

JOSÉ ANTONIO
PRIMO DE RIVERA

Selected Writings

EDITED AND INTRODUCED
BY HUGH THOMAS

Roots of the Right
General Editor: George Steiner

ROOTS OF THE RIGHT
READINGS IN FASCIST, RACIST AND
ELITIST IDEOLOGY

General Editor: **GEORGE STEINER**
Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge

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PRIMO DE RIVERA**
SELECTED WRITINGS

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PRIMO DE RIVERA
SELECTED WRITINGS

Edited and Introduced by

HUGH THOMAS

*Professor of History,
University of Reading*

Translations from the Spanish by

GUDIE LAWAEZT



HARPER TORCHBOOKS

Harper & Row, Publishers

New York, Evanston, San Francisco, London

This book was originally published by Jonathan Cape Ltd., 30 Bedford Square, London WC1, England, in 1972. It is here reprinted by arrangement.

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First HARPER TORCHBOOK edition published 1975

STANDARD BOOK NUMBER: (PAPERBACK) 06-131885-X

75 76 77 78 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

The Intellectuals and Dictatorship	35
The Basic Elements of the Liberal State	41
Violence and Justice (Letter to Julián Pemartín)	46
On the Occasion of the Foundation of the Spanish Falange	49
Basic Points	58
Addressing the Cortes: On the Totalitarian State	68
Man is the System (Introduction to Mussolini's <i>Fascism</i>)	70
Addressing the Cortes: On Catalonia	73
The Flageolet and the Lyre	75
Speech at the Funeral of Matías Montero	77
Interview Granted by José Antonio to the Newspaper <i>Ahora</i>	78
Addressing the Cortes: The Basques and Spain	84
Proclamation of the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S.	88
Some Thoughts on Nationalism	98
A Manifesto to the Spanish People	105
Addressing the Cortes: An Assessment of the Dictatorship and the Need for a National Revolution	108
Letter to General Franco	124
Manifesto to the Membership of the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S.	128
Guidelines of the Falange: the 26 Points	132
Addressing the Syndicate of University Students (S.E.U.)	138
Spain and Barbarism	141

Before a Parting of the Ways in World Political and Economic History	149
Speech on the Subject of the Spanish Revolution	175
Addressing the Cortes: On Spanish Foreign Policy On Revolution	190 200
Extract from the Closing Speech of the Second National Assembly of the Falange	205
Politics and the Intellectual: Words Addressed to Ortega y Gasset	215
Addressing the Cortes: On the Nombela Affair	221
Circular to all Territorial and Provincial Leaders of the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S.	225
On the Eve of the Elections	231
Circular to all Territorial and Provincial Headquarters and to those of the J.O.N.S.	236
Letter to the Soldiers of Spain	238
Letter to a Spanish Soldier	244
To all Territorial and Provincial Headquarters	254
To all Territorial and Provincial Headquarters	258
To the Front Line in Madrid	260
José Antonio's Last Manifesto	262
José Antonio's Last Will and Testament	265
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE	271

GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

Reliable estimates put at about seventy million the figure of those dead through war, revolution and famine in Europe and Russia between 1914 and 1945. To all but a few visionaries and pessimistic thinkers of the nineteenth century the image of such an apocalypse, of a return to barbarism, torture and mass extermination in the heart lands of civilized life, would have seemed a macabre phantasy. Much of the crisis of identity and society that has overshadowed twentieth-century history comes from an impulse towards totalitarian politics. The theory of man as a rational animal, entitled to a wide exercise of political and economic decision, of man as a being equally endowed whatever his race, has been attacked at its religious, moral and philosophic roots. The most 'radical' attack — 'radical' in that it demands a total reevaluation of man's place in society and of the status of different races in the general scheme of power and human dignity — has come from the Right.

Using the concept of the Fall of Man, of man as an instinctual savage requiring total leadership and repeated blood-letting, a number of elitist, racist and totalitarian dreamers and publicists have offered an alternative statement of the human condition. Fascism, Nazism, the programme of the Falange or the *Croix de Feu*, represent different variants of a related vision. Although this vision is often lunatic and nakedly barbaric, it can provide acute, tragic insights into the myths and taboos that underlie democracy.

Because the political and philosophical programme of the Right has come so near to destroying our civilization and is so alive still, it must be studied. Hence this series of

source-readings in elitist, racist and fascist theory as it was articulated in France, Germany, Italy, Spain and other national communities between the 1860s and the Second World War. These 'black books' fill an almost complete gap in the source material available to any serious student of modern history, psychology, politics and sociology (most of the texts have never been available in English and several have all but disappeared in their original language). But these books also touch on the intractable puzzle of the co-existence in the same mind of profound inhumanity and obvious philosophic and literary importance.

GEORGE STEINER

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are grateful to Señorita Pilar Primo de Rivera for her kind permission to quote from the works of her late brother.

INTRODUCTION

I

It is difficult for the visitor to modern Spain to avoid coming quickly into contact with José Antonio Primo de Rivera. Streets, squares, schools and libraries are called after him. Even the Gran Vía in Madrid, so long famous for its *paseos*, has been renamed the Avenida José Antonio; and on countless walls of churches or other public buildings his name is inscribed, accompanied by the symbol of Yoke and Arrows, and by the somewhat mysterious exclamation *Presente!*: '*José Antonio, Presente!*'

When the casual traveller asks, as occasionally he surely must, who precisely this individual was (or is, since he is always present), the answers he gets are likely to be muffled. The founder of the Spanish Fascist Party? But what happened to that? The son of the old dictator of the 1920s, General Miguel Primo de Rivera? But, in that case, if the general is to be commemorated (as well he might be in a country which has experienced a subsequent military dictatorship for over thirty years), why is it the son who is remembered?

The truth is that the cult of José Antonio (for it is by his Christian name that he is always remembered) is a characteristic emanation of the present Spanish scene; and, as is sometimes the case with cults, it is not perhaps very closely connected with the personality and the achievement of the man concerned. An official explanation for this emphasis on José Antonio would doubtless be that, as the founder of what was indeed the closest approximation to a fascist movement in Spain, the Spanish Phalanx (*Falange Española*), he naturally

deserves to be commemorated by a regime which owes something, at least, to his ideas; an unofficial explanation might be nearer the mark in suggesting that José Antonio, who died in his thirty-fourth year, is offered by the regime as the symbolic representative of a generation of young men of promise who were killed in the civil war in Spain of 1936 to 1939.

In some respects, however, both these judgments over-value his importance. The movement led by José Antonio can scarcely be said to have been among the major causes of the war (he himself was not really a man of violence, though his speeches provoked unrest and terror); but some of his followers, at least, helped to assemble the pyre for the fearful bonfire of political hopes constituted by the civil war.

José Antonio remains, indeed, a little elusive. This is partly because his reputation and fame have increased since his death; partly because he was a man of charm and good looks, friendly with, and even loved by, his enemies; and partly because his writings, though often juvenile and unthought-out, do have a definite place in, even influence over, the Spanish authoritarian regime which grew out of the civil war.

José Antonio was born in 1903 of an Andalusian family, the owners of a small property, which had given many officers, some of them distinguished, to the Spanish Army in the course of the nineteenth century. His great-uncle, Fernando, was a captain-general and became a marquis because of his exploits in the Carlist wars. He took the title of Marquis of Estella, after an important Carlist town in Navarre which he had himself captured. This title eventually passed to José Antonio through his father who was, however, always known by his surname. General Miguel Primo de Rivera was one of the few officers who survived with credit the long years of national and military frustration in Spain characterized by the Cuban

rebellions, the Spanish-American War and the Moroccan troubles. He rose steadily to become captain-general of Catalonia at a time when there was virtual civil war in that province between the anarchists and the police. His success in controlling, with sang-froid, this difficult situation made him a national figure. In 1923, in circumstances still a little obscure, Primo de Rivera staged a *pronunciamento* of the type often carried out in Spain in the course of the nineteenth century, and established himself for seven years as dictator of Spain under the king.

There were two reasons for the overall success of this dictatorship. It happened at a time when, in Spain as in the rest of Europe, the terms of trade were generally favourable, with the result that Spain enjoyed during these years a steadily rising standard of living, based on increased investment and a larger share of world trade. It was understandable, therefore, that the Spanish bourgeoisie should look back with some nostalgia or affection to the time of the dictatorship from the depths of the depression, which was a time of democracy. In addition, these years, probably for the first time, posed, in however shadowy a manner, a new alternative to both democracy, in the style of North-Western Europe or the U.S.A., and socialism, in the style of the Soviet Union, as a means of industrializing the country.

The other successes of General Primo de Rivera were political. In conjunction with the French, he eventually concluded peace in Morocco; he also brought to an end a long period of anarchist violence and incipient rebellion or civil war in Spain. Throughout he was able to act moderately: there were political prisoners and political exiles (notably 'intellectuals'), but there seem to have been no murders of these people; and although Primo de Rivera maintained control of the press, censorship was mild in comparison with what it became under Franco or even under the republic during the civil war years. The

explanation for these successes is to be found not in anything in the way of political ideas, of which the General was largely ignorant, or in the political movement, the Patriotic Union, which he tried to found; but in, first, his own genial, self-indulgent and expansive character, and, second, the satisfaction felt by perhaps a majority of Spaniards in a time of relative stability after many years of political violence. Primo de Rivera was able to gain the collaboration of the Unión General de Trabajadores (U.G.T.), the socialist trade union, and, for several years, secured relative quiescence on the part of the anarchists. Only the students and a few prominent men of letters, such as Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset, were in constant opposition to him.

The dictator finally fell because of the coming of the depression and the consequent loss of confidence in his regime, felt even by his fellow army officers. But, after he had left for exile in Paris (where he died), the king whom he had served but who in the end had deserted him found it impossible to assure any new system of government which could preserve the monarchy. After a confused period, and following an adverse vote in municipal elections, the king abandoned Spain to an alliance of republicans, socialists and separatists.

At this time, José Antonio was in his late twenties and had begun to practise at the Bar. His father's dictatorship would naturally have had a great effect on him. It might very well have turned out that the son of so controversial and strong-minded a man would have reacted in a very hostile manner to his father's example. José Antonio, however, took upon himself the task of defending his father's memory, achievements and ideas, and of attacking those who seemed to have deserted him or fought him. This was, perhaps, the more surprising in that José Antonio was very unlike his father; where his father was self-indulgent, José Antonio was puritanical; where his father was a

typical anti-intellectual army man, José Antonio was something of an aesthete as well as an intellectual. Perhaps the real relationship between the two might be fruitfully analysed further, though this is not the place to do so. Of particular interest must be the question why José Antonio, in many ways a rational man, was so impressed by his father's much vaunted 'intuitionism', or reliance on hunches.

The Second Republic lasted in Spain from April 1931 until July 1936, when the country slid into the holocaust of a major civil war. This was a time of great political promise, innovation and vitality; but it was also a time of rising social tension. By 1936, the nation had become very highly politicized, and even bullfights were used as excuses for demonstrations or riots. Political parties rose and declined with astonishing swiftness and, though there were only approximately two and a half years of left-wing governments and two and a half of right-wing or right-of-centre governments, there were many changes of ministry.

To begin with, José Antonio was active as a monarchist, becoming secretary-general to a new body called the Monarchical Union. He said that he joined this group on the ground that most of its members were old associates of his father. In October 1931 he sought election to the constituent assembly in order to defend his father from the innumerable attacks then being launched against him. He was beaten but remained on the fringes of politics. Becoming increasingly disillusioned with parliamentary liberalism, and with the separatist legislation of the left-wing Cortes, he began to flirt with fascist ideas and so to enter into contact, in 1933, with some of the young men who were trying without much success to found a Spanish fascist movement. With a right-wing tradition so strong and so potentially authoritarian as existed in Spain, and with the army ready to play the role, in the twentieth century as in the nineteenth, of an armed political party,

this might have seemed superfluous. On the other hand, men such as Ramiro Ledesma Ramos and Onésimo Redondo, Spain's first serious fascists, were from the beginning hostile to the orthodox Right and always hoped for and anticipated social and radical, even revolutionary, change.

During 1933 José Antonio began to be canvassed by businessmen and financiers as a possible fascist leader, chiefly on the grounds that he was already in a strong position because of his name and that he was young, eloquent and personally appealing. José Antonio began to publish articles of a vaguely fascist character, and, in late 1933, he founded a new political movement, the Falange Española, at a meeting of the Teatro Comedia in Madrid (his speech on this occasion is given in full in the present anthology). At the same time he announced his candidacy for the next Cortes, and was successfully returned for one of the right-wing seats in his native province of Cadiz.

During the course of the winter of 1933-4 there was considerable pressure on some of the other radical right-wing parties to join with the Falange, and, in the end, a merger with the Juntas de Ofensiva Nacional Sindicalista (J.O.N.S.), an organization formed by Redondo and Ledesma, was cemented, the inaugural meeting of union being held in Madrid. José Antonio was one of the triumvirate of direction. A little afterwards, a student organization attached to the Falange was also formed, the Sindicato Español Universitario (S.E.U.). But at this stage, though the Falangistas, as they were known, were beginning to get some attention in the press, the whole movement was on a very small scale. There could scarcely have been three thousand members of the united group.

Violence, however, gave the group publicity. Spain at that time seemed already on the brink of an explosion. The emergence of a group which self-consciously pro-

claimed its belief in violence, as José Antonio's did, was certain to invite ripostes, even though, at the beginning, the Falange gave provocation only in words. Already there was sporadic street-fighting between socialists and anarchists in Madrid, and, during the winter of 1933-4, a number of young falangistas were killed by socialists, without, however, the Falange replying in kind. But shortly afterwards its members began to embark on the military training that several other political parties had already undertaken and, in the spring of 1934, falangista terrorism began its response — at first under the direction of a monarchist airman, Juan Antonio Ansaldo. The Falange seems to have drawn its first blood in June 1934 with the assassination of two young socialists.

This development was regretted by José Antonio Primo de Rivera whose taste for violence really extended little further than verses, but, in the prevailing climate, he could not have held back his followers, even if he had made any explicit ban. Thereafter, during the summer of 1934, assassination followed assassination, in dismal and ultimately pointless succession, until it became impossible for either side to keep track of the victims. José Antonio's role here seems to have been more that of a Hamlet than that of the man of destiny which fascist propaganda so imperiously demanded.

Apart from these gunfights with the Socialist Youth, the Falange had made little impact. José Antonio made occasional speeches in the Cortes which played no part at all in determining the course of events. The Falange soon ran short of money. José Antonio was able to procure subsidies from monarchists or bankers of the Right, but this seemed to Ledesma and other radicals much too compromising. They appreciated that what the monarchists and the others really wanted was a terrorist organization to fight the Left, from which they would reap the rewards but for which they would have no responsibility.

Troubles grew still further after Ledesma had set up a falangista workers' organization, the Confederación de Obreros Nacional Sindicalista (C.O.N.S.). Ledesma wanted a much more active policy than did José Antonio, who nevertheless, because of his popularity and personal charm, became sole leader of the movement at its first National Congress in October.

The armed national rising of the Left in October 1934 against the republic left the Falange in the unfamiliar and, to them, unwelcome position of having to defend the right-of-centre government; and, indeed, between then and February 1936, José Antonio, faced with a government which was at least anti-Left, if not fascist, never quite sorted out the ambiguity of his position. The movement slowly grew, particularly among students, but it lost some of its earlier and most dedicated members, such as Ledesma; it also lost right-wing supporters such as the Marquis of Eliseda, who disliked its anti-clerical tendencies. José Antonio's own position, however, grew in strength, though his more violent followers were continually begging him to be 'more fascist' or more 'stern and distant'. But José Antonio would not be hamstrung in this way: his enthusiasm for foreign fascism had been diminished by a visit to Germany, for he had been unimpressed by the Nazis; nor was he much taken by what he saw and heard when he attended (unofficially) a meeting of the so-called Fascist International at Montreux in 1935. It has, however, recently become evident that José Antonio received certain sums of money from the Italians, as did, indeed, the monarchists, Carlists and other anti-republican groups in Spain.

By early 1936, there seem to have been about 10,000 falangistas and perhaps another 15,000 sympathizers. This figure does not include several thousand students who, as students, were theoretically not allowed to join a political party. Perhaps three-quarters of the members were under

twenty-one and, though there was a sprinkling of upper-class members, most were from the large dissatisfied Spanish *Lumpenproletariat*.

Since the Falange seemed to be making no serious impact in national terms, José Antonio began to cast around for other allies, approaching, for example, the dissident anarchist group led by Angel Pestaña and the conspiratorial right-wing military group, the Unión Militar Española (U.M.E.). Nothing much came of this, however, and the Falange was still isolated at the time of the elections in February 1936 in which, essentially, the battle lines in the subsequent civil war were drawn. In this electoral contest José Antonio and the Falange sought at first to form an alliance with the Confederación Española de Derechas Autónomas (C.E.D.A.), the Christian democratic movement founded by Gil Robles and Angel Herrera, but failed to make a satisfactory compact. The consequence was disaster. No falangista, not even José Antonio, was returned: the Right in Andalusia was displeased with his radicalism.

The defeat of the Right and the victory of the Popular Front in fact assisted the Falange and indeed all advocates of extreme methods. Once the Left was in power, many people drifted towards the Falange out of despair at the efficacy of right-wing democratic politics. But for a time, while many of his followers were whooping for action, José Antonio himself was cautious: he seems to have wanted to give Azaña, the new Prime Minister, the benefit of the doubt and allow him the freedom to carry out his 'national liberal revolution'. For a time, too, he seems to have desired to create an understanding with Indalecio Prieto, the outstanding right-wing socialist, and even suggested that Prieto should assume the leadership of a socialist Falange. Neither of these hopes led to anything and, indeed, in the circumstances probably could not have done so. In the meantime, street brawls increased,

falangista members were killed almost daily by socialists in the streets and, within a month of the elections, on March 14th, the Falange was outlawed and most of its leaders gaoled as subversive.

From March until the civil war broke out in July, José Antonio and most of his fellow leaders remained incarcerated. José Antonio himself was formally tried, found guilty of illegal possession of arms and given a short prison sentence. Their control over those falangistas who remained at large was somewhat diminished, though prison discipline was not rigorous and it was possible to reconstitute a chain of command.

In the course of the summer, the Falange became more and more converted into the anti-republican terrorist group that the Right had always wished it to be. Many members of the Catholic Youth movement went over to the now clandestine Falange, and the street fighting grew worse. José Antonio continued to regret this but, in the mounting violence, there was little he could do. In the end, he agreed to collaborate with the army leaders' plot, and, when he failed to impose conditions, agreed to lend it his support with virtually no qualifications. But the rising was not immediately successful. A civil war slowly took shape. As it became clear, it also became evident that not only José Antonio but nearly all the leaders of the Falange were either in government hands or had been killed. José Antonio, in Alicante gaol when the war began (as he had been for the weeks immediately preceding it), could have had few illusions as to what his fate was likely to be. He was, in fact, eventually tried, with his brother and sister-in-law, for 'helping to prepare a military revolt against the republic'. He was condemned to death, and shot on November 20th, 1936.

II

The political philosophy of José Antonio is contained in a diffuse mass of journalism, speeches in the Cortes and elsewhere and, occasionally, in interviews or private exchanges. His political ideas were expressed in the metaphor, often repeated, of the two flagstones: one flagstone, pressed downwards from above, crushed out of the modern Spaniard the possibility of a new 'historical' role in keeping with the glorious past; the other flagstone, which lay beneath, crushed the hopes for social justice felt by the masses. In this uncomfortable position, the Spaniard seemed to be trapped. But 'our generation ... refuses to be resigned to living ... within the narrow confines' so suggested.* And in other speeches, José Antonio added more details to the picture so presented. Essentially, he was a critic of the 'liberal state', in which, after the (somewhat to be regretted) destruction of feudalism, 'you are free to work as you like', even though perhaps 'you will die of hunger in the midst of the utmost liberal dignity'. Of course, in this respect, Spain was, as José Antonio admitted, perhaps less badly off than the rest of the world, for, in the 'best cities of Europe ... endowed with the most exquisite liberal institutions, there were human beings, our brothers, living in ... horrendous red and black houses, trapped by grinding poverty, tuberculosis ... and anaemia ... only to be told from time to time ... how free they were'. The direct consequences of capitalism, in fact, were to ensure that European man 'no longer has his own house ... his inheritance ... his individuality ... his craftsman's skill ... feudal property was much better than capitalist property ... [under which system] the workers are worse off than slaves.' As for Spanish capitalism, it had been more rickety from

* All the quotations in this Introduction are taken from the text of the extracts which follow hereafter.

the outset than in northern Europe, where some great wealth and achievements were due to it: 'From the beginning, Spanish capitalism grasped for state aid and tariff concessions.' The situation was so bad that José Antonio seems to have agreed with the Marxists that capitalism was dying: 'the death-pangs of capitalism are a world-wide phenomenon'.

Other speeches by José Antonio went on to elaborate an appalling picture of the contemporary social order: the existing system of society 'maintains vast masses on the brink of starvation' and 'tolerates the gilded idleness of the few'. This was 'intolerable', as point 12 of the 26 points of 1934 put it. As he said on many occasions, where agriculture and the life of the countryside were concerned, 'life in our small towns is absolutely inhuman'. Though Spain could support 40 million inhabitants, 'an absurd distribution of land ownership and an inconceivable backwardness of irrigation ... is such that two million families at least live in far worse conditions than household animals'. 700,000 'unemployed with their families are starving because they are given no work ...'

Of course, there were organizations already existing anxious to change these things. But these were political parties, 'full of filth', creating by their very being 'a murky atmosphere and stale, like a tavern at the end of a dissolute night'. Prior to the birth of political parties, matters were a good deal more wholesome: in those days, 'peoples and individuals knew that above their own reason stood the eternal truth'; then came the time when men were told that neither truth nor lies were absolute 'and that votes can decide whether the fatherland should continue united or should commit suicide, and even whether God does or does not exist'. Men split up into groups, made propaganda, insulted each other. How horrible it all was, the politics of 'the small-town club-room ... with its brazier, its ... gossip, its ... cards'!

These remarks were directed above all at the regular political parties of Spain, from the Radicals to the Left Republicans, and included the orthodox right-wing parties and even the C.E.D.A. The orthodox Right simply stood for the maintenance of an unjust economic structure. The only exception was the socialist movement (oddly enough, José Antonio had little to say about anarchism). Socialism, he agreed, was in these circumstances inevitable; but it had ceased to be a movement for the redemption of man, it taught that the class struggle would last for ever, that history was materialistic, that religion was the opiate of the people, and that the fatherland was 'merely a word invented as a tool of oppression'. Admittedly, José Antonio always allowed himself to hint that he thought that a Spanish socialist was first and foremost a Spaniard, unlike the German 'laboratory Marxists', and he always hoped that, one day, the socialist would 'pledge himself to a national destiny'. Still, those were mere aspirations, while, for the time being, such vile doctrines as Marxism were popular, if understandably so, in the Spanish working class.

Surveying the Spanish political scene, José Antonio had really only two favourable observations to make; first, he had a word of approval for the Carlists or Traditionalists, who, he said, were the 'one group ... which has a truly Spanish positive vitality and a genuine combative tradition'; and second, he voiced his underlying belief that the hearts of ordinary people were still sound and potentially noble, even if 'poisoned by tortuous doctrines' and tormented by local notables. 'By God,' he remarked, quoting from an old comment about the Cid, 'how good a subject, had he but a worthy lord.'

In these somewhat gloomy circumstances, there was, as it seemed to José Antonio, something even more depressing: namely, the rise of Catalan and Basque separatism. It was here that, in his diagnosis of Spain's ills, José

Antonio was unable to keep from his writing a prescription of what should be done. The separatists concentrated on whether 'they speak a language of their own ... have ethnic characteristics ... a climate of [their] own,' but 'a nation is neither [merely] a language, nor a race, nor a territory'. Catalonia had developed a 'resentful separatism', attributable to 'a certain inability [on the part of others] to understand ... what Catalonia is really like'. The Catalans were not, as people often supposed, avaricious and practical; they were sentimental and saturated with poetry. The only way out of the situation was to develop a new Spanish poetry, 'capable of arousing in ... Catalonia a real interest in a total undertaking' from which Catalonia was at present diverted. As for the Basques, it was true that they had given to the world 'a collection of admirals', themselves enough to be 'the pride and joy of an entire people', not to speak of St Ignatius, but these and other creative contributions had only been possible when the Basques were united with Castile. Of course, a Catalonia — and presumably a Basque country — 'purged of separatist leanings' could look forward to certain decentralizing reforms, as could any other Spanish region. However, after the abortive revolution of 1934, in which Catalonia briefly proclaimed her independence, José Antonio spoke more harshly; separatism was a 'crime we shall not forgive'. (Like most Spanish 'centralists', if that is the right term for them, José Antonio, despite his Andalusian background, allotted a special place to Castile. Thus, in a speech in Valladolid in March 1934, he spoke of it as a 'quintessential land', which 'could not help but aspire ... to being an empire'. Castile, after all, had never known what it was like to be merely 'local'.)

It was when dealing with separatism and its iniquity that José Antonio spoke most directly, and succinctly, of his own general hopes or solutions. For it was a subject which reminded him, as it did many others, particularly

army officers, that the first aim of Spain, as conceived by those who really are able to apprehend the truth, is the 'perpetuation of its unity'. Separatism disregarded the fact that Spain is 'above all, one great INDIVISIBLE DESTINY'.

This might seem at first sight a rather vague doctrine and its author was quick to defend himself against such a complaint by leaping to the offensive. Some complained that he had no programme. But, 'Can you think of anything serious and profound that owes its existence to a programme? ... In better times there were not all these study groups, all these statistics, electoral rolls and programmes ... if we had a concrete programme, we would be just another party ... it is precisely its tempera-
ture, its spirit, which distinguishes this longing of ours, this undertaking ... What do we care about the corpora-
tive state, what does it matter whether the Cortes is abolished, if different organisms are going to continue churning out these selfsame cautious, pale, slippery and smiling youths, incapable of being aroused by any patriotic fervour?'

Nevertheless, there was a programme of a sort. 'The aims can be summed up ... unity ... The state must be a tool in the service of that unity ... on a basis of national solidarity ... vigorous and fraternal co-operation.' The nation, an 'absolute whole harbouring all individuals and classes ... [which] cannot be the domain of the strongest class or of the best organized party ... [but which should be] a transcendental synthesis ... [to] create ... the effective, the authoritarian, tool of ... an indisputable whole ... [by which would be achieved the] heart-felt fusion of all the peoples of Spain, however different they may be in an irrevocably common destiny.' Strong stuff no doubt, but still vague. However, José Antonio went on to argue that the new state would be constructed on the principles of family, municipality and union. These

would replace the 'intermediary and pernicious apparatus' of political parties. In place of the class struggle, there would be 'authority, hierarchy and order'. 'Ours will be a totalitarian state,' he says, in one of his 26 points of 1934; 'all Spaniards would play a part therein, through families, municipalities and trade unions ... none ... through a political party.' This, of course, would be the 'new order', to be achieved by a 'national revolution'.

These solemn aims were, however, not to be achieved by sheer brute force. The style of the revolution was certainly to be 'trenchant, ardent and militant', and life was to be a 'militia', to be lived in a spirit purified by services and sacrifice. But still the actual work was to be achieved by men conscious of the poetic stance of their behaviour. After all, he commented, 'None but the poets have ever moved a people ...' Only in this way could the fatherland be rediscovered and a country 'United, Great and Free', to use the slogan of Ledesma, be fully articulated.

Was all this merely an imitation of fascist movements abroad? José Antonio did not accept such an idea: 'Fascism', he said, 'is a universal attitude of self-recovery. We are told that we are imitating Italy. And so we do, to the extent that we are looking for our real *raison d'être* within ourselves ... By turning inwards, we shall find Spain.' If it was not imitation, was it sheer rhetoric? José Antonio would have denied that too: for he had given first, the method of getting into power, and second, some, though not many, detailed suggestions of how power should be exercised.

