regime will demand the return of the territories. It is therefore hypocritical for Spain to demand the devolution of Gibraltar, which has virtual independence, while it hangs on to Moroccan territories as a sovereign power. The devolution of Gibraltar is a constant theme of Spanish spokesmen at international meetings, but they carefully avoid the issue of Spain's Moroccan territories.

After a stormy crossing from Melilla to Malaga, I took a bus to Granada at the end of January 1936. Revolution was in the air. In the bus next to me a workman ranted endlessly about the political situation as though he were addressing a mob. A middle class man sat quietly, shaking his head, obviously disgusted by this idiocy. In Granada I was given a cordial reception by the curators of the Alhambra. Then other buses took me to Valencia, passing through places like Guadix, where people lived in caves, Murcia, with its baroque cathedral and impressive religious wood carvings, and Elche with its large date-palm grove, unique in Europe. In the port of Alicante I had an experience which exemplified official corruption. Not wishing to lug my large suitcase through North Africa, I had shipped it from Italy to Alicante. When I arrived I saw it sitting in the customs warehouse, but I could not recover it without the help of the port agent. I was quite prepared to pay him, but he refused to cooperate, repeatedly saying "Es un hueso"—"It's a bone" (no meat). He apparently was fighting to have the fee schedule raised. I ended up going to the office of the top port official, who angrily said the agent was obliged to cooperate. He went to the warehouse with me, and an angry argument began between him and the agent, while I listened helplessly as my sorry suitcase sat there. The agent was forced to submit to authority, I recovered my suitcase, and with it went on to Valencia, and thence to Madrid. The Civil War was in the offing.

Chapter 11

Epilogue

In the United States as in England, the Spanish Civil War was seen as a fight against the Nazi-Fascist threat; there was little understanding of the complexity of the Spanish situation. The University of California at Berkeley had a left-wing faculty; in fact, some belonged to the Communist Party. The myth that the Lincoln Brigade (actually a battalion) was fighting for western-style democracy survives until this day. In fact it was really supporting the cause of Stalin. When I came to Stanford University in 1941 the situation was quite different. While pro-republican sentiment was general on the campus, the head of the Spanish department, Aurelio M. Espinosa was an extreme pro-Franco Catholic. He came from a tiny village in the borderlands of Colorado and New Mexico, and his Catholicism was typical of his generation in that area. Today it has been secularized, but my diplomacy was strained as I stood between him and those who hated Franco.

I wanted to revisit Spain to study its intellectual life after the Civil War, so I applied for a grant to a major foundation run by a former professor I knew. He was in a quite different field, but I assumed that he would turn my application over to the appropriate officer. I was disappointed when it was turned down. Then I read that he had divorced his wife, and was taking his new wife to Spain for

their honeymoon. In Spain he would study, and then followed a text very close to my own proposal. I never saw his report, if any. I concluded that, like God, but in a less noble way, foundations move in a mysterious way. Fortunately I received a grant from another source.

In 1953 I therefore revisited Spain and met the new generation of intellectuals, including several then little known but who became famous later, like the novelist and Nobel laureate Camilo José Cela. Some of the older generation were still alive, although most of my earlier friends were dead or in exile. I visited Times correspondent Ernest Grimaud de Caux, who had returned with his wife to their old apartment after spending the war years interned in Biarritz. It was a sad meeting. He was his old, kind self, but his wife had lost her mind and did not know who I was. We talked about old times and the Civil War. I mentioned that students at the Residencia had looted my room, and I assumed I had lost a remarkable antique he had given me: a clock from the Napoleonic era, showing the Emperor and an aide riding in the background, while a French and a Spanish soldier fought it out in the foreground. He reassured me happily that he had realized the danger that it would be stolen; he had gone to the Residencia and recovered it. He brought it from his storage room, and gave it to me. It is now on a wall in my Stanford home, a cherished memento of one of the kindest people I have ever known. He died in 1960, aged 81. He and his wife are now buried in a Madrid cemetery.

I called on Gregorio Marañón at his Madrid home. This remarkable man had strived in vain to prevent the Civil War, which he miraculously survived. Since few English or American Hispanists had visited Spain since the Civil War, I was everywhere a cordial reception by all, and especially by Marañón. He invited me to visit his *cigarral* (country home) in Toledo, where I went that weekend. Again, we had a long and pleasant conversation. As a memento of our meeting, he gave me an admittedly worm-eaten copy of the 1627 edition of the books of Santa Teresa, originally published in 1587. It has 775 pages, with some 80 pages of tables, really an index, drawn up by Santa Teresa herself. It contains three of her books: her "Life", the "Way of Perfection," and the "Spiritual Castle." Surprisingly, the page-long "censura", i.e. *nihil obstat*, was signed by Fray Luis de León, who had serious problems with the Inquisition himself, as did Santa Teresa herself. That these two noble souls were thus hounded is evidence that there was much truth to the Black Legend. Marañón inscribed the book to me, and it keeps alive in me the memory of another noble Spaniard.

Quite different was my meeting with the novelist Pío Baroja (1872-1956), who had posed as a revolutionary but had made his peace with the Franco regime, which held him in low esteem, as I do. I had always detested him since I read his silly novels. A Carlist gang threatened to shoot him; he escaped to France, where he wrote articles for the Latin American press, and then returned to Madrid. He has been called a fascist, a charge rejected by his admirer Caro Raggio, who has edited his works. He was now a sick, aging man, and he lay on his bed while we conversed. Really it was a monologue; fascinated with political violence, he would narrate in graphic detail a political assassination during the monarchy, and end by saying to me "It's terrible, but it's interesting, isn't it!" Then he would begin the story of another assassination, always with the same coda, and then *da capo*. He was clearly reliving events of his youth. He died three years later. I regret that the Basques have made him rather than Unamuno a hero, probably because they find his violence attractive or because there are few other Basque novelists.

I visited the Residencia, which had been taken over by the Opus Dei, including the Auditorium, in which the library I had directed was located. The hall where many famous men had lectured had been transformed into a majestic church. I was surprised to see the wizened, rather gross caretaker I had known still there. I asked him about the transformation. "Cosas de curas!" he said with

disgust—"priests and things!" Actually, there was an improvement. The buildings were now used by the Higher Council of Scientific Education, and, instead of rebellious students, the previously spartan, unattractive dormitories, now tastefully furnished, housed researchers attached to the Council.

