

Recuperating Spain

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ANYONE WHO HAS NOT seen Spain since 1949 would be surprised at the material changes in that country—especially those in Madrid, a city that has become a world metropolis with a luxury, a hectic life, and a dynamism more suggestive of America than of Europe. There are some shacks on the outer Paseo de la Castellana (no longer the Paseo del Generalissimo!), but they stand in the shadows of skyscrapers. Everywhere new buildings are going up, and *autostradas* dissect the fast-growing suburbs. The dreariness of the workers' quarters like Cuatros Caminos and Tetuán is little changed, yet life in Madrid is altered. The visitor in a reflective mood ponders the prudence of concentrating a nation's energy on a few cities while neglecting the provincial towns which only in the last two or three years have participated in the reconstruction.

It is as difficult for a foreigner to make valid statements about Spain as about Russia. These countries lie at the southern and eastern extremities of ancient Christendom, and are remote—psychologically and geographically—from the English-speaking Northwest of the Old World. But this element of remoteness should not lead the foreigner into the fashionable error of calling Russia "Asiatic" or to repeating Unamuno's view that Spain is "African." Spain is an intrinsic part of the Western World, and especially of the domain of the "Old Church"—Catholic and Greek-Orthodox. Some of the trends, ideas, and attitudes of Continental Europe may be perceived only dimly outlined in the country north of the Pyrenees, but in Spain they some-

times appear in full profile, or even experience their painful *reductio ad absurdum*.

This Spanish extremism, crowning the innate extremism of the Continent, sometimes communicates itself to other domains of Christendom. The issue of the Spanish Civil War, for example, divided the world into two camps viewing each other with a hatred perhaps more intense than that which existed between the factions in Spain itself. The Spanish nature is complex; it is fanatical and cruel, but often it is unexpectedly tolerant. Moreover, it should be said that the Spanish Catholic had no real choice, whatever his mental reservations or his regrets at making the hateful decision.

The character of the rebellion was not everywhere the same. To a Catholic born in Álava or Navarre and reared in the Carlist tradition, the *alzamiento* could have appeared as a real crusade. He and his ancestors had been opposed to the Liberal Monarchy and its republican aftermath for a hundred years. The rise of the army to political power seemed to him a golden opportunity to reestablish a just and, of course, a traditional Spain such as George Ticknor, the Boston Brahmin, had loved during the period following the Napoleonic Wars. Unfortunately, Spanish Liberalism in its monarchical form as well as in its republican form had been guilty of contributing its share to the moral ruin of the country. This guilt was infinitely greater than that of the Church, which ever since the Carlist wars had been a suspect body—powerless, materially despoiled, and despised by the ruling class. The hierarchy itself was anything but rich when the monarchy fell

in 1931. Only four bishops owned a car!

The guilt of the old Spanish Liberalism was that it destroyed the traditional Spanish order without supplanting it with another coherent social system; that it corroded the faith of the people and provided them with only vague generalities. It looked with starry eyes at British and French political institutions without being able to copy either model, for they were never cut to the measure of Spanish intellectual absolutism and individualism. Worst of all, the old Spanish Liberalism was a doctrinaire economic and philosophic liberalism which captured the nobility, the intelligentsia, and the high bourgeoisie during the nineteenth century, and thus moulded the spirit of the nation during its most crucial period of industrial revolution. The result was the appearance of a proletariat without faith or a decent livelihood, and a social upper crust indifferent towards religion and moved by a cold self-interest. Big enterprisers and wealthy landowners unthinkingly swallowed the gospel of utilitarianism; long-standing traditions were uprooted. Old Spain could not prevail against this New Spain with its "volunteers" and international connections. Beaten in savage civil wars, it could only wait patiently for the collapse of the house of cards that Spanish liberalism had built. It did collapse in a most nightmarish way. Of course, it was not liberalism itself that was immediately responsible for the "end with horror"; its guilt was the conditions it permitted to exist and the ideas and doctrines it favored or tolerated.

One of the best Spanish guide-books, Nagel's *Espagne*, states with dry French humor in its 1935 edition that Málaga is "*une ville d'idées avancées. On y a brûlé 43 églises et couvents dans les journées des 12 et 13 mai 1931*" (p. 562).

The Spanish masses are highly individualistic, born liberals and anarchists, absolute in their convictions and thinking. They are prone to translate all theories into practice. The impact of alien ideas since the Napoleonic wars has kept them in never-

ending turmoil. By 1936 Spanish society was an abscess ready to burst. Countless innocent people were assassinated by those flocking to the aid of the Army when the generals decided that an end with horror was preferable to horror without end. Federico García Lorca was only one of the many hapless victims. The sadistic atrocities committed by the people showed their profound moral sickness. This sickness is one of the fundamental problems of Spain. The diabolic forces manifesting themselves during the Civil War constitute a religious problem of far greater importance than the more frequently discussed problems of external forms of government. Consequently there is little point in interpreting the results of the last "free" election or theorizing about the importance of the support given by foreign powers to either side during the Civil War. Of even less use is the counting of heads among the "volunteers" and "involunteers" who fought in the most bitter war of modern history. The war, as the self-exiled Madariaga rightly insists, started as a Spanish issue and it always remained an essentially Spanish affair. It was a rising of Spanish generals—*cruzada de los generales ateos*, as the other side ironically imputed—many of whom were not monarchists nor fascists nor even fervent Catholics. It was a rising against a State unable to maintain law and order.