The method of getting into power was, and there is no escaping from it, the use of violence. In practice, as earlier suggested, José Antonio was far from being a fascist leader of the type of Mussolini, Hitler or Quisling or any other of the group of East European and other leaders who

eventually scrambled into a precarious eminence on the coat-tails of the German Army. But in his speeches and writings he was explicitly a man of force, even if, occasionally, the precise consequences of this attitude were hidden by euphemism, perhaps hidden even from himself. 'To begin by shooting is almost always the best way of getting to understand one another,' he said at Valladolid in 1935. Earlier, he had questioned: 'Who has ever said ... that kindness is at the apex of all moral values? ... It is fair enough that dialectics should be the initial instrument of communication. But there are no acceptable dialectics other than ... fists and pistols when justice or the fatherland is profaned.' And on another occasion he had recalled that useful passage in St Thomas Aquinas in which the saint argued that violence could be used against tyranny and so was 'not systematically reprehensible'. Why, therefore, could violence not be used against 'a victorious sect which spreads discord, disavows national continuity and obeys instructions from abroad'? And: 'The Spanish Falange, aflame with love ... will conquer Spain for Spain to the sound of military music.' There is little evasion here, even if in one passage José Antonio suggests that he hopes to avoid having to use force to maintain the new order once it was in power. So doubtless did many of its practitioners.

However, in several documents José Antonio went even farther than this. The young men of the Falange, though audacious and poetic, could not, he admitted, be expected to bring about the national revolution by themselves. From the time that he began to put himself forward as the Spanish version of a fascist leader, José Antonio never forgot that he was his father's son and that his father had introduced his version of national revolution, however inadequate, by using the army, or, as he might have put it, by permitting himself to be the instrument of the army's traditional role of maintaining Spain as Spain. Thus, in a

curious letter of 1934, just before the October revolution, he wrote to the chief of staff, General Franco, pointing out the danger of an irreversible Catalan secession should there be a socialist rising. Just after that revolution, he wrote that the 'armed forces have shone with the lustre of their martyrs' while, in 1935, he was plainly suggesting, in the first of several letters 'To Spanish soldiers', that the army was alone capable of bringing about the new order: 'when permanence itself is in danger, you no longer have the right to be neutral ... as Spengler has said, in the last resort civilization has always been saved by ■ platoon of soldiers,' an image which he repeated at least once in the course of the spring of 1936. The end of this letter was virtually an appeal to arms. In a passage entitled 'The Hazards of a Military Intervention', he encouraged the army to find a philosophy, to develop an evocative vision of history, such as, no doubt, his own vision, and such as his father, to his disadvantage, had never successfully developed or at least had never been able to communicate. (In one earlier speech, José Antonio had admitted that his father's political actions had lacked 'dialectic elegance' — a phrase meant to imply that the general had not dressed up his ideas to please intellectuals such as Ortega, who might otherwise have been expected to agree with him.)

These very explicit suggestions, or appeals, to the Spanish Army were repeated in the course of 1936. 'Spain's survival depends on you,' he wrote, by this time seeming to think that 'survival' and 'permanence' were more essential than he had done in calmer days. 'Spain's survival depends on you. Consider whether this does not oblige you to bypass those of your superiors who are knaves or cowards, to overcome all ... hesitations ... Swear by your honour that you will not fail to respond to the approaching call to arms.'

It is true that just before the actual rising of the summer

of 1936, when José Antonio was himself in gaol in Alicante, he began to express alarm lest the Falange might be swamped or even swallowed up in an alliance with the army; and a secret circular of June 24th gave vent to this anxiety. But five days later, on June 29th, he issued instructions by which Falange leaders were to collaborate with the military; and, in his so-called Last Manifesto, he expresses an almost total adhesion to the military leadership in the national coup d'état which he knew by then they were about to attempt, not so much to achieve a new order, or a national revolution, as to forestall a revolution of the Left.

Still, these last ideas before the holocaust were certainly developed in particularly adverse circumstances, and José Antonio, like most Spaniards, was seriously alarmed in the summer of 1936 about what might really happen. He had earlier written a good deal about the sort of economic and social changes that he would expect and favour in the course of a national revolution. For all his scorn for the corporate state, Spanish society, he hoped, would be organized along corporative lines, by means of vertical unions representing the different branches of production. This, of course, bore close similarity to what Mussolini had sought, not with complete success, to foist on the Italians. Still, perhaps José Antonio went a little further than Mussolini would have done in saying that capitalism would be rejected, because it 'disregards the needs of the people and dehumanizes private property, and transforms workers into shapeless masses'. 'We think of Spain as one huge syndicate of all those engaged in production,' he wrote, adding that 'The National Syndicalist state' — here was a new formulation — would not 'stand cruelly aloof from economic conflicts' but would 'prevent the abuses of partial vested interests as well as anarchy'. Private property would be protected against 'high finance, speculators and money-lenders'

but banks would be nationalized and the major public services would be run by 'public corporations'. All current social legislation would be 'intensified' and the involuntarily unemployed, a twentieth-century version of the deserving poor of sixteenth-century England, protected.

Of course, as in all self-respecting reforming political programmes of both Left and Right, there would, in José Antonio's, be an agrarian reform. This would extend over the whole range of agrarian production. Farmers would be guaranteed an adequate minimum price for all goods. A 'real system of national agricultural credit' would be introduced, agricultural technical education would be fostered and, a very optimistic note, production would be reorganized 'according to the suitability of the land'. Spanish agriculture would be protected by tariffs. Irrigation, afforestation and stock-breeding would be encouraged, the size of holdings rationalized, latifundia 'eliminated' if not fully exploited, and minifundia merged with their neighbours if not economic. Communal property would be restored. Rural capitalism would be swiftly dismantled by the simple expedient of cancelling the obligation to pay rent.

These schemes, of course, might very well fit into the programme of any political movement, as suggested earlier, and, as José Antonio presumably knew from the experience of the republic itself, were easier described than put into effect.

Several other passages scattered in José Antonio's speeches or writings give hints of other ideas for social reform, though most of these were only sketched in outline. Thus, state education, we hear, would seek to produce 'a stout national spirit' and 'a joyful pride in [the] fatherland'. All boys would have pre-military training in schools. As for the monarchy, José Antonio believed firmly that it had collapsed because it 'had fulfilled its

cycle'. The role of the Church was a sensitive subject: of course, 'any reconstruction of Spain' would have to have 'a Catholic manner', and that very reconstruction would have to be 'a crusade', a word used incidentally by propagandists of the nationalist movement to describe their effort in the civil war. 'Where can the exaltation of all that is genuinely national take us other than to an encounter with the Catholic invariants of our mission in the world?' But that did not mean that the state would take on religious functions or allow any interference or stratagems on the part of the Church which might jeopardize the dignity of the state. The roles of the Church and of the state would be carefully differentiated, and José Antonio seems to have tried to avoid any commitment on the critical question of religious education or the religious element in state schools. He also seems to have wished to suggest that religion itself would henceforth have a rather military character. Thus his famous remarks on Paradise suggest that the angels may be expected to be well armed with Toledo blades. Paradise, he told an audience in Madrid in 1935, should not be confused with a place of rest. 'Paradise is the opposite of rest. One cannot lie down in Paradise; one stands upright, like the angels.' This puritanical mood was in fact a general characteristic of his writing: and, in this respect, he even manages to find something favourable to be said of communism, which, at least, can be said to exhibit 'self-denial and [a] sense of solidarity'.

Two further questions remain: first, José Antonio's view of Spain's role in the world and, second, his view of the position within a movement such as he had founded of the person of the leader. On the first matter, he permitted himself one of the few comments which might have been taken over from the Nazis. For he believed apparently that 'Once again the world is tending towards being governed by three or four racial entities. Spain can be one

of these ...' Therefore 'prominent participation in the spiritual affairs of the world' must be one of the main aims of a reinvigorated country. 'We are committed to the empire,' he wrote; though he added later a little sadly, perhaps, a propos of Britain, 'an empire constitutes the historical fulfilment of a people, and if I had had the good fortune of being born of a people at the moment of its historical fulfilment, I would feel that all my efforts should be geared to the preservation of this state of fulfilment.' On these questions, he is perhaps a little contradictory, because we also find him saying in 1935 that the new order, which he hoped that he and his friends would implant into Spain, would be transmitted 'to Europe and the world'. At the very least, Spain would stop the odious policy of following the French lead in foreign affairs. That meant, of course, that any criticism of Italy over its Abyssinian policy would have to be abandoned, for it 'is far too late for us to be scandalized by any country embarking on a colonial campaign'.

Finally, leadership: here, José Antonio is at what must seem to the outsider to be his most beguiling, even to the extent of raising a doubt whether he was indeed the right man to carry through the series of changes which he had so boldly, if so roughly, sketched. 'To be a true leader,' we hear, "one must be something of a prophet, one must have such faith ... health ... enthusiasm and such anger as is incompatible with refinement. I personally would be suited to anything but the role of a fascist leader. The doubts and the sense of irony which never leave those of us who have had any ... intellectual curiosity make us incapable of uttering without a stutter those vigorous statements required of ... leaders.' And in a later article, where he has willy-nilly assumed that role, he remarked, 'True to our fate, we go from place to place, putting up with the embarrassment of public appearances, having to shout about what we do silently ... crippling ourselves

— that ... absurd sham of courting "public opinion" ...' As to the ideal leader, José Antonio leaves little room for doubt that, in his opinion, only one person in recent Spanish history deserves the title: namely, his father, 'an extraordinary *man*, in the fullest sense of the word ... with all the ... appeal to the multitude of a great captain of the Renaissance.' Mussolini, it is true, plays much the same part in Italian history, the 'hero become father', who listens to his daughter, the nation, breathing while she sleeps.

This accumulation of discordant ideas scarcely amounted to a political philosophy; but, often in an even more debased or popular form, they seemed to inspire some of the politicians who served the Nationalist side in the civil war.

The fate of the Falange during the Spanish civil war was most surprising. On the one hand, perhaps two-thirds of those who had been members before July 1936 were killed. The surviving third did not include any of the outstanding members of the party. But, nevertheless, vast numbers of members of other parties, even Leftists, rallied to the ruined falangista organization, while the philosophy of the Falange was allowed to characterize both the propaganda and the actual policies of the military commanders. During the winter of 1936 to 1937, after José Antonio's death, certain of the surviving old shirts (*camisas viejas*), as the falangistas of pre-July were known, attempted to put themselves forward politically; but, though many of their ideas were absorbed, they were outmanœuvred by General Franco and his brother-in-law Serrano Suñer, the ex-leader of the Catholic Youth and an old university friend of José Antonio. Franco and his colleague made many concessions to the falangistas so far as their ideas were concerned, but not so many to the individuals; the rump of the Falange leadership was forced into an unpopular merger with other political

groups supporting Franco, including the Carlists, and falangistas who opposed this were imprisoned. Within a few years of victory many falangistas of the early days were abandoning Franco in disgust, while others made their peace with him in return for good appointments and for other opportunities in the new military regime.

HUGH THOMAS

THE INTELLECTUALS AND DICTATORSHIP

Preface by José Antonio to the book *The Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera as Seen from Abroad*, published in 1931.

Written on December 8th, 1931

'Strictly speaking, there exist within each social class a mass and a genuine minority. As we shall see, the predominance of the mass and the vulgar herd, even in groups with a tradition of selectivity, is characteristic of our time. Thus, in the intellectual sphere, which by its nature requires and presupposes a degree of qualitative assessment, one observes the triumphant advance of the pseudo-intellectuals, who are constitutionally unqualifiable and disqualified.'

Had General Primo de Rivera ever written words of such harshness in any of his notes, what would the intellectuals have said of him? For the whiplash could not be sharper: it is not just a matter of certain inferior elements mingling with the intellectuals, but one of 'observing the *triumphant advance*', 'the *predominance* of the ... unqualifiable and disqualified', within the intellectual class as such. What would the comments have been if General Primo de Rivera had ever written such words? But these words are not his; they are, as indeed the style suggests, by someone who ought to know the intellectuals: by Ortega y Gasset.*

If I quote them here it is because the dictatorship's greatest handicap was probably its divorce from those whose craft is intellectual. Some day, when the years of dictatorship are chronicled ably and in detail, the

* 'La rebelión de las masas', *Revista de Occidente* (Madrid, 1929), p.16.

background to this division will have to be analysed. At such a time, two contradictory assessments will emerge. One will be advanced by those writers who in our time were hostile to the dictator: to them, it is all perfectly plain — the dictator could not possibly get on with the intellectuals because he himself was uneducated, unread and incapable of comprehending thoughts of a certain calibre; obviously he was wholly to blame for the absence of rapport between himself and the intellectuals. But is this assessment — laid down by the men of letters with their customary petulance — likely to prevail? Or will the contrary assessment gain ground? For among future historians there are bound to be some who will consider General Primo de Rivera to have been a magnificent, an extraordinary, specimen of humanity, whom an intellectual class, afflicted at times by 'the predominance of the mass', 'the triumphant advance of the pseudo-intellectuals, who are ... unqualifiable and disqualified', failed to understand.

If only they could have understood him! In the foolish and sickly atmosphere of the old regime, General Primo de Rivera's arrival on the scene was like an assertion of health. Of course the dictator departed from the existing norms; no wonder the politicians hated him as they clung to that system of norms as cripples cling to some charitable institution. But the intellectuals! Their obtuseness was truly remarkable: for years and years they had been clamouring for the political crust which was disabling Spain to be smashed; and yet when they were confronted with the actual coup d'état they did not react in a manner that was intellectual, profound and aware of the revolutionary possibilities implicit in the coup, but paid heed instead to petty suspicions, petty aversions, lingering in the vulgar recesses of their minds beneath an upper layer of intellectualism. For instance, the coup had been staged by a military man, and to admit that a soldier might have

the makings of a popular leader was abhorrent to those *civilians*. I deliberately use the most condescending term [*paisanos*], because in actual fact the aversion to the military has its roots in the mediocrity of the small provincial garrison-town, where it is not unusual for the student of law to start nursing anti-militarist sentiments out of sheer envy of the smartly uniformed lieutenant's successes with girls of a certain type.

I have often thought that the intellectuals among us, maybe because of a lack of university life, maybe because of a lack of tranquil places of learning, are never really *transformed* into intellectuals. That is to say, they are not intellectuals through and through. If they were, that would make them receptive, in a particular way, not only to the vibrations of things which concern them professionally, but to those of any external stimulus. For example, a veteran soldier is not only a soldier while he is commanding his troops; he is at all times a soldier — in all his conscious and his automatic actions, in the way he sits down and the way he summons the night-watchman. The same can generally be said of magistrates. But it is not usually so with intellectuals (needless to say, I except the outstanding ones); it is as though they were each made up of two men, the intellectual, suited to a certain series of activities, and the common, totally common, man, who is neither saturated with culture nor even touched by it, who is as impatient, as vain and irascible as any one of the regulars who go to his local café. Who does not recall with what disappointment, nay, disbelief, he found some exquisite writer he had been admiring without ever having made his personal acquaintance to be a man of vulgar tastes, whose manners were as appalling as his conversation was stunted, and who was not ashamed of indulging in a plebeian torrent of abuse when the waiter did not immediately bring a ration of sea-food to gratify his gluttony? And who with an even slightly disciplined

mind has not experienced disgust and anger at the sight of so much deliberate muddle and inelegant bad faith in the arguments which arise whenever there are many professionals of the intellect gathered together?

For this very reason, because they are not refined to the core but are merely covered in a varnish of glutinous information, the Spanish intellectuals, taken by surprise, did not react intellectually to the advent of the dictatorship. The pattern of their everyday activities was not geared to something so out of the ordinary. And when they were confronted with an event which did not fit into their pattern, they could only react as ordinary men, with all the ill temper and aversion characteristic of their clique. And this is exactly what happened. They left the dictator standing alone in the middle of a vast desert of their making. Whoever dared to overstep its borders exposed himself thereby to the scorn of all the arbiters of intellectual standards. All of which gave rise to an astonishing spectacle: there was the dictator all by himself, with no other instruments save his own optimism, his candour, his courage, his marvellously quick intelligence, his flexibility, his sincerity, his overriding wealth of genuine humanity, alone and with no one to help him, surrounded on all sides by hostile silence, in untrained and direct communion with the people, managing to lift up and carry, at least for a period of four years, the sum total of perhaps the strongest hopes our people can recall.

If only the intellectuals had understood that man! A more favourable conjunction of circumstances may not come to pass in Spain for many long years. The intellectuals could have voiced all their knowledge and their thoughts. The dictator would surely have understood them, for Providence had been truly generous in endowing him with natural talents. The intellectuals could have organized the magnificent fireworks of enthusiasm the dictatorship needed so badly, on the basis of a great

central ideal, a strong and elegant doctrine. In return they would have found what they may not get again for a long time: an extraordinary *man*, in the fullest sense of the word, born in our time with all the exuberant spirit, the joyful generosity, the health and courage and appeal to the multitude of a great captain of the Renaissance.

But it is now too late! They let the opportunity pass them by, failing to appreciate its profound and decisive importance. They started fussing about whether the dictatorship was perhaps lacking in respect for some petty ritual or other. And they scorned the *man* in order to share, at more or less close quarters, in the mourning of the political cliques excluded from positions of command. To the new wind, imperfect but invigorating, they preferred the small-town club-room, which is what Spanish politics were like, with its brazier, its spicy gossip, its game of cards and its tasteless curtains, which were apt to be bug-ridden. I know that when they were writing, the intellectuals, too, abhorred all this; but in their heart of hearts they could not get away from their sentimental affinity with the politicians in disrepute; to them the dictator was the common enemy. And so politicians and intellectuals together put their minds (let us call them that) to disseminating sarcastic remarks in the casinos and to publishing clandestine tracts.

With some exceptions, this was the attitude of the Spanish intellectuals when they were faced with the revolutionary happening of the dictatorship. That is how they saw it. They may be well pleased with the way they have rendered it sterile. But it will not be up to them to be the judges of their own clear-sightedness. The day will come when, from the summits of time, an assessment will be made of what was greater: the dictator or the intellectual atmosphere in this corner of the world around the year 1923. Will history say that the intellectuals were right? Even now, they cannot help noticing one disquieting

symptom: while they are all agreed on despising General Primo de Rivera, there are many able minds outside Spain who, though they think little of our contemporary literature and almost nothing of our science, think very highly of General Primo de Rivera as a man of historical and political significance. In the following pages of this book the reader will find a great number of foreign opinions. And it should not be forgotten that, as Clarin has said, 'at times, distance has some of the virtues of time; other countries often play the part of posterity'.

JOSÉ ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA

THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF THE LIBERAL STATE

From *El Fascio*, No. 1, March 16th, 1933

IN THE DIRECTION OF A NEW STATE

The liberal state believes in nothing, not even in itself. The liberal state allows everything to be questioned, even the value of its own existence.

For the liberal statesman there is nothing illicit in the doctrine by which the state is replaceable. That is to say, in his position at the head of an 'established' state, he does not even believe in the intrinsic merits, the justice, the usefulness of that particular state. Rather like a ship's captain who is not sure whether it is better to make port or to be shipwrecked. The liberal outlook amounts to taking a frivolous view of one's own destiny; it permits one to hoist oneself to positions of authority without even being persuaded that there should be any positions of authority at all, or feeling that they entail any obligations, not even that of holding on to them.

They recognize but one limiting factor: the law. Oh, yes; one can attempt the destruction of all that exists; but without overstepping the boundaries of the law. But what exactly is the law? Here again there is no reference to any immutable principles. The law is the expression of the sovereign will of the people; in practice, that of the majority of voters.

Two points in this connection:

Firstly. For the liberal, the law is not consecrated by its aims but by its 'source'. Those schools of thought whose constant aim is the public good consider good laws those

which serve such an end, and bad laws those which stray from this course, regardless of who has promulgated them. The democratic school of thought — democracy being the system which most fully expresses liberal thinking — considers that a law is good and legitimate if it has obtained the consent of the majority of voters, even though its content may be utterly monstrous.

Secondly. Liberals do not consider what is right to be a category of reason but a product of will. Nothing is right in itself. There is never any reference to some scale of values by which to gauge the rightness of any law that is passed. It is enough to find sufficient votes endorsing it.

All this can be summed up in one sentence: "The people is sovereign." Sovereign in the sense that it is entitled to justify its own decisions. The people's decisions are right because they are the people's. The theories of regal absolutism stated, *Quod principi placuit legem habet vigorem*. The time was bound to come when the theoreticians of democracy would say, 'There has to be a certain authority in society whose actions do not have to be right in order to be valid; this authority resides only in the people.' These words are by Jurieu, one of the forerunners of Rousseau.

LIBERTY. EQUALITY. FRATERNITY

The liberal state — that uninspired and indifferent state — wrote these three splendid words on the frontispiece of its temple: LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY. But under its auspices none of these three things flourish.

Liberty cannot live without the protection of strong and immutable principles. When principles change with the fluctuations of public opinion, there can be freedom only for those who happen to agree with that change. The minorities have no choice but to suffer in silence. Under the tyrants of the Middle Ages the victims at least had the

comfort of knowing that they were being tyrannized. The tyrant might be oppressing them, but those who were actually suffering oppression none the less were right, and the tyrant was wrong. High above the heads of tyrants and subjects alike there used to be certain eternal truths, in the light of which each was given his due. In the democratic state, this does not apply; the law — not the state, but the law, the supposed will of the majority — 'is always right'. Thus the victim of oppression, besides being oppressed, can moreover be charged with dangerous waywardness if he calls the law unjust. Not even that freedom remains to him.

That is why the belief that a people has gained its freedom the very day it proclaims the dogma of national sovereignty and accepts universal suffrage is said by Duguit to be 'fatally misguided'.* Beware, he says, of democratic absolutism! More energetic precautions may be needed against the despotism of popular assemblies than against the despotism of kings. 'A thing remains unjust even if it be ordained by the people and its representatives, quite as much as though it had been ordained by a prince. Because of the dogma of popular sovereignty this tends to be all too easily forgotten.'

This is what happens to freedom under the rule of the majority, and to equality too. First of all, there is no equality between the dominant party which legislates as it pleases and the rest of the citizens who endure it. Besides, the liberal state produces an even more profound inequality: economic inequality. Since in theory the worker and the capitalist enjoy equal freedom to enter into a labour contract, the worker ends up by being enslaved by the capitalist. Not that the latter obliges the former by force to accept any given conditions; he merely lets hunger take its course; he makes an offer which in theory the worker is free to reject; but if he does reject it, he will have

* Léon Duguit (1859-1928), French jurist.

nothing to eat, and eventually he is bound to accept it. This is how liberalism brought us the accumulation of capital and the proletarianization of the great mass of the people. In order to defend the oppressed against the economic tyranny of the powerful, something as anti-liberal as socialism had to emerge.

Lastly, it is fraternity's turn to be shattered. Since the democratic system is based on the rule of the majority, the only way to attain victory within it is to get the support of the majority at any cost. To this end all weapons are permissible; it is all right to accuse an opponent wrongfully of bad faith if this helps to deprive him of a few votes. If there is to be a majority and a minority, there must needs be 'division'. If the other party is to be split, there must needs be 'hatred'. Division and hatred, though, are incompatible with fraternity. And thus the members of one and the same people cease to feel part of a whole superior to themselves, part of a lofty historical unity which encompasses all of them. The fatherland is reduced to the state of a battlefield, where two — or several — contending factions seek to gain ground, each heeding a different sectarian voice, while the dear voice of the common land, which ought to make all of them brothers, seems to have fallen silent.

THE AIMS OF THE NEW STATE

All the aims of the new state could be summed up in a single word: unity. The fatherland is a historic whole into which all of us merge, superior to all and any of our groups. Out of respect for this unity, all classes and individuals must seek to adapt themselves. And its realization must be based on the following two principles:

Firstly. With regard to its 'purpose', the state must be a tool in the service of that unity, in which it must firmly believe. Nothing that goes against this precious and

transcendental unity can be accepted as being good, be those who favour it many or few.

Secondly. With regard to its 'shape', the state can only be established on a basis of national solidarity, of vigorous and fraternal co-operation. The class struggle and the festering strife of party politics are incompatible with this concept of the state.

The creation of a new type of politics wherein these two principles will be joined — that is the task which history has entrusted to our generation.

VIOLENCE AND JUSTICE

A letter from José Antonio to Julián Pemartín, published in Sancho Dávila and Julián Pemartín, *Hacia la historia de la Falange*, vol. 1 (Jerez, 1938), p.24.

Madrid, April 2nd, 1933

Dear Julián, I would have liked to write to you sooner, but it hasn't been possible. I do it now, on Sunday, and shall try to concentrate on the arguments against fascism which you tell me about in your letter.

1. 'That it cannot come to power except through violence.'

First of all, this is historically untrue. There is the example of Germany, where National Socialism has emerged triumphant from an election. But if there were no other means but violence, what would it matter? Every system has imposed itself violently, even one so tame as liberalism (the guillotine of 1893 is responsible for many more deaths than Mussolini and Hitler together).

Violence is not systematically reprehensible, but only when it is contrary to justice. Even St Thomas was prepared, in extreme circumstances, to countenance rebellion against a tyrant. Why, therefore, should violence used against a victorious sect which spreads discord, disavows national continuity and obeys instructions from abroad (the International of Amsterdam, freemasonry, et cetera) disqualify the system which such violence implants?

2. 'That it must come from the people, complete with its idea and its leader.'

The first part is mistaken. The idea can no longer come

from the people. It is 'already there' and those who know of it are not usually of the people. Though it is probably given to a man of lowly origins to put the idea into practice. To be a true leader, one must be something of a prophet, one must have such faith, such health, such enthusiasm and such anger as is incompatible with refinement. I personally would be suited to anything but the role of a fascist leader. The doubts and the sense of irony which never leave those of us who have had any kind of intellectual curiosity make us incapable of uttering without a stutter those vigorous statements required of the leaders of the masses. Thus, if in Jerez or in Madrid there are friends of ours whose livers quail at the thought that I might want to set myself up as a fascist leader, you can tell them from me to relax.

3. 'That in the countries where it seems to have come out on top, there was some immediate reason for its existence.'

And isn't that so in Spain? There may not be the reason of a war. That is why I said in my letter to Luca de Tena that here fascism will probably not be violent. But the loss of unity (territorial, spiritual, historical unity), is that less obvious here than elsewhere? At most it might be said that we must wait until things get worse. But, if we can react sooner, what is the point of waiting for a moment of desperation? Particularly in view of the fact that a socialist dictatorship is being hatched, organized by the powers that be, which would bring Spain to a point of almost no return unless it is thwarted.

4. 'That it is anti-Catholic.'

This objection is typical of our country, where everybody is more papist than the pope. While the Treaty of Letrán is signed in Rome, here we accuse fascism of being anti-Catholic; fascism, which in Italy, after ninety years of liberal freemasonry, has brought the crucifix and religious teaching back into the schools. I can understand people

being worried in Protestant countries, where there might be a conflict between the national religious tradition and the Catholic fervour of a minority. But in Spain, where can the exaltation of all that is genuinely national take us other than to an encounter with the Catholic invariants of our mission in the world?

As you can see, almost none of the arguments against fascism are formulated in good faith. Within them breathes the hidden wish to get hold of an ideological excuse for laziness or cowardice, if not for the ultimate national failing, namely the kind of envy which is prepared to spoil the best possible things for no other reason than to prevent them from giving a fellow human being an opportunity to shine.

I shall see to it that you receive some copies of *El Fascio*, wherein you will find enough inducement to enthusiasm and a goodly hoard of polemical arguments. In any case, should you want any further explanations which I could give you, I am at your disposal.

Warmest greetings.

JOSÉ ANTONIO

ON THE OCCASION OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE SPANISH FALANGE

Speech made at the Teatro Comedia, Madrid,
October 29th, 1933*

Nothing like a paragraph of thanks. Succinctly, as becomes the military conciseness of our style, Thank you.

When a pernicious man by the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau published, in March 1762, *The Social Contract*, political truth ceased to be something permanent. Until then, in other less superficial times, states had, as executors of historic missions, borne justice and truth emblazoned on their brows and withal on the stars. Jean Jacques Rousseau as much as told us that justice and truth were not permanent categories of judgment but rather time-conditioned decisions of the will.

Jean Jacques Rousseau assumed that the whole we constitute as a people has a soul superior in kind, on a different plane, to each one of our souls, and that this superior essence is endowed with an infallible will capable of defining instantly what is just or unjust, right or wrong. And since this collective will, this sovereign volition, can find expression only in the vote — which is the triumph of the majority's conjecture over that of the minority when it comes to elucidating the superior will — it would signify that the vote, that farce of ballot-papers cast into a glass urn, had the property of determining at any given

* Where no precise source is given, the original text may be found in José Antonio Primo de Rivera, *Obras Completas* (Madrid: Editora Nacional, 1942).

time whether God did or did not exist, whether the truth was the truth or not, whether the fatherland was to endure or whether it would do better at some time or another to commit suicide.