The Church had recovered its ancient privileges, and through the Opus Dei had gained control of the universities. However, already the enthusiasm for Franco was waning, and, when I called attention to the plaque on a church commemorating the founder of the Falange, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, my host expressed indifference by shrugging his shoulders. The feeling about Franco was expressed in the story about a foreign journalist who was writing an article about Franco's popularity. He consulted one Spaniard, who took him into a corner and, making sure that no one else would hear him, he said in a low voice as though making a confession "You know, I like him." I visited the Escorial, where now in the mountainside in the Valle de los Caídos—the Valley of the Fallen—a huge mausoleum had been carved out to house the remains of those killed on both sides. It was to symbolize reconciliation. Franco himself was later buried there.

I ran into Franco's censorship myself. In 1938 I toured the United States visiting centers of Hispanic research. Out of this came my Handbook of Hispanic Source Materials and Research Organizations in the United States. The University of Toronto Press published the first edition in 1942. It attracted considerable attention, since no such survey had been made. A second edition was published by Stanford University Press in 1956, and a third edition is badly needed. In 1944 a Spanish Franciscan scholar Lino Gómez Canedo, whom I did not know, requested permission to translate the first edition. I readily agreed, and he did an excellent job. Cultura Hispánica was supposed to publish it, but then everything ground to a halt. Obviously I had been blacklisted as a liberal, as though that infected my scholarship. When in Madrid, I complained sharply about this censorship. My complaint was greeted with a scowl, but the wheels started turning again, and the translation appeared in 1957.

I went to Lisbon, and called on the philosopher José Ortega y Gasset who was living in exile there. In Madrid, during the republic, of which he was a guru, I had found him stiff and pompous. Many intellectuals were thus during the Republic, of which they were the high priests, but exile deflated them. We had a long conversation, such as I had never had with him before, and he was charming. He impressed me as being very intelligent and well-informed, especially about politics, which was the main subject of our conversation. The son of a journalist, he grew up in a very political atmosphere. He returned to Madrid, and died in 1955, aged only 72 (he was born in 1883). He was far from being a leftist. His idea of an elite as a creative minority had a great appeal for the founder of the fascist Falange, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, whom the left had executed in Alicante in November 1936, shortly after the outbreak of the war. The black side of the admiration of the Falange's founder was that Ortega himself was denounced as a fascist. In reality, the ideas of Ortega y Gasset were similar to those of Madariaga expressed in *O jerarquía o anarquía*. Ortega was especially disliked in Catalonia because of his assertion that Castilians had what he called *don de mando*, the gift of governing, or rather commanding. The Catalans did not want to be bossed around by Castilians, and it must be admitted that in the Civil War this "gift of commanding" was conspicuously lacking among Castilians.

I also visited Barcelona and stayed with my old hosts, the Pujol family, who had moved away from the center of Barcelona. The old Catalan movement had gone under ground or into exile. The atmosphere had changed, as had the language. Free political discussion was out, as was the use of the Catalan language. The city had been cleaned up, unlike some places I had visited, including Guadalajara, much of which was still in ruins. When Franco died, the old Catalan movement burst out

more vigorously than ever, and with it the Catalan language. The new defiant attitude is still apparent in Catalonia.

Since the Civil War, Spain under Franco had been boycotted by Western academics, so I had first-hand information and impressions which few if any of my colleagues had. While passing through New York, I called on the well-known Hispanist Federico de Onís, head of Columbia University's Spanish program. I had known him when he was visiting professor at Oxford University. I took a seminar of his, and he was a fascinating speaker. Since he had not been in Spain since the Civil War, I thought he would be interested in my report. He received me cordially, and when I told him I had just been in Spain, he interrupted me and said "Look, I'll tell you what is going on in Spain.", and he talked for a solid hour telling me his interpretation of the situation in Spain. I could not get a word in edgeways, so I finally interrupted him and said that I had to be going. He was sorry that I had interrupted his soliloquy, but we parted cordially without my having said more than a few words. I concluded that Spaniards speak beautifully, but are poor listeners. That may be a cause of the tragedy of Spanish history, indeed of the Civil War. The Spanish proverb says "Hablando se entiende la gente"—"By talking people understand each other"—nothing there about listening.

THE CONSTITUTION

The twentieth anniversary in 1998 of the constitution of 1978 brought up the whole constitutional question. In 1812 the Cortes de Cádiz passed the constitution which occupies a place of honor in Spanish history comparable to that of the American constitution in the United States. The difference is that the American constitution has survived without interruption, whereas the Spanish constitution of 1812 was the victim of the restoration of Fernando VII in 1815. The very idea of a constitution was repugnant to conservatives, especially to the Carlists, and the question arose as to whether the monarch, anointed by God, generously granted a constitution to his subjects, or whether these, whose will was the voice of God, had the initiative and granted sovereignty to the monarch. In any case, the result was that when a constitution was approved, the main squares of cities were named "Plaza de la Constitución" only to have the name erased when the constitution was discarded by the monarch. To trace this dismal history would be irrelevant, but we must consider the constitution of 1931, which failed.

The congress elected in June 1931 was a constituent assembly, full of internal divisions. The president was the Catholic Niceto Alcalá Zamora. He and another Catholic leader, Miguel Maura, resigned in October in protest against the anti-clerical provisions of the constitution, which separated Church and State. Alcalá Zamora was, however, elected President of the Republic, to the annoyance of the anti-clericals, who from then on plotted to depose him, finally succeeding in 1936. They used a technical excuse about the number of the president's terms, a problem which has arisen in the United States. A hereditary monarchy solves that problem, although there might be an argument about succession. There is concern in this regard that the heir apparent, Felipe Prince of Asturias, has given no hint that he plans marriage, despite many hopeful young ladies. Another, important structural weakness of the 1931 constitution was the absence of a senate, which would have provided stability. Instead, the demagoguery of the leftists prevailed. This weakness was denounced by José Calvo Sotelo, whose assassination was to be the signal for civil war.

After the death of Franco in 1975, a new constitutional order was established thanks to a former Franco bureaucrat, Adolfo Suárez González, whose Union of the Democratic Center won the June 1977 elections, the first free elections in forty years. He had startled the conservatives by legalizing the Communist Party in April, thus inciting unrest in the Guardia Civil. He prepared the new

constitution which was approved in December 1978. Although he and his party were roundly defeated by Felipe González and his Socialist Party in 1982, he remained a hero of the new order. The other hero was King Juan Carlos I, who in 1981 defied a Guardia Civil gang which, led by Lt. Colonel Antonio Tejero, invaded the Congress hall only to give up when the king denounced them and asserted his support for a constitutional regime.