The ringleader of the uprising, General Sanjurjo, perished in Portugal as he was departing for Burgos. His successor, General Cabañellas, was an outspoken Republican. Neither General Mola nor General Franco belonged to the Right. Franco's brother, the flyer Ramón, who was the first to cross the South Atlantic, was a leading Republican, as was General Queipo de Llano. It was the succour of the *Requetés* of the older Spain, shouting the battle cry *Dios, Patria, Rey* and singing *Oriamendi*, that gave the rebellion its Rightist profile. The slogan was *Ahora o nunca*, "Now or Never." The artificially inflated *Falange* (which could not produce a single deputy in the 1936 elections) only later provided

the alibi for those who called the rising "fascist."

No one expected the army to win. The rebellion was a failure from the beginning. Actually, it was the Counter-Revolution of July 19 by its still united front of Anarchists, Socialists, and Communists that finally dug the grave of the Republic. The Republic lost, even though she was superior in her aviation and retained control of the three biggest cities and of the wealthiest regions. I was talking once in a bar to a large group of men who had fought on either side. I wanted to learn their opinions as to why the Republic was defeated. After all, I had seen only half the picture during the War itself. Although Spaniards do not agree easily on anything, these men finally agreed unanimously that the Republican faction had destroyed its chances for victory by its very intransigence. Any small landholder, every grandee, every priest and practising Catholic, every manufacturer or large-scale trader, every conservative and every grand bourgeois had become "essentially guilty" and thus could be hacked to pieces. The armed workers always could have given up and retired grumbling to their factories, but the priest and the gentleman faced annihilation. "The *senorito* (equivalent of the Junker) was terrific," one of the men said pensively, looking in his glass. "He was the army officer. He fought like a lion because we had driven him against the wall and he had nothing to lose." And in the same spot, of course, were all the Carlists, all Navarre and all Álava, where every male from the age of fourteen to the age of seventy-five had joined the forces. All of "Old Spain" was faced with the same desperate situation. The top of the social pyramid could be easily annihilated, and it fought with heroic fury; whereas the base of the pyramid, though sometimes uncomfortable, was comparatively secure.

Questions concerning the personality of Franco naturally arise. What sort of man is he? His background shows him wavering between the Monarchy and the Re-

public. Originally he was a fighting officer and, if we can believe the socialist exile, Arturo Barrea (*The Forging of a Rebel*), he was known and respected for his courage—a "man without nerves." The most hardened criminals in the Spanish Foreign Legion trembled during inspection if this little man eyed them with suspicion. Was he a practising Catholic before his phenomenal rise after the fatal accident of Sanjurjo? Perhaps, but there never was anything of the "black Catholic" about him. He never was the type of *el sepulturero*, the strange officer in Pierre Mac Orlan's *La bandera*, who attacked the Rifis using a silver crucifix as a hatchet. Franco does not resemble the wishful picture of our Ghetto-Catholics who adore force in preference to reason and who want to see in the Generalissimo a pure and immaculate St. George killing the Red Dragon. Franco is a cold and dry man, a *Gallego* (not really a Spaniard), a limited man, a fair reader of books, shrewd and patient, a typical ambitious front-line officer. But at the same time he realizes that he has obligations and that he must act for the Common Good of his country. He is a faithful husband, and—today at least—he is a devout Catholic. He is not popular, and I have never met in Spain a man or a woman who unreservedly defended his policies. He seems to be a person without close friends, though probably he is more companionable than the master of Portugal. Still, he enjoys a certain respect among almost all groups of the population, a respect which reminds me of the volunteer from French Morocco whom I met in a military hospital near Seville in 1938. He had lost a leg and worried for fear he would suffer from this shortcoming in Paradise. But when he was asked why he had come to fight in Spain against *los rojos*, he replied that it was partly for the prophet Isaiah and his mother Miriam whom "the Pagans" had insulted, but also it was partly for Franco. "He defeated us. He is a good general. For such a man I thought it worthwhile to fight." This makes Franco neither the dream-hero of

the lady readers of the *Ave Maria Chimes*, nor the Fascist monster of the *New York Post*, all of which proves that one provincialism is usually the reverse side of another. Unwittingly, Ghetto-Catholics and Ghetto-Progressivists are brothers under the skin.

Franco is an autocrat, but not a tyrant. He has established a military dictatorship with an oversized bureaucratic machinery in which a variety of ideological views is represented. These ideologies are waging a bitter fight amongst themselves, and thereby a certain equilibrium and a modicum of freedom is maintained. The old Spanish *bellum omnium contra omnes* finds its continuation in the bosom of the present heterogeneous Spanish Government; yet this internal bureaucratic warfare not only is "mutual" but also is trying to win Franco's favor, a difficult task—for his is a cold and elusive spirit. Franco's policy of *Divide et Impera* prevents the emergence of a single pattern as occurred in the Third Reich or the Soviet Union.