As a servant of this doctrine, the liberal state divested itself of its role as resolute executor of the nation's destiny to become a mere spectator of the electoral contest. For the liberal state it was important only that a certain number of gentlemen presided over polling stations, that elections started at eight and finished at four, that no ballot-boxes were smashed — though to be smashed is every ballot-box's noblest fate. Afterwards, all that remained for the state to do was to accept calmly whatever emerged from the poll as though that was not its concern. That is to say, the liberal rulers had no faith even in their own mission; they did not believe that they were installed for the fulfilment of an entirely respectable duty, but that anyone who disagreed and set about taking the state by assault, using fair means or foul, had just as much right to say so and to make the attempt as the keepers of the state had to defend it.

Hence the democratic system which is, first and foremost, a system most ruinous and wasteful of energy. A man with a talent for the lofty function of government — perhaps the noblest of all human functions — would find himself obliged to devote 80, even 90 or 95, per cent of his energies to substantiating formalistic demands, to electioneering, to snoozing on the benches of the Cortes, to fawning on the voters and withstanding their impertinence because it was from the voters he derived power, to putting up with humiliations and the taunts of those who, precisely because of the almost divine function of government, were destined to obey him. And if after all that he had a few hours to spare at dawn or a few minutes snatched from uneasy slumber, this scanty minimum was all the man with a gift for government could devote to

serious reflection on the essential functions of statecraft.

There ensued the ruin of a people's spiritual unity, for since the system demanded that a majority be obtained, anyone intent on capturing the system had to make certain he garnered a majority of the votes — if need be by stealing them from the other parties. To this end he had to slander the other parties without hesitation, to bombard them with the vilest insults, to resort to deliberate lies, to waste not a single ploy of falsehood and vilification. Thus it came about that although fraternity was one of the axioms the liberal state exhibited on its façade, there has never been a situation of collective life wherein men, reviled and hostile to each other, felt less like brothers than in the distasteful turmoil of the liberal state.

Ultimately, the liberal state gave us economic slavery, for it says to the workers, with tragic irony: 'You are free to work as you like; nobody can force you to accept any particular conditions; but remember, being rich, we offer you whatever conditions we please; as free citizens, you are by no means obliged to agree to them; being poor citizens, though, if you will not agree to the conditions we impose, you will die of hunger in the midst of the utmost liberal dignity.' And that is why in the countries where splendid parliaments and exquisite democratic institutions have emerged, you would find that you had only to wander a few hundred yards from the luxurious neighbourhoods to come upon noisome slums where workers and their families lived in cramped conditions at an almost sub-human level of decorum. And you would find agricultural labourers toiling on the land from dawn to dusk with their backs scorched, who — thanks to the laissez-faire liberal economy — earned throughout an entire year some seventy or eighty day-wages of three pesetas.

That is why socialism was bound to emerge, and rightly so (it is not our way to eschew any truth). The workers had no choice but to defend themselves against that system

which offered them only the promise of rights, but did nothing to provide them with an equitable life.

But socialism, which was a legitimate response to liberal slavery, has since gone astray, opting first for a materialistic interpretation of life and of history, secondly for a spirit of reprisal and thirdly for the promulgation of the dogma of the class struggle.

Socialism, above all the socialism elaborated in the chill of their studies by the impassive socialist apostles in whom the unfortunate workers put their trust, and who have by now been revealed to us as they really are by Alfonso Garcia Valdecasas*—that version of socialism sees in history but the interplay of economic forces. The spiritual element is dismissed: religion is the opiate of the people; the fatherland is a myth with which to exploit the hapless. Such are the claims of socialism. Nothing matters but production, economic organization. And the workers are expected to mangle their souls to rid them of the last drop of spirituality.

It is not the aim of socialism to restore a social justice wrecked by the endemic distemper of the liberal state; its aim is reprisal and it aspires to reaching as high a degree of injustice in one direction as ever the liberal systems have reached in another.

Finally, socialism proclaims the monstrous dogma of the class struggle; it proclaims the dogma that the conflict between classes is inevitable and a natural fact of life because there can never be anything to take the sting out of it. And thus has socialism, which arose as a valid criticism of economic liberalism, brought us the very hallmarks of economic liberalism: disintegration, hatred, rifts and the effacement of every link of human brotherhood and solidarity.

Thus it has come about that when we, the men of our

* Lawyer and professor; one of the three founders of the Falange and the only one to survive the civil war.

generation, open our eyes, we see around us a world that is morally bankrupt, a world split apart by all manner of differences; and regarding what concerns us directly, we see a morally bankrupt Spain, Spain divided by all manner of hatreds and conflicts. And thus we have had to weep in the recesses of our souls as we travelled about the villages of our wonderful country, those villages where beneath the humblest cloaks one can still find people endowed with a rustic elegance not given to the extravagant gesture or the redundant word, people who live on a land apparently arid, with a bone-dry exterior, which yet amazes us with its fertility erupting in the exuberance of vines and wheat. As we travelled through those lands and saw those people and knew them to be tormented by the local notables, forgotten by all the factions, divided, poisoned by tortuous doctrines, our thoughts about such a populace could but echo its very own celebration of El Cid at the sight of him roaming the fields of Castile, banished from Burgos: 'By God, how good a subject, had he but a worthy lord!'

That is what we expect to find through the movement initiated today: a legitimate lord and master for Spain, but a lord and master like San Francisco de Borja's,* of whom we cannot be deprived by death. And for death to be kept at bay, our lord and master may not at the same time be a slave to the vested interest of any group or party.

The movement founded today, which owes allegiance to no party but is a movement, we might almost say an anti-party, is neither of the Right nor of the Left; because basically the Right stands for the maintenance of an economic structure, albeit an unjust one, while the Left stands for the attempt to subvert that economic structure, even though the subversion thereof would entail the

* Third General of the Jesuits and a man of remarkable piety. He was Viceroy of Catalonia before becoming a Jesuit.

destruction of much that was worthwhile. All this is then dressed up by both camps with a number of spiritual concepts. We want all those listening to us in good faith to know that there is room for all these spiritual concepts within our movement; but that our movement will on no account tether its destiny to the vested interests of groups or classes which underlie the superficial division into Right and Left.

The nation is an absolute whole harbouring all individuals and classes; the nation cannot be the domain of the strongest class or of the best organized party. The nation is a transcendental synthesis, an indivisible synthesis with a finality of its own; and what we want is to see the movement of this day, and the state it will create, being the effective, the authoritarian, tool of what is an indisputable whole: that permanent, irrevocable unit we call fatherland and nation.

And that sums up the motivation of our future acts and our present conduct, because we would be just another party if we were to formulate a programme of concrete solutions. Such programmes have the advantage that they are never implemented. But for us, imbued as we are with a permanent awareness before history and life itself, that very awareness is a conception which will generate solutions to meet concrete problems, just as love lets us know when to scold and when to embrace, without true love having the slightest need of a programme of reprimands and embraces.

Let us now state what are the priorities of our total conception of the nation and of the state at the fatherland's service.

The heartfelt fusion of all the peoples of Spain, however different they may be, in an irrevocably common destiny.

The disappearance of political parties. No one has ever been born a member of a political party. But we are all

born members of a family; all of us are residents of a borough; all of us toil in the exercise of our trade. Well, if these are our natural categories, if the family, the municipality and the corporation are the pillars of our real existence, why do we need such an intermediary and pernicious apparatus as that of the political parties which, in order to unite us in artificial units, begin by disrupting the unity of our authentic context?

We want less liberal verbiage and more respect of man's profoundest freedom. For the freedom of man is only respected when he is considered, as we consider him, the embodiment of eternal values, the physical receptacle of a soul which can damn itself or be saved. Only when man is considered thus can it be said that his freedom is truly respected, and even more so if this freedom is given, as we would wish it to be, a framework of authority, hierarchy and order.

We want everyone to feel part of a dignified and comprehensive community: that is to say, the spheres of action are many and various — some will contribute their manual work; others, works of the spirit; some, accomplishments of morality and refinement. But let me make one thing quite clear: in a community such as we envisage there must be no spongers and no drones.

We want no panegyrics on individual rights that can never be honoured in the homes of the starving, but we do want every man, every member of the body politic, to be by rights entitled to a means of earning by his labour a living that is humane, adequate and fair.

We want the spirit of religion, the keystone of our history's finest arches, to enjoy the respect and protection it merits; which does not mean that the state should meddle in matters beyond its proper concern, or share — as it has done, perhaps not entirely for reasons related to true religious conviction — what are solely its own responsibilities.

We want Spain to be boldly conscious once more of the universality of her culture and her history.

And we want, finally, that, if at any time these things can only be achieved through violence, we shall not stop short of violence. For who has ever said — speaking of 'anything but violence' — that kindness is at the apex of all moral values? Who has ever claimed that when our feelings are trampled underfoot it is our duty to be kindly rather than to react as men? It is fair enough that dialectics should be the initial instrument of communication. But there are no acceptable dialectics other than the dialectics of fists and pistols when justice or the fatherland is profaned.

That is what we think about the future state we must struggle to forge.

But our movement will not be fully understood if it is thought to be merely a way of thinking; it is not a way of thinking, it is a way of being. It is not only the construction, the political architecture, we must aim for. We must, at every moment of our life, in our every act, adopt an attitude that is truly human, profound and complete. This attitude is a spirit of service and of sacrifice, the ascetic and military conception of life. Therefore, let no one think that here we are recruiting in order to hand out sinecures; let no one think that we are gathered here for the defence of privileges. I would like this microphone I have before me to carry my voice into the farthest corners of the homes of workers, so as to tell them: yes, we do wear ties; yes, you can call us *señoritos*. But we have a fighting spirit precisely because as *señoritos* it is not in our interest; we are prepared to fight for harsh and fair sacrifices to be imposed on many of our own class; and we are prepared to fight for the benefits of a totalitarian state to be made available equally to the powerful and the lowly. And this is the way we are, because this is what the *señoritos* of Spain have always been like throughout history.

This is how they came to merit the authentic status of *señores* and gentlemen, because, in faraway countries and our own, they braved death and took on the most arduous missions for the very good reason that, to the *señoritos* they were, such things mattered not at all.

I believe that the flag is well and truly hoisted. Now let us defend it cheerfully, poetically. For there are some who, faced with the onslaught of revolution, believe that unity of purpose can best be achieved by proposing the most lukewarm solutions; they believe that anything which might arouse an emotion or prompt any vigorous and extremist attitude should be kept out of propaganda. What a misjudgment! None but the poets have ever moved a people, and woe to those who know not how to counter the poetry of destruction with the poetry of promise!

In a poetic movement we shall raise high that fervent concern about Spain; we will sacrifice ourselves, we will renounce, and ours will be the victory, a victory which, needless to say, we shall not be winning at the next elections. In these elections, vote for what seems to you the lesser evil. But that is not where our Spain will emerge from, nor is it our proper element. It is a murky atmosphere and stale, like a tavern at the end of a dissolute night. That is not the place for us. I do believe that I am a candidate, but one without faith in the process or respect for it. And I say so now, though it may cost me every vote. I could not care less. We shall not be fighting the regulars for the sour straps of a grubby dinner. Our place is outside, though we may perhaps be passing through on our way. Our place is out in the open air, beneath the clear sky of night, gun in hand and with the stars high above us. Let the others continue their feasting. Outside, and tensely, fervently, confidently vigilant, we already sense the approach of dawn stirring our hearts.

BASIC POINTS

F.E., No. 1, December 7th, 1933

I. SPAIN

The Spanish Falange believes firmly in Spain. Spain is NOT a territory.

NEITHER is it an aggregate of men and women.

Spain is, above all, AN INDIVISIBLE DESTINY.

A historical reality.

An entity, real in itself, which has accomplished — and will yet accomplish in future — missions of universal import.

*

Therefore, Spain exists:

1. As something APART from each individual and from the classes and groups which constitute it.
2. As something SUPERIOR to each of these individuals, classes and groups and even to their sum total.

*

Thus Spain, being a thing 'apart and superior', is bound to have its *own goals*.

These goals are:

1. The perpetuation of its unity.
2. The resurgence of its internal vitality.
3. Prominent participation in the spiritual affairs of the world.

II. THE FACTORS OF DISSENSIONS IN SPAIN

In the pursuit of these goals, Spain is hampered by a major obstacle, that of being divided:

1. By regional separatisms.
2. By conflict between political parties.
3. By the class struggle.

*

Separatism disregards or forgets the reality of Spain, ignoring the fact that Spain is, above all, one great **INDIVISIBLE DESTINY**.

The separatists concentrate on whether they speak a language of their own, whether they have ethnic characteristics of their own, whether their area has a climate of its own or distinct topographical features.

But it must be repeated over and over again that a nation is neither a language, nor a race, nor a territory. A nation is an **INDIVISIBLE DESTINY IN UNIVERSAL TERMS**. [For us] This indivisible destiny was called and is called Spain.

United in universal terms, the peoples constituting this nation have accomplished their destiny under the sign of Spain.

Nothing can justify the break-up of this magnificent whole, which has created a whole world.

*

The political parties disregard the oneness of Spain, since they look upon it with **PARTIALITY**.

Some are of the **RIGHT**.

Others are of the **LEFT**.

This approach to Spain is in itself a distortion of Spain's true nature.

It is like looking at Spain with the left eye only or the right eye only, like looking at it **ASKANCE**.

Things bright and beautiful should not be looked at in this way, but rather with both eyes, sincerely and **STRAIGHTFORWARDLY**.

Never from any *partial, partisan* point of view, which by its nature distorts what one is looking at.

But rather from a TOTAL point of view, from the patriotic point of view, which, when we gaze at the fatherland as a whole, will correct our defective vision.

*

The class struggle disregards the unity of the fatherland because it destroys the integrity of the concept of *national production*.

In a state of strife the employers are determined to earn more.

The workers, likewise.

And, alternately, they tyrannize each other.

In periods of unemployment the employers exploit the workers.

In periods of labour shortage, or when working-class organizations are particularly strong, the workers exploit the employers.

Neither the workers nor the employers are aware of this truth, that they are all engaged together in the overall task of NATIONAL PRODUCTION. Heedless of national production, each thinking only in terms of the interests and ambitions of their own class, employers and workers alike end up destroying and ruining themselves.

III. THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS A REMEDY

If we owe the conflict and the decadence to the fact that we have lost sight of Spain's immutable nature, the remedy must lie in reviving this concept. We must think once more of Spain as a reality in its own right.

Superior to the differences between the peoples.

And to the conflict between the parties.

And to the class struggle.

Whoever does not lose sight of this assertion of Spain's superior reality will see all political problems with the utmost clarity.

IV. THE STATE

Some people think of the state as no more than a keeper of the peace, as a mere spectator of the national scene, taking an active part only when there are disorders, but not imbued with a firm belief in any particular idea.

Others hope to gain control of the state so as to use it, oppressively even, as a tool of their group's or their class's vested interests.

The Spanish Falange wants to see neither the one nor the other: neither the indifferent state, the mere policeman, nor the state at the service of any class or group.

The Falange wants a state that believes in the superior reality and mission of Spain.

A state which will, for the sake of this idea, assign to each man, to each class and to each group their tasks, their rights and their sacrifices.

A state for ALL, which means that it will be moved exclusively by the thought of this idea of Spain's permanence, and never by allegiance to any one class or party.

V. THE SUPPRESSION OF POLITICAL PARTIES

In order to prevent the state from ever being a party, it is essential to put a stop to political parties.

Political parties are the result of a wrong political system, the parliamentary system.

In the Cortes, a small number of men claim to represent those who elect them. But the bulk of the electorate has nothing in common with those who have been elected: they belong neither to the same family, nor to the same municipality, nor to the same trade.

Some scraps of paper cast every two or three years into a ballot-box are the only link between the people and those who claim to represent the people.

*

For this electoral machinery to function, the life of the people has to be gripped by feverish agitation every two or three years.

The candidates bellow, insult each other and promise the impossible.

Bands of supporters are roused to a fever-pitch of passion, taking each other to task and even murdering each other.

Those days see incitement to the most bitter hatreds. Resentments are born which may last for ever and make life impossible in towns and villages.

But what do the successful candidates care about that? They go to the capital to show off, to appear in the newspapers and to spend their time arguing about complicated matters, which the villages cannot understand.

*

What need have the people of these political intermediaries? Why must every man join a political party or vote for the candidates of a political party in order to participate in the political life of his country?

We are all born part of a FAMILY.

We all live in a MUNICIPALITY.

We all have a TRADE or a PROFESSION.

But no one is born into a political party or lives within it naturally.

A political party is something ARTIFICIAL which connects us with people in other municipalities and other trades, with whom we have nothing in common, while separating us from our neighbours and our workmates, who are the ones we really live with.

A genuine state, like the one the Spanish Falange wants to see, will not be built upon the falsehood of political parties or upon the Cortes they beget.

It will be built upon the authentic realities of life:

The family.

The municipality.

The guild or trade union.

Thus the new state will have to recognize the integrity of the family as a social unit; the autonomy of the municipality as a territorial unit; and the trade union, the guild, the corporation, as the authentic foundations of the whole organization of the state.

VI. ON OVERCOMING THE CLASS STRUGGLE

The new state will not be cruelly uninvolved in men's struggle for survival.

It will not leave it up to each class to find ways of throwing off the other's yoke or of tyrannizing the other.

The new state, being everyone's, and totalitarian, will consider the goals of each component group its own, and will look after the interests of all as after its own.

Wealth should be devoted first of all to an improvement in the standard of living of the majority; it is wrong to sacrifice the majority to the enjoyment of the few.

Work is the best foundation of civic dignity. Nothing can be more deserving of the state's attention than the dignity and welfare of the workers.

Thus it will be the foremost duty of the state, regardless of the cost, to provide each man with employment which will guarantee him not just a bare living, but a dignified and fitting existence.

The state will not do this in a spirit of charity, but as the fulfilment of a duty.

*

As a result, neither capital gains — which these days are sometimes exorbitant — nor the work-load will be conditioned by class interest or by the power of the class which at any one time is predominant, but rather by the common interest of national production and by the power of the state.

The classes will have no need to organize on a war footing in self-defence, because they can feel sure that the state will look unhesitatingly after all their fair and proper interests.

But everyone will indeed have to be organized on a peace footing, in trade unions and guilds, since the trade unions and the guilds, which are nowadays kept at a distance from public life by the artificial interposition of the Cortes and the political parties, will become direct agencies of the state.

*

To sum up:

Under present conditions of strife the classes are thought of as forming two separate bands, with different and conflicting interests.

The new point of view will be that all those who contribute to production will have a stake in one and the same great common undertaking.

VII. THE INDIVIDUAL

The Spanish Falange thinks of man as the combination of a body and a soul; that is to say, as being capable of eternal life since he is the embodiment of eternal values.

Thus we have the greatest respect for human dignity, for man's integrity and freedom.

But this profound freedom does not permit anyone to undermine the foundations of public life.

It is inadmissible that an entire people be subjected to the daring or extravagant experiments of anyone who comes along.

Genuine freedom for all can only be achieved by those who belong to a strong and free nation.

No one shall be allowed the freedom to perturb, poison or inflame people's passions, or to undermine the foundations of the whole of a lasting political system.

Those foundations are: AUTHORITY, HIERARCHY AND ORDER.

*

While the physical integrity of the individual is at all times sacred, this is not in itself enough to give him access to the nation's public life.

The individual's political identity can only be justified in so far as he plays a functional part in the life of the nation.

Only invalids will be exempted from this duty.

The parasites, though, the idlers, those who expect to live like guests at the expense of other people's efforts, will not be treated considerately by the new state.

VIII. THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT

The Spanish Falange cannot think of life as being no more than the interaction of economic factors. It refuses to accept the materialistic interpretation of history.

The spiritual aspect is and always has been the main-spring of the lives of men and of nations.

*

Religion is the predominant element of all things spiritual.

No man can help asking himself the eternal questions about life and death, about creation and the world beyond.

These questions cannot be answered evasively; they must be answered positively or negatively.

Spain has always given the positive answer of the Catholic faith.

Not only is the Catholic interpretation of life the true one; it is besides, historically, Spanish.

Thanks to her sense of CATHOLICISM, of UNIVERSALISM, Spain won unknown continents from the sea and barbarism. She won them so that she might integrate their inhabitants into a universal design of salvation.

*

Thus any reconstruction of Spain must have a Catholic meaning.

This does not mean that persecutions of those who are not Catholics will start up again. The days of religious persecution are past.

Neither does it mean that the state will directly take on religious functions which are the Church's business.

Even less does it mean that the state would tolerate any interference or stratagems on the part of the Church which might jeopardize the dignity of the state or the national integrity.

It does mean that the new state will draw its inspiration from the spirit of the Catholic religion, which is traditional in Spain, and will make sure by means of a concordat with the Church that it will enjoy all the care and protection due to it.

IX. BEHAVIOUR

This is what the Spanish Falange hopes to achieve.

And in order to reach its goal, it summons to a crusade every Spaniard who wants to see a rebirth of a Spain that is great, free, just and authentic.

Those who join this crusade must have readied their spirit for service and sacrifice.

They must think of their life as membership of a militia: they must be prepared for discipline and danger, they must be selfless and forswear all vanity, envy, sloth and malicious gossip.

And at the same time they must serve this spirit cheerfully and sportingly.

*

Violence can be permissible when it is used for an ideal that can justify its use.

We shall resort to violence in defence of what is right

and what is just and to defend our fatherland against any violent or insidious attack.

But the Spanish Falange will never use violence as a tool of oppression.

Those who predict, for instance to the workers, the advent of a fascist tyranny are lying.

At all times the FASCES OF FALANGE stands for unity, vigorous and fraternal co-operation, love.

The Spanish Falange, aflame with love, secure in its faith, will conquer Spain for Spain to the sound of military music.

ADDRESSING THE CORTES: ON THE TOTALITARIAN STATE

December 19th, 1933

Please allow me, *Señores Diputados* — and may these first words of mine serve as an apology and as a greeting — allow me to join in a discussion, in which I had no intention of intervening today, in order to rectify, under the same conditions of publicity as those enjoyed previously by the ever appropriate and astute words of Señor Gil Robles, what might seem an ideological indictment of the youth he mentioned, whereof I may perhaps claim to be a part.

Señor Gil Robles has said that a right-wing dictatorship is a bad solution and that a left-wing dictatorship is a bad solution. Well then, it so happens that the members of this youth to which I belong feel that not only dictatorships of the Right and the Left are bad, but that it is bad even to harbour right-wing or left-wing political attitudes. Señor Gil Robles considers that to aspire to an integral, totalitarian and authoritarian state is to deify the state; let me say to Señor Gil Robles that the deification of the state is the exact opposite of what we want.

In our opinion, the conduct of the state, like that of any individual or class, cannot be fully justified at all times unless it adjusts itself constantly to some permanent norm. If anything deifies the state, it is Rousseau's idea that the state, or the custodians of the will to which the state is bound, must always be right; what deifies the state is the belief that the will of the state, as expressed once upon a time by absolute monarchs, and nowadays by popular suffrage, must always be right. Absolute monarchs

could be mistaken; popular suffrage can be mistaken; for truth and justice can never be expressed or professed in terms of volition. Justice and truth are permanent categories of reason, and in order to know whether something is right, it is not enough to ask the king — whose will the adherents of absolute monarchy held to be always just; neither is it enough to ask the people — whose will the 'Rousseauinians' hold to be always correct. In order to know whether something is right, we must at every moment weigh up whether our actions and our thoughts correspond to a permanent aspiration. (*Hear! Hear!*)

That is why the deification of the state is the opposite of what we want. We want the state to be ever an instrument in the service of a historic destiny, in the service of a historic mission of unity; we consider the state to be in good shape when it has faith in such a total historic destiny, when it looks upon the people as an integrality of aspirations, and that is why we do not favour either a left-wing or a right-wing dictatorship, or even the Right or the Left as such. For we understand the people to be precisely that: an integrality of destiny, of effort, of sacrifice and struggle, which we must look upon as a whole, which progresses through history as a whole, and which we must serve as a whole. (*Hear! Hear!*)

MAN IS THE SYSTEM

Introduction to the Spanish edition of Mussolini's *La Dottrina del fascismo*, first published as the entry on Fascism in the *Enciclopedia italiana*, Rome, 1932.

ONE OCTOBER AFTERNOON ...

Man is the system; and this is one of the profound human truths which fascism has brought to light again. The entire nineteenth century was spent devising machineries of good government. One might just as well seek to discover a machine for thinking or for loving. No machine has ever managed to produce anything authentic, eternal and exacting such as government; it has always been necessary in the long run to turn to what has, from the beginning of time, been the only apparatus capable of governing men, namely man himself. That is to say: the leader; the hero.

The opponents of fascism mistake this truth and use it as an aggressive debating point. 'Yes,' they admit. 'Italy has derived benefit from fascism; but what happens when Mussolini dies?' They think that they are thus dealing the system a crushing blow, as though any system could possibly be guaranteed to exist for ever. It is very likely that momentary unease will befall Italy when Mussolini dies; but it will only last a moment; in due course, with more or less travail, the system will bring forth a new leader. And this leader will in turn embody the system for many years. And he (the duce, the guide) will keep faith with his people in man-to-man communion, that basic, human and eternal way of communicating which has left its mark on all the paths of history.

I have seen Mussolini close to, one afternoon in October 1933, at the Palazzo Venezia in Rome. That meeting did

more to make me understand Italian fascism than reading a great many books.

It was half past six in the evening. There was not the slightest bustle in the Palazzo Venezia. At the entrance there were two militiamen and a placid doorman. It seemed easier to get into the palace where Mussolini works than to gain access to any provincial government building [in Spain]. As soon as I had shown the doorman the notification of my appointment, I was taken up wide and silent stairs to the ante-room to Mussolini's office. Three or four minutes later the door opened. Mussolini works in a huge drawing-room, all of marble, with hardly any furniture in it. There he was, behind his desk in the far corner opposite the door. One saw him from a distance, alone in the vastness of the room. With a Roman salute and a candid smile, he asked me to approach. I walked towards him for I don't know how long. And once we were both seated the Duce began his conversation with me.

I had seen him before, years ago, at a formal audience, when I was received together with a number of students of Madrid University. Besides, like everyone in the world, I knew him from photographs, which almost invariably depict him in a military pose, saluting or haranguing. But the Duce of the Palazzo Venezia was quite different, with strands of silver in his hair, with a subtle air of weariness, with his civilian clothes neat and yet casual. He was not the leader of the public speeches, but a man of wonderful serenity. He spoke slowly, with every syllable pronounced distinctly. He had to give some instructions on the telephone and he did so as calmly as can be, his voice anything but authoritarian. At times, when something I said surprised him, he would throw back his head and open his eyes exceedingly wide, so that his dark pupils would for a second be surrounded by white. At other times he would smile calmly. The way he listened was remarkable.

We talked for about half an hour. Then he accompanied me to the door, across the enormous room. He is not very tall; he no longer has, supposing he ever had it, the upright stance of a militia chief; in fact, his back is beginning to be slightly bent. When the two of us reached the door, he said to me with paternal calm, without the slightest emphasis:

'I wish you the very best, for yourself and for Spain.'

Then he returned to his desk, slowly, to resume his work in silence. It was seven o'clock in the evening. With the day's labour done, Rome was streaming through the streets in the warm evening air. The Corso was alive with movement and chatter, like our Calle Alcalá at about the same time of day. People were going into cafés and cinemas. It seemed as though only the Duce was still at work by the light of his lamp, in a corner of a huge empty room, watching over Italy, to whose breathing he listened from there as to that of ■ small daughter.

What kind of a government apparatus, what system of weights and scales, councils and assemblies, can possibly replace that image of the hero become father, watching beside a perpetually glimmering lamp over the toil and slumber of his people?

JOSÉ ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA

ADDRESSING THE CORTES: ON CATALONIA

January 4th, 1934

For the very reason that I am not a member of any minority faction, I believe that I can more freely than anyone lay claim on my own behalf, and I venture to think on behalf of all, to what is held in trust: namely, the fact that when we speak the name of Spain — and remember that I have not joined in any battle-cry — we are moved by something far loftier than the wish to offend any government and far loftier than the wish to offend a land so noble, so great, so illustrious and so beloved as the land of Catalonia. Supposing that offence was given, I would like the President and the House to set apart those of us who in the present circumstances are thinking, as always and without any mental reservations, of Spain and nothing but Spain; because Spain is more than a constitutional entity; because Spain is more than a historical circumstance; because Spain can never be in opposition to the sum of her lands and each one of her lands.