Sobered by this experience and realizing how fragile the constitutional order is, the political parties, even the Communist Party, have behaved with remarkable decorum, engaging in serious debates of a high quality. Indeed, there is no country in the world which surpasses Spain in this regard. The contrast between the raucous 1931 debates and those of the present is extraordinary. We may compare the rabble-rousing La Pasionaria of the 1931-36 republic with Rosa Aguilar, the leading woman of the present Communist Party. She, like the other party leaders, speaks like a "statesperson" who commands respect.

The profound satisfaction Spaniards feel because of the survival of the new constitution was expressed in the celebration of its twentieth anniversary. For two days, the congress chamber, once the scene of shooting by the Guardia Civil, was open to the public, who crowded in. They were allowed to sit in the seats of the deputies while leaders explained to them the significance of the constitution. The celebrations culminated on December 6, when a thousand guests, from the royal family to sports figures, attended a reception, symbolic of the supremacy of parliament.

The absence of a senate in the 1931 constitution was recognized as a weakness, and the 1978 constitution includes one. However, whereas the Senate plays an important role in the United States, in Spain, as in many other countries, it plays a subordinate role and is commonly referred to as "the great unknown." The fact that it is located in another part of Madrid isolates it. To give it more publicity, it was made the center of attention a few days after the celebrations in the lower house. A major exhibition was held on the history of the constitution, and the public was admitted into the chamber. Spanish TV ran a program from there, with the president of the senate answering questions about its role.

The left seemed unhappy with that role, since it is, as is usually the case, to force the lower chamber to reconsider its decisions. It is therefore essentially conservative. The dissatisfaction of the left came out when it asked the lower chamber to reconsider a budget decision. The problem was that José María Aznar's government was really a minority one and depended on the Catalan and Basque nationalists for its majority. However, the nationalists disagreed sharply with Aznar over the budget, so he referred the matter to the Senate. The left, which had cast a shadow on the constitution by trying to establish a confederate state, objected on the grounds that financial matters were strictly the domain of the lower house. The issue remained unresolved, but the left did not suggest that the Senate should be abolished.

The constitution, referred to as the "carta magna," was repeatedly shown on television. It opened conspicuously with the name of King Juan Carlos I, which was not only a tribute to him but also a symbol of the reconciliation between the monarchy and the congress. We sincerely hope that the constitution survives as the American one has. Banzai!

By coincidence, King Juan Carlos I had another occasion to express his support for the constitution a few days later, on December 9, when in Madrid, as in other capitals, ceremonies were held to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. There was an impressive ceremony in the Royal Palace attended by some 1,000 guests. The King read a speech in praise of

human rights. This coincided with the British government's acceding to Spain's demand that Chilean ex-dictator General Augusto Pinochet be extradited to face charges in Spain. This was an explosive issue, since it brought up the whole question of human rights throughout the world. Implicitly it affected Spain, since the King was really saying that he would never accept a dictatorship as his grandfather Alfonso XIII had that of Primo de Rivera. The speech was really written by the conservative government of José María Aznar and was a retort to the Basque nationalists who accused it of having fascist, pro-Franco inclinations. Presumably those responsible for the killings in the early days of the Franco dictatorship were dead, so the issue was not comparable with those committed more recently by Latin American generals, still alive. They were admirers of Franco, but now this hero was discredited.

The issue of the status of the autonomous regions, conspicuously Catalonia and the Basque provinces, so important in the establishment of the republic in 1931 and in its defeat in the Civil War, was still very much alive. Many Basques and Catalans demanded that the constitution be revised to meet their demands, and they were supported by the Communist Party, which proposed a very loose federation. The other parties, including the Socialists, opposed this potential fragmentation of Spain, and Aznar repeatedly said there was no need to revise the constitution. The acute issue was the peace of the Basque provinces, which was threatened again when the Nationalists set up a coalition excluding the national parties. It then proceeded to withdraw the guards who accompanied the members of the Partido Popular on the pretext that ETA had promised to forsake violence. Aznar's party expressed its disagreement. The Basque members of his party showed courage in continuing despite the increased possibility that they would be the target of assassination attempts like so many of their colleagues. That drama is still being played out.

The first President of the Republic, Niceto Alcalá Zamora, exiled in Buenos Aires, died there on February 18, 1941. In a stupidly unkind gesture, the Franco government stripped him of his citizenship, even though he was a Catholic conservative. On the fiftieth anniversary of his death in 1999, Prime Minister José María Aznar rescinded the Franco decree and announced that Alcalá Zamora had died a Spaniard. While this rehabilitation was clearly part of a campaign to prove that, despite ETA, Acción Popular was not franquista, it was also appreciated as an appropriate gesture of respect for a man whom both the left and the Franquistas had treated disgracefully.

THE FALSIFICATION OF HISTORY

This book is the record of one who lived through the whole period of the Republic, from the fall of the monarchy to the Civil War, and knew many of the leading figures of the period. The facts lead to the conclusion that serious individuals, like the members—Ortega y Gasset, Marañón, Madariaga—of *Al Servicio de la República*, could have saved the republic, while crazy individuals like García Lorca, Picasso, and *la Pasionaria* were in large measure responsible for the chaos which discredited it.

A strange thing has happened. In the monarchy of King Juan Carlos and conservative Prime Minister José María Aznar, Ortega and his fellows are seldom mentioned, whereas there is a cult of García Lorca and Picasso, neither of whom would have favored a monarchy; they are given undeserved credit. The explanation is simply political correctness, similar to that in the United States where conservatives like the Christian Coalition are vilified. University presidents bow to political correctness for fear of triggering leftist campus riots.

Strangely Luis de Góngora became the historic symbol of this group, in disregard of Cervantes or Spain's great thinkers. The explanation may be that this was the period of art for art's sake, and the

young leftists wanted to be viewed as arty. Moreover, Góngora was Andalusian, as were García Lorca, Picasso and many of the Residencia group. From this survey it should be clear that, like Emilia Pardo Bazán I did not fall for Andalusian charm, what the Uruguayan novelist Carlos Reyles calls *El Embrujo de Sevilla*, the enchantment of Seville. Of all the peoples of Spain, the Andalusians are temperamentally the least qualified to run the country.