The current political situation engenders discussion and permits dissent. The views debated range from those of the extreme Right (Carlists) which includes the Christian as well as the Liberal center still strongly entrenched among the university professors, to those of the Leftist element which has found a haven in the *Falange*. Yet only the *élites* participate actively in passionate debate and struggle for power; the masses are excluded. The personal elements inevitably become mixed with the ideological manoeuvres for positions. Friendship and sympathies play the same rôle as do convictions and arguments in the struggle, for no two Spaniards have the same opinion on anything. If A has an important position and B leans on him, if C enjoys the support of B, and D the protection of C, D may be quite remote from A, all of which makes it difficult to calculate the true character of the ideologies and politics concerned.

In addition to the "Rightist" and "Centrist" ideologies, there is the *Falange*, in-

spired by José Antonio Primo de Rivera. He is the son of the old military dictator (1923-1930) who had ushered in an forgotten Golden Age of stability which lasted seven years. Two of the three original founders of the *Falange* are now dead. Only García Valdecasas survives, and he has left the organization. These three were brilliant men. They were not fascists in the real sense of the term. For example, Alfonso García Valdecasas, whom I know personally, published an article in the January 1942 issue of *Estudios Políticos* in which he denounced totalitarianism, explaining that, whatever the fate of Europe, Spaniards never would be slaves and that for them the freedom and the dignity of the person always would be paramount. But the *Falange* strayed far from the original intents of its gifted founders. In 1937, a unification of three organizations—the *Falange*, the *Juntas Ofensivas Nacional-sindicalistas* and the Carlist Communion—was brought about by pressure from above. On all occasions the *boina roja* (red beret) of the Carlists is worn by the Falangists, and the white Bourbon flag with the symbols of Burgundy is flown side by side with the black and red Falangist banner. In spite of these symbols of amity, the Carlists silently left the *Falange*, which had taken in large numbers of Anarchists, Socialists and Communists. Consequently, the new *Falange* which now represents the Left wing of the Government has a subtle totalitarian tendency. It is especially in the syndicates that the *Falange* shows real life but, in spite of this, it would be erroneous to see in the syndicates free trade unions, genuine Estates, or completely artificial extensions of the government like the Russian *profsoyuzi*. The syndicates have, within limits, free elections and show a life of their own. Elected representatives cannot be entirely indifferent to the views of their electors. Thus the syndicates and the *Falange* are anti-capital, anti-monarchy, anti-liberal, and, at times, also anti-clerical.

If the *Falange* is the "Left" within the Government, the monarchists are the

“Right.” The *Falange*, strictly speaking, is a less homogeneous group than the “Left” because it is divided between the more dynamic Carlists and the milder Alphonists, though it must be acknowledged that in the absence of any effective Carlist pretender this particular division is becoming obsolete. The dissent between the parliamentary monarchists is of greater importance, for some of them are eager to return to the constitutional ideas of the *fin de siècle*, and others aim at a monarchy with a popular representation moulded after older patterns believing that Spain could not withstand the strain of ideological parties eager to “conquer the State.”

Approaches to a monarchical solution also are disparate. There is a schism between those totally opposed to the present Government and living theoretically or practically in some sort of emigration, and those like Professor Rafael Calvo Serer who believe in a restoration through the dictatorship. This latter group is prompted to its view partly by its opposition to a restoration by a plebiscite and partly by its equally justified fear of a violent change upsetting the dearly-bought inner stability so important to contemporary Spain. But all monarchists would agree on a *mixed* government, thereby upholding the most ancient Spanish tradition of Crown and Cortes. If this seems strange, it should be recalled that popular representation in medieval Europe was born in Northern Spain and in the Pyrenees, and not in Britain! No sensible person in Spain wants an absolute form of government, whether monarchical or democratic.

The old Liberals also must be grouped more or less with the monarchists, for they once were the advocates and the godfathers of the Republic; today they frankly confess the failure of the experiment, realizing that their Republic was morally dead before the army attacked. Sometimes the old Liberals are under fire, and some of them are in disgrace, but Spain is a country where a man is never entirely discredited for having committed mistakes, and conse-

quently the intellectual position of many liberals continues to be strong. It may suffice to mention the names of Menéndez Pidal, Gregorio Marañón and José Ortega y Gasset. Two exiles, Salvador de Madariaga and Américo Castro, also should be included in this group. Their writings are read a great deal in Spain. Some of their works can be had only “under the counter” but they are cited freely and frequently by many authors.

There are also the army, with its paucity of intellectual ambitions (if we omit those of Jorge Vigón), and the Church—lay and cleric. The reader should be warned that my efforts to generalize about Spain must be taken with a grain of salt. When I mentioned to one of my Madrileño friends that Republican Spain had twenty-nine different parties, he pounded the table and said that this statement was an insult, for “There are twenty million different parties in Spain—as many parties as there are Spaniards!” Such a lack of uniform thinking also characterizes the Church. We find it on the right, in the center, and even left of the center. There also is a group, intellectually fairly important, usually referred to as the Christian Democrats, but one wonders whether the members would accept the label. The orthodox Christian Democrats in the rest of Europe insist on the supremacy of a parliamentary representation. They assume that majorities would vote for right principles, *i.e.* those of the Christian Democrats, “provided the whole truth could be presented to the masses.” It is difficult to imagine that the so-called Christian Democrats of Spain really entertain such optimism. Still, the Christian Democrats as well as a large part of the Church exercise a loyal opposition against the Government. They may or may not collaborate with each other, because in Spain one can collaborate and oppose at the same time. They do not do so as “democrats,” but as “liberals,” as staunch upholders of the Christian Liberties.