I am glad that the problem of Catalonia has obliquely arisen in the midst of all this disorder, so that not another day may go by before I make it clear that anyone who agrees with me inside the House or outside the House must feel that Catalonia, the land of Catalonia, should be treated henceforth and always with the love, consideration and understanding we have not seen hitherto in any debate. For whenever the problem of Spain's unity has been brought out at different times inside and outside this House, the noble defence of Spain's unity has been adulterated by a series of petty affronts to Catalonia,

a series of minor exasperations, which amount to nothing other than a separatism promoted from this side of the Ebro.

We love Catalonia because it is Spanish, and because we love Catalonia we want to see it become ever more Spanish, like the Basque country, like all the other regions; quite simply, because we feel that a nation is more than just the magnetism of the land where we were born, more than the direct and sentimental emotion we all feel in the vicinity of our home ground, because we feel that *a nation is unity in universal terms*, the level a people attains when it fulfils its universal destiny in history. For this reason, because Spain fulfilled her universal destiny when all her peoples were one, because Spain was an outward-looking nation, which is the way to be really a nation, when the Basque admirals roamed the seas of the world in the ships of Castile, when the admirable Catalans conquered the Mediterranean in the ships of Aragon — because that is the way we see it, we want all the peoples of Spain to feel not only that basic patriotism aroused in us by the land, but the patriotism of a great mission, the patriotism of transcendence, the patriotism of a Spain that is truly great.

I assure the President and the House that I believe us all to be thinking only of Spain's greatness when on certain commemorative occasions we hail Spain or express a longing for what is not. If anyone had shouted, Down with Catalonia, this would not only have been tremendously improper, it would also have been a crime against Spain, and such a person would not ever be worthy of sitting amongst Spaniards. All those imbued with a feeling for Spain say, Long live Catalonia and long live all the lands involved as brothers in the admirable, indestructible and glorious mission, handed down to us through many centuries of effort, that bears the name of Spain. (*Applause.*)

THE FLAGEOLET AND THE LYRE

From *F.E.*, No. 2, January 11th, 1934

How much it all means to us! No tune seems to us so exquisite as that of our home; no meadow more tender; no music comparable to that of its brooks. But ... is there not some poisonous sensuality in this pull of the land? There is something physically, organically, fluid about it, something almost plant-like, as though the land held us captive by subtle roots. It is the kind of love which tempts us to let ourselves go, to grow soft, to weep; which dissolves into melancholy at the mournful sound of the flageolet. It is a love which seeks shelter and withdraws ever more into ever closer intimacy; from the region to the valley where we were born; from the valley to the pool which reflects the image of the ancestral house; from the pool to the house itself, and, within the house, to the corner which holds our memories.

All this is sweet indeed, like some sweet wine. But, like the wine, this sweetness harbours intoxication or indolence.

Can this kind of loving be called patriotism? If patriotism were affective tenderness, it would not be the highest form of human love. Men would be less patriotic than plants, which cling more closely to the land. We cannot give the name of patriotism to the first thing we happen to find in our hearts, this saturation with tellurism. In order to be the highest form of love, patriotism must be altogether at the other extreme: supremely difficult; supremely cleansed of all earthly bargains; supremely sharply defined; supremely immutable. That is to say, it must be anchored, not in the heart, but in the mind.

Let us by all means drink the sweet wine of the flageolet, but without yielding to it our secrets. All that is sensual is soon over. Thousands and thousands of springtimes have faded, and still two and two are four, as from the beginning of time. Let us not plant our true loves in the meadows which have seen so many springtimes fade; let us cast them wide, like lines without weight or volume, towards the eternal sphere where the numbers sing their song of precision.

The measured song of the lyre, so rich in its design because it is well-versed in numbers.

Thus, let us not think of the fatherland in terms of the brook and the meadow, the song and the flageolet; let us see it in terms of a 'destiny' and a 'design'. The fatherland is the culmination, in this world, of a great collective undertaking. Without this undertaking there cannot be a fatherland; without faith in a common destiny, everything dissolves into birth-places, local flavour and colour. Then the lyre is still and the flageolet resounds. There is no longer any reason — except, for instance, those of a secondary, economic nature — why each valley should remain linked to its neighbour. That is when the imperial numbers, those of geometry and architecture, lose their voice, giving way to the strident call of the spirits of disintegration, which hide beneath the toadstools of every village.

SPEECH AT THE FUNERAL OF MATÍAS MONTERO

February 10th, 1934

From *La Nación*, February 10th, 1934, and *F.E.*, No. 7,
February 22nd, 1934

Before us in the grave lies one of our best comrades. He gives us the magnificent example of his silence. From the comfort of their homes others will advise you to be more spirited, more belligerent, more ruthless in reprisal. It is easy to give advice. But Matías Montero neither spoke nor advised: he simply went out to do his duty, even though he knew that death was probably awaiting him in the street. He knew that because he had been warned. Shortly before he died, he said, "I know that I am threatened with death, but I don't care if it is for the good of Spain and of the cause." Not much time went by before a bullet hit him squarely in the heart, a heart imbued with the purity of his love for Spain and his love for the Falange.

Comrade Matías Montero Rodríguez! Thank you for your example.

May God give you His eternal rest and may He deny us any rest until we have gathered for Spain the harvest which your death has sown.

For the very last time: Matías Montero Rodríguez.

(All reply: '*Presente!*')

Viva España!

(All reply: '*Viva!*')

INTERVIEW GRANTED BY JOSÉ
ANTONIO TO THE NEWSPAPER
AHORA

From *Ahora*, February 16th, 1934

QUESTION: Is there a real danger of subversion in Spain?
ANSWER: I think there is (replied José Antonio). There is a real danger of revolution, which must be countered on two flanks: on the one hand, the state must prepare physically to defend itself; on the other, it is necessary to go really to the roots of the social problem in order to solve it. It is impossible to disregard or falsify this social problem, and yet there is a tendency to do both. Outside the Socialist Party, the present trends are to ignore or falsify reality. The one group hopes to go on living peaceably in a bourgeois republic, as though we were not plagued by any such social problem, while the other tries to pretend it is tackling the social question by making a series of concessions, as though there were some point to the method of filing away at the claws of the revolution. The only thing to do is to get the people interested in one and the same campaign of improvement, not to have one class tossing bits of meat to another in the hope of appeasing its irritability and hunger. The question has to be tackled in depth and with complete sincerity, so that the working class too can participate in the global efforts of the state. What one cannot do is to keep the working class away from power. That is a crucial fact. Its struggles have earned the working class a place at the centre of power and to banish it anew to a place beyond the gates of government is quite out of the question.

The only solution is for these working-class forces to

shed their international or extra-national orientation and become a national force which identifies with the nation's destinies.

Q: Do you believe that such a transformation of the socialists is possible?

A: I believe it is and that within every Spanish socialist that you scratch a little there is a Spaniard, who would therefore retain but the best part of a socialist, namely the urge to improve the lot of the workers and the will to see social justice done. If our socialists were of the Germanic species, that is to say, laboratory Marxists, things would be far more difficult; but I do believe that there is a Spaniard inside every Spanish socialist, which makes all the difference.

Q: It does not look as though Spanish working-class thinking would be easily persuaded to change its ideals in this way.

A: It would probably not be easy, and that only makes the task all the more attractive. But eventually they will understand. All the tactics employed against our movement consist of distortion. No one fights it head-on. Not a single anti-fascist newspaper has the fairness to fight fascism head-on; they all distort it, claiming that it is a movement for oppressing the workers! Any halfway educated person knows that it is not so, but rather the exact opposite.

When the proletarian masses are brandishing the threat of subversion, there can be only one of the following solutions: either to surrender power to them or to come to some arrangement with them, or else to transform them into a different kind of force. The first two solutions are for governments to work out. They are no concern of ours, since we are not in power. The third is the solution we would like to see, and we expect to achieve it by means of propaganda and the spiritual permeation of the multitude.

Q: Do you not believe in the effectiveness of an intermediate solution?

A: That is what the populist parties have been aiming for. But the same thing happens to all populist parties as to sterilized milk, from which all the vitamins have been eliminated along with the germs. They embody none of the dangers which the fascist experiment may hold, but neither do they have our spiritual force or that of the socialists.

Q: None the less, everything seems to indicate that should the socialists, taking a leaf out of Italy and Germany's book, attempt to seize power, the fight against revolution would have to be waged by precisely such forces, by the populists, which means Popular Action.

A: Unless it is done by the civil guard and the assault guard.

Q: Do you not believe in the effectiveness of a citizens' organization like Popular Action?

A: No, I do not; firstly, because it seems to me that they have no effective elements at their disposal, and, secondly, because there are fewer people prepared to risk their lives than one would think. No one ever risks his life except for some strongly spiritual reason. The conservative militias are non-existent in this sphere of a life-or-death struggle, because when it comes to defending material possessions, life is always worth more than that.

Q: If in these circumstances the socialists should strike before any fascist organization has had time to establish itself, would they not have a good chance of success?

A: I don't know. At present, apart from ourselves, the only strong civilian organization is obviously that of the socialists.

Q: Is there some common denominator which holds all the forces of the Right together?

A: I cannot see that there is such a common denominator. And I am not inclined to look for one. All alliances are based on what is least meaningful. Any alignment is the result of a deal in which each participant abandons the

most vigorous features in order to agree on the very blandest aspects. I do not think that a threat of revolution can be met by employing the weapon of a basic instinct of self-defence, but only by another revolutionary vision, another fervour of the same poetic force, and this fervour, which we are now endowed with, does not in my opinion owe anything to current Spanish politics. There is one group, that of the Traditionalists, which has a truly Spanish, positive vitality and a genuine combative tradition; but on the other hand it lacks a certain sensitivity and modern technical competence, apart from most probably being ill-equipped to cope with the social question. Its vision of social matters is not of our time, even though it has a good relationship of long standing with the guilds. I believe, therefore, that this group would not be strong enough to halt a revolution, in spite of being the most spirited right-wing force.

Q: Could this combative spirit of yours or of the Traditionalists be related in some way to co-operation with the government at the present time?

A: I know nothing about what might be the relations between the government and the other groups or Popular Action. There are none between the government and ourselves.

Q: And in future?

A: I believe that our future is not likely to be born of any contact with the groups already in existence, and that these groups are bound to be deserted by their young people, who will come to us. The role which Gil Robles will have to play will be that of proceeding against the revolution with the instruments of power he holds. Thanks to the parliamentary and electoral strength which has given him a larger group than any other in the House, he will become Prime Minister or Minister of the Interior and he will then put down the revolution, but not with the effectiveness born of one spirit's victory over another;

merely with the thrust of a technically superior fighting force. Against the onslaught of the revolutionaries armed with rifles he can pit machine-guns and tanks. But this will not be a clash of two revolutionary trends; it will be a clash of one political trend against an arsenal, against sheer military technique. Which is why I think that it will in no way affect the chances of a future Spanish revolution.

Q: Do you mean by that, that you will merely have to wait for Gil Robles and his movement to carry out their task and become irrelevant?

A: But one can be waiting asleep or awake. We are waiting wide awake.

Q: There is a fairly widespread belief that fascism cannot possibly take root in Spain. What do you reply to that?

A: I believe that it will take root. Spain has done things requiring an amazing degree of discipline. What happens is that we are faced with this necessity after a century of decadence. Just now, our virtues of discipline and organization may be very much debilitated, but there is no reason why we should be incapable of finding some way of arousing them from their slumber. *Fascism is a universal attitude of self-recovery.* We are told that we are imitating Italy. And so we do, to the extent that we are looking for our real *raison d'être* within ourselves. But this attitude, which we may be said to have copied, though it is eternal, produces results of the greatest authenticity. Italy has found Italy. By turning inwards, we shall find Spain.

Q: Fascism is essentially nationalistic. What are the roots of the kind of nationalism you seek to foment?

A: The fatherland is a mission. If we confine the idea of the fatherland to territorial or ethnic considerations, we risk getting lost in fruitless localisms or regionalisms. The fatherland has to be a mission. It is true that there are no continents left to conquer, and there is no longer any place for illusions of conquest. But we are already witnessing the international decline of the democratic idea as put

forward by the League of Nations. Once again the world is tending towards being governed by three or four racial entities. Spain can be one of these three or four. It is located in a key position of the greatest geographic importance, and has a spiritual content entitling it to one of these positions of leadership. And that is what we can struggle to achieve. Not to be a middling country; for either we are a vast country fulfilling a universal mission, or else we are a meaningless and degraded people. Spain must be given back the ambition to recover her leading role in the world.

Q: Not every citizen is capable of understanding the great ideals of nationalism. What has fascism to offer the simple man in the street?

A: For those who are not susceptible to the great ideal of nationalism there is always the mainspring of the social ideal. Without a doubt, the most immediate content of the movement is its emphasis on social justice, on a better way of life. Fascism aspires to national greatness; but one of the rungs leading towards such greatness consists of material improvements for the people. Social aspirations are of interest even to simple minds; but besides, many more people are capable of understanding the ideal of nationalism than is commonly supposed. Inside every Spanish socialist there is a nationalist.

ADDRESSING THE CORTES: THE BASQUES AND SPAIN

February 28th, 1934

God keep us, gentlemen, from exacerbating yet another problem of nationalism. In Catalonia we have a resentful separatism that is exceedingly hard to cure, and I believe that this separatism can be blamed partly on a certain inability to understand early on what Catalonia is really like. The Catalans are fundamentally a sentimental people, grossly misunderstood by those who ascribe cupidity and a purely practical outlook to their every attitude. The Catalans are a people saturated with poetry, and this poetry is to be found not only in their typical forms of artistic expression, such as their ancient songs and the liturgy of the *sardana*, but also in the most commonplace aspects of their bourgeois way of life, even in the hereditary life of those families of Barcelona whose small shops in the ancient streets round about the Plaza Real are handed down from father to son; not only do those families live with a sense of poetry, they are consciously aware of it and perpetuate the poetic traditions, which are wonderfully refined, of their guild, their family, their bourgeois society. This was not appreciated in time; Catalonia was not treated the way it should have been, and if we bear that in mind, we have the reason why the problem has continued to fester. I can see but one way out of this situation: through a new Spanish poetry which must prove capable of arousing in the soul of Catalonia a real interest in a total undertaking, from which Catalonia was diverted by a separatist movement that is likewise poetic.

God keep us, therefore, from exacerbating another problem of a regional nature; but if I speak out to give notice that I am on Señor Salmón's side in this particular division and against the Statute,* it is because I believe that this problem of the Basque Statute involves something far more important than the question of whether or not the plebiscite was rigged, whether article 11 applies or article 12 or some other of those articles into which all my presumption would not make me dare pursue Señor Landrove through the tangled thickets of his rhetoric — the essential point being that the Basque Statute contains, quite apart from a separatist meaning that is hostile to Spain, a deeply anti-Basque spirit of which its very authors may well be unaware.

The life of the Basque people, like that of every people, can be reduced to a tragic conflict between the spontaneous and the historical: a conflict between things inborn, those things we can perceive even with our instincts, and the artificial and tremendously difficult feat of accomplishing a universal destiny in history. A people does not owe its transformation into a nation to some features of race, language or climate; what does confer the rank of nationhood on a people is the fact of its having accomplished a universal undertaking. For just as we, if we wish to be persons instead of mere individuals in their native state, must be other, that is to say, different from the others and different in relation to others, so, in order to be a nation, we must be distinct in universal terms. We are a nation in so far as we attempt and accomplish something which other nations do not attempt.

Now then: have the Basque people been a unit in universal terms? Have the Basques accomplished a universal destiny? Quite obviously they have; the Basques have given the world a collection of admirals, who

* The Basque Statute, introduced to give autonomy to the Basque provinces but not put into effect until after the beginning of the civil war.

would by themselves suffice to be the pride and joy of an entire people; the Basques have given the world a universal genius of the stature of St Ignatius Loyola. But it so happened that the Basque people gave the world these geniuses precisely when its emblem of nationhood was firmly united to Castile. (*Señor Picavea*: 'When it enjoyed greater freedom than we can ask for at present.' — *Señor Aguirre*: 'Precisely; we shall have something to say about that later on.' — *Mutterings*.) When it was indestructibly a part of Spain, because Spain is an exact and irrevocable example of a nation; because Spain — which is by no means Castile as opposed to the Basque country, but rather the Basque country together with Castile and with all the other peoples that together constitute Spain — because Spain, I say, has indeed fulfilled a universal destiny and justified its existence by a destiny with universal implications, being favoured, moreover, by a Providence so assiduous in allotting universal destiny that, when Spain managed to complete the universal undertaking of freeing herself from Islam, she found herself in the very same year of 1492 with the universal task of discovering and conquering a new world. This is how it happened that the Basques outgrew their primitive fishing and farming existence, precisely when their destinies merged with the total destiny of Spain.

So far, so good; but just when the Basque people, joined thus to Spain, had once and for all incorporated themselves into history, there appeared some self-styled tutors of the Basque people who decided that the Basques must repudiate that historical unity, repudiate that emblem thanks to whose magic powers they were able to enter history together with Spain, as an integral part of Spain, who wanted to separate the Basque country once more from Spain and to hand it back to its artless native state, to the tending of its lands, its customs and its music. Such an intention is anti-Basque, such an intention means standing

anew at the gates of native spontaneity and turning against the universal, historic, prodigious and difficult achievements of the Basque people's history as fused with the history of Spain. (*Hear! Hear! Splendid!*)

This is why I believe that it is not Spain's mission in this predicament to ascertain how many votes have been cast in favour of the Statute; it is rather Spain's mission to succour the Basque people and to rescue them from their infatuation with the designs of their most worthless tutors, for the Basque people may have let themselves be carried away by nationalist propaganda; all the best Basque minds, however, all the Basques of universal renown, feel themselves to be profoundly Spanish and are deeply conscious of Spain's unified and universal destiny. If you say it is not so, I would ask Señor Aguirre to forgive me for making a comparison: of the Basques who are members of this House, we have Ramiro de Maeztu with us; of the Basques outside the House, we have Miguel de Unamuno; and like these two, all the best Basque minds are profoundly Spanish. (*Señor Aguirre: 'Will the Honourable Member allow me a small interruption? Simply to point out that it is the Basques of inferior mind, like ourselves, who have the support of the people. When gentlemen like Maeztu and Unamuno, for whom I have, by the way, the greatest respect, come to our country, our people reject them. Why is that? Because they have proved incapable of voicing the people's actual feelings. I shall be replying to the Honourable Member presently.'* — *Mutterings.*) No, Señor Aguirre. The problem is that it is much more difficult to understand Maeztu and Unamuno than to get excited over a football match, and while Señors Maeztu and Unamuno are probably the very best Basque minds, some of the advocates of the Statute would make up a very creditable football team.

PROCLAMATION OF THE SPANISH FALANGE OF THE J.O.N.S.

Speech made at the Teatro Calderón, Valladolid,
March 4th, 1934

This is not the place to applaud anyone or to cheer. Here no one is anybody, each is only a mere component, a soldier of this task-force set on a task which is ours and that of Spain.

Let me tell anyone about to cheer yet again that I will not thank him for the acclaim. We have not come here to be applauded. What is more, I might almost say that we have not come to teach you anything. We have come here to learn.

There is a great deal to be learnt from this land and this sky of Castile by us, who in many cases live far removed from them. This land of Castile, which is the land of no airs or graces, the essence of land, the land which is neither local colour, nor the river, nor the boundary, nor the hillside. The land which is certainly not the sum of a number of estates, or the basis of certain landed interests to be haggled over in assemblies, but which is land itself, land as the repository of eternal values, austerity of conduct, the spirit of religion in life, speech and silence, the solidarity of ancestors and descendants.

And above this quintessential land, the quintessential sky.

The sky so blue, so bare of passing clouds, so utterly without the greenish reflections of leafy groves, so purely blue that one might say it was almost white. And so Castile, with the quintessential land and the quintessential

sky gazing at each other, has never been resigned to being a mere province; it could not help but aspire at all times to being an empire. Castile has never managed to understand what is local, it has understanding only for what is universal, which is why Castile denies itself the certainty of limits, perhaps because it is unlimited, both in scope and in stature. And therefore Castile, that land encrusted with wonderful names — Tordesillas, Medina del Campo, Madrigal de las Altas Torres — that land of the Chancery [i.e., the medieval Chancery], of fairs and castles, that is, of justice, trade and militia, gives us an idea of what constituted the Spain we no longer possess, and oppresses our hearts with a deep sense of loss.

For if we have taken to the road through the towns and countryside of Spain, with many hardships and some amount of danger (though that is of no matter), in order to spread abroad the good tidings, we have done so, all the comrades who have spoken before me said, because we are deprived of Spain. Our Spain is split by three kinds of rifts: local separatisms, party conflicts and the divisions along class lines.

Local separatism is a sign of decay which is bound to spring up whenever there is a tendency to forget that the fatherland is not synonymous with those things immediate and physical that we can perceive even in the most primitive state of spontaneity. The fatherland is not the taste of the water from any particular source, it is not the pigment of the soil of any particular grove: the fatherland is a historic mission, a mission of universal dimensions. The life of any and every people is a tragic struggle between the spontaneous and the historic. Primitive peoples are almost vegetally aware of the characteristics of the land. By the time they emerge from such a primitive state, peoples know that their specific nature is not determined by the physical features of the land they inhabit, but that it is their mission in universal terms which

sets them apart from other peoples. As soon as a phase sets in when this sense of a universal mission falls into decay, separatisms begin to flourish once more and once again the peoples turn to their soil, to their land, to their music and their language, endangering once again the glorious integrality that was Spain in the heroic past.

But apart from this, we are divided into political parties. The parties are full of filth, but above and beneath this filth there exists a profound explanation of political parties, which should suffice to make them odious.

Political parties are born the day men lose the sense of there being over them a truth in whose sign peoples and individuals fulfil their missions in life. Prior to the birth of political parties, peoples and individuals knew that above their own reason stood the eternal truth, and, as the antithesis to eternal truth, the absolute lie. But there came a time when men were told that neither truth nor lies are absolute categories, that everything is debatable, that everything can be resolved by the vote, and that votes can decide whether the fatherland should continue united or should commit suicide, and even whether God does or does not exist. Men split up into groups, make propaganda, insult each other and become restless, until finally one Sunday they place a glass box on a table and start filling it up with little bits of paper on which it says whether God exists or does not exist and whether the fatherland should or should not commit suicide.

And this brings about what culminates in the Cortes.

One of the reasons why I have come here is to breathe this fresh air, because my lungs are all too full of the fumes of the Cortes. If you were to see, at this time of such troubles and anxieties, if you, who live in the country, who till the fields, were to see what goes on in there! If you could see the coteries gathered in those corridors flocking to hear the hoariest and most hackneyed jokes! If you could have observed how the other day, during a debate

on whether yet another slice of Spain should be amputated, all that could be heard were speeches harping with pettifogging rhetoric on article such-and-such of the constitution, on whether this percentage or that of the popular vote was required to authorize the amputation! And if you had been there when a Basque, every inch a Spaniard and every inch a Basque, listed the distinguished Spaniards of his homeland, and seen how a fellow sitting on those benches, which support the government of Señor Lerroux, took the liberty of treating the matter as a joke and of mockingly adding the name of Uzcudun to those of Loyola and Elcano!

And as though this were not enough, to the century which has given us liberalism and with it the parliamentary parties, we owe the legacy of the class struggle. For economic liberalism maintained that all men were able to work as they wished — slavery was a thing of the past; quite so, the workers received no blows; but since the workers had nothing to eat but what they were given, since the workers were helpless and with no defence against the power of capitalism, capitalism laid down the conditions and the workers had to accept these conditions or be resigned to dying of hunger. And so, while penning splendid Bills of Rights on pieces of paper which practically no one read (if only because the people were not even taught to read), even while composing such declarations, liberalism produced before our eyes the most inhuman spectacle of all time: in the best cities of Europe, in the capitals of states endowed with the most exquisite liberal institutions, there were human beings, our brothers, living in overcrowded, mis-shapen, horrendous red and black houses, trapped by grinding poverty, tuberculosis and the anaemia of their hungry children, only to be told from time to time with biting sarcasm how free they were and sovereign to boot.

Obviously the workers were bound to rebel one day

against such mockery, and the class struggle was bound to explode. There was just reason for the class struggle, and there was, in the very beginning, just reason for socialism, and we have no cause to deny it. The trouble is that socialism, instead of pursuing its initial course of aspiring to social justice among men, has been transformed into a mere doctrine of horrifying heartlessness, caring not a whit about the liberation of the workers. There are all those workers going about, enormously pleased with themselves and calling themselves Marxists. Already there have been many streets in many Spanish towns named after Karl Marx; but Karl Marx was a German Jew, who from his study observed the most dramatic events of his time with terrifying impassivity. While gazing at the English factories of Manchester and formulating inexorable laws on capital accumulation and the interests of workers and employers, this German Jew wrote in his letters to his friend Friedrich Engels that the workers were a vulgar rabble not worth bothering about except in so far as they served to test his theories.

Socialism ceased to be a movement for the redemption of men and came to be, as I have been telling you, an implacable doctrine; and instead of wanting to restore a state of justice it aimed at taking injustice, in retaliation, as far as ever bourgeois injustice had gone in its organization. What is more, socialism decreed that the class struggle would never cease and stated, besides, that history must be given a materialistic interpretation; that is to say, in order to explain history, only the economic phenomena matter. And when Marxism culminates in a system like the Russian one, children are told in school that religion is the opiate of the people; that the fatherland is merely a word invented as a tool of oppression; and that even modesty and the love of parents for their children are bourgeois prejudices which must be eradicated at all cost.

That is what socialism has come to be. Do you really

think that if the workers knew all that, they would feel attracted to something so dreadful, so horrifying and inhuman as the brain-child of that German Jew called Karl Marx?

Those of us who are now about thirty years old entered the life of Spain when the world was like that, when Spain was like that. We could have been tempted to accept the system and fight our way into the coteries of the Cortes or else to get involved in excesses which would further aggravate and poison the proletarian masses and their class struggle. That would have been a very simple matter, and at first sight it seemed to offer certain advantages. If anyone of us had joined the Conservative Republican Party, or the Radicals, the democratic liberals or the Popular Action Party, he would easily have become a minister, for since we have a government crisis once a fortnight, with new ministers turning up each time, we have to ask ourselves whether there can still be someone in Spain who has never as yet been a minister.

But for the likes of us that is very little. We have chosen to leave the beaten track and to set forth, as our comrade Ledesma has put it, on the road of revolution, on the road of a different revolution, on the road of the real revolution; because all revolutions hitherto have been incomplete, since not one has ever served, at one and the same time, the national idea of the fatherland and the idea of social justice. We integrate the two: the fatherland and social justice, and upon these two immutable principles we boldly and categorically intend to build our revolution.

They say that we are imitators. Onésimo Redondo has already replied to that. They say we are imitators because this movement of ours, this movement of a return to Spain's authentic nature, is a movement which has already emerged elsewhere. Italy and Germany have turned inwards upon themselves in an attitude of extreme exasperation at the myths promulgated for the purpose of

sterilizing them; but just because Italy and Germany have turned inwards and found themselves, should we say that Spain in search of herself is imitating them? Those countries have returned to their own authenticity, and as we do likewise the authenticity we shall find will be our own, not that of either Germany or Italy, and therefore by doing as the Italians or the Germans have done we will be more truly Spaniards than we have ever been.

To comrade Onésimo Redondo I would say, Don't worry too much about their saying that we imitate. If we dealt with that particular point, they would soon invent others. The source of guile is inexhaustible. Let them say to us that we imitate the fascists. After all, in fascism as in all the movements of every age one finds beneath the local characteristics certain recurrent elements which are the patrimony of every human mind and which are the same everywhere. One example of this was, if you like, the Renaissance. Another, if you like, was the hendecasyllable: the hendecasyllable came to us from Italy, but very soon after it had been brought from Italy, hendecasyllables, Castilian hendecasyllables were used by Garcilaso and Fray Luis to sing of the fields of Spain and by Fernando de Herrera to praise the Lord of the plains of the sea, who granted victory to Spain at Lepanto.