The cult of Góngora, who had been dismissed as baroque and unreasonable, goes back to the Generation of '27, which held in that year a meeting in the Ateneo of Madrid, a leftist intellectual center. The cry was "Viva don Luis!" (Góngora). He was born in Córdoba, but Seville was idealized, not the Seville of the great cathedral but the Seville of bullfights (which really Europeanized men like Blasco Ibáñez despised, while one of García Lorca's most famous poems is about the death of a famous bullfighter). What a decline! The Generation of '98 had serious concerns about the plight of Spain exposed by its defeat in the war with the United States, whereas the Generation of '27 had as its slogan ("grito") "Viva don Luis!" To mark the thirtieth anniversary of that "grito," the Residencia de Estudiantes, the gathering place of García Lorca's gang, sponsored in 1987-88 an exhibition in Seville devoted to it. Two sections were entitled "Air of the Andalusian Rome: poetry and bulls," and "Seville, the capital of Spanish poetry." To compare Seville with Rome is an expression of a weirdly distorted historical perspective.

García Lorca despised the monarchy, but this was not mentioned when King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofía, on the centennial of his birth, they opened the year of celebrations at his birthplace in Fuente Vaqueros. He was born to the second wife of his father, who married her shortly after the death of his first wife. In all these accounts of his life there was no mention of the less attractive sides, including the possibility that he was not killed by the hated Guardia Civil but died in a homosexual brawl. In Granada, the Andalusian city closest to Fuente Vaqueros, the International Festival of Music and Dance devoted programs to Lorca and his contemporaries Rilke, Apollinaire and Shostakovich. It was an indigestible mixture, and the reviews were not too favorable.

Lorca's homosexuality was the subject of a play he wrote, *El Público*, which was virtually suppressed in his lifetime, but which was performed in El Teatro de la Luna in Arlington, Virginia in April 1988. It is a crazy play in which the "hero" talks to a horse, Christ is shown wrapped in cellophane on the cross, a lovely woman comes to life on her deathbed to make love to a horse, and actors crawl around on the floor. I recall that in Madrid at the time the 10-minute film "Ecstasy" of the American actress Hedy Lamarr, playing nude, was a great success. In it for some reason, which only a specialist in abnormal psychology can explain, the horse is a sex-symbol. Is this the idiocy to which modern Spain wants to look back with pride and official blessing?

Numerous articles recalled La Barraca, the student theatrical group which toured Spain, with special attention given to "Fuente Ovejuna," a name of a village where the peasants killed the unjust Commander (official ruling the district). When justice officials demanded "Who killed the Commander?", they shout in unison "The whole village!" ("¿Quién mató al Comendador?" "¡Fuenteovejuna, Señor!"). It is curious that the name Fuenteovejuna is similar to that of García Lorca's birthplace, Fuente Vaqueros. The play is really an incitement to mass violence, the kind of things La Pasionaria was preaching. La Barraca was essentially a left-wing propaganda operation. Yet, to mark the Lorca centennial, the conservative government issued a big stamp with a portrait of him flanked by the symbol of La Barraca.

Barcelona was during the Civil War a center of leftists generally, and conspicuously of anarchists. Unlike Ortega y Gasset, regarded as a conservative centralist, Lorca was very popular there. The

painter Joan Brossa, who died at the end of 1998, fought in the republican forces during the Civil War, and, as his obituary pointed out, did so with a book by García Lorca in his pocket, as a Christian might carry a bible. Brossa was a strange surrealist poet and painter who wrote in Catalan. Like Dalí, he represented the crazy opposition to the practical spirit of the businesslike Catalans.

For some reason the Inter-American Development Bank joined the Spanish Embassy in sponsoring the performance of programs honoring Lorca. My guess is that the Spanish government calculated that in Latin America Lorca will have more popular appeal than Ortega y Gasset. Obviously his theater appeals to a mass audience which would never dream of reading the philosopher.

It must have been cunning rather than ignorance which led the conservative government of the monarchy to co-opt even the famous Communists, suppressing all reference to their political allegiance for fear of being branded fascists or franquistas. The most notorious was the case of the surviving members of the International Brigades, which were Stalinist. They were received with great honor and made honorary citizens, without any reference to their political allegiance. There was no similar honoring for any who fought on the Franquista side.

Pablo Picasso was a Communist who never voiced any opposition to Stalin. His famous painting "Guernica" was originally to have been about bullfighting; hence the horse rearing up. It was renamed "Guernica" when the republican government asked him for a painting to display at an exhibit it was staged in 1937 in Paris, where Picasso lived. Now, the monarchical government, which he would have despised, treats the painting like an icon, displaying it in a special hall in Madrid, with no mention of its spurious origin or the painter's political beliefs. Although he lived most of his life in Barcelona and France, Picasso was really Andalusian, having been born in 1881 in Malaga, the home of the founders of the Residencia. He died in France in 1973. While it is politically correct to admire his art, the consensus is that as a person he was quite nasty. There was no mention of this when King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia dedicated his birthplace as a museum devoted to him.

It is politically incorrect to criticize Picasso; to do so invites damnation as a reactionary, a bourgeois, or a philistine. Yet there may be an explanation to the weirdness of his paintings.. In addition to an unbalanced personality, he may have suffered from an eye problem. "The Biology of Art" (The Economist, 4/3/99) is an important article summarizing the scientific study of the effect of defects of vision on painting. It is illustrated with reproductions of French painting of the Picasso period. Either Picasso himself suffered from those visual problems, or he imitated those who did. The pathology of his work deserved scientific study. The same could be said of Salvador Dalí, who was concerned about his own sanity and visited Freud in London.

My pricking of the balloon carrying Picasso, García Lorca, and co to the heights of international fame let out the hot, foul air. The politically and artistically correct were dismayed, but now that the balloonists come back to earth, the world will see them as I knew them before their ride, as a group of sick individuals.

Many of them realized they were unbalanced and consulted Freud. Clinical confirmation now comes from Professor John Casida of the University of California and his team in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. Following the example (?) of well-known French writers and artists, Picasso and others were addicted to the "green fairy," absinthe. Their psychiatric, self-destructive symptoms were due to absinthe's effect on the GABA receptor controlling the excitation of brain signals. Because of this it was banned in the US in 1912, but Ernest Hemingway continued to drink it long after that in Europe. He refers to it in his books on Spain, *Death in the Afternoon* and *For Whom*

the Bell Tolls. Professor John Casida and his group explained their findings at the 2000 annual national meeting of the American Chemical Society in San Francisco. Contemporary writers and artists in this tradition get their kick from crack and other drugs. Caveat emptor.