Even the existence of Cardinal Segura, the *bête noire* of international Protestantism

and the despair of good Catholics the world over, did not contradict this statement. The old gentleman was powerless because he had a Coadjutor-Archbishop in his city. He did not admit this dignity to the palace; he fought furiously against Pope Pius XII whom he voted against in the Conclave, against Franco, against the Protestants, against the liberal monarchists, against the collaborating Carlists, against modern dances including the waltz. Before the arrival of the Coadjutor-Archbishop, Msgr. Bueno Monreal, he put the solemn Interdict on a village for engaging in modern dances during a fiesta and deprived the inhabitants of the Mass, the Sacraments and everything. A reactionary? No doubt, but at the same time he was a typical representative of Spanish individualism and extremism, reasserting by his personality that every Spaniard is an island, as well as a fortress in himself. It is apparent that generalizations about the Church in Spain are invalid. There is Cardinal Segura, but there are also the Bishop of Málaga and the Archbishop of Valencia, both of whom are Christian Democrats waging a determined fight for higher wages and the freedom of the press.

There always has been talk about the power of the Church in Spain, but we can well ask if such power ever existed. It did not exist during the Inquisition, for that was a governmental institution permitting institutionally organized ecclesiastics to serve the State as experts. Today the Catholic Church does not have even the exclusive right to pick her bishops. She is subject to limitations in her administration from which even the Adventists are exempt. The poverty of the Church already has been mentioned. Power implies supremacy or at least independence, and the independence enjoyed by a clergy paid by the State never is great—though it must be admitted that the old European tradition of biting the hand which feeds you permits the Church to oppose the Government in spite of its financial support. The Church in Spain does have prestige and a certain psychological

power because she alone has continuity in a turbulent and anarchical nation; she alone is a permanently moulding influence. Although the village priest in certain parts of Spain plays a minor dictatorial rôle, it is a rôle fiercely resented by a people hating all discipline unless it is voluntarily chosen in a sacrificial spirit or based on love. This characteristic explains the dominant position of Spain's religious orders and the army on one side, and the family and monarchy on the other. Spanish anticlericalism must be understood in the light of these conditions. The *campesino* who kisses the priest's hand today might club him to death tomorrow. The priest decidedly is not "the father," as in Hibernia. Anticlericalism may appear in the most unexpected quarters, even among daily communicants. Joaquín Calvo Sotelo's *La Muralla* owed its success on the stage to its featuring the domineering Don Angelo, a priest from a Galician village. The author of the play is the brother of the assassinated monarchist leader José Calvo Sotelo, whose death was the immediate cause of the Civil War. One nevertheless should not forget that, while well over ten thousand priests, monks and nuns were massacred in the Civil War, not a single case of apostasy has been recorded.

All this helps us understand why, when trying to unravel the skein of the Spanish governmental structure, we have difficulty in discovering a coherent pattern. At the top of the governmental machinery there is a colorful mosaic of personal ideas as well as of personal sympathies and antipathies and, as I have said before, every Spaniard is not only an island but also a fortress. Even family ties, in spite of their strength, are ideologically meaningless. Hence, we can see the self-defeating character of the communitarian notions prevalent in Protestant Northern Europe. Guilt by association is unknown. The intellectual leader of the collaborating monarchists fought with the International Brigades on the Red Side and is writing a book about his experiences; the idealism of his fellows-in-arms impressed him deeply. Franco's brother

Ramón was a leading Republican, and I made the acquaintance of his older brother Nicola in the house of one of the brain-trusters of the Service of the Republic, a historian who returned to Spain only in 1944.

People in Spain freely admit their political allegiance, past and present, and any control of the spoken word is out of question. Once at a banquet given for the writer by an important civil servant, a university professor (of the extreme Right) expressed himself in unprintable terms about the government. The high-ranking civil servant merely closed his eyes and shut his ears. This nonchalance inspired the hotblooded *catadrático* to improve on his invectives. The printing or distribution of subversive leaflets would be treated differently and the death penalty would be invoked for the preparation of an armed revolt. The mere possession of arms is dangerous. Strikes are forbidden in Spain, but they happen, even on a large scale. As for local freedom, the power of the local diets varies. Some of them are effective, while others are not. The local diets of the Basque provinces of Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya are mere rubber stamps, but not that of Álava. The diet of Navarre, by its opposition, even evicted the governor imposed by the Madrid government.

Spain is centrally ruled, and this is opposed by the extreme Right, all monarchists—especially by the Carlists—and by certain Liberals. The typical *old* Liberal was an unabashed centralist trying to put over progressive Madrid notions on backward provinces—with the force of arms if necessary. This evil heritage of the otherwise brilliant Charles V, with its wars against Comuneros and their *fueros* (local privileges and rights), enjoys Falangist protection. Even so, the Catalan language has made its reappearance; it enjoys no official status, but books in Catalan are printed and I have seen them in the bookstores of Barcelona. At official occasions (but against official regulations) *Gernikako arbola*, the Basque hymn, has been sung.