They also say that we are reactionaries. Some say so in bad faith, to persuade the workers to avoid us and not to listen to what we say. In spite of that, the workers will listen and when they hear us they will no longer believe those who said this, because precisely those who, like us, want to restore the idea of an indestructably integrated destiny cannot possibly be reactionaries. On the contrary, reactionaries thrive in a regime of strife as when one class has recently vanquished another and the vanquished class is thirsty for revenge; but we do not participate in the game of reprisals of class against class or party against party. We place a guide for all our actions above party

politics and class interests. This guide of ours — and here lies the real essence of our movement — is the idea of a totally integrated destiny called fatherland and nation. With this concept of the nation served by the instrument of a strong state and subservient neither to a class nor to a party, the interest emerging victorious is that of the integration of all within that whole, not the momentary interest of the winners. The workers will realize that this is so, and then they will see that ours is the only possible solution.

Others, though, suppose us to be reactionaries in the vague hope that, while they grumble away in their clubs and casinos, hankering after the privileges which have partly fallen away, we will be the storm-troopers of reaction, get the chestnuts out of the fire for them and busy ourselves installing all those in their armchairs who are now watching us in comfort. If we were to do that, we would deserve to be cursed by the five dead men whom we have felled for the sake of a more lofty cause ...

Finally, they say that we have no programme. Can you think of anything serious and profound that owes its existence to a programme? When have you ever known the really decisive things, the eternal things, like love, life and death, to be governed by a programme? What we must possess is a total awareness of what it is we want, an absolute sense of the fatherland, of life and of history; and it is this total awareness, bright in our souls, which will tell us in every situation what we must do and what we must prefer. In better times there were not all these study groups, all these statistics, electoral rolls and programmes. Besides, if we had a concrete programme we would be just another party, and we would look very much like the cartoon-figures they make of us. They all know that they are lying when they say that we copy Italian fascism, that we are neither Catholic nor Spanish; but the very people who make such accusations are with

their left hand organizing a kind of parody of our movement. Thus they will have a parade at the Escorial if we have one in Valladolid. And if we speak of eternal Spain, of Imperial Spain, they too will say that they long for the greatness of Spain and the corporative state. These movements can be as alike to ours as a plate of cold meat to the hot meal of the night before. For it is precisely its temperature, its spirit, which distinguishes this longing of ours, this undertaking of ours. What do we care about the corporative state, what does it matter whether the Cortes is abolished, if different organisms are going to continue churning out those selfsame cautious, pale, slippery and smiling youths, incapable of being aroused by patriotic fervour or even — let them say what they will — by religious fervour?

Be very careful when it comes to the corporative state; be very careful in your approach to all the cold things many people will tell you with the one aim of transforming us into just another party. Onésimo Redondo has already warned us of this danger. We will not satisfy our aspirations by rearranging the state in some way. What we want is to give back to Spain optimism, self-confidence, a clear and forceful life-style. That is why our group is not a party: it is a militia. That is why we are not here in order to become deputies, under-secretaries or ministers, but in order to fulfil, each in his place, whatever mission we are commanded to undertake; and though we five are now behind this table, the day may come when the lowliest militant may be called upon to give us orders and we may be called upon to obey. We have no personal ambitions, except, perhaps, the ambition to be in the forefront of danger. All we want is to see Spain become once again herself, and to say with honour, social justice, youthfulness and patriotic enthusiasm what this very city of Valladolid said in a letter to the Emperor Charles V in 1516:

Your Highness ought to come and take up in one hand that yoke bequeathed to you by the Catholic King, your grandfather, with which so many men of courage and pride have been tamed, and in the other hand the arrows of that incomparable Queen, your grandmother Doña Isabella, with which she removed the Moors so far away.

Well, here in this selfsame city of Valladolid which pleaded thus, you have the yoke and the arrows: the yoke of toil and the arrows of authority. Thus we have come, beneath the emblem of the yoke and arrows, to say right here, in Valladolid:

'Castilla, once again for Spain!'

SOME THOUGHTS ON NATIONALISM

From *Revista J.O.N.S.*, No. 16, April 1934

THE ROMANTIC CONCEPTION OF NATIONHOOD

The romantic belief in the intrinsic goodness of man was the elder sister of the faith in the intrinsic goodness of peoples. 'Man is born free and finds himself everywhere in fetters,' said Rousseau. The ideal was, therefore, to give his original freedom and innocence back to man, dismantling as far as possible the entire social mechanism, which, in Rousseau's opinion, had been an agent of corruption. Years later, the Romantic conception of nationhood was formulated along the selfsame lines. Just as free and good individuals were enchained by society, so free and spontaneous peoples suffered the oppression of historical architecture. It was as urgent to liberate the peoples as it was to liberate the individuals.

If one looks at it closely, the Romantic conception tended towards 'disqualification', that is, the elimination of all that had been added (like law and history) by human effort to the primary entities of the individual and the people. Law made the individual a 'person'; history made the people a 'polis' by creating the state. The difference between the individual and the person is like that between the people and the body politic. According to the Romantics it was urgent in both cases to return to the primary, spontaneous state.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE PERSON

The prerequisite for the existence of law is the organic plurality of individuals. The one and only inhabitant of an island has no titular rights and no legal obligations. His activities will be limited only by the extent of his own strength, or at most by whatever sense of morals he may have. But the law cannot even be imagined under such circumstances. The law always involves the authority to make certain demands: there can only be rights if there are corresponding obligations; all matters relative to the law concern but the tracing of boundaries between the activities of two or more people. For this reason, where there is law there is community life; that is, a system of norms conditioning the vital activities of individuals.

Hence it follows that the individual as such is not by any means the subject of juridical relationships; the individual is only the physical and biological 'substratum' upon which the law constructs its system of circumscribed relations. The true juridical unit is the person; that is to say, the individual not as a living reality but as the active or passive embodiment of whatever social relationships the law regulates, as someone capable of making demands, of being obliged, of attacking and of transgressing.

BIRTHPLACE AND NATION

Likewise, the people in its spontaneous state is but the substratum of the body politic. From this point on it will be clearer to start using the word 'nation', taking it to mean precisely that: the body politic, capable of having a functional mechanism in the form of a state. And this defines the subject of the present work, namely the illumination of the meaning of nationhood; whether it is the spontaneous reality of a people, as the Romantic nationalists think, or rather something unrelated to any

native characteristics. The Romantics were keen on all things natural. Their slogan was a 'return to nature'. Thus they identified the nation with 'the birthplace'. What characterized a nation were its ethnic, linguistic, topographical and climatic features. At most, a common heritage of uses, customs and traditions, but taking tradition to be little more than the memory of certain things done over and over again and not as a reference to any kind of historical process stretching from a point of departure to some possibly unattainable goal.

The most pernicious nationalisms, because they are the most dissolvent, are those which take this view of nationhood. If one accepts that the nation is an expression of the spontaneous, particularistic nationalism becomes unbeatable. That is why it is so easy to be a local patriot. That is why the people are so swiftly aroused by the jubilant frenzy of their songs, their fairs, their homeland. In all of this there is something like a sensual summons, which is apparent even in the fragrance of the soil: a physical, primitive and stirring current, not unlike drunkenness and the maturity of plant life when the pollen is ripe.

CLUMSY POLITICS

To such pastoral and primary elements do the nationalisms of the Romantic type owe their obvious appeal.

Nothing will irritate men and peoples more than to be disturbed in their very basic drives: hunger and sex — appetites on a level with the mysterious call of the land — can, if they are thwarted, unleash the greatest tragedies. That is why it is exceedingly clumsy to try and counter Romantic nationalism with Romantic nationalism, to combat feelings with feelings. Emotionally, nothing can be as strong as local nationalism, for the very reason that it is so primitive and within the grasp of even the least sensitive. On the contrary, any attempt to fight it with

sentiment runs the risk of hurting the innermost — because they are the most basic — fibres of the people's soul and of churning up violent reactions against the very thing striving to be loved.

We have a good example of this in Spain. Local nationalisms have made clever use of primary folk impulses wherever they have sprung up: the land, the music, the language, ancient rural customs, the older people's store of family memories ... It was altogether inept to try and break this exclusive nationalism by mocking these impulses; some people have for instance resorted to making jokes about these very basic forms of expression, like those who have ridiculed the Catalan language for its harshness.

It is impossible to imagine a coarser political approach; when one offends against one of those primary feelings rooted in the depths of a people's spontaneity, there is bound to be a basic reaction of anger, even amongst those who least incline towards nationalism. This is almost a biological phenomenon.

But only a little shrewder is the approach of those who have tried to combat local patriotism on its own ground by attempting merely to arouse sentiments of unitarian patriotism. If you pit feelings against feelings, the simpler will always be the stronger. If you bring unitarian patriotism down to the level of emotions within the reach of an almost plant-like sensitivity, that which is closest is bound to be the most intense.

DESTINY IN UNIVERSAL TERMS

What, then, can one do to revive the patriotism of the great heterogeneous units? Nothing less will do than a revision of the concept of nationhood, starting out from different premises. And in this context we can be guided by what has been said about the difference between

individuals and persons. Just as the person is but the individual seen in relation to society, the nation is the people seen in relation to universality.

One is not a person by reason of being fair-haired or dark, tall or short, speaking one language or another, but by reason of one's circumscribed social relationships. One is only a person in so far as one is 'another'; that is to say, oneself in opposition to others, a possible creditor or debtor with regard to others, rightfully in positions which are not those of others. Personality is therefore not determined from within, by reason of an agglomeration of cells, but from without, by reason of certain relationships. Likewise, a people is not a nation because of anything physical or any local colour and flavour, but because it is 'another' in universal terms; that is to say, because its destiny is not that of other nations. Thus, not every people constitutes a nation, nor do all groups of peoples, but only those which accomplish a specific destiny in universal terms.

Hence there is no need to establish whether the characteristics of geographical, ethnic or linguistic uniformity are present in a given nation; all that needs to be established is whether it does indeed have a unique historical destiny in universal terms.

In classical times people saw this with their usual perspicacity. This is why they did not use the words 'fatherland' and 'nation' in their romantic acception or seek to anchor patriotism in a dark love of the land. They preferred expressions like 'the empire' or 'the king's service', that is to say, expressions with historical connotations. The very word 'Spain', which in itself is the expression of an undertaking, will always be more meaningful than the phrase 'the Spanish nation'. And in England, which may well be the country of the most classic patriotism, they not only do not have the word 'fatherland', but very few people can even separate the word 'king', the

symbol of historical unity, from the word 'country', the territorial base of that same unity.

THE SPONTANEOUS AND THE DIFFICULT

We are coming to the end of the road. Only when nationalism is considered thus, can the disintegrating effect of local nationalisms be overcome. One must recognize all that is genuine in these; but one must pit against them a forceful movement aspiring to a nationalism with a mission, to which the fatherland is a unit of historic destiny. Obviously this kind of patriotism is more difficult to feel; but in this difficulty resides its greatness. All human existence — of individuals, as of peoples — is a tragic struggle between the spontaneous and the difficult. Precisely because a patriotic attachment to one's birthplace is felt without effort and even with sweetly poisonous sensuality, it is a noble human task to disentangle oneself from it and to attain instead a patriotism that is intelligently and harshly visionary. While hitherto there have only been feeble attempts made to combat Romantic movements with the weapons of Romanticism, it will be up to the new patriotism to contain any such Romantic inundations with impregnable redoubts of classic temper. This patriotism owes its strength to the intellect rather than to the emotions. Instead of being a vague feeling swayed by any whim, patriotism must be a truth as absolute as any mathematical truth.

This certainly does not mean that patriotism will become something aridly intellectual. The spiritual positions thus attained, in a heroic struggle against the spontaneous, are the very ones which in due course penetrate most deeply into our authentic being. For instance, the way we love our parents once we have passed the age when we need them is probably something artificial, the outcome of a rudimentary culture's victory

over original barbarism. In a purely animal existence, the relationship between parents and offspring ceases as soon as the children can look after themselves. Among many primitive tribes, custom authorizes children to kill their parents once these are, because of their age, no more than an economic burden. Yet, by now, affection for our parents has become so much a part of us that it seems to us the most spontaneous of feelings. This is but one of the sweet rewards we get for striving to improve ourselves: though some basic delights may be lost, at the end of the road we find others so dear and intense that they even encroach upon the sphere of those ancient feelings weeded out when our quest for excellence first began. The heart has its reasons, which reason cannot understand. But the intellect, too, has its own way of loving, a kind of love of which the heart may be incapable.

A MANIFESTO TO THE SPANISH PEOPLE

From *F.E.*, No. 12, April 26th, 1934

Once again, as so often in recent times, Spain's destiny hangs in the balance. It almost looks as though some kind of a curse were preventing our country from ever becoming a clearly defined and established reality, condemning it perpetually to the state of a rough draft.

Whenever one thought one caught a glimpse of the revival of a common national aspiration, this has been swiftly forestalled by party strife. The last time something of the sort seemed on the cards was April 14th three years ago; at that time most people thought that, while we were losing a millenarian institution (a loss mourned by many), we were on the threshold of an era of joyful collective hope. The movement of April 14th appeared to be the embodiment of the two things Spain needed most urgently: a national optimism, which would make all partake of a faith in a common destiny, and the social justice that would rectify the subhuman living conditions under which a large proportion of our working people are forced to vegetate.

All too soon the various governments strayed from the first of these principles. What could have been a national regime became instead a most disagreeable and peevish sectarian regime. And when this period finally drew to a close, when the Lerroux government and its helpers of the Right declared that they would put a stop to sectarian politics, they utterly thwarted the republic's other essential principle: that of social justice. In the hands of the Lerroux government, the republic turned into a bourgeois

regime, the spitting image of that which prevailed in 1921.

In vain the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. has repeatedly raised its voice against a political system which toys with the fatherland's fate in a seesaw quadrille of the Left and the Right. In vain we have repeated over and over again that the national interest is unchanging and must not be looked at either from the Right or from the Left, but as a whole. In spite of such warnings, the left-wing parties have persisted in slandering us; though they know they are lying, they have continued to insist that we are the champions of a capitalist system we find loathsome; while those of right-wing persuasions have preferred to huddle around leaders with less taxing programmes, even though they sacrifice all youthful, Spanish and profound emotion to the cosiness of their programmes.

As usual, those who were trying to be clever have turned out to be utter fools. Thanks to all the political wisdom, to the parliamentary game and all those things in which some people still keep trusting, Spain finds herself in one of the most confused situations within living memory: the paradoxical situation in which those with the fewest seats in the Cortes have the effective power to paralyse even the highest authorities of the state, while the parliamentary majority and the parties best equipped for winning elections and for organizing spectacular strikes are backed up by nothing but weakness and despondency.

There is nothing immediate the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. can do in this chaos to which Spain has been reduced by the ever more noisome decay of a political system in its death-throes. But in order to dissociate ourselves from it, and convinced as we are that all is not lost as yet, we do want to address a desperate appeal to the Spanish people:

Fellow Spaniards! Down with the Cortes and shady politicking. Down with the Left and the Right. Down with capitalist selfishness and proletarian indiscipline. It is high time for a strong, united and determined Spain to regain control of her great destiny. That is why we of the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S., who want to see this done, appeal to all of you — students, peasants, workers and farmers, all of you who are young in body and spirit — to scorn the siren song of hatred coming from the Left and that of selfishness and sloth coming from the Right; rally instead to our banner, which is the liberating banner of the National Syndicalist Revolution.

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ADDRESSING THE CORTES:
AN ASSESSMENT OF THE
DICTATORSHIP AND THE NEED FOR
A NATIONAL REVOLUTION

June 6th, 1934

The House will no doubt be prepared for the fact that my intervention in this debate will contribute nothing in particular to its economic aspect. It was only to be expected that in this debate the argument would not be limited to an analysis of Señor Calvo Sotelo's proposals for a reduction of expenditure, and I would ask the House to believe that I could not be more pleased; it was to be expected that the argument would not be limited, either, to a critical review of the dictatorship's economic policies; it was to be expected, and I welcomed this most sincerely, that in the course of this debate a complete assessment would be attempted, albeit briefly, of the dictatorship's significance as a historical phenomenon and as a political phenomenon. That is why I have felt obliged, under the circumstances, to ask leave to speak; not, as the Minister of Finance has insinuated, as a dutiful gesture of filial piety. I feel sure that all of you would respect filial piety on my part, but there is no earthly reason why I should ask you to share it. This is not the place for me to give expression to filial piety; I must speak out as a member of the generation fated to live after the dictatorship has come and gone, and which must, like it or not, assess the historical and political phenomenon of the dictatorship with lucidity and, if possible, with high historical standards. Since I am sparing you the need to accord me the licence

due to a son, I would ask you to do me the favour of hearing me out, and I myself shall do my best to be at all times rigorously objective.

I do not know whether you will remember — since this debate has been going on for some considerable time — that I asked for the floor at the very moment when the Minister of Finance, in his attack on the dictatorship, propounded the theory he considered valid in political law, namely that the dictatorship would have had its justification in law had it fulfilled certain requirements, which he then enumerated. At that moment I asked him, Was that stipulated in the constitution of 1876? The Minister of Finance's harsh retort was quite out of place; no doubt he thought I was deliberately trying to upset him. And in view of this acid remark I had no choice but to ask for the floor. For when I put that question to the Minister of Finance, I was not moved by any sentimental impulse; I was simply hazarding a theory I had already put forward on other occasions — once at least in rather solemn circumstances, during the examination of the dictatorship's record in the Senate. I was putting forward what I insist is a rigorously objective and juridical theory, which can be summed up in the following statement: neither the dictatorship nor the republic nor any revolutionary event whatsoever can be, or ever has been, justified in terms of the previously existing legality. Every political system in the world, without a single exception, was born in open conflict with the prevalent political order; for the one thing no political order can ever do is to will and bequeath. For example, the Spanish Republic, whose legitimacy I do not suppose anyone will question, was by no means the natural outcome of the municipal elections of April 12th. It would be absurd to maintain that it was, since within any given juridical framework, no factor — not even one so solemn as such more or less well-attended municipal elections — can have any consequences other than those

envisaged specifically by the prevalent legality; and in the constitution of 1876, which was in force at the time, there was certainly no mention of anything to the effect that when a republican party or several republican parties emerged victorious in a municipal election, such a victory would authorize them to establish a republic. Therefore, when the Revolutionary Committee declared in the *Gazette* that it had taken power, the gentlemen who made up this Revolutionary Committee signed their Decree of April 15th, not in their capacity as duly elected councillors, but as members of the Revolutionary Committee which had assumed power over the Spanish body politic by revolutionary means as an exorbitant result of some municipal elections.

That is the way it has always been whenever a constitutional state of affairs has been undermined, and therefore the dictatorship, which did undermine a constitutional state of affairs, had no need to justify itself on juridical grounds, as the Minister of Finance has claimed. Not that this means — and now we come to the essence of my argument, if you will be good enough to hear me out — that it had no need to justify itself as a historical fact and a political fact. Now, every fact of history, every regime in history, can be looked at in two different ways, and this I believe to have escaped attention rather in the course of the present debate: any period of history can be looked upon either as a series of anecdotes, of localized data, of isolated facts, or else as a global phenomenon, from a global point of view, in accordance with the particular destiny which a given historical event sets itself from the very beginning. This, I feel, has been disregarded by all the critics of the dictatorship we have heard here.

The dictatorship has been scrutinized by its opponents in the light of detail; the dictatorship has been shredded by its opponents into a number of petty administrative episodes; and, precisely by opting for this sphere, the

critics stood to lose on all counts, for it was precisely in the honesty and efficiency of its administration that the dictatorship scored over most of the periods with which it can be compared. I feel sure that if you will but join me for a little in this scrutiny ... (*Señor Prieto Tuero*: 'Those sitting behind you will no doubt answer you on the subject of its superiority and honesty.') I hope that everybody will reply, and I hope that perhaps *Señor Prieto* will do so himself. (*Señor Prieto Tuero*: 'Maybe, maybe.' — *Laughter*.)

If one takes the dictatorship's every action and administrative decision individually, one finds that, like any other regime, it made a number of mistakes; undoubtedly there were moments, as with every other regime, when even the most zealous administrators may have failed to avoid coming up with something more or less disputable. I challenge anyone to show me a period of government lasting six years of which that cannot be said. That is incontestable. Very well then; the dictatorship increased the public debt, for instance. We all agree on that by now, and after having listened to the present debate we are tired of hearing about it. And yet it cannot be denied that at other times previously the public debt had also been increased, at more or less the same rate, but with one difference: in the past such increases in the public debt were used to defray the current expenses of routine administration, while the dictatorship did tackle certain projects (and *Señor Prieto* himself admitted that much when he spoke one day in this very place about the hydraulic works in progress), which may conceivably be considered to have been over-ambitious, but which were most certainly intended to provide the Spanish economy with a far stronger and far broader base. That is obvious. In the administrative process, too, the dictatorship made wrong decisions, but those of you who, after its demise, took over the administration of the Spanish state, cannot deny that the dictatorship did impart to Spain's

administrative machinery a degree of efficiency and probity unheard of before. I don't know whether it was Señor Barcia who recalled some days ago how prior to the dictatorship the redoubts of Cabinet ministers and the various civil service departments were the refuge of many a non-existent functionary, of many who had no function in the civil service except to be listed among the established staff. You cannot deny that the dictatorship put a stop to this farcical bureaucracy wherein barefaced jobbery was rampant. (*Señor Trabal*: 'The bureaucracy of the monarchy.') If the Honourable Member will be good enough to listen to what I have to say ... it seems to me that I am keeping this discussion fairly objective.

I was saying that the dictatorship quite obviously infused the public administration with an efficiency and probity unheard of prior to the revolutionary event of September 13th, 1923. You have persisted in berating the dictatorship precisely on this point, precisely in the sphere of administrative detail, precisely on what happened to be the dictatorship's strength, and that is why you have got yourselves — and I beg you to hear me out, for I shall presently say something which may be more agreeable for you to hear — that is why you have got yourselves into the dead end of trying to apportion liability. For two years now you have had the files, in which you expected to unearth the greatest monstrosities, the vilest corruption, in your possession, and you have not managed to find a thing, you have not come up with evidence on which to base legal proceedings against anyone at all.

What you have managed to do, though, is to make it impossible for a number of people, who supported the dictatorship in good faith, who had good reason to be personally sensitive to the pain you have inflicted on the dictatorship with your often unfair and always exaggerated criticism, to concede that there may be something to what you say. We are almost prepared to do so now at this

necrological session — for that is what all our late-night sittings are turning into — when we say to you that as soon as you will admit that on the whole the dictatorship was a government whose administration was efficient and honest, as soon as you will admit the truth of that, all of us — those who bear a burden of filial piety and those who do not — all of us who are part of the generation that has entered politics after the year 1930 will grant you that as a political experiment the dictatorship was a failure.

For while I did say that a revolutionary regime cannot ever vindicate its legitimacy in terms of the previous regime's legality, while I did say that a revolutionary regime can never rely on its birth certificate to validate its existence, I am bound to grant you that a revolutionary regime's justification must always be its record, its record as seen in the light of history and not of anecdote, its record as it emerges from a comparison between the aims which the revolutionary regime in question set itself when it first broke with the previous system and the situation it left behind when it came to the end of its cycle. And this is where the dictatorship's real failure lies. The dictatorship disrupted the constitutional order prevailing at the time and launched the fatherland on a revolutionary process, which unfortunately it proved incapable of completing. When the dictatorship met its end, that constitutional order, practically unchanged except perhaps for the symptoms of anaemia indicative of an early death, made a cheerful come-back with all those defects the dictatorship had found when it began on September 13th, 1923. And this came about, because the dictatorship was embodied — and you can see that when I speak of this period in our history I manage fairly well to disregard all the inducements of blood relationship — by a truly extraordinary man, by a man so extraordinary that had he been less so he would not have been able to keep a balance so precarious for six long years.

The dictatorship, which, as I was saying, was embodied in a truly extraordinary man, a man who was endowed — and I am sure that no one will gainsay this; none other than Ortega y Gasset has said it, who was one of his most tenacious opponents — endowed with a warm heart, a tempered spirit and an extremely lucid mind, a man who had a gift of intuition and divination and understanding the like of which few men possess; that dictatorship turned out to have one deficiency, was lacking the one thing without which it is impossible to make any regime work. The dictatorship lacked dialectic elegance.

At the time, that was entirely excusable.

Nowadays, a number of systems which have reached a state of conceptual maturity are being tried out in the world. In the year 1923, no doctrine capable of replacing the liberal, democratic, bourgeois doctrine of the states then in existence had as yet been fully elaborated. If you take into account that the general of 1923 came to power only eleven months after Mussolini, it may seem amazing that he should have intuitively evolved all the conceptual bases of a system, when in fact it has taken Mussolini's system ten or twelve years to produce the bibliography which now serves to justify it *a posteriori*. General Primo de Rivera had nothing of the sort to help him; he had to keep divining the intimate rationale of his every action, and he did exactly that, more or less miraculously for all of six years; but unhappily, no regime can maintain itself unless it manages to recruit the support of the young generation of its time, and in order to recruit a young generation it needs to hit on exactly the right words, it needs to hit on exactly the right formula of conceptual expression. This is what General Primo de Rivera failed to accomplish, what indeed could not be accomplished at that time, and that is why the intellectuals never understood him, who might easily have come to an understanding with him five years later. And for this both the

intellectuals and General Primo de Rivero are to blame. Possibly General Primo de Rivera could have had a more timely appreciation of the intellectual idiom, the dialectical idiom of the intellectuals; at the same time it is obvious that the intellectuals, being intellectuals, were duty bound to use their imagination a little more. The intellectuals failed to understand him and turned their backs on him; together with the intellectuals, the young people turned their backs on him, and that is how General Primo de Rivera found himself in that terribly tragic situation I have already described on other occasions, in which almost everyone who embarks on a process of political transformation or any process with profound social implications in Spain finds himself. Excepting a small number of loyal and intelligent collaborators, General Primo de Rivera was not understood by those who doted on him and did not endear himself to those who could have understood him.

That is to say, if only the intellectuals, who had long been hankering after a revolutionary transformation of Spain from below or from above, had understood the general, there could have been a revolution. But they did not understand him, and he was appreciated instead by those who, for one reason or another, had not the slightest wish for any kind of revolution. I am positive that General Primo de Rivera was fully aware of this and that this was the tragedy that blighted the last two years of his dictatorship. It was his great and honourable tragedy, so genuine a tragedy that, when he saw that his work was essentially a failure, it cost him no less than his life.

The revolution the dictatorship should have made was this. For a long time past Spain had led a dreary life, a mean life, a doleful life, caught between two flagstones, which have resisted all efforts to destroy them to this day: the pressure from above signifies the lack of any historical ambition, the lack of any historical interest; the pressure

from below, the lack of real social justice. The lack of historical interest we owe to thirty or forty years of pessimism, to our not having found anything to bind us all together in a common effort for a common cause. The lack of social justice we owe to the fact that, while we have so far been spared — and we shall not cease to bless the circumstances — all the horrors of large-scale industry, of the large-scale industry that has unleashed one of the greatest world crises of all time, we have to admit that our rural life, life in our small towns and our villages, is absolutely inhuman and indefensible. Though Spain is more than large enough to support forty million inhabitants, the system, because of an absurd distribution of land ownership and an inconceivable backwardness of irrigation networks, is such that two million families at least live in far worse conditions than household animals and almost than wild animals. For instance I myself am the Member of the Cortes for a part of Andalusia; in the course of the election campaign I had to go to a village called Prado del Rey with my friend and comrade Francisco Moreno. When we arrived at the village, where I do not think anyone had ever ventured before, not even for the purpose of canvassing, it was pouring with rain. The streets were more like ravines, lines with lairs far viler than any where farmers keep their livestock. We found people there who had not the vaguest notion of culture, human companionship, comfort or hygiene. Since it was a cold day, we were travelling by car and we were naturally wearing our overcoats. When we tried out our election propaganda, the people of Prado del Rey came out of their houses and started pelting us with stones. I can tell you that in the depths of my heart I was hoping that none of them would hit me in the neck; but I can tell you also that in the depths of my heart I had to admit that, coming as we did in cars and wearing relatively pleasant overcoats, we were providing those people of Prado del

Rey with every excuse for throwing all their stones at us.