In all this fanfare about leftist artists, praise for Ortega y Gasset among the intellectuals was scarcely audible. There was a new edition of *La Rebelión de las Masas* and some critical works, notably *Pensamiento de la Liberación*. *Proyección de Ortega en Iberoamérica* by José Luis Martínez Gómez and *Entre la jerarquía y la liberación: Ortega y Gasset y Leopoldo Zea* by Tzvi Medin. While this imbalance between Lorca and Ortega y Gasset is unfortunate, it should not be unexpected. Americans know about the Civil War from Hemingway's distorted popular account, not from sober studies by scholars like Burnett Bolloten, Raymond Carr, Stanley Payne, Paul Preston, or David Wingeate Pike. The fight against the "artistic" misrepresentation of history is endless, and probably hopeless.

The Spanish Academy of Letters has recovered its "royal" status, it is now again the Real Academia, and its standing has been restored as part of the revival of the apparatus of the monarchy. From 1968 to 1980 its director was my old Oxford sponsor Dámaso Alonso, who was not a political figure and whom I had met again in Franco Spain just before he became Director of the Academy.

The centennial of his birth in 1898 provided an occasion to pay almost extravagant tribute to him, really to the Academy. It was organized by his successor Fernando Lázaro Ferreter, whom I also knew and who was likewise not a political figure. He described Dámaso Alonso as much more than a poet of the Generation of [19]27. He was "a fundamental figure in our culture."

Then there was another ceremony a month later in November attended by King Juan Carlos. It was really a pretext for him to give the Academy his royal blessing. He opened the handsome Sala Dámaso Alonso, which contains his "book legacy". At the same time the Institute of Lexicography was inaugurated, with its impressive new data bank. Dámaso Alonso had left "an important sum of money" in his will for it. This surprised me, since I never thought of him as wealthy. It seems obvious that both for the Franco regime and the monarchy he was a safe figure. His promotion of the Spanish language was much appreciated, since it is a continuation of the 1492 proclamation of Elio Antonio de Nebrija that "language is the instrument of empire." Spain is using the Spanish language to rebuild its ties with Spanish-speaking America.

The attempt to refurbish the image of the monarchy continued with the celebrations of the centennial of the death of Felipe II in 1598. Since he was known in England as the "Devil of the South" and was married to "bloody Queen Mary," who persecuted English Protestants, it was especially appropriate to get an English historian, Henry Kamen, to promote this historical revision. His *Philip of Spain* (Yale University Press, 1997, pp.384) has been highly praised by specialists as "the first full-scale biography of him," which is not quite true. He is also the author of *The Spanish Inquisition*, an attempt to lighten the color of that essential element of "the black legend." He is a professor at the Barcelona branch of the Higher Council for Scientific Research, and has published some works in Catalan, but his main concern is with 16th-century Spain, on which he is considered the leading specialist. The two aforementioned books have been translated into several languages. A British scholar with his standing is ideal for the rehabilitation of Philip II, who has been the target of leading historians like Jules Michelet, an anticlerical of Huguenot origin.

Under the title "Philip II, A Monarch and his Epoch," three exhibitions were held as part of the rehabilitation of Philip II. The first was held in the Escorial, his greatest monument, and dealt with his life. The second was held in the Prado Museum under the title "A renaissance Prince," and described

his role as an art patron. The third was held in Philip's birthplace, Valladolid, and was devoted to the Spain of his time. These exhibitions followed one to rehabilitate King Juan Carlos's grandfather, Alfonso XIII, who was overthrown by the Republic in 1931. All this was in sharp contrast with the long campaign to discredit the monarchy, which culminated in 1931, when I first arrived in Spain.

The history of modern literature and art is very unfair. Flashy writers and artists who took a strong political position, like García Lorca and Picasso, have been idolized uncritically, whereas quiet, more sensitive writers are forgotten. A case in point is Antonio Machado, born in 1875, who, before the turmoil of the republic, was regarded as a sensitive poet in the best Spanish tradition. He still is by specialists. The *Diccionario de Literatura Española* (Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1953) devotes a long article to him.

He was born in Seville, where his father was a folklorist. Both he and his brother Manuel, also a poet, went to Madrid to study. They were close to each other and collaborated in theatrical productions. Less important as a writer, Manuel was the happier of the two; he died peacefully in Madrid in 1947.

Fate was unkind in its harsh treatment of the sensitive poet Antonio, a shy individual. He was deeply attached to his wife Leonor, whose death in 1912 affected him profoundly; thereafter death was a major theme in his poetry. The end of his life was equally tragic. A supporter of the republic, he went to Valencia in 1936 when the Civil War broke out and the republican government moved there. He collaborated in *Hora de España*, writing articles supporting the republican cause. Like many republicans, he was forced to flee the advancing Franco troops, and, with his old mother and other members of his family, he crossed into France at Collioure on the Mediterranean. Both Antonio and his mother were exhausted and sick. They died there a few days later. James Whiston has done a good job of rescuing him from oblivion in *Antonio Machado's Writings and the Spanish Civil War* (University of Liverpool Press, 1996, pp.261).

Chapter 13

SOME RELEVANT BOOKS

For critical bibliographies, see two volumes, both by Graham Shields, in the excellent "World Biographical Series" published by CLIO Press (Oxford and Santa Barbara). They are Vol. 60, Spain (2nd Edition, 1994, pp. 451) and Vol.193, Madrid (1996, p. 253). Both include discussions of books, mostly in English, covering the period 1931 to 1939. A detailed bibliography of the authors discussed in this volume would cover hundreds of pages and be of interest only to scholars. They are referred to the online World Catalog. Of the making of books about the Spanish Civil War there is no end, of which this book is one more proof. Here are only a few titles, some selected because they are little known: It should be stressed that the length of the note on each is no indication of their merit, but rather of the unusual way each relates to the theme of this book.

Ben-Ami, Shlomo. *The Origins of the Second Republic in Spain*. Oxford University Press, 1978, pp. 365.

A volume in the series "Oxford Historical Monographs", this is a detailed account of the period prior to April 1931, the municipal elections, and the first six months of the republic.

Martin Blinkhorn, edit. *Spain in Conflict 1931-39: Democracy and its enemies*. London: Sage, 1986, pp. 278.

This collection of essays studies three themes: the Republicans and the Left, the Conservatives and the Right, and foreign involvement in the Civil War.

Brenan, Gerald. *The Spanish Labyrinth*. Cambridge University Press, 1990, pp 384.

First published in 1943, and subtitled "an account of the social and political background of the Spanish Civil War," this book has had a profound influence since it was a graphical account by one who lived in Spain and sympathized with the Republicans.

Brown, Gerald G. *A Literary History of Spain: The Twentieth Century*. London: Ernest Benn, 1972, pp. 176.