One of the weakest spots of the régime is the censorship of newspapers, periodicals and books. From time to time a shrewd writer or publisher can put it over the censor, but an article like "Our Corrupt Bureaucracy" published several years ago in *Ya* (a Catholic, rather "demo-Christian" daily) is rare and invites repercussions. The same thing is true of movie censorship, and for Americans the notions underlying the workings of these controlling bodies will remain mysterious. They remind one roughly of Russia before 1905. The censors are generous enough to permit the rise of a valuable literature, but they also are narrow enough to kill here and there the publication of a good book or a brilliant article. A leftist movie like *Le salaire de la peur* passed the censor, but *Gentlemen's Agreement* was banned because anti-Jewish feeling does not exist in Spain and the government did not want the people to "get ideas" on that subject. It was privately shown—*quod licet Iovi, non licet bovi!*—and so was *The Little World of Don Camillo*. The Church liked the latter, but the State opposed it because it belittles the danger of Communism. And there is no doubt that the public would have been baffled by the representation of Italian communists, knowing as they do the ferocity of their own brand.

The case of Professor Rafael Calvo Serer shows what can happen to a man who openly defies the Government. This young monarchist leader published in 1953 a highly critical article, "Interior Policy of Franco's Spain," in the French rightist *Écrits de Paris*. He lost all but two of his jobs—that of a full professor (which is sacrosanct) and that of a publisher (which belongs to the private sphere). The scandal shook Spain, but in a healthy way. No legal action could be taken against him.

After all, it was a Spaniard, St. John of the Cross, who said that one human thought is worth more than the whole visible world. Spain has remained intellectually very much alive; interesting currents and ideas are clashing constantly. But the world

seemingly takes little notice of what is happening in this cerebral and spiritual power station. And a power station it remains because totalitarianism was avoided. No one in Spain dreams of removing Picasso's paintings from the Museum of Modern Art because Picasso is a Communist, or of prohibiting the playing of F. Garcia Lorca's dramas because this poet was a confirmed Leftist. Only a few years ago, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts sent a telegram of congratulation to Picasso. The great poet Antonio Machado was a partisan of the Reds who went to Mexico in exile and died there, but during my stay in Spain the University of Madrid honored him in a celebration. Even the *Falange* could not prevent such acts because Spain is a country of fanaticism and toleration, mixed beyond the comprehension of the average Anglo-Saxon. Spain also has one of the most severe penal codes of Europe, yet one of the mildest legal practices. The number of those who have been more than once *en capilla* ("in chapel," the night before their execution) and then pardoned and released, is not inconsiderable. Nor, must I confess, was I ever impressed with the charge that the government still has half a million political prisoners years after the Civil War. Such mass jailings would have been technically impossible but—and this is the terrible truth—they would have been justified as retributions for common crimes like arson, murder, rape, and mutilation. Even today in Spain there are thousands upon thousands of real criminals and accessories of crimes who have never paid the smallest installment of their debt to society. To draw a parallel between the American War Between the States and the Spanish Civil War would betray a fantastic naïveté.

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Spain enjoys a certain geographical isolation and, due to the extraordinary cheapness of life in the Peninsula, Spaniards are infrequently seen abroad. The money exchange favors us, but is against them. The isolation of Spain produces the educated

Spaniard's amazing reading knowledge of foreign languages and his surprisingly limited oral proficiency. Spain knows more about the outside world than we know about Spain. But in spite of this knowledge, the Spaniards lost their orientation during the years of the Civil War, the World War, and the subsequent period of artificial isolation. The French for several years allowed no trains to cross into Spain. I have met an intelligent Catholic who confessed to me that he knew practically nothing about the persecution of the Church by the Nazis during the World War. Only in 1943, while studying in Switzerland, did he learn the terrible truth. On the other hand, I met a *Requeté* (Carlist) lieutenant on the front during the Civil War who deeply regretted that the *Cruzada* was directed against the Communists only. "We ought to shoot the Nazis as well," he said with a sideglance at the German specialists of the signal-corps.

The world is most ignorant of the social conditions in Spain. The tourist usually sees the glaring class differences, i.e. the tendency of the rich to display their wealth and of the paupers to parade their misery. This is the basis of the most curious of all myths—that Spain (or Portugal, or Italy) has no middle class whose mere presence "guarantees democracy" . . . as if the large German middle class piously refrained from Nazi affiliations! Almost every country in our times has a large middle class—hordes of civil servants, white collar employees, teachers, army and police officers, managers, administrators, doctors, lawyers, pharmacists, shopkeepers, and specialized craftsmen. Spain also has its quota of all classes which psychologically are very close to each other and possess political affinities clearly crossing class lines. I know of a Catalan entrepreneur who was an anarcho-syndicalist. Nothing is easier in Spain than to move from one class to another; the monarchy which lasted until 1931 was extremely liberal in the distribution of titles. Incidentally, Spain possesses no genealogical handbook of the nobility like *Debrett's*, *Burke's* or the *Gotha*. Social

mobility in Spain always was strongly developed, and the intelligent boy of the lower layers has no difficulty in rising in the social scale. A university professor told me with a certain pride that his mother barely knows how to write; and if you see a soldier talking to his officer, a servant to his master, or an agricultural worker to a grandee, you will see the expression of a profoundly Catholic egalitarianism. Spain, certainly, is not the country of the "Common Man," but rather is the nation where everybody is a grandee. I still remember the policeman who furiously shouted at a tattered young boy crossing against the light on a ramshackle bicycle, "*Caballero, don't do that again!*" And in a trolley car or in a subway a *caballero*, however well born, would offer his seat to the simplest woman of the people. There is arrogance in Spain, but it is the arrogance born of pride, never that stemming from contempt or condescension.