Well then, the very fact that there are people in Spain living like that, the fact that Spain has no historical issue in the world to live for and is subjected to a social system that is totally unjust, is responsible for the fact that Spain's revolution is still outstanding. And since the people are instinctively aware of this, when September 13th, 1923, came to pass, they believed that those two flagstones, which have kept the life of Spain so dreary, so mean, so doleful, were finally going to be smashed from above and from below. That is why the people were on the side of the revolutionary experiment of September 13th, 1923, and if the dictatorship failed, it failed not because it handled the affairs of state inefficiently, not because it gave shelter to some dishonest deal or other; with tragic grandeur, it failed — and you can see that we are able to say this without offending each other in any way — because it failed to fulfil its revolutionary mission.

See how I leave to one side all personal feelings and divest myself of all passion, however understandable, in order to look at the achievements and the failure of the dictatorship from this point of view.

But you will readily understand that my disquisition would serve no purpose if I confined myself to a more or less literary essay on a historical process long past. If these debates are of any use at all, they are useful in so far as they hold lessons for what came after, and I believe it to be rather useful to heed these lessons at the present time, when we can see the revolution of April 14th, 1931, shunting itself on to the same siding as the revolution of September 13th, 1923. (*Señor Trabal: 'Where is the man responsible for the siding?'*)

*

On April 14th, 1931, we saw a phenomenon of popular rejoicing similar to the one that occurred on September

13th, 1923. On April 14th, 1931, a millenarian institution collapsed; I feel sure that all of you must respect those whose hearts were filled with painful sorrow on that occasion at the sight of the downfall of an institution that had lasted many centuries and that had many times afforded Spain moments of glory. But aside from this, aside from this pain which set a few apart from the joy of the majority, April 14th flooded Spain with the same kind of joy as that sparked off by September 13th, 1923. (*Murmurings. Several Honourable Members make remarks which cannot be heard.*) Those interrupting me seem all too eager to dispute a quantitative assessment, when in fact I am making a qualitative assessment, which is why I am speaking of the same kind of joy. For what made those who were happy at that time so happy was the hope that we were once again putting ourselves in a position where the flagstone of a want of ambition and historical purpose would be broken from above and the flagstone of a want of social justice would be broken from below. With regard to the historical aspect, the revolution of April 14th seemed to hold out the promise that Spain would be given back a common purpose and a common mission. It is not, in fact, so simple to glean what exactly this mission was; but the revolution of April 14th was lucky enough to have a good tune. Señor Gil Robles believes that political movements do not need a good tune. But there has never been an interesting political movement without a good tune, and the revolution of April 14th had one, a particularly good one ... (*Señor Trabal: 'The Riego Anthem.' — Laughter.*) Not the Riego Anthem, but the splendid tune contained primarily in the memorable manifesto penned by Ortega y Gasset, Marañón and Pérez de Ayala. That manifesto, written in the very finest prose of those masters of prose, spoke of moving full steam ahead on a new course, of all of us getting together on a new, unblemished and enviable undertaking.

That is what it said, more or less, because I am quoting from memory. (*Señor Teodomiro Menéndez*: 'Musically speaking it was quite a street band, make no mistake!' — *Laughter*.) I do not know what it was 'musically speaking'; but, given our hope that a new course had really been found attractive enough to make all of us go on board ship together, it was that tune which convinced most of us who went to the polls on April 12th. And then, with regard to the social background, the revolution of April 14th brought — its most profound and most interesting contribution — nothing less than the integration of the socialists into a government not exclusively proletarian. This was indeed a fascinating proposition; for once the socialists stopped being a class movement, an exclusively proletarian movement, and signed up in a movement that had well and truly a national look about it. It was to be hoped — and probably this was the instinctive justification for all the rejoicing on April 14th — that with the co-operation of the socialists, released at last from narrow class interests, the impetus, the sense of purpose, the national solidarity we had so long been lacking, might be recovered once more.

Alas, the promises of April 14th have remained as unfulfilled as ever those of September 13th. And the blame for this must go, initially, to the first republican governments; for these governments had a splendid opportunity in their grasp to make a real revolution and to do so without arousing animosity; they could have made a revolution for everyone, the revolution everyone was needing. Instead, nobody knows why (and none of you will be able to refute this), they chose to while away the time toying with what amounts to a caste legislation and preparing petty trials, when nothing erodes a regime quite as much as any attempt to elucidate the liabilities of previous regimes; they amused themselves searching for all the small things likely to divide a people rarely so united

as on that April 14th, 1931, when very few indeed abstained from the general rejoicing.

But it so happens that, after that experience, when it looked as though people were refraining from throwing the republic's national spirit out of the window as they had been doing, when we had got past the time when the republic did all it could to seem anti-national, we now have a republic which, just as it stops seething with resentment, throws out of the window the other half of its content, all the social content which seemed to justify its existence. Because it so happens that you have now decided to do without the socialists and are repealing a number of social laws, which may have been good or may have been bad, without in any way replacing them with new ones. At this very moment you are upholding the principle of authority at any cost, you are giving socialist town councils the sack, often with good reason; but at this very moment the republic is being governed in exactly the same conservative vein as in the year 1921. You will readily understand that I myself have not the slightest cause to want to see a revolution in the streets; I do not think that there is any need for us whatsoever to organize any street riots; but it seems to me that if the republic fails to implement the social revolution it had promised, if the social revolution is not implemented calmly and serenely by those in government, there can be not the slightest justification for the fact that the reins of government are at this time in the hands of the republic.

If you disagree, tell me whether you can see much of a difference — with due respect to the people involved, most of whom are as irreproachable as were those others — between all these conservative elements, with their exquisite manners and infinitely peaceable intentions, who support the present government of the republic, and the Patriotic Union which supported the government of the dictatorship. (*Murmurings.*)

(The Speaker: 'We are duty bound to warn Señor Primo de Rivera that this session cannot be extended and must end at quarter to one.')

With the five minutes left to me and another three which the Speaker will give me as a present, I hope to come to the end of my speech.

I do want to say all this, and I am delighted to see that my words, instead of raising the temperature, have spread a certain good will abroad. I had to say all this in order to ask you to understand that if young people are at present out of touch with the ruling parties and the opposition parties, it is not because they are itching to play at being fascists-about-town. Nothing could be further from our minds. If one has reached, as I have done, a political position at the end of a road as dramatic as the one I have had to travel, where I have had to suffer much in my innermost being, one does not step into the outside world, one does not give up one's peace and quiet, one's profession, one's normal way of life, the chance to cultivate one's mind, the chance to live far from the noise and bustle in that silence which alone can give rise to the most fruitful work, one does not give up all that, I say, for the pleasure of raising one's arm to salute and to annoy the Honourable Minister of the Interior, who fines one from time to time. That is not why. We behave the way we do because our generation, which may still have some thirty or forty years to live, refuses to be resigned to living yet again within the narrow confines imposed by a lack of historical purpose on the one hand and a lack of social justice on the other. Once again these are two clearly separate missions. We have a government that does not bear any grudge, but which is not revolutionary either; and on the other hand we have you socialists submerged once again in the class struggle and disconnected from the national mission which you had at one time taken as your own.

Not long ago, Don Fernando de los Ríos was speaking here about the works of the Spanish Missions [in the New World]; a little later he spoke to me in the corridors about the emotions with which in America he had followed the traces of the Spanish conquistadors; and I said to Don Fernando de los Ríos: The day you apply these things you are telling us, this Spanish emotion you put into your words when you address us, to the trade unions, no one will dare any longer to stand in the way of the Socialist Party; for if the Socialist Party makes enemies for itself and may do so more and more every day, since the Socialist Youth organization is moving away from this national spirit, it is because the Socialist Party will insist on tarring itself up with an anti-national interpretation which is coldly irrelevant to Spanish life. If the Socialist Party one day pledged itself to a national destiny, and, equally, if the republic, with its national pretensions, one day acquired socialist substance, that day we would no longer have to go about saluting with one arm raised high, neither would we have to lay ourselves open any longer to being stoned or, what is worse, to being misunderstood; that day, the day Spain recovered its mission consisting of these two things together, most of us would, believe me, go back quietly to our various professions.

And if this nocturnal session, this necrological session as I called it earlier — if this debate, during which I have had to listen to some sorry things — not many, though, since you have been tactful enough to steer clear of them most of the time — if this debate would only persuade us to think of the dictatorship and its works as of something that is settled once and for all, that is cancelled respectfully, historically, objectively, with due acknowledgment of services rendered, with due acknowledgment of all its uprightness, with due acknowledgment of the admirable self-sacrifice of him who was its incarnation, and if it would only persuade us to make common cause, rather

than to keep sniping at each other, with a will to achieving together something utterly Spanish and profoundly social, then I promise you — not on my own behalf which matters least of all, but on behalf of him who can no longer speak but who would have felt just the same — I would hold all the unfairness and all the bitterness to be happily things of the past. (*Hear! Hear! — Applause.*)

LETTER TO GENERAL FRANCO

Madrid, September 24th, 1934

Dear General, These moments I spend writing to you may well be the last chance we have of communicating with each other; my last chance to serve Spain by writing to you. This is why I do not hesitate to take the opportunity, though at first sight it may seem impertinent of me. I feel sure that at this perilous time you will glean from the very first lines the true meaning of my purpose and will not find it difficult to forgive my taking this liberty.

The idea came to me, more or less vaguely, as I was talking a few days ago with the Minister of the Interior. You know, of course, what is afoot: not one of those riotous uprisings in the streets, which the civil guard has always put down with ease, but a masterly coup along the lines laid down by Trotsky, which may conceivably be led by Trotsky himself (there is good reason to suppose that he may be in Spain). The arms raids have revealed two things: on the one hand, evidence that there are some real armouries about; on the other, the ludicrous insignificance of the actual hauls of arms. In other words, the armouries *are still in existence*. They contain first-rate weapons, many of them of better quality than those issued to the regular army. And these weapons will be in expert hands; while the orders the handlers obey will in all likelihood be very competently given. All this against a backcloth of rampant social indiscipline (you will have seen the literary abandon of the working-class press), of communist propaganda in the barracks and even in the civil guard, with the state totally divested of any profound and responsible sense of authority. (One cannot possibly mistake the Minister

of the Interior's frivolous chatter and the timid half-measures he orders the police to take for manifestations of authority.) Apparently the government is decided not to send troops into the streets in the event of a rebellion. That leaves it with only the civil guard and the assault guard. But, however splendid these forces are, they are grossly overstretched as they have to cover the whole of Spain, and they are in the disadvantageous position of having relinquished the initiative, so that they must await the assault at some point of the enemy's choice. Is it unthinkable that at a given point the band of attackers might outnumber the forces of order and be better armed than they? It seems to me that this is by no means an impossibility. Therefore, persuaded that it was my duty, I approached the Minister of the Interior with the offer to put units of our boys at his disposal, in case he might in an emergency want to issue them with guns (which they would, of course, be honour bound to return forthwith) and use them as auxiliaries. I am not sure that the Minister even grasped what I was saying. He was as optimistic as ever; but his was not the optimism of one who lucidly evaluates the strength of each side and knows that his own forces are superior; rather, it was the optimism of one who has never even stopped to consider the matter. Believe me, when I said to him what I have said to you, and more, about the dangers ahead, his face expressed the surprise of someone who thinks of these things for the very first time.

It is not that my resolve *to go out into the street with a gun in defence of Spain* had waned by the end of this meeting; but that resolve is now accompanied by what amounts to the certainty that those of us who would get involved could but honourably share in a defeat. Compared with those intent on attacking the Spanish state, who are probably calculating and competent, the Spanish state, run as it is by amateurs, simply *does not exist*.

Could a socialist victory be considered a mere peripeteia of home politics? Only the most superficial analysis would see matters in this light. A socialist victory has the significance of a *foreign invasion*; not only because the essence of socialism is altogether alien to the permanent spirit of Spain; not only because the idea of the fatherland meets with disdain in a socialist regime, but because socialism does actually receive its instructions from an International. Any nation won over to socialism immediately sinks to the rank of a colony or protectorate.

But quite apart from that, there is one decisive element in the impending danger which likens it to a war across frontiers, and it is this: a socialist uprising is bound to be accompanied by a *probably irreversible* secession of Catalonia. The Spanish state has surrendered almost all the instruments of defence to the Generalidad and left it free to prepare those of attack. It is well known that socialism and the Generalidad are in collusion with each other. Thus, in Catalonia the revolution will not need to take power: *it already has power*. And in the first instance, it means to use this power to proclaim the independence of Catalonia. Which will be irreversible, for the reasons I shall set out presently. I realize that, barring a total catastrophe, the Spanish state could retake the territory of Catalonia by force. But this brings us to the most fantastic part: it is certain that the ever cautious Generalidad would not have got involved in any project of revolution without first having sent out feelers abroad. Its connections with a certain neighbouring power are well known. So it is by no means unlikely, rather the contrary, that if an independent Republic of Catalonia were proclaimed, some other country might recognize the new republic. And if that is the case, how could Catalonia be recovered? An invasion would be taken by the rest of Europe as an act of aggression against a people who had opted for independence by an act of self-determination.

Spain would not only have Catalonia against her, but all the Hispanophobia of the European powers.

All these gloomy possibilities, the normal discharge of absurd, chaotic and depressing times, when Spain has lost all sense of historic destiny and has stopped caring, have prompted me to breach my previous silence with regard to yourself by means of this long letter. Surely you must have given some thought to the problem, whether the present dangers are confined to the Spanish home front or whether they have already taken on the proportions of an external threat, in that they compromise the survival of Spain as a unified whole. I am writing to you just in case my arguments might be of use to you in your meditations on this subject. Though I have my own ideas about what Spain really needs and though I had hoped to see a process of gradual ripening, I now believe, faced with a situation which brooks no postponement, that I am doing my duty by sending you these lines. Please God that we all do the right thing in the service of Spain.

Yours most sincerely,

Signed: JOSÉ ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA

MANIFESTO TO THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE SPANISH FALANGE OF THE J.O.N.S.

Madrid, October 13th, 1934

Now that we have done the duty that circumstances called for, by contributing with our efforts to the defeat of the almost totally vanquished anti-Spanish movement, it is for us a matter of life and death to salvage at all cost a rigorous style and doctrine from the confusion which threatens to engulf us. It is therefore essential that all members of our movement exert, as of now, the greatest enthusiasm and diligence in an all-out effort to make our firm commitment to the following principles widely known.

I. AGAINST CONFUSION

A victory over a separatist movement can generate enough historical and national vitality for half a century. But the victors must know how to extract this substance, this vitality, from their success and they must in their minds be deeply and unequivocally aware of the essence of another Spain. We are not convinced that this will be the case. The more than antiquated style of those in power, the conservative, self-centred and anti-heroic way in which the parties at present making up the ruling coalition express themselves, all lends weight to the prediction that the opportunity will be wasted. Though October 7th could have been a new beginning, it will be submerged in the sticky mixture of other, lesser dates. The Populists, the Radicals, the Democrats and the Agrarians will manage not to glean any heroic consequences from the event. The

treasure of national consciousness, implicit in the victory of Spanishness over separatism, will be frittered away in 'patriotic assemblies', in motions of thanks addressed to the government and in alliances between the champions of public order. Our young people will definitely not take part in any such masquerades. In the splendid isolation of yesterday and all times, they will preserve intact the noble spirit of reconquest for the moment when there will be no half-measures and no sharing, but total victory.

II. AGAINST 'ORDER'. A WARNING!

It is fairly obvious that for the people commonly called right-wingers the first delectable result of what has happened is that 'order will be restored'. Now that the fight is over, though, our young militants are to have nothing whatsoever to do with manoeuvres of this kind. We too want order, but another order, different to the core. We consider the prevailing social system, which has just been rescued from revolution, to be **ESSENTIALLY UNJUST**. We opposed the revolution because it was Marxist and anti-Spanish; but we are not about to deny that the desperation of the socialist, syndicalist and anarchist masses has its deep-rooted justification, a justification which we accept entirely. No one could be angrier or more disgusted with a social order which maintains vast masses on the brink of starvation and tolerates the gilded idleness of a few. All our members everywhere will make this crystal clear and behave in strict accordance with the following mandate: once the last gun of the revolt has been silenced, all co-operation with the elements of order is categorically forbidden. No member of the Falange may join any citizen's group, liaison committee or the like.

III. AGAINST COMPROMISE

It is fairly obvious (and this is but one specific instance of the general trend of confusion) that the revolutionary events will not have a properly clear-cut and severe outcome.

For everything is being done meanwhile to make sure that the organizers of the revolution will enjoy impunity, that the Statute of Catalonia will survive* and that some arrangement is negotiated with the socialist trade unions, which the government hopes to be able to 'tame' with the assistance of Professor Besteiro.

Not one of our members may consider himself exempted from the duty to campaign against all this. We insist that the real political leaders of the uprising must be firmly punished; some things can only end decorously in tragedy, becoming soiled and vile if they end in a pantomime. We insist on the total abrogation of the Statute of Catalonia: a Catalonia purged of separatist leanings can look forward to certain decentralizing reforms, just like any other Spanish region; but our brief experience of the Statute has shown it to be a veritable spawning-ground of separatism, and its survival in spite of such a demonstration can only be the work of traitors. Finally, we insist on a total revolution in the social and economic spheres, a ruthless dissection of the murky undergrowth of the U.G.T. and the Socialist Party, considering it shameful to make a deal with the moderate socialists and carry on this ruthless stock-taking behind a smoke-screen of outward peace and quiet.

IV. AGAINST SACRIFICING THE ARMED FORCES

With far greater devotion than the present rush of 'public homage' can possibly express, we must at this time share

* The Catalan Statute was passed in 1932, giving autonomy to Catalonia.

the proud and silent sentiments of our army, our navy, our civil guard, our assault guard, our carabineers, our police and security forces. It is they who have suffered the consequences of the kind of political stupidity that allows storms to gather, it is they who always eventually bear the brunt of these storms on their long-suffering shoulders. In these days our armed forces have shone with the lustre of their martyrs. They have, moreover, had to suffer the horrific sight of their wives and children being tormented. And yet the uniforms hid neither fear, nor weakness, nor indiscipline. Military blood has been squandered to compensate Spain for the misdeeds and treachery of others.

The Spanish armed forces are in need of more than words of praise and ceremonies. They need to see justice done. Already the courts martial are proceeding with their usual severity against those within the ranks who displayed cowardice or treachery. So, let not the real culprits go unpunished, the politicians who, out of resentment and greed, have caused so much and such precious Spanish blood to flow in irretrievable abundance. Let the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. raise its voice more stoutly and sincerely, demanding justice on behalf of the armed institutions, whose voices are duty bound to silence.

These orders are to be transmitted urgently by the national and provincial offices of the Falange and the J.O.N.S., to all members of the movement, with strict instructions to observe them and spread them abroad. The leaders shall make certain that they be strictly adhered to by everyone and if anyone should violate them, their names are to be given to headquarters, so that appropriate measures may be taken.

JOSÉ ANTONIO

PRIMO DE RIVERA

The Leader

ARRIBA ESPAÑA!

GUIDELINES OF THE FALANGE: THE 26 POINTS

Written in November, 1934

NATION. DESTINY. EMPIRE

I. We believe in the supreme reality of Spain. Its strengthening, elevation and aggrandizement is the urgent collective task of all Spaniards. The accomplishment of this task must have relentless priority over all individual, group or class interests.

II. Spain is an indivisible destiny in universal terms. Any plot against this indivisible whole is repulsive. All separatism is a crime we shall not forgive.

The prevailing constitution, in so far as it foments disintegration, offends against the indivisible nature of Spain's destiny. We therefore insist that it be repealed forthwith.

III. We are committed to the empire. We declare that Spain's historical fulfilment is the empire. We demand for Spain a prominent position in Europe. We will not tolerate either international isolation nor foreign interference.

Regarding the countries of Spanish America, our aim is the unification of culture, economic interests and power. Spain lays claim to being the spiritual axis of the Spanish-speaking world on the grounds of her predominance in world affairs.

IV. Our armed forces — on land, at sea and in the air — must be sufficiently strong and efficient to secure total independence and a fitting world status for Spain at all times. We shall give back to the land, sea and air forces all the public dignity they merit and we shall see to it

that a martial outlook pervades all Spanish life in their image.

V. Spain will again look to the sea routes for her glory and her wealth. Spain must aim to become a great seafaring power, for times of danger and for trade.

We demand for our fatherland equal status amongst navies and on the air routes.

THE STATE. THE INDIVIDUAL. FREEDOM

VI. Ours will be a totalitarian state in the service of the fatherland's integrity. All Spaniards will play a part therein through their membership of families, municipalities and trade unions. None shall play a part therein through a political party. The system of political parties will be resolutely abolished, together with all its corollaries: inorganic suffrage, representation by conflicting factions and the Cortes as we know it.

VII. Human dignity, the integrity of the individual and individual freedom are eternal and intangible values.

But the only way to be really free is to be part of a strong and free nation.

No one will be permitted to employ his freedom against the unity, the strength and the freedom of the fatherland. Rigorous discipline will prevent any attempt to poison or split the Spanish people or to incite them to go against the fatherland's destiny.

VIII. The National Syndicalist state will permit any private initiative that is compatible with the collective interest and will indeed protect and stimulate those which are particularly beneficial.

THE ECONOMY. WORK. THE CLASS STRUGGLE

IX. In the economic sphere, we think of Spain as one huge syndicate of all those engaged in production. We

shall organize Spanish society along corporative lines, by means of a system of vertical unions representing the various branches of production, in the service of national economic integrity.

X. We reject the capitalist system, which disregards the needs of the people, dehumanizes private property and transforms the workers into shapeless masses prone to misery and despair. Our spiritual and national awareness likewise rejects Marxism. We shall channel the drive of the working classes, nowadays led astray by Marxism, and demand their direct participation in the formidable task of the national state.

XI. The National Syndicalist state will not stand cruelly aloof from economic conflicts between men, neither will it look on impassively as the stronger class subjugates the weaker. Our regime will make the class struggle downright impossible, since all those co-operating in production will constitute an organic whole therein.

We deplore and shall at all cost prevent the abuses of partial vested interests as well as anarchy in the system of labour.

XII. The primary purpose of wealth is to effect an improvement in the standard of living of all the people — and this will be the declared policy of our state. It is intolerable that great masses of people live in poverty, while a few enjoy every luxury.

XIII. The state will recognize private property as a valid means of attaining individual, family and social ends and will protect it against being abused by high finance, speculators and money-lenders.

XIV. We favour the nationalization of banking and the takeover by public corporations of the major public services.

XV. All Spanish citizens are entitled to employment. The public institutions will provide for the maintenance of those who are involuntarily out of work.

While we are moving towards the new total structure, we shall retain and intensify all the advantages the workers derive from the current social legislation.

XVI. Every Spaniard who is not an invalid is duty bound to work. The National Syndicalist state will not have the slightest regard for those who do not fulfil any function, but expect to live like guests at the expense of other people's efforts.

THE LAND

XVII. We must at all cost raise the standard of living in the rural areas, on which Spain will always depend for her food. For this reason we commit ourselves to the strict implementation of an economic and social reform of agriculture.

XVIII. We shall strengthen agricultural production (economic reform) by means of the following measures:

By guaranteeing the farmer an adequate minimum price for all his produce.

By seeing to it that much of what is nowadays absorbed by the cities in payment for their intellectual and commercial services is returned to the land, in order to endow rural areas sufficiently.

By organizing a real system of national agricultural credit which will lend the farmers money at low rates of interest, thereby freeing them from usury and patronage.

By spreading education pertaining to matters of agriculture and animal husbandry.

By rationalizing production according to the suitability of the land and the outlets available for the various products.

By promoting a protectionist tariff policy covering agriculture and the raising of cattle.

By speeding up the construction of a hydraulic network.

By rationalizing the size of holdings, with the elimination both of vast estates that are not fully exploited and smallholdings that are uneconomic by reason of their low output.

XIX. We shall achieve a social organization of agriculture by means of the following measures:

By redistributing all the arable land so as to promote family holdings and by giving farmers every encouragement to join the union.

By rescuing the masses of people, who are exhausting themselves scratching on barren soil, from their present poverty and transferring them to new holdings of arable land.

XX. We shall launch a tireless campaign of afforestation and stock-breeding, imposing severe sanctions on whoever obstructs it and even resorting temporarily to the obligatory mobilization of all Spanish youth for the historic task of rebuilding our country's wealth.

XXI. The state will have powers to confiscate without compensation any land whose ownership has been acquired or enjoyed illicitly.

XXII. It will be one of the National Syndicalist state's preferred aims to give villages back their communal property.

EDUCATION. RELIGION

XXIII. It is a fundamental mission of the state to impose a rigorous discipline on education which will produce a stout national spirit and fill the souls of future generations with joyful pride in their fatherland.

All men will receive pre-military training to prepare them for the honour of admission to Spain's national and popular armed forces.

XXIV. Culture will be organized in such a way that no talent will go to waste for lack of finance. All the deserving will have easy access even to higher education.

XXV. Our movement integrates the Catholic religion — traditionally glorious and predominant in Spain — into national reconstruction.

The Church and the state will agree by concordat on the delimitation of their respective spheres, but that does not mean that any interference from the Church will be tolerated nor any activity likely to undermine the dignity of the state or the integrity of the nation.

THE NATIONAL REVOLUTION

XXVI. The Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. wants the establishment of a new order, as set out in the foregoing principles. So that it may prevail in the conflict with the present order, the Spanish Falange aims at a national revolution.

Its style will be trenchant, ardent and militant. Life is a militia and must be lived in a spirit purified by service and sacrifice.

JOSÉ ANTONIO

ADDRESSING THE SYNDICATE OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS (S.E.U.)

Speech made at the ceremony of the S.E.U.'s foundation,
Valladolid, January 21st, 1935

From *La Nación*, January 21st, 1935

The days are gone when it was enough to be just a university student, a poet or an artist. The times we live in sweep us along and simply do not permit us to shut ourselves away in ivory towers. They were a feature of those sour times when the sense of the world's oneness had broken down, when everyone thought he could make an isolated world of his own life. Recovering from just such a period, our generation must restore the oneness of the world; for those of us gathered here, the immediate task will be to restore the oneness of Spain. The nineteenth century ran its course under the sign of disintegration; there was no faith any more in any of the unitarian values like religion, the empire ... these were despised even, because of the intrusion of positivism into the sphere of metaphysics. Relative values, instrumental values, were raised to the level of absolutes: freedom — which before was respected only when it was orientated towards good; the will of the people — which was assumed to be always in the right, regardless of what it was the people wanted; progress — taken in the sense of its material and technical manifestations.

But unconditional freedom thrust men, and in due course whole peoples, into frightful conflicts; it exacerbated nationalism and caused the European war. The will of the people forced politicians to elaborate

crude versions of their programmes in order to obtain votes and was responsible for the loss of any kind of worthwhile political doctrine, of any kind of continuity. And the worship of undefined progress led to extreme industrialization, to capitalism (which is the outcome of the need for great economic power, imposed by free competition), to the dehumanizing of private property, replaced now by the technical monstrosity of impersonal capital, to the ruin of small-scale production, to the transformation of the masses into a shapeless proletariat, and finally to the terrible crises of recent years.

Socialism, the mirror-image of capitalism, managed an effective criticism of the latter, but failed to produce a remedy, because it disregarded any assessment of man as a spiritual value; thus in Russia, we witness the inhumanity of a situation where state capitalism has not yet been surpassed and where it is more unlikely every day that communism can ever be attained.

That was the state the world was in when our time came. How could we possibly ignore the tragedy of our time? Let us be good students, but let us also play an active part in the tragedy of our people; like Matías Montero, a magnificent student if ever there was one, who was taken from us by treacherous murder and who died with his soul and his eyes overflowing with the light of our Spain of the Catholic kings, the Spain of which our yoke and our arrows are the emblem.

The remedy against the evils of disintegration consists in trying to find a unitarian conception once more, in thinking of Spain as indivisible, as a harmonious synthesis suspended high above any conflict between regions, classes or parties. Let us not turn to the Right, which for the sake of perfecting a political architecture forgets the hunger of the masses, nor to the Left, which in an effort to redeem the masses leads them astray from their national destiny. We want to recover a unique national

destiny and profound social justice, two things that are inseparable from each other. And since we come up against obstacles that resist the achievement of this purpose, we are determined revolutionaries so as to destroy them.

But you must never forget that this task of restoring unity makes it essential for us to be firmly united amongst ourselves. We think of life as being an act of service: every office is an arduous task and all tasks are equally noble, from the most delightful, that of obedience, to the harshest of all, that of giving the orders.