This is the sixth of eight small volumes in "A Literary History of Spain." The Introduction, "Spain 1900-39", based largely on Raymond Carr, *Spain (1808-1939)* (q.v.), gives the political background for the literature. Unwittingly, by its account of the grotesque nature of modernismo, it supports the thesis of this book, namely that writers generally were a rather silly crowd, quite incapable of leading the republic as they claimed to do. Unwarranted confidence and ill-used freedom produced their crop of literary contributions to the flimsy euphoria of pre-1914 Europe and the lunacies of the Jazz Age." In comparison, the dictator Miguel Primo de Rivera seems wise and tolerant. The book is divided into four chapters, devoted respectively to the novel, poetry, drama, and literature since the Civil War.

Carr, Raymond. *Images of the Spanish Civil War*. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1986, pp.192.

A collection of photographs of the Spanish Civil War published to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of it. See the following section on relevant films.

Carr, Raymond. *The Civil War in Perspective*. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1993, pp. 328.

This very useful book properly attributes Spain's problems to class inequality, and he confirms the thesis of this book by attributing the failure of the Republic to factionalism and lack of purpose.

Cortada, James W. *Historical Dictionary of the Spanish Civil War, 1936-1939*. Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1982, pp. 1982.

A valuable and well-organized reference work, with more than 800 entries.

Elwood, Sheelagh. *The Spanish Civil War*. Oxford: Blackwell, 1991, pp. 126.

A clear and useful summary, with no claim to presenting a case for either side.

Crispin, John. *Oxford y Cambridge e Madrid. La Residencia de Estudiantes (1910-1936) y su entorno cultural*. Santander: La Isla de los Ratones, 1981. Pp. 171.

Since only 500 copies of this book were printed it is little known. The author, a professor at Vanderbilt University, tells the story of the Residencia from its founding in 1910 up to the Civil War, when the buildings were taken over by first the Republican Government and then, with the blessing of the Franco government, by the Opus Dei, the great enemy of the founders of the Residencia. Since the Franco regime the buildings have been used as a research institute.

The title of the book was an expression used by Cambridge Hispanist J.B. Trend, a devotee of the Residencia. Don Alberto failed in his attempts to revive the Residencia, but a 1978 decree of the Ministry of Cultura declared the Residencia to be a historical-artistic monument of national interest. This spurred Professor Crispin to write this short history of it, based on documents and interviews with old Residentes. He stresses the fame achieved by writers like Nobel laureate Juan Ramón Jiménez, Federico García Lorca and Emilio Prados, artists like Salvador Dalí and Luis Buñuel, and

scientists like two Nobel laureates, Santiago Ramón y Cajal and Severo Ochoa, as well as Paulino Suárez, Pío del Río Hortega, and Juan Negrín, best known for his political leadership during the Civil War.

He pays special attention to García Lorca, presumably because his field is literature, but also because of the prestige poets enjoyed in Spain at that time. There are frequent references to the poets' reading their poems to a group or to another poet, but I never saw that. I suspect that the custom had died out by the time I arrived at the Residencia in 1934. In fact, the only time I heard poems recited was in a train in Andalucía, but I suspect the simple fellow reciting the poems had not written them himself. The book also refers to the theatrical group La Barraca which García Lorca founded and which toured the towns of Spain. I heard about it, but apparently that too had ceased operation when I was in the Residencia.

Crispin stresses the importance of the quarterly review *Residencia*, which appeared from 1926 to 1934. That too died as I arrived. I suspect that the political situation was so tense that these cultural activities no longer attracted much attention. Crispin used the magazine for the information it gave about the history of the Residencia. It was never revived, although in 1963 a special issue of the magazine appeared in Mexico, but it was essentially commemorative.

The book ends with articles from the commemorative issue, the last being by Jiménez Fraud himself. The book, like those of Don Alberto, is entirely apologetic. It is a eulogistic record. The Residencia was dead, and criticism would have been out of place, especially in the presence of its founders. *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*.

Fraser, Ronald. *Blood of Spain: Oral History of the Spanish Civil War*. London: Pimlico, 1994, pp.640.

First published in 1979, this is a fascinating collection of accounts by over 300 individuals of their experiences and observations in the Civil War.

Garosci, Aldo. *Gli intellettuali e la guerra di Spagna*. Turin: Einaudi, 1959. Pp. 482.

This is volume 254 in the series "Saggi", which deals mostly with history. A Spanish translation appeared in Madrid in 1981. The author is really a high-level journalist, and this volume developed out of some radio talks he gave. It is evidence of his keen interest in the subject and his deep sympathy for the intellectuals, most of whom were exiled by the Civil War. Only a few returned to live their last years in Spain. Its main interest for us is that, as the title indicates, it focuses on the intellectuals, and is virtually unique in this regard. The first of the two parts is devoted to Spanish writers; especially interesting is chapter eight on "historiography and the Spanish enigma". Spaniards intellectuals have devoted much scholarly effort to analyzing Spanish history to see what went wrong. The second, shorter part, is devoted to foreigners; there is a chapter on Pravda correspondent Mikhail Kolzov, with whom, soon after his arrival in Madrid, I had dinner with at the home of Ernest Grimaud de Caux. He was really a top agent, as many Soviet "correspondents" were. For one written by a non-specialist, this detailed book is noteworthy, even though the author is so sympathetic to the intellectuals that he shows little critical judgment.

Guinard, Paul. *L'Espagne* (1963, pp. 392). In series "Nous partons pour.", published by the Presses Universitaires de France, Paris.

Guinard, an art historian and a friend of mine, wrote books on Spanish painting, El Greco, and above all Zuebarán. For this guide book, he crisscrossed Spain as few have done, visiting out of the way monuments little described elsewhere.

Alberto Jiménez Fraud (1883-1964) y La Residencia de Estudiantes (1910-1936). Madrid: Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas, 1987. Pp. 60, 12" x 14".

This is essentially a photo album describing the cultural activities of the Residencia, especially the lectures by distinguished foreigners. The photographs, with captions, are arranged under these headings: Literature and Thought, Theater, Music, Cinema, Art, Architecture, Travel, Archeology, Sciences, Sports. The aim is to give the impression that the Residencia was an island of Western culture and thus played an important role in the cultural history of Spain.