The economic situation is still the Achilles heel of Spain. The improvement since the lifting of the blockade is astounding, but the problem of a decent living standard for the masses has not been solved. The question remains whether, taking the existing material resources into consideration, it can be solved at all. I am inclined to believe, along with a score of economists, that the living standards of Spain could be doubled—but never tripled—if there were no political upheavals, revolutions or wars, and if proper use were made of modern improvements in industry and agriculture. The living standards ought to be tripled to reach a truly satisfactory level. It is possible that the use of nuclear energy will change the picture. But an extremely barren country without sufficient water for power or irrigation and without sufficient coal will have a hard time. To all these problems one has to add an annual population increase of about 500,000. Certainly mere "social justice" alone could not do the trick. A radical redistribution of wealth would wipe out the upper layers without benefiting the lower. The layers to be de-

spoiled are not sufficiently large or wealthy. Financial experts have estimated that in Madrid only seven thousand individuals have incomes greater than three thousand dollars a year; although, to be sure, this expresses a purchasing value about double that amount in the United States.

The advances made during the last six years, and especially during the last three, have been due mostly to the stability of the country and not to American dollars. The amount of American money available is not great, but one must blame the *Generalissimo* for this. He, I am told on very good authority, is ready to accept every direct aid as cash from the United States treasury, but is cautious about permitting foreign investments. Like a good housewife, he does not want his country to borrow money; Spanish pride conflicts with the exigencies of a free economy. Perhaps, as in other domains, a healthy dose of neo-liberal thinking would help remedy the situation. The beneficent effects of permanence and continuity nevertheless are becoming apparent in many domains, especially in foreign policy and economics. At long last, the Spanish citizen has the feeling that a hundred *pesetas* in a bank will still be there in a few years, and in addition a small profit; the investor is beginning to feel that the same laws, the same currency, and the same general economic conditions will prevail in the near future; the lower classes can trust the bankbills and the reliability of savings banks. State intervention in the economic life, enforced semi-autarky, restrictive monetary measures, the multiplication of controls—all this could not prevent economic reconstruction. In the realm of foreign policy Spain has become a trump card because, unlike the democracies, no election can change overnight the government's outlook. Stability is the main problem of Spain, and this is something the Liberal Monarchy or the Democratic Republic never will be able to give, as is apparent from the history of Spain since 1808.

Careful scrutiny of the lower social layers discloses that the lower middle class has the

hardest time of all. The Government is so eager to win the workers because of their crucial political importance that it neglects the bourgeoisie. True, the workers are modestly paid; the Bishop of Málaga and the Archbishop of Valencia have repeatedly emphasized the necessity of increased wages. Even though the living standards of the Spanish worker are pitiful, he avoids misery by one of the most complete social security systems in the world. The tourist travelling through Spain sees again and again the enormous establishments of the *Previsión Social*—administrative buildings, hospitals, sanatoria—and the newly rising *Universidades Laborales* for the adult education of workers and peasants. The *Auxillio Social* of the *Falange* also does its share and its general impression on the workers is surprisingly good, better even than their actual situation. While the German worker spends most of his money on his home and the French worker on his food, so the Spanish worker first of all tries to look like a *caballero*. While watching the stream of workers coming from a factory in the outskirts of Barcelona I was reminded of American rather than European “looking standards.” The housing situation, on the other hand, is still poor, although the Government makes honest efforts to overcome the crisis and the current building activity is feverish. Every ten months about fifty thousand apartments are completed, but even this number is insufficient.

Has the Spanish worker been won over to the Franco régime? Judging by my own talks with workers, I do not think so. Perhaps the Spaniards at large, not only the workers, could not be enthusiastic about any régime or government. Every Spaniard, whether he realizes it or not, and regardless of whether he looks towards Rome, Manchester or Moscow, is first and foremost an anarchist. Yet the Spanish workers, though not accepting inwardly this or any other government, have ceased to be imbued with a spirit of unconditional resistance. The bitterness which I experienced in 1949 is gone, and there is every sign of a *détente*.

The youngest generation born during or after the Civil War tends to be apolitical; the young worker in most cases is a materialist, as he would be in Germany. He is interested in football, motor scooters, the *corrida*, and other small pleasures. Politics have become a purely intellectual pursuit for people who read books and foreign newspapers. It is largely the university youth who is actively interested in political questions now that the problem of physical well being has received a passable solution.