Leadership is the supreme burden; it imposes every kind of sacrifice, including the loss of privacy; it requires a daily measure of guess-work in spheres to which no rules apply, and this is compounded with the oppressive responsibility of having to take action. That is why leadership must be looked upon with humility, as a position of service; but for this very reason there can be no question, whatever may happen, of deserting from the leadership out of impatience, or discouragement, or cowardice.

SPAIN AND BARBARISM

Speech made at the Teatro Calderón, Valladolid,
March 3rd, 1935

A year ago tomorrow, in this very theatre, the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. first brought itself to the attention of Spain.

The preceding days had seen the fusion of the units of the J.O.N.S. with the Spanish Falange, irrevocably joined since then in the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. That occasion was its first propagandistic event, and with the verve of all thrusting phenomena it ended in gun-fire. To begin by shooting is almost always the best way of getting to understand one another. In the course of this year we have come a long way, and we must now aim to conduct ourselves with a certain degree of maturity unforeseeable perhaps in 1934. At the end of one year our movement must have found its intellectual profile.

Some people, when they thought of us, believed they were seeing in the street the shock-troops of something which would in due course be taken in hand by sensible people; now they no longer think that way, and we ourselves feel distinctly that we are not merely the vanguard, but the whole army of a *new order* which must be implanted in Spain; I say, must be implanted in Spain, and I add ambitiously, for that is the Spanish way: of a new order which Spain is destined to transmit to Europe and the world.

The ages can be divided into Classic ages and Middle Ages: the latter are distinguished by the quest for *unity*; the former are those which have found such unity. The

Classic ages, complete in themselves, came to an end solely through decline, through catastrophe, through barbarian invasion. Rome bears witness to this process. Her middle age, her period of growth, lasts from Cannae to Actium; her classic age from Actium to the death of Marcus Aurelius; her decline from Commodus to the invasion of the barbarians. At the time in Rome when the two dissolving factors which ultimately were to bring about her destruction began to stir, Rome was complete, Rome was the *unity* of the earth; there was nothing left for her to do. All that was external had been achieved, and Rome had no inner life; her religion did not go beyond regular ceremonies; her morals were of the people rather than of the soul, military, civic, morals — magnificent levers in times of construction, useless once the building is over. That is why an exhausted Rome sought refuge in two movements that stood for a return to the inner life: firstly, the Stoicism of our own Seneca, which remains an intellectual, uneffusive attitude; then, Christianity, which was the denial of Roman principles, the religion of the meek and the persecuted, which went so far as to deny Caesar his divinity and even his priestly status. Christianity undermined the foundations of Rome in ferment, but it took a catastrophe, the invasion of the barbarians, for Rome to disintegrate altogether.

We have now reached precisely the end of the era which is like that following the Middle Ages and that which came after the Classical age of Rome. With Rome destroyed, it was as though history was lying fallow. Gradually new bursts of culture started sprouting. The roots of unity took hold throughout Europe. Then came the thirteenth century, the century of St Thomas. In that time the idea common to all was that of 'metaphysical' unity, unity in God; when there are such absolute truths, everything is explained, and the whole world, which in this case meant Europe, functioned with the most perfect

economy of all time. The universities of Paris and Salamanca were reasoning the same matters in the same Latin. The world had found itself. Very soon there was to be the Spanish empire, the embodiment of historical, physical, spiritual and theological unity.

Anxiety and restlessness begin to surface towards the third decade of the eighteenth century; society no longer believes in itself; neither does it believe any more with the vigour of former times in any superior principle. This lack of faith, emphasized by the dreariness of a society that is once more immutable, inclines feeble spirits towards escapism: a return to nature.

Jean Jacques Rousseau is representative of this negation, and because he lost faith in the existence of absolute truths he created his *Social Contract*, wherein he elaborates the theory that things move in accordance with the norms not of reason but of will. Soon economists appear and begin to interpret history in terms of such notions as merchandise, value and exchange. With the coming of large-scale industry, artisans are transformed into a proletariat. When the demagogue appears on the scene, he finds the proletarian masses reduced to despair and receptive to ideas, and what had seemed indefinite progress blows up with the war of 1914, Europe's attempt at suicide.

The Europe of St Thomas was a Europe enlightened by one and the same way of thinking. The Europe of 1914 made it clear that it had no wish to be a whole. A product of the European war was the creation of legions of men out of work; in the wake of the catastrophe the factories were demobilized, turning out great hosts of unemployed men; industry was in chaos, competition arose between factories, and tariff barriers were raised. In this situation, and moreover with all faith in eternal principles gone by the board, what does the future hold for Europe? Without a doubt another invasion of the barbarians.

But there are two views of this: the catastrophic view,

which holds such an invasion to be inevitable and considers all that is good to be lost and exhausted, and which merely trusts that after the catastrophe a new Middle Ages will germinate; and then our own view, which aspires to throwing a bridge across the invasion of the barbarians, to taking for ourselves, without a catastrophe in-between, all that may be fertile in the new age while salvaging all the spiritual values of civilization from the age in which we now live.

That is our new task in the face of Russian communism, which is the barbarian invasion we are threatened with. Communism does contain an element worth taking up: its self-denial and sense of solidarity. However, being as it is a barbarian invasion, Russian communism goes too far and rejects anything that smacks of historical and spiritual values; it is anti-patriotic, devoid of faith in God. Hence our efforts to save the absolute truths, the historic values, so that they may not perish.

How can this ever be achieved? That is a question to which there is beginning to emerge an answer, here in Castile, in Spain.

One of the alleged solutions is social-democracy. Basically, social-democracy preserves capitalism; it just keeps throwing sand into the mechanism. That is sheer madness.

Another alleged solution is the totalitarian state. But there is no such thing as a totalitarian state. Certain nations have found dictators of genius, who have been up to the task of substituting themselves for the state; but that cannot be imitated, and in Spain, for the time being, we shall have to wait for such a genius to appear. Germany and Italy are examples of what is called the totalitarian state, but notice how they are not only not similar, but even radically unlike each other; their totalitarianism can be traced back to opposite points of departure. The totalitarian state of Germany can be traced back to a

people's capacity for trusting its racial instinct. The German people are in a frenzy of self-assertion; Germany is experiencing a super-democracy. Rome, on the other hand, is undergoing the experience of having a genius with a classical mind wanting to forge a people from above. The German movement is Romantic in kind, its course is the same as ever; that is where the Reformation sprang from and even the French Revolution, since the Declaration of Human Rights is a replica of the North American constitution fathered by German Protestant thinking.

Neither social-democracy nor any attempt to set up a totalitarian state without a genius would suffice to prevent the catastrophe. There are ointments of another kind, which we in Spain apply lavishly: I am referring to confederations, blocs and coalitions. All of these are based on the assumption that the union of several dwarfs can result in a giant. Such remedies must be approached with caution. And let us not allow their verbiage to take us by surprise. There are some such movements which make a show of religion being the mainstay of their programme, but which take a stand only when material advantages are at issue; which are prepared, in exchange for some moderation in the sphere of agrarian reform or for a nip into the property of the clergy, to forego the crucifix in schools or the abolition of divorce.

Other such blocs claim, for instance, to be corporativists. That is but a hollow phrase; or else, let us ask the first person to broach the subject with us, What do you mean by corporativism? How does it work? What solution does it bring, for example, to international problems? Hitherto, the best attempt has been made in Italy, and there it is only one integrated part of a perfect political mechanism. In order to try and bring about harmonious relations between employers and workers, there exists something like the mixed arbitration we have here, vastly magnified:

a confederation of employers and another of workers, and at the top a liaison body. To date, the corporative state does not exist; neither do we know whether it is a good thing. Italy's corporative legislation is, as Mussolini himself has said, a point of departure and not a point of arrival, which is what our politicians claim corporativism to be.

When the world is unhinged, that unhingement cannot be cured by means of technical plasters; it takes an entire new order to achieve that. And this order must spring once again from the individual. May those hear us who accuse us of professing a state-panteism: we consider the individual to be the basic unit, for this is the meaning of Spain, which has always considered man to be the embodiment of eternal values. Man must be free, but there cannot be freedom except within an order.

Liberalism told men that they could do as they liked, but failed to provide them with an economic order which would guarantee such freedom. An organized economic guaranty is therefore essential; but given the present economic chaos, there cannot be an organized economy without a strong state, and only a state in the service of a unitarian destiny can be strong without being tyrannical. That is how the strong state serving the consciousness of unity is the real guarantor of individual freedom. By contrast, the state which does not feel itself to be the servant of a supreme unity is constantly fearful of seeming tyrannical. That is the case with our Spanish state: what holds back its arm from doing justice after a bloody revolution is the awareness of its lack of an inner justification, its lack of a mission to fulfil.

Spain can have a state that is strong, because Spain in itself is a unitarian destiny of universal dimensions. And the Spanish state can limit itself to carrying out the essential functions of power, leaving not only arbitration but the entire regulation of many economic aspects to

entities which can look back on a great tradition: to the unions, which will no longer be parasitic constructions, as they are in the present conception of labour relations, but the vertically integrated association of all those working together in each branch of production.

The new state will have to set about reorganizing the Spanish countryside as a whole. Not all of Spain is fit to live in: many lands, which merely perpetuate the misery of those who till them, will have to revert to desert or in many cases to forest. Large numbers of people will have to be moved to arable lands, where there will have to be a profound economic and social reform of agriculture involving improvement and rationalization of crops, irrigation, educational schemes for farmers, adequate prices, tariff protection for agriculture, and cheap credit on the one hand, and family holdings and union-run farms on the other. That will be a true return to nature, not in the sense of the eclogue, propounded by Rousseau, but in the sense of the georgic, which epitomizes the profound, stern and ritual way of understanding the land.

The same global view employed in the reorganization of agriculture must be applied to the reorganization of the entire economy. What does it mean to harmonize capital and labour? Labour is a human function, just as property is a human attribute. But property is not synonymous with capital; capital is an economic instrument, and, being an instrument, it must be used for the benefit of the whole economy, not for anyone's personal benefit. Reservoirs of capital must be like reservoirs of water; they are intended not for a few to organize boat races on the surface, but for regulating the flow of rivers and for moving the turbines of waterfalls.

Certainly a great deal of resistance will have to be overcome before these things can come to pass. Many selfish interests will oppose us, but it must always be our watchword that we are not concerned with saving material

values. Property as we have known it hitherto is coming to an end; it will be eliminated, in one way or another, by the masses, who have not only a certain amount of justification for doing so, but the strength to do it. No one can possibly save the material values; what matters is that the breakdown of things material must be prevented from entailing the destruction of essential spiritual values. These are the values we want to save at all cost, even in exchange for the sacrifice of all economic advantages. They are well worth sacrificing to the glory of seeing Spain, our Spain, halt the final invasion of the barbarians.

BEFORE A PARTING OF THE WAYS IN WORLD POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY

Lecture given at the *Círculo Mercantil* of Madrid,
April 9th, 1935*

Do not think that I take personal credit for the applause you have just accorded to me. To do that, I should have to feel, at this moment, less than the vast gratitude that I do feel at having been invited to speak from this platform, whence so many authoritative voices have spoken, and less sense of responsibility for the enterprise I am now undertaking; firstly, because of the importance of this platform itself and the gratitude I owe to Don Mariano Matesanz for his most affectionate words; and secondly because I tell you that it is no easy matter, on this particular evening, to choose what tone I should give to my address.

I naturally presume that none of you expect to hear me deliver a political harangue. To do that would be a very poor response to the open hospitality of this free platform. But in addition to that, I think that, at present, with a number of Spaniards, a large number of Spaniards, assembled here and with the crushing anxiety about Spain that is hanging over each and all of us, it would be so out of keeping to confine ourselves to peripheral comments, to small details of Spanish policy, that if we did so we should move far away from the demands of a great and tragic political situation. If I were to attempt this evening to make it clear whether the Cortes is going to meet fairly soon, or whether the groups that were until

* The translation of this lecture was provided by Señorita Pilar Primo de Rivera.

recently friendly are going to make peace fairly soon — much as I might enjoy myself and seek to bring enjoyment to you, I am certain that we should be wasting one of the occasions when we meet in order to deal with the tragic and pressing events which fill us with apprehension.

So I cannot deliver a political harangue. But neither can I give an academic dissertation; that would not suit your mood. Moreover, I am not qualified to give one; neither is this the time for dilettante academic dissertations. As a rule, when serious matters are expressed in academic dissertations it is because a hecatomb is approaching in Europe; and that which is approaching Spain, as part of Europe, began in certain drawing-rooms, perhaps the most refined ones that the history of drawing-rooms has ever seen. If you like (and with this we can introduce a certain variety into these first moments which are somewhat nervous, partly because of your benevolent curiosity, partly through my natural emotion, and also perhaps partly through something that is not quite right in this apparatus in front of me) — if you like, I say, we may imagine ourselves transferred to those drawing-rooms of which I was speaking.

Let us imagine for a moment that we are in the last third of the eighteenth century. From the thirteenth century to the sixteenth, the world lived a strong, solid life in a full harmony; the world revolved upon an axis. In the sixteenth, this already began to be doubted. The seventeenth century introduced free examination and began to doubt everything. The eighteenth century already believed in nothing; or, if you prefer, the elegant elite of the eighteenth century believed in nothing, not even in themselves. They began to attend the first plays and lectures in which the men of letters and philosophers of the period made mockery of that very society which so eagerly exalted them. We observe that the best satires against eighteenth-century society were applauded and

extolled by the very society that was being satirized. In this environment of the eighteenth century, that century which reduced everything to conversation and irony, we find two very different figures: that of a Geneva philosopher and that of a Scottish economist.

The Geneva philosopher is a sickly man, delicate and refined; he is a philosopher who — as Spengler tells us happens to all Romantics, and this man was by now a direct precursor of Romanticism — was fatigued by the sense of living in too healthy, too virile and too robust a society. He was crushed by the weight of such a fully adult society, and felt, as it were, constrained to leave it, to return to nature, to free himself from discipline, harmony and rule.

This yearning for nature is the keynote of all his writings: the return to freedom. The most famous of his books, whose influence was to last throughout the nineteenth century and only began to lose its grip in practically our own times, does not, as you have so often read, begin absolutely, but it almost does, with a sentence which is a sigh. It reads: 'Man is born free, and finds himself everywhere in fetters.' This philosopher, as you are all aware, was called Jean Jacques Rousseau; the book was called *The Social Contract*.

The Social Contract seeks to deny the justification of those authorities customarily accepted by reason of either a supposedly divine appointment or one based upon tradition. He seeks to deny the justification of these powers and to begin building afresh on the basis of his own nostalgia for freedom. He says: 'Man is free: man is free by nature and cannot in any way divest himself of being free. There cannot be any system but that which he accepts of his own free will; his freedom he can never renounce, because this would be equivalent to renouncing his quality of being human. Moreover, if he were to renounce freedom, he would be entering into an agreement void for want of

value received in exchange; he cannot but be free and unrenounceably free. Consequently, no form of state can possibly arise in opposition to the free wills of those who make up a society; the origin of political societies must have been contract. This contract, the aggregate of these wills, engenders a higher will, a will which is not the sum total of the others, but self-subsistent. It is a different *ego*, superior and indifferent to the personalities that produced it by their presence. Very well: this sovereign will, this will now detached from the other wills, is the only one that may legislate; this is the only one that may impose itself on men without their having any claim against it, because if they turned against it they would be turning against themselves. This sovereign will can neither err nor seek the evil of its subjects.'

On the other hand, we have the Scots economist. The Scots economist is another type of man: he is a formal, precise man, simple in his tastes, somewhat Voltairian, rather abstracted and somewhat melancholy. This economist, before he was one, expounded logic in Glasgow University, and later, moral philosophy. At that time moral philosophy was composed of several quite different things: natural theology, ethics, jurisprudence and politics. He had even written a book in the year 1759, a book entitled *Theory of Moral Feeling*; but in reality it is not this book that opened the gates of immortality to him. The book that opened the gates of immortality to him is entitled *Investigations Concerning the Wealth of Nations*. The Scots economist, as you have all guessed by now, was Adam Smith.

Now, for Adam Smith the economic world was a natural community created by the division of labour. This division of labour was not a conscious phenomenon, sought by those who had split up the tasks among themselves; it was an unconscious phenomenon, a spontaneous phenomenon. Men had been going on splitting up the

work without any common understanding; no one, in proceeding to make this division, had been guided by the interest of the others, but merely by utility to himself. Which comes to this, that each one, in seeking this utility to himself, had arrived at harmony with the utility of the rest. And so, in this spontaneous, free society, there appear: first, labour, which is the sole source of wealth; next, barter, that is to say the exchange of the things we produce ourselves for the things produced by others; then, money, which is a merchandise that everyone is certain will be accepted by the rest; finally, capital, which is the saving of that which we have not had to spend, the saving of produced wealth in order to be able, with it, to give life to fresh enterprises. Adam Smith believed that capital was the indispensable condition of industry: 'capital makes industry possible,' to use his own words. But all this happens automatically, as I say: no one has made any agreement for this to work thus, and nevertheless it works thus and must work thus. Moreover Adam Smith considers that it *ought* to work thus, and he is so sure and so pleased with this proof he has been stringing together, that he turns to the state, the sovereign — he also calls it the sovereign — and he says: 'The best thing that you can do is not to interfere with anything. Let things be as they are. The things of economy are very delicate; don't touch them, and if you don't touch them they'll work by themselves and work well.'

Rousseau's book was published in 1762; that of Adam Smith was published in 1776, not many years later. So far, they are two doctrinal disquisitions: one thesis put forward by a philosopher, and one put forward by an economist. But now we see that at the stormy end of the eighteenth century there occurs what was bound to occur, in order that those theoretical theses may be put to the test forthwith. As if we were in a cinema, looking at one of those films which make different events pass before our eyes,

and bring forward towards us, as if arising out of a distant background and advancing towards the screen, figures representing dates (such as 1908, 1911, 1917), so this evening we can imagine ourselves to be seeing the following figures leaping on to the screen — 1765, 1767, 1769, 1770, 1785, and finally 1789. The first five dates correspond to the invasion of machinery, machinery that is about to transform industry, especially the spinning and weaving industries; they correspond to the invention of the first mechanical spinning-jenny, the first steam-engine, the first weaving-machine ... The last date, 1789, needless to say, is that of the French Revolution. The Revolution finds Rousseau's principles ready-made, and accepts them. In the constitution of 1789, in that of '91, in that of '93, in that of the eighth year, there is formulated, in almost exactly the words used by Rousseau, the principle of national sovereignty: 'In principle all sovereignty essentially resides in the nation. No corporation, no individual, can exercise authority that does not emanate expressly therefrom.' Do not believe that universal suffrage is always admitted at the same time as that declaration is made; only in one of the constitutions of the French Revolution — that of 1793, which never came to be applied — is that suffrage established. In the others it was not; in the others, suffrage is restricted, and in the constitution of the eighth year it even disappears. But the principle is always enunciated: 'All sovereignty lies essentially in the nation.'

However, there is one thing in the Revolutionary constitutions which was not in *The Social Contract*, namely the declaration of the rights of man. As I just said, Rousseau did not admit that the individual could make any reservations in face of that sovereign will, that sovereign *ego* formed by the national will. Rousseau did not admit it; the Revolutionary constitutions did. But Rousseau was in the right. In the course of time, the

power of assemblies was to reach such a degree that in reality the personality of man disappeared, and it was an illusion to try to claim, against that power, any kind of rights which the individual might have reserved for himself.

Liberalism (it may be described thus because the raising of a barrier against tyranny was just what the Revolutionary constitutions aimed at), liberalism has its great period, the one in which it establishes all men as equal before the law, a victory from which there can now be no retrocession. But with this victory once achieved, and its great period over, liberalism begins to find itself with nothing to do, and spends its time destroying itself. Naturally enough, what Rousseau termed the sovereign will becomes reduced to the will of the majority. According to Rousseau, it was the majority — theoretically through its faculty of divining and expressing the sovereign will, but in practice through its victory over the dissident minority — which should prevail over all; the achievement of this majority implied that the parties had to enter into conflict so as to win more votes than their rivals, that they had to make propaganda against one another, after first having come into being. In other words, it is precisely under the thesis of supposedly indivisible national sovereignty that opinions are most divided, for as each group seeks that its own will shall be identified with the presumptive sovereign will, the groups grow more and more obliged to define themselves, to adopt distinctive attitudes, to fight, to destroy one another and to try to win the electoral battles. Thus it comes about that in the decomposition of the liberal system (of course, this examination or review which has been summed up in a few minutes is a process lasting many years), in this decomposition of the liberal system the parties become so broken up that, in some parts of Europe when a regime has reached its last gasp, as it did in the Germany of the

days just before Hitler, there have been no less than thirty-two parties. I should not dare to state what they all are in Spain because I myself do not know. Indeed, I do not even know the ones represented in the Cortes, for apart from all the groups officially represented and those fused into parliamentary blocs, and apart from the members who, either alone or with one or two bosom friends, parade under a group denomination, there is in the Cortes — as Don Mariano Matesanz is aware — one extraordinarily odd thing: two minorities, each composed of ten gentlemen, and each calling themselves Independent Minorities; but, mark you, not because as minorities they are independent of the rest, but because each one of their component individuals regards himself as being independent of all the others. So that those who belong to these minorities — to which neither Don Mariano Matesanz nor I belong, since we are independent altogether — those who belong to these minorities owe their grouping together and their connecting link solely to their characteristic note of *not* being in agreement. In other words, the only thing they agree about is that they don't agree about anything. And, naturally, apart from this pulverizing of parties, or, rather, on emerging from this pulverization of parties through the conditional union of one or two parties, we then observe the phenomenon that the majority — half the Cortes plus one, or half the Cortes plus two — feels invested with the full sovereign power of the nation to exploit or crush the rest, not merely the rest of the members but the rest of the Spanish people. It feels itself to be the holder of a limitless power of self-justification; in other words it feels itself endowed with authority to carry through anything that it thinks fit, without paying any further attention to any kind of personal judgment, juridical or human, as far as the rest of mankind is concerned.

Jean Jacques Rousseau had foreseen something of this

kind when he said: 'Very good; but as the sovereign will is indivisible and moreover incapable of error, if by chance a man ever finds himself in conflict with the sovereign will, it is the man who is in error; and at such a time, when the sovereign will constrains him to submit to it, it is doing nothing else but compelling him to be free.' Observe the sophistry; and just consider whether, for instance, when we members of the Republican Parliament, undeniably the representatives of the national sovereignty, increase your taxes or invent some other uncomfortable law to annoy you with, it has ever occurred to you to think that, in this act of raising your taxes or annoying you a little more, we have been carrying out the benevolent task of making you a little more free whether you liked it or not.

Such, in a very brief and slightly confused synopsis, has been the history of political liberalism.

In the same way as Rousseau found that the French Revolution adopted his principles a little later, so Adam Smith had the luck, rarely attained by any writer, of seeing England also adopt his economic principles. She opened her doors to the free play of supply and demand, which, according to Adam Smith, would without more ado or exertion by anyone else produce economic equilibrium. And in fact, economic liberalism too had its heroic age of life, a magnificently heroic age. We must never vilify the fallen, neither the physically fallen, the men who as men, even if they were our enemies, merit all the respect due to their human quality and dignity, nor the ideologically fallen. Economic liberalism did have a great period, a magnificent period of splendour; its initiative brought about the enormous expansion in the production of hitherto unexploited wealth, the accessibility, even to the lowest income groups, of great inventions and conveniences; while competition and abundance undeniably raised the standard of living for many people. However,

what was to bring economic liberalism to its death was the fact that very soon it was to give birth, as its own child, to that tremendous phenomenon, perhaps the most tremendous of our epoch, which is known as capitalism; and from now on, I think we are no longer relating ancient history.

I should like us once and for all to be clear among ourselves on the matter of words. When we speak of capitalism, we are not referring to private property; the two things are not only different, but one might almost describe them as opposed. One effect of capitalism was just the annihilation, almost entirely, of private property in its traditional forms. This is reasonably clear in everyone's mind, but it may not be superfluous for me to devote a few words of further explanation to the subject. Capitalism is the transformation, more or less rapidly, of what is the direct link between a man and his goods, into an instrument of power. The property of former times, the property of the craftsman, of the small producer, of the small trader, was as it were a projection of the individual upon his goods. He was their proprietor in so far as he was able to have these goods, use them, enjoy them, exchange them; if you like, it is practically in those words that the conception of property has resided, for centuries, in Roman law. But in proportion as capitalism grows more perfect and complicated, you will observe how the relationship between a man and his goods becomes more distant, and how a series of technical instruments of domination begins to come between them. What was the direct, human, elementary projection of relationship between a man and his goods gets more involved; symbols begin to be introduced which cover the representation of a property-relationship, but they are symbols that tend more and more to replace the living presence of the man; and when capitalism reaches its final stage of perfection, the real proprietor of the former property is

no longer a man, nor a group of men, but an abstraction represented by slips of paper; this is the case in what is called the anonymous company. The anonymous company is the real proprietor of a whole heap of legal rights, and to such a point has it dehumanized itself, to such a pitch is it indifferent to the human proprietor of those rights, that the exchange of shares by their holders has no effect upon the juridical organization or the functioning of the company as a whole.

Thus this great capital, this technical capital, this capital which attains huge proportions, not only has nothing to do, as I said, with property in the elementary human sense of the word, but is hostile to it. That is why on many occasions, when I see how employers and workmen, for instance, reach the stage of violent conflict even to the point of falling victims to outrages that express a savage hatred past all repair, I think to myself that neither side is aware that they are protagonists in an economic struggle, certainly, but one in which, nine times out of ten, both lots of them are on the same side. The other side, opposed to both employers and workmen, is the power of capitalism, the technique of finance-capitalism. If this is not true, then tell me, you who have far more experience than I have in such things, how often have you had to go to the great credit houses to ask for economic aid, well aware that they charge you interest at the rate of 7 or 8 per cent, and equally aware that this money which they lend you does not belong to the institution that is lending it, but belongs to those who have deposited it and who are receiving $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 per cent interest themselves? This huge difference that they charge you for passing the money from one hand to another weighs jointly upon you and upon your workmen, who maybe even now are waiting round a corner to kill you.

It is this finance-capital, then, which has been travelling towards its own collapse in recent decades. Note that its

collapse occurs in two ways: first, from the social point of view (as indeed was almost to be expected), and second, from the point of view of capitalist technique itself, as we are shortly about to see.

From the social point of view you will see that I am going to find myself quite involuntarily in agreement on more than one point with the criticism made by Karl Marx; as in fact all of us, now that we have flung ourselves into politics, have to speak of him constantly, as we have all had to declare ourselves Marxists or anti-Marxists. To some people — naturally not to any of you — Karl Marx appears as a sort of Utopia-spinner. We have even seen in print the expression 'the Utopian dreams of Karl Marx'. You are only too well aware that if there has been one man in the world who was not a dreamer, that man was Karl Marx. The one thing his implacable spirit did was to plant himself down before the living reality of the British economic organization of the Manchester factories, and deduce that within that economic structure there were at work a number of constant factors which would end by destroying it. This is what Karl Marx said in a book of appalling bulk, which he was not able to complete in his lifetime, but a book, to tell the truth, as interesting as it is bulky; a book of the most closely reasoned dialectic and of extraordinary ingenuity; a book, as I say, of pure criticism, in which, after prophesying that the society based on this system would end by destroying itself, he did not even take the trouble to say when or in what form its destruction was to come upon it. He did no more than say: Given such and such premises, I deduce that this is going to end badly. And then he died, even before publishing Volumes Two and Three of his work, and he went to the other world (I dare not say to Hell, as that would be a rash judgment), without the slightest suspicion that one day a Spanish anti-Marxist was to arise who would rank him among the poets.

This Karl Marx long since augured the social collapse of capitalism which I am discussing with you now. He saw that the following things at least were going to occur. First, the accumulation of capital which cannot fail to be produced by large-scale industry. Small-scale industry worked with practically two ingredients alone: labour and raw material. In periods of crisis, these two things were easy to reduce: less raw material was bought, the number of hands employed was reduced, and production was roughly equated to the market's demands. But large-scale industry comes into being, and large-scale industry, apart from that element which Marx calls variable capital, employs a vast part of its reserves in fixed capital — a vast part, far exceeding the value of the raw materials and wages of labour; and it sets up great installations of machinery which cannot be instantaneously reduced. Hence, if production is to repay this vast concentration of fixed capital, there is nothing this type of industry can do but produce on an enormous scale, as it does; and as it produces cheaper by dint of increasing the volume of production, it invades the small producers' domain, ruining them one by one, and ends by absorbing them all.