Two preliminary sections are of special documentary value. The first (pp.13-18) is a year by year chronology from the birth of Don Alberto in 1883 to his death in 1964. Here are some interesting details. He was the third son of his father's second wife, a French woman named Henriette Fraud born in Lyons (Fraud is not a common French name.). Don Alberto was attached to her, as is evident from a photo of the two. I never met her, but I attended her funeral. Presumably she was ill when I first arrived at the Residencia. It is not stated what happened to the first wife, or if there were any children from the first marriage. There are frequent references to the Malaga group of friends, several of whom went to Madrid and helped found the Residencia, but virtually nothing is said of Don Alberto's brothers. His wife, Natalia B. Cossío was born in Galicia in 1884. When the Civil War broke out, Alberto and Natalia moved to Cambridge and then to Oxford, where he taught until he was 72. He then became a U.N. translator, working still in Oxford, where in 1960 he published privately "Some words on the 50th anniversary of the Residencia de Estudiantes" (which was founded in 1910). He and Natalia returned to Madrid in 1964 in an attempt to revive the Residencia, but in April he died in Geneva, where he had gone in connection with his work as a U.N. translator. He is buried in Madrid's civilian cemetery.

Jiménez Fraud, Alberto. Residentes. Semblanzas y recuerdos. Madrid: Alianza Editorial, 1989. Pp. 147.

This small volume, published by Don Alberto's heirs, has a prologue by Alberto Adell, datelined Copenhagen. Presumably he is an old Residente who left Spain, like Don Alberto, at the outbreak of the Civil War. He explains that he has brought together items which Don Alberto wrote while he was at Oxford in exile, all dealing with the Residencia. Given any opportunity, Don Alberto would write or talk about the Residencia, always stressing the contribution it had made to Spain's intellectual life. There is an underlying theme. The Residencia was founded by young Andalusian intellectuals appalled by the poverty of the Andalusian people, which the sumptuous fiestas of Seville, at which the wealthy flaunt their affluence, cannot disguise. They realized that this social injustice was typical of all Spain, so they moved to Madrid and, from the Residencia, carried out a series of cultural missions throughout the country. They formed what in Spain was called a *peña*, a group of friends who met regularly to discuss anything deemed significant. These groups normally met in cafés, but the Residencia provided a better setting. Don Alberto was effusive in his praise of the members of his group, which critics called a mutual admiration society. However, the articles reveal Don Alberto's distress at seeing his lifework destroyed and the group now mostly in exile, with all the suffering that implied. The remarkable thing is that Don Alberto does not utter an unkind word about those who wrecked Spain and his work. It was a manifestation of his unusually kind nature. It may have been the silence of contempt. He returned to Spain in the hope of recreating the Residencia, and he may have realized that any criticism would make enemies who could block his efforts.

There are fourteen essays, published in La Nación of Santiago de Chile, El Nacional of Caracas, Cuadernos Americanos of Mexico and the commemorative issue of Residencia published in Mexico in 1963. They are devoted to one person: General [?] Bruce who led the first serious attempt to

conquer Everest; H.G. Wells, who shared the hope of popularizing history and culture; "Lord"[John Maynard] Keynes, a charmer who rated two articles; Paul Valéry, who, when Don Alberto's lamented the hostility of the Spanish clergy to the Residencia, countered that the Protestant revolution had split the unity of Europe—not exactly a helpful reply; Emilia Pardo Bazán, about the only woman in the group, the only practicing Catholic, and, like Cossío and his daughter Natalia, from Galicia (hence their friendship); García Lorca and other poets; Miguel de Unamuno who died in Salamanca after defying Franco in a historic scene; the philosopher Ortega y Gasset; Antonio Machado who died in exile just as Cambridge University offered him a post; Manuel García Morente who, after years of exile in Argentina, returned to Spain and spent his last days in a monastery near Pontevedra; Count Hermann Keyserling, then well-known for his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*; and the cosmopolitan Argentinian Victoria Ocampo There is an appendix of letters to Miguel de Unamuno; Jiménez Fraud spelled his name Giménez, as was common in those days. The book ends with a collection of photographs and humorous sketches illustrating the text.

Jiménez Fraud, Alberto. For *Historia de la Universidad Española* and *Visita a Maquiavelo*, see Chapter 7, "La Residencia de Estudiantes."

Jackson, Gabriel. *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War, 1931-1939*: Princeton University Press, 1965, pp. 578.

Jackson has also written *A Concise History of the Spanish Civil War*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1980. The two books give a concise account of the period.

Low, Robert. *La Pasionaria: The Spanish Firebrand*. London: Hutchison, 1992, pp. 1992.

"Firebrand" is a kind word. "Demagogue" would be more accurate description of Dolores Ibarruri (1895-1989), a Communist with the mentality of an ETA terrorist who took refuge in the Soviet Union. She was reviled by the right. I simply regard her as an extreme exemplar of the mentality which revealed the weakness of the republic.

Macdonald, Nancy. *Homage to the Spanish Exiles: Voices from the Spanish Civil War*. New York: Human Sciences Press, 1987, pp 358.

Some half million Republicans sought refuge in France after the fall of the Republic. Nancy Macdonald founded Spanish Refugee Aid to help the more than 100,000 in need. This is the story of that generous effort.

Martínez Caviro, Balbina. *Cerámica Española en el Instituto de Valencia de Don Juan*. Madrid: Instituto de Valencia de Don Juan, 1978. Pp. 200, 307 illustrations.

My account of the Instituto de Valencia de Don Juan in Madrid mentions its Spanish pottery collection, described in this book. It came from the collection of the Condesa de Oñate and also from the excavations at Medina Azzahara, near Cordoba. Regarding these important excavations, see Paul Guinard, pp. 69ff. The collection also has collections of pottery from Talavera de la Reina and of the "gilded" pottery of eastern Spain, especially, Manises.

Payne, Stanley G. *Spain's First Democracy: the Second Republic, 1931-1936*. University of Wisconsin Press, 1993, pp. 477.

Stanley Payne is the American scholar who has contributed most to our understanding of the Spain of the twentieth century. With careful documentation he reveals the weakness of the republic which led

to its downfall. His conclusions are similar to those of Burnett Bolloten, and my own observations as given in this work coincide with his.

Pike, David Wingeate.

Preston, Paul. *Las tres Españas del 36*. Barcelona: Plaza & Janés, 1998. Pp. 472.

This book has had an extraordinary success. It won the 1998 *Así Fue* Prize for the best history book, and in one month there were four printings! This is evidence of Spain's extraordinary interest in the Civil War, which is very much on everyone's mind as the country strives to strengthen the democracy it had won twenty years earlier. In 1998 there were impressive ceremonies in the Congress building marking the event. The guest of honor was King Juan Carlos who had saved democracy by resisting a group of Civil Guard officers who had invaded the building in an attempt to restore the dictatorship.