While speaking so often about the defects of the régime we should not forget the defects of the Spaniard himself as a worker. There is a fine tradition of Spanish craftsmanship, but there is none of impersonal mass-production. As soon as the personality of the worker is divorced from his product, he loses pride and interest. Being extremely clever in intellectual improvisations, the Spanish worker often is irresponsible, lazy, and without endurance when forced into the ways of modern production. Here we are facing Spain's third great problem—the painful education of the workers to accept the seriousness of their work. This is one of the points in the program of the Catholic Lay order, the *Opus Dei*. Unfortunately, there is a scarcity of equipment and a lack of planning. For instance, the program of road improvement is being carried on without the help of modern machinery. And over all, there is the Spaniard's desire to live a personal life in a manner that is an obstacle to maximal working activity. Higher civil servants often will not work more than four or five hours a day, and the situation in private enterprises is about the same. The worker, forced to work longer hours, revenges himself by slowing down.

The problems of rural Spain are very much alike. There is a national necessity for greater production, yet the agricultural worker, protected by a host of social laws, is extremely relaxed. And let no one believe that higher wages would result in more work. Experience shows that the contrary would be the consequence. Social reform, which means agrarian reform in the country-

side, is immensely difficult to enact among people who do not crave material gains and to whom personality is paramount. Peasants transferred from poor soils, where they eked out a miserable existence, to good lands subdivided from large properties, have sneaked back to their native village. The problem of the landless proletariat, especially in the south, is equally difficult to solve. The Spaniards, with the exception of those in the extreme north, never have been serfs and are not easily managed. The whole spirit of the countryside, moreover, is complex. The resistance against modern methods of agriculture is tremendous. Progressive methods are more likely to be found on the large estates. I know of a village opposing the installation of a telephone because it might be used to call the *Guardia Civil*, "revenuers," or conscription officials. The villagers, quite rightly, smelled the rat—the extension of the long arm of the government.

Many *campesinos* are illiterate, but they are not stupid nor simple minded. Clever, superstitious, savage, and proud, they can get into the state of effervescence that we saw during the first months of the Civil War. There are landowners living today in the midst of rural populations which have collectively slain or raped their wives, daughters, sons, fathers, and mothers. A reading of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a book known and appreciated by almost every literate Spaniard, is a good preparation for understanding the rural problem in Spain. It is a human, moral and religious problem and not merely one of sociology and psychology, and must be tackled not only by the State and schools, but also by the Church. The rechristianization of Spain is more necessary than free elections or a free press.

The reader might assume that the ambitious Spaniard living in an unambitious, medieval nation would have tremendous opportunities. The waiter in a swank restaurant could collect big tips, the hard working peasant could use fertilizer methodically and build a small silo, the shrewd doctor

could answer every call—they all should easily forge ahead almost without competition. There is, actually, a constant upsurge of new blood from the lower layers, which is taking advantage of everything modernity has to offer. Spain's modern age indeed enters the country through the door of Franco's régime. For women, the hour of emancipation struck during a military dictatorship. This particular evolution runs its course from "up" to "down," from the internationally minded aristocracy and the *haute bourgeoisie* to the lower layers. In this domain the changes are so rapid that one speaks of "generations" of not more than five years. We see liberties granted to the slightly younger daughter of the "nice" upper middle class family which had been denied to the slightly older and now envious sister. She can travel alone, spend the night in a hotel, or have luncheon alone with an admirer. Today, the majority of the daughters of better families try to get the bachelor's degree, with the result that in Madrid two-thirds of the philosophy students are women.

Not all Spanish problems will be settled as easily as those we have described. We have to consider also the competition with industrial Europe and America which are richer in natural resources. This competition can be successful only with a heightening of the civic scene, with an increased acceptance of discipline, cooperation, and coordination. The worker must accept the sanctity of impersonal work—an acceptance very difficult in so anarchical a nation. We have mentioned the expectation of the Internal Revenue Board that more than seven thousand income tax returns would be forthcoming from Madrid. There were only seven hundred! In Barcelona the government hoped for eight thousand declarations, but there were only fourteen! In Barcelona, of course, a real conspiracy had taken place. In the face of such furious opposition, even an authoritarian state is powerless. Any attempt to convict and jail the resisters would disrupt industry and commerce. When a "progressive" govern-

ment abolished the Inquisition in the eighteen-twenties and replaced it with the police, a rebellion immediately broke out in the conservative regions. The battle-cry was "Viva la Inquisición! Muera la Policía!" The Inquisition, ridiculed as totally ineffective by Ticknor in 1816, was interested only in faith and morals, but the modern police put its nose into everything. With such anarchical tendencies in Spain and in the whole Catholic and Greek-Orthodox southern Europe, one might seriously ask the question whether the Fascist (but not the Nazi) phenomenon might not have had the character of a desperate effort to render various nations of Southern Europe capable of competing with the highly disciplined North. The English travellers were delighted when Mussolini made the Italian trains run on time, and the Italians took pride in the appreciative enthusiasm of their visitors. No technological civilization is possible without a fair amount of discipline. The rise of Europe's Northwest and of the United States forced the South and the East to seek an artificial discipline. The Italians found it temporarily in Fascism; the Spaniards at present tolerate a military dictatorship.

Another crucial point in the understanding of Spanish affairs is the Anglo-Saxon-Continental misunderstanding about the forms of government. Such forms, obviously, can be only means to an end—the Common Good. Here again the arch-continentals, especially the Spaniards and the Russians, trying to imitate the highly successful patterns of the Calvinist world of Switzerland, Holland, and Anglo-Saxony, produced only short democratic interludes under the Zamoras, Azañas and Kerenskis, all of which foundered in Civil Wars, One-Party-Rule or Military Dictatorship. The anglomania of so many Continentals was terribly supplemented by the political messianism of the Anglo-Saxons operating with their concepts of politically "mature" and "immature" nations. Democracy is one of the oldest forms of government, and it went into bankruptcy for the first time 2,300

years ago where the King of the Hellenes rules today.

It is even questionable whether civil liberties could, or even should, be made into a reality overnight. Nothing is more obnoxious than a censored press. A Spanish friend, a brilliant mind, once described to me in detail the boredom he experiences in reading the Spanish papers, and I heartily agreed with him. But I asked my friend if complete liberty of the press might lead to an abuse of such freedom, whereupon he conceded that complete and total demagoguery would be the automatic result. "Oh, there simply must be a censorship," he said emphatically. "What I am kicking against is the fact that it is so narrow and not generous. What we need before anything else is enlightenment, *ilustración!*"

The basic differences between the English-speaking and the Hispanic worlds are sometimes so overwhelming that one frequently is tempted to despair of an understanding between them. The Spaniard is not like you and me, he is not "regular." What Alexander Herzen said about Russia is equally true of Spain: "We never are going to be Protestant, we never are going to be *juste milieu*." Remember that Philip II had a *Te Deum* sung after hearing that the Armada had been destroyed. Visualize the art of El Greco linking Byzantium and Spain, and also the work of Goya, and then reflect on the outcry of the "Great Liberal," Miguel de Unamuno, who said several years before 1936 in his *Life of Don Quijote*, "Una nueva guerra civil, es lo que necesitamos!"

Now imagine the new American establishment right in the middle of this extraordinary country. I think that this encounter of the Anglo-Saxon and the Hispanic world is an experiment which could be made to bear rich fruit. We are not thinking here of the purely military aspect, but of the human contacts which are being established. A few *Madrileños* are furious because they cannot get a new telephone since Americans allegedly enjoy a priority. But intelligent Spaniards view the encounter in a different

way. They especially hope that American examples and influences in the realm of economics will deter the government from its socializing tendencies and prevent its veering into a subtly totalitarian welfare state of the North European pattern. Americans in Spain are making mistakes. Their military authorities paid fabulous wages when they were building airdromes only to see the workers stay home after making enough money to last a month or two. But the Americans are learning fast, and fruitful exchanges of views and patterns of life are taking place. Even *beisbol* (baseball) games between American military and Spanish teams are gaining in popularity.

Americans in Spain, if they evaluate correctly what they hear and see, will fulfill an important mission. They will repeat neither the *New York Post* version of "Franco-Spain" (according to which the "wealthy fascist landowners are jailing progressive artists and intellectuals") nor the *Ave Maria Chimes* tale of Spain being the Papal Encyclicals come to life; they will recognize that the present government in its own limited ways makes sincere, if often abortive, efforts to further the cause of the Common Good. They will have discovered the five problems of Spain: religious regeneration through instruction, stability and continuity, the sanctification of work, the slow and painful adaptation of a technical civilization and last, but not least, the problem of political reconstruction in the light of freedom and the dignity of man. They also will discover the continental inability to copy alien political patterns. *Realista* means "royalist" no less than "realist." For the Continent and Latin America, the running after the will-o-the-wisp of Anglo-Saxon political ideas and the starry-eyed surrender of their own political genius has been an almost unmitigated tragedy. These five problems are the real problems and not the right of the Seventh Day Adventists to hold public processions, the enunciations of a sick Cardinal in Seville, or illiteracy in the Sierra Morena. In the light of these

fundamental problems, Americans in Spain will understand the wickedness of the quixotic Allied policy after E-Day. This policy tended to isolate Spain morally and economically and brought untold suffering, not to the breakfast tables of high Spanish bureaucrats, but into the homes of countless Spaniards in humble stations of life. One also must remember and pity those misled Republican exiles in France who were unscrupulously incited to cross the Pyrenees for an armed conquest of Spain—and were clubbed to death by irate Navarrese peasants.

Americans in Spain also will discover that a constructive, critical, but at the same time respectful relationship between the United States and Spain is of great importance for Western Hemisphere relationships. In the English-speaking world, the United States has taken over the leadership because of the size of its population and its dynamism, but Spain is still the greatest of all the Hispanic nations and Madrid continues to be the cultural center of the Spanish-speaking world. Mexico City, and not great Buenos Aires, is its nearest competitor. A walk through the streets of Madrid, brimming with vitality, shows that this is true—the tags of South- and Central-American cars, the accents of the republics beyond the seas, the recurrent Indian, Negroid, and Malay features of many of the passers-by, students, tourists and merchants alike, testify to it.

I left Spain after a prolonged stay by a railroad whose gauge is even broader than the Russian. Austria seems to be hanging midway between these two powerful cornerstones of Europe, but I felt at home in Spain. United for centuries by a common dynasty, both countries were pillars of the Counter-Reformation, both won their positions by resisting Islam, both nations expressed themselves artistically through the Baroque, and both now are cultivating an introspective way of life. I marvelled how faith and history could mould peoples of such different origins into so similar a cast.