The three Spain's of which Preston speaks are the republicans, the franquistas, and the nonpartisan. He describes the period through accounts on representatives of the three groups: Francisco Franco, José Millán Astray, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, Salvador de Madariaga, Julián Besteiro, Manuel Azaña, Indalecio Prieto, and Dolores Ibarruri. Each account has a pithy subtitle. Naturally for me, as his disciple, the chapter on Madariaga, subtitled "A Quixote in politics," has a special interest. Most books about the Spanish Civil War are rather pedestrian affairs, but the bibliographical approach makes for excellent reading, which, combined with solid scholarship, explains the book's immense success among both specialists and the general public. Preston is the author of many studies on the subject, including *Franco: A Biography* (1993) and *The Coming of the Civil War* (second edition, 1994). Preston, a professor at the London School of Economics and well-known as a commentator, shows great skill in interpreting historical documents so well that he seems like an eye-witness. It is a skill few historians possess.

PICASSO. It should be evident that I detest Picasso and his gang, and everything they stood for. John Richardson is writing a four-volume study of him . What a way to spend one's life! In addition, he has written about Picasso and Douglas Cooper. This review is by Kenneth Baker (S.F. Chronicle Book Review, 1/22/00).

Picasso, Provence, and Douglas Cooper By John Richardson Alfred A. Knopf; 318 pages; \$26.95

John Richardson has been widely and justly applauded for the first two books of his planned four-volume biography of Picasso. But Richardson disconcerted admirers when, already in his mid-70s, he announced that he would set aside the biography for a while to write a memoir of his 12-year relationship with Douglas Cooper, once the world's greatest collector of cubist art.

Fortunately, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" turns out to be anything but tangential to Richardson's Picasso project. It is a wry, richly anecdotal account of the people and circumstances that positioned Richardson, socially and intellectually, to become Picasso's foremost historian.

Richardson's intimacy with Cooper was clearly formative enough — and Cooper himself formidable enough — to merit a book-length account. Cooper was intelligent, witty, spiteful, tyrannical and sufficiently wealthy and confident to act on his discerning taste for Parisian modernist painting.

When they met, Richardson was a handsome, rudderless young man, hoping to find a niche for himself as a writer in postwar London. Cooper, 13 years his senior, was a socially connected "evil queen," already renowned for his collection.

"I was twenty-five . . . and, in those days, extremely insecure and out to please," Richardson writes of his first physical encounter with Cooper. "Alcohol overcame my initial revulsion. A kiss from me, I fantasized, would transform this toad into a prince, or at least a Rubens Bacchus. However, Douglas turned out to be as rubbery as a Dali biomorph. No wonder he was mad at the world. This realization triggered a rush of compassion, which enabled me to acquit myself on this ominous night." It was Richardson who underwent a transformation. Touring the great museums and private collections of Europe with Cooper, living among his Cubist masterpieces and meeting some of the most cultivated and some of the most outrageous people of the day was an education to be had nowhere else. It also doomed their relationship, although Cooper's own temperament probably would have in any case. "That he was even more corroded with resentment, envy and rage" at the end of their companionship than at the beginning "was no cause for pride," Richardson writes.

Crucially, Cooper could not tolerate Richardson's growing acumen. At one point, when they examined photographs together of purported Leger paintings just bought by an American collector they knew, Richardson voiced his certainty that they were fakes. "There was a terrible silence," Richardson writes, "during which Douglas's pink face turned the color of a summer pudding. 'What a little expert we've become.' And then came a shriek like calico ripping — comical but also alarming. 'How dare you pontificate to me about Leger!' he yelled. 'Those paintings are absolutely authentic.

Get out, get out . . . ' And then he took another look at the photographs, and I realized that he realized I was right and he was wrong. Things would never be the same again." Some years earlier, Cooper's purchase of the tumbledown chateau in Provence in which he and Richardson lived for most of their time together had made them country neighbors of Picasso's and Braque's. Proximity and early training as a painter, "albeit a bad one," allowed Richardson to develop his own friendships with these modern masters, again contrary to Cooper's wishes. Here was the key to Richardson's insider's view of Picasso's work habits and, no less important, of the artist's social style. "I would watch with fascination as (Picasso) manipulated anyone who seemed susceptible into an emotional response to him and his work," Richardson writes. "He would switch on the magnetism and let his ego feed on whatever critical understanding, starstruck admiration, or devotion could be extracted from those around him. At the end of the day, Picasso would have made off with everyone's energy; it would fuel a night of work in the studio. No wonder we guests would be left in a state of nervous exhaustion." Inevitably there are stretches of mere high gossip in Richardson's memoir, but, as in his Picasso project, his language is alive throughout, whether in a key of confession, caricature, tribute or analysis. Kenneth Baker is *The Chronicle's* art critic.

Solsten Eric and Sandra W, *Meditz, Spain, a country study*. Washington, D.C.: Federal Research Division, Library of Congress, 1990. Pp. 406.

This is a volume in the excellent country studies, supported by the Department of the Army. Unfortunately, as an economy measure (!), the department withdrew its subsidy. Unless help is found elsewhere, this means the end of a major series of publications. While this volume summarizes the history of Spain, the stress is on the current situation, so for the period 1931-36 it is not too detailed. There is a good bibliography.

Hugh Thomas. *The Spanish Civil War*. New York: Harper, 1961. Pp 720. Revised and enlarged edition 1977.

Hugh Thomas is a scholar who has the knack of writing on big, timely subjects. This volume appeared when the Spanish Civil War was still a subject of general interest and when the publication of eye-

witness accounts had provided a good documentary basis for scholarly accounts. Even so, their popular success of this book is hard to explain. It is a detailed, blow-by-blow account of a complex struggle in a country about which most Britishers knew little, a struggle in which most of them did not wish to become involved.

A civil war is a war, and Hugh Thomas treats politics as background for war. He was originally a military historian, teaching at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He visited all the main battlefields in Spain and studied the details of the battles. At the same time he read extensively in five languages. Maps illustrate the course of the campaigns. Since he was born in 1931, he was only five when the war began and only thirty when he wrote this book. It started him on a career which led him to Reading University, where he became Chair of the Graduate School of European Studies. Since 1976 he has been a visiting professor at several universities, and has been decorated by the Spanish government. The British Conservative government made him a life peer.

While in his account of the Spanish Civil War he strives to remain neutral, he seems to favor the Republican cause. He describes Lord Plymouth's Non-Intervention Committee as ineffective, and he attributes the Republic's defeat to squabbles among its leaders and to the aboulia of Azaña. The book naturally ends on a sad note. *Vae Victis!*