This law of accumulation of capital was predicted by Marx, and though some say it has not been fulfilled, we are beginning to see that it has, for Europe and the world are full of trusts, huge producers' federations and other things that you know more about than I do, like these magnificent one-price stores, which can afford to sell at dumping rates because they know you cannot stand more than a few months' competition with them, whereas they, on the contrary, by balancing some establishments against others and some branches against others, can fold their arms and await your complete annihilation.

The second phenomenon that supervenes is proletarianization. Craftsmen displaced from their positions, craftsmen who have been the owners of their own means

of production and who have naturally had to sell this since it is now useless to them, and similarly small manufacturers and small traders, continue to get economically crushed by this huge, colossal, irresistible advance of big capital, and end by being incorporated in the proletariat, and proletarianized. Marx describes this in remarkably dramatic terms, and says that these men, after selling their products, selling the means they had of manufacturing their products and selling their houses, have now nothing left to sell, and then they realize that they themselves can be a form of merchandise, their very labour can be a form of merchandise, and they rush to the market to hire themselves out in temporary slavery. This phenomenon, then, the proletarianization of vast masses, and their conglomeration round city factories, is another symptom of the social bankruptcy of capitalism.

Yet there is still one more to be produced, and that is unemployment. In the first days of the introduction of machinery the workmen resisted its introduction into the workshops. They reckoned that these machines, which could do the work of twenty, a hundred, or four hundred workmen, were going to displace them. As those were the days of faith in 'indefinite progress', the economist of the day said with a smile: 'These ignorant working men do not realize that what this is going to do is to increase production, develop trade, provide a greater volume of business; there will be room for machines and for men.' But it proved that there was not room, for in many parts machines have displaced almost all the men, to the most outrageous degree. For example, in Czechoslovakian bottle production — these data occur to my mind — in which 8,000 workmen were employed, not in 1880 but in 1920, there are at this moment only 1,000 employed, but the output of bottles has nevertheless increased.

The displacement of men by machines is not accompanied by even the compensation romantically attributed

to the machine in former times, the compensation which consisted in relieving men of the heavy burden of labour. It was said: 'No, the machines will do our work, the machines will free us from toil.' This poetical compensation does not exist, for what the machines have done has been not to reduce the men's working day, but, while maintaining it unchanged — for the reduction in working hours is due to different causes — to displace all the surplus men. It is clear that workmen's wages have increased; but here again we must repeat everything truthfully, just as we find it in the statistics. In the period of prosperity from 1922 to 1929 in the United States, do you know how much the total volume of wages paid to workmen went up? Well, it went up by 5 per cent. And do you know how much dividends on capital went up during the same period? Well, it was 86 per cent. Tell me if that is a fair way of sharing the advantages of mechanization!

But it was predictable that capitalism should lead to this social collapse. What was less predictable was that capitalism should also suffer a technical collapse, which is perhaps what is bringing it to such desperate straits.

For instance, periodic crises have been a phenomenon of large-scale industry, and result from just that cause I mentioned before, when I dealt with the accumulation of capital. The irrecoverable expenditure of the original installation is dead-weight expenditure which can in no case be reduced as the market shrinks. Over-production, the over-production on a violent scale which I spoke of before, ends by saturating the markets. Then under-consumption occurs, and the market absorbs less than the factories are delivering to it. If the structure of the former, small-scale economic system had been preserved, production would decline in proportion to demand by means of a diminution of the intake of raw materials and labour. But as this cannot be done in the case of large-scale industry,

large-scale industry is ruined; that is to say, large-scale industry has to face periods of worse crisis than small-scale industry. This is the first collapse of its erstwhile pride.

Afterwards, however, one of the most pleasing and attractive notes of the heroic age of liberal capitalism fails also, that pride of its earliest days which said: 'I have no need whatsoever of public assistance; nay, I request the public authorities to leave me in peace and not to interfere in my affairs.' In a very short space of time, capitalism bows its head in this domain also, and as soon as the periods of crisis arrive, it has recourse to public assistance; and so we have seen how the most powerful concerns have resorted to the benevolence of the state either to gain tariff protection or to obtain financial support. In other words, to quote a writer hostile to the capitalist system, the capitalism which is so haughty and refractory in the matter of socialization of its profits is the first to beg, when things are going badly, for the socialization of its losses.

Finally, another advantage of free exchange and liberal economics consisted in the stimulation afforded by competition. It was said: 'By competing in an open market, all producers will be continually perfecting their products, and the position of those who buy them will get better and better.' But large-scale capitalism has automatically eliminated competition by placing all production in the hands of a few powerful concerns.

Thus have come about all the results we have seen: crisis, proletarianization, paralysis, the closing of factories, the huge array of proletarians without employment, the European war, the post-war days — and man, who aspired to live under a liberal economic and political system and under liberal principles that filled such a political and economic life with substance and hope, came in the end to find himself reduced to this appalling

state. Formerly he was a craftsman or a small manufacturer, perhaps a member of some privileged corporation, or a citizen of a powerful municipality. Today he is none of these things. Man has been gradually stripped of all his attributes, he has been left nothing but his individual chemical characteristics; he has nothing now, he has only day and night; he has not even a piece of land of his own to set his foot on, or a house to lodge in. The citizenship of old, complete, human, integral and full, has been reduced to these two pitiable things: a number on the electoral roll, and a number in the queue at the factory gates.

And then look at the double prospect for Europe. On the one hand, the nearness of a possible war: Europe, despairing, out of gear, nerve-wracked, may well rush into another war. And on the other hand, the attraction of Russia, the attraction of Asia, for you should not forget the Asiatic ingredient in what is called Russian communism, in which there is as much or more of typically anarchistic and Asiatic influence as there is of Germanic Marxian influence. Lenin proclaimed, as the last stage in the regime he sought to implant — he proclaimed it in the book he published shortly before the triumph of the Russian Revolution — that in the end a stateless and classless society would come about. This last stage had all the features of the anarchism of Bakunin and Kropotkin; but to reach this stage it was necessary to pass through another most grievous and Marxian one, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and Lenin, with extraordinarily cynical irony, observed: 'This stage will not be free or just. The state's mission is to oppress; all states oppress; the working-class state too will have to be an oppressor. What will occur is that it will be oppressing the recently expropriated class, the class that hitherto oppressed *it*. The state will not be free or just. And, moreover, the transition to the final stage, that venturesome stage of communist anarchism,

will come about we know not when.' That time is one that it has not reached yet, and probably never will reach. To a European consciousness, to the consciousness of a European bourgeoisie or proletariat, this is a matter for dread and despair. True, what they have reached in that country is dissolution in multiplicity of number, and oppression beneath the iron heel of the state. But the despairing European proletariat, which can find no explanation of its own existence in Europe, looks on the Russian thing as a myth, as a remote possibility of liberation. Observe to what a pass we have been brought by the final decomposition of political and economic liberalism, placing vast masses of Europeans in this frightful dilemma: either a fresh war, which will be the suicide of Europe, or else communism, which will mean handing Europe over to Asia.

And meanwhile, what of Spain? In actual fact, our political liberalism and our economic liberalism have been almost spared the trouble of decaying because they have barely at any time existed. You already know what political liberalism meant. Elections, until quite recent times, were arranged in the Ministry of the Interior, and there was even a large number of Spaniards who congratulated themselves that this was so. Angel Ganivet, one of the most brilliant of Spaniards, back in the year 1887, said more or less this: 'Fortunately, we have in Spain one admirable institution, namely the *encasillado* system. This avoids the holding of elections, for on the day when elections are held the results will be very serious. Obviously, in order to gain the support of the masses, very crude and easily comprehended ideas must be put into circulation, because difficult ideas cannot be brought home to a multitude; and as it will then be the case that the most gifted men will not feel very eager to walk about the streets shaking hands with the worthy electors and talking fatuities to them, it will end up in the triumph of

those from whom fatuities proceed as a natural and typical characteristic.' Some years later — I think it was in 1893 — recalcitrant and tenacious as ever of his anti-democratic attitude, he went so far as to say: 'I am an enthusiastic admirer of universal suffrage, on one condition — that nobody votes.' And he added: 'Let it not be thought that this is merely a joke in bad taste. I realize that in essence, in principle, all men should take part in their country's affairs of state, just as I find the perfect situation for man is to be a paterfamilias; but as the two things are so difficult, I advise all the men I see on the way to contracting marriage not to do so, and those whom I find prepared for voting, I advise not to vote. Fortunately, the Spanish people has no need of this counsel because it has itself decided not to vote.'

Such, indeed, has been our political liberalism. And when it stopped being like that and there were real elections, we witnessed the sight of a parliament which, convinced that electoral victory empowered it to do whatever it saw fit, did so indeed, even to the point of crushing the rest of humanity.

But apart from this fluctuation between the liberal regime which had no existence and the Cortes which had too much, we discover that the Spanish state, the Spanish constitutional state as we see it delineated in its fundamental charter and ancillary statutes, does not exist; it is a mere joke, a mere simulacrum of existence. The Spanish state does not exist in any one of its most important institutions. We, for example, are members of the Cortes; the Cortes has one primordial duty; this primordial duty consists in approving an economic bill each year. We are at present living under an economic law which was passed — you all know this, because you have been told by people with more authority than I — for the year 1934. It was apparently liquidated with a deficit of 592 million pesetas; this deficit should in reality

be about 800 million, because some of the obligations which had been contracted were still pending payment. And with the budget in that state, which all of us who are members of the Cortes have condemned as abominable, we have entered upon the year 1935. We have been too lazy to draft a fresh budget, and so we have started to prolong the life of the old one by quarterly periods; but in the first quarterly period, as if it were too small, we already added to it a sum which I think was 73 million in extra expenditure, and after that a series of extraordinary credits will be added, thanks to which, when this budget is liquidated, we shall proudly display to the eyes of Europe the liquidation of a budget which in the course of no more than twelve months swindles the country out of 1,000 million pesetas.

Nevertheless, when we have that to face, and the wine problem which brooks no delay, and the wheat problem, and the unemployment problem, which is a real anxiety and a real disgrace, we members of the Cortes decide one day to grant ourselves a short holiday for Carnival, a carnival that nobody celebrates any longer, but which we members of the Cortes have to celebrate, for some reason that I cannot understand.

And what about unemployment? We have about 700,000 out of work. 700,000, in a country that is not recovering from war, in a country that has not even had large-scale industry and is not, therefore, liquidating the crisis of large-scale capitalism! We have 700,000 unemployed, whose physical existence is a sheer miracle every morning. Well, I don't know how long we have been talking about those 700,000 unemployed. A strong minority said that it was going to contribute 100 million pesetas for the relief of these 700,000 unemployed. Then another minority, which does not allow itself to be outdone in these affairs, a minority which is now both minority and totality, because it fills the government entirely, said:

'100 million? 1,000 million! We are going to give 1,000 million!'

Now you will see. This 1,000 million has been the subject of study and distribution by the government which administers our country. Out of this 1,000 million which is earmarked for the relief of unemployment, 750 million pesetas are applied to the building of public edifices. You will appreciate that the erection of public buildings does not seem to be a way of normalizing the economy. It is to be hoped that we shall not use up 750 million pesetas a year in erecting public buildings. But it is also the case that when we take the figures of unemployment, we find that more than 400,000 unemployed, out of the 700,000 that there are altogether, are rural workers, who will not see a single peseta of the 750 million.

Such is our state, a state which, on personnel (and I find it most proper that the state personnel should draw their pay; they have not seized public office by force; they have come in because the administration opened its doors to them; thus in all this there is no censure of the staff who serve in public office) — which spends on personnel, I repeat, according to highly reliable estimates, 1,350 million pesetas a year, apart from the 313 million which goes to state pensioners.

Again, I would say: this would be all very well if this state served some purpose. But this luxurious state, this state which deprives itself of nothing, this state which we maintain with all the taxes, all the contributions, and furthermore all that we lend it each year, which will soon be unable to go on asking because nobody will trust it, this state carries out no services. Today, indeed, it has certainly got them all organized. I have been told (I have not checked it, but I tell you which things are unchecked so that you may receive them as such) that agricultural pests are dealt with by the state in the following manner: when there is an outbreak in the country, the owner of the

land files a petition for the extermination of the pest. Naturally, by the time that the file is dealt with, there is no need to bother about extermination.

Neither did economic liberalism really come to fail in Spain, because the best period of economic liberalism, the heroic age of capitalism in its original stages, was never experienced, generally speaking, by Spanish capital at all. Here, big business resorted to state aid from the outset; not only did they not reject it, but they applied for it, and frequently — as you are aware and all remember — they not only got state aid, not only set about negotiating protective increases in tariffs, but turned the negotiations themselves into a weapon for the purpose of extracting every sort of concession from the Spanish state.

Now in this Spain which has never been highly industrialized and is not overpopulated; which did not go through the war; where we still have the possibility of restoring handicrafts, which largely remain in existence; where we have a strong, close-knit, disciplined and hardy mass of small producers and small-scale merchants; where we have a series of spiritual values intact; in such a Spain, what are we waiting for in order to regain our chance and to place ourselves once more, ambitious as it may sound, at the head of Europe in a few years' time? Well, we are waiting for the parties of the Left and the parties of the Right to realize that those two things are inseparable; and now you see that I do not blame them for any trifling incident, I blame them for this incapacity to tackle the all-round problem of man's integration into his native land.

The parties of the Left do see man, but they see him without roots. The constant factor of the Leftists is to take an interest in the lot of the individual, as against all historical architecture, all political architecture, as if these were contradictory terms. That is why Leftism is disintegrative; it is accordingly corrosive; it is ironical, and although endowed with a brilliant collection of talents, it

is nevertheless very prone to destruction, and hardly ever much good at building up. Rightism: the parties of the Right envisage the scene from just the opposite angle. They also insist on looking at it with only one eye, instead of looking at it squarely with both eyes. Rightism wants to preserve the fatherland, wants to conserve unity, wants to conserve authority; but it neglects this anguish of man, the individual, the neighbour, who has nothing to eat.

This is strictly the truth, and both sides cloak their insufficiency with a cloud of words: the first invoke the fatherland without wholly feeling or wholly serving it; the others palliate their disdain, their indifference to the deep problem of every man, with formulae which in reality are only a cloud of words with no meaning. How often have we heard men of the Right say: 'We live in a new age, we must set up a strong state, we must harmonize capital and labour, we have to seek a corporative form of existence'? I assure you that none of that means a thing, it is all mere windbagery. Harmonizing capital and labour ... this is as if I were to say: 'I am going to harmonize myself with this chair.' Capital — I have already taken up some time in distinguishing capital from private property — is an economic instrument which must serve the entire economy, and hence must not be an instrument for the advantage and privilege of the few who had the luck to get in first. So that when they talk of harmonizing capital and labour, what is meant is that an insignificant privileged minority must continue to be nourished upon the exertions of all, the exertions of both workers and employers — a fine way of solving the social problem and interpreting economic justice!

And the corporative state? That's another thing. Now all are partisans of the corporative state; they think that if they are not partisans of the corporative state, people are going to reproach them for not having shaved this morning, or something of the kind.

This stuff about the corporative state is another piece of windbagery. Mussolini, who has some idea of what the corporative state means, made a speech when he inaugurated the twenty-two corporations a few months ago, and in it he said: 'This is no more than a starting-point; it is not a destination.' Up to the present moment, corporative organization means nothing else, approximately and on general lines, than this: the workmen form one great federation; the employers (the givers of work, as they are called in Italy) form another great federation; and between these two great federations the state erects as it were a sort of connecting-piece. As a provisional solution it is all right; but note carefully that this is a device very similar, on a gigantic scale, to our own *Jurados Mixtos*. This device has hitherto maintained the relative position of labour unchanged on that basis which capitalist economics had fashioned for it; the position still obtains in which one gives employment and the other hires out his own labour in order to live. In a future development which seems revolutionary and which is very old (because it is the structure which the ancient European guilds had), we shall reach the stage of not buying and selling labour as merchandise, and of not keeping up this bilateral labour relationship; but all who take part in the task, all who form and complete the national economy, will be constituted in vertical syndicates, which will not need parallel committees or liaison machinery, because they will operate organically, as for example the army functions without its having occurred to anyone to form parallel committees of men and officers.

And with these vague ideas of a corporative organization of the state, and that of the strong state, and that of harmonizing capital and labour, the representatives of the right-wing parties really believe they have solved the social question and adopted a juster and more modern political position.

All that is just a yarn. The only way to solve the social question is to change the economic organization from above downwards. This revolution in the economy is not going to consist — as it is being put about that we intend by people who say anything that comes to their ears without devoting five minutes to an examination of it — is not going to consist in the absorption of the individual by the state, in state pantheism.

The total revolution, the total reorganization of Europe, must begin with the individual, because he who has suffered most from this disruption, he who has been reduced to a sheer molecule, without personality, without substance, without content, without existence, is the hapless individual who has been left to the last in receiving the advantages of life. All the organization, all the new revolution, all the strengthening of the state and all the economic reorganization will be designed to allow the advantages to be enjoyed by those huge masses uprooted by liberal economics and the communist attack.

Is this to be called absorption of the individual by the state? What happens in this system is that the individual will have the same destiny as the state. The state will have two quite clear aims, as we have always said: one, outwards, to strengthen the fatherland; the other, inwards, to make a larger number of men happier and to allow them their humanity and to give them more share in human life. And on the day when the individual and the state, integrated in one complete harmony, restored to one complete harmony, have a single aim, a single destiny, a single lot in life, then indeed the state may be strong without being tyrannical, for it will be using its strength for its subjects' good and prosperity alone.

This is exactly what Spain ought to be setting about at the present hour. Spain ought to assume the role of harmonizer of man's destiny and that of the fatherland; ought to realize that man cannot be free, is not free, unless

he lives as a man, and he cannot live as a man unless he is assured of a certain minimum livelihood, and he cannot have that minimum livelihood unless the economy is designed on different bases which will increase the possibility of enjoyment for millions and millions of men, and the economy cannot be so designed without a strong organizing state, and there cannot be a strong organizing state except in the service of a great unity of destiny, which is the fatherland; and then see how everything works better, see how an end will be put to that titanic, tragic struggle between man and the state which feels itself to be man's oppressor. When that is achieved (and it can be achieved, and there lies the key to the existence of Europe, for Europe was like that when it was Europe, and so shall Europe and Spain have to become again), we shall know that in every one of our acts, in our most familiar acts, in the humblest of our daily tasks, we are serving not only our modest individual destiny, but the destiny of Spain, of Europe and the world, the total and harmonious destiny of the Creation.

SPEECH ON THE SUBJECT OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

Made at the Madrid Cinema, Madrid, May 19th, 1935

Comrades: The function at the Teatro Comedia, which has been mentioned several times here this morning, was a prelude. It had all the warmth, and still retained, if you like, all the irresponsibility, of childhood. Today's event is charged with the gravest responsibility; it is an opportunity to account for a long day of a year and a half, and it is also the beginning of a new phase which is certain to end in the definitive triumph in Spain of the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. By this milestone on our road, and already in the light of history, rigorous precision and specification are expected of us, and it is my duty to furnish that this morning even though in the fulfilment of this duty I may have to sacrifice some of the eloquence I might perhaps be able to attain and some of the very gratifying flattery of your applause.

Our movement — and when I speak of our movement I am referring equally to the Spanish Falange and to the J.O.N.S., since both are by now irremissibly joined — flows naturally from the revolution of April 14th, as Oñésimo Redondo has rightly said. It was on April 14th, 1931, that we first appeared over Spain. This date — as you all know — has been regarded from very different points of view; like all dates of historic significance it has been looked upon with a good deal of dullness and a good deal of ignorance. We, who are as far removed from those who smash coats of arms on house fronts as from those who merely hanker after palace rigadoons, must seek to evaluate

exactly and, I repeat, in the light of history the significance of April 14th with regard to our movement.

In truth it must be recognized that the Spanish monarchy was not demolished on April 14th, 1931. The Spanish monarchy had been the historical tool of one of the greatest universal concepts. It had founded and sustained an empire, and it had done so precisely thanks to what was its basic virtue, namely the fact that it was a single authority. Without a single authority you get nowhere. But the monarchy ceased quite some time ago to be a single authority. Already in the reign of Philip III, it was not the king who ruled; the king remained the visible sign; but the exercise of power became the domain of his favourites, his ministers: of Lerma, Olivares, Aranda, Godoy. By the time Charles IV came along, the monarchy was no more than a simulacrum, without substance. The monarchy, which had its beginnings in the encampments, shut itself away in the Cortes. Now the Spanish people are implacable realists; the Spanish people — who demand that their patron saints bring them rain when need be, and who turn them about on their altars, face to the wall, if they fail to deliver the goods — the Spanish people, I say, did not understand this simulacrum of a monarchy without power; this is why on April 14th, 1931, that simulacrum fell from its place without even a party of halberdiers entering the fray.

But what happened then? Rarely has there been a moment more propitious for the opening, with the end of one chapter, of a new and great chapter in our country's history. It was precisely the bloodless nature of April 14th, the fact that an institution was removed without bloodshed and without harm, almost unmourned, that opened up a vast historical plain whereon to gallop. There was no need to substantiate resentments, no need to exact harsh justice, hardly the need even to dry any tears. Ahead lay a clear hope for an entire people; you will remember the

rejoicing of April 14th, and surely many of you will have joined in the rejoicing. Like all instances of popular rejoicing, it was incoherent and unperceptive of its own explanation; but beneath the surface, like all popular movements, it was very precisely and profoundly coherent. The rejoicing of April 14th was yet again a reunion of the Spanish people with the age-old nostalgia for their still outstanding revolution. The Spanish people must have its revolution and believed that this had finally come on April 14th, 1931. The people believed that the revolution had come because that day seemed to harbour the promise of two long yearned-for things: firstly, the restitution of a collective national spirit; and then the laying down of material, humane foundations for a harmonious life of all Spaniards together.

Was it too much to expect the men of April 14th to be imbued with a collective national spirit? Many things could be said against them; but perhaps some of these very things constituted the best gauge of their promise. It seemed that the men of April 14th were finding their way back to patriotism and that they were finding their way back by the best possible road: the bitter road of criticism. That was their promise of fruitfulness: for let me tell you, there can be no fruitful patriotism unless it comes via the road of criticism. We are not moved in the least by the kind of operetta-jingoism which revels in mediocrity and in the present pettiness of Spain and in crude interpretations of the past. We love Spain all the more because we do not like to see her the way she is. Those who love their fatherland because they like it the way it is, love it with a yearning for contact, love it physically, sensually. We love Spain with a yearning for perfection. We do not love the ruination, the decadence, of what our physical Spain is now. We love the eternal and immutable metaphysics of Spain.

The basis of human fellowship, the material basis that

would enable the Spanish people to settle down, has likewise been outstanding for many centuries.

The phenomenon of the breakdown of capitalism is universal. This is not the time for me to go into the technical aspects of this. Other speakers have already talked on the subject. Before other audiences, in other circumstances, I myself have spoken of this in greater detail. Today, addressing all of you, I merely want to pin-point the content of certain words, so that they will not be distorted for us.

As you know very well, when we speak of capitalism, we are not speaking of property. Private property is the opposite of capitalism: property is the direct projection of the individual on matter; it is a basic human attribute. Capitalism has gradually replaced this property of the individual with the property of capital, the technical instrument of economic domination. With the dreadful and unfair competition between large capital and small private property, capitalism has gradually annihilated craftsmanship, small industry and small-scale agriculture; it has gradually delivered everything — and is increasingly doing so — into the hands of the big trusts, of the big banking concerns. Ultimately, capitalism reduces bosses and workers, employees and employers, to the selfsame state of anxiety, to the same subhuman condition of the man deprived of all his attributes, whose life is stripped of all meaning. And this I really would like impressed on everybody's mind; it is high time for us to stop lending ourselves to the ambiguity which makes working-class parties out to be anti-employers or which makes the groups of employers out to be antagonists and foes engaged in a fight against the workers. Workers, industrialists, technicians and managers together make up the entire texture of production; and on the other hand we have the capitalist system which by means of expensive credit and the outrageous privileges of shareholders and stockholders

takes the better part of production without doing any work, ruining and impoverishing employers, industrialists, managers and workers alike.

Consider what a state European man has been reduced to by capitalism. He no longer has his own house, he no longer has his inheritance, he no longer has his individuality, he no longer has his craftsman's skill, he is no more than an agglomerated cypher. There are left-wing demagogues around, who denounce feudal property and say that the workers live like slaves. Very well: we, who do not indulge in any demagogy, can say that feudal property was much better than capitalist property, and that the workers are worse off than slaves. For while giving the lord certain rights, feudal property imposed on him a number of obligations; he had to look after the defence and even the maintenance of his subjects. Capitalist property is cold and heartless; at best, it refrains from collecting the rent, but it is indifferent to the fate of those it holds in subjection. Slaves were a part of their lord's inherited fortune: the lord had to take care that the slave did not die on him, for the slave cost him money, just like a machine, like a horse; while if a worker dies nowadays, the great lords of capitalist industry know that they have hundreds of thousands of starving souls waiting at the gates to take his place.

One man, whose personality is both horrifying and attractive, namely Karl Marx, predicted this whole spectacle we are witnessing, the crisis of capitalism. Nowadays, everybody keeps calling himself a Marxist or an anti-Marxist. And I ask you, with the rigorous conscience-searching I am putting into my words, what does it mean to be anti-Marxist? Does it mean not wanting Marx's predictions to come true? In that case we are all agreed. Does it mean that Marx was mistaken in his predictions? In that case those are mistaken who claim that he erred.

Marx's predictions are coming true more or less rapidly, but relentlessly. We are moving towards a concentration of capital; we are moving towards a proletarianization of the masses; and we are moving finally towards a social revolution which will feature an extremely harsh period of communist dictatorship. And such a communist dictatorship must horrify us, Europeans, Westerners, Christians that we are, for that indeed would be the dreadful negation of man, that indeed would mean man's absorption into an immense amorphous mass, wherein individuality will be lost, wherein the corporeal vestment of each individual and his eternal soul will be diluted. Take good note that this is why we are anti-Marxist; that we are anti-Marxist because we are horrified, as every Westerner is horrified, every Christian, every European, be he employer or proletarian, by the prospect of being like some inferior creature in an ant-heap. And we are horrified because we know something of that prospect, thanks to capitalism; capitalism, too, is international and materialistic. That is why we want neither the one nor the other; that is why we want to prevent Karl Marx's prophecies from being fulfilled — precisely because we believe them to be correct. But we are resolutely determined to prevent it from happening, unlike those anti-Marxist parties, which go around believing that the relentless fulfilment of economic and historical laws can be averted by saying a few kind words to the workers and by giving them woolly cardigans for their children.

If we really want to prevent the results foreseen in the Marxist prophecy, we have no choice but to dismantle the unwieldy machine whose turning wheels inevitably bring those results; we must dismantle the unwieldy machine of capitalism, which leads to social revolution, to Russian-style dictatorship. We must dismantle it, but with what will we replace it?

Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, in a hundred years' time, fools will still be saying to us: you want to dismantle it only to replace it with another state equally absorbent, equally destructive of individuality. In order to arrive at that result, would we bother to pursue the ultimate effects of capitalism and Marxism down to the nullification of man? If we have gone that far and if we want to prevent that from happening, we must — as Westerners, as Spaniards and as Christians — begin the building of a new order, with man, the individual, as our point of departure; we must begin with the individual and advance through the organic units of man, and thus we will proceed from the individual to the family, and from the family to the municipality on the one hand and the trade unions on the other, until we finally come to the state, which will harmonize all. In this way, in this political-cum-historical-cum-moral conception, the economic solution is implicit; we shall dismantle the economic apparatus of capitalist property, which sucks up all profits, and replace it with the property of the family, the property of the community and the property of the trade unions.

The achievement of this is urgent throughout the world, and even more so in Spain. It is more urgent in Spain because our situation is at the same time worse and less serious than that of other countries. Beyond our frontiers, capitalism has had its heroic age of splendour; it has given a magnificent boost to great wealth and great initiatives. But Spanish capitalism has been rickety from the outset; from the very beginning it gasped for state aid and tariff concessions. Our economy was more impoverished than almost any other; our people lived in greater misery than almost any other. I do not have to tell you anything about that, after what you have already heard from the comrades who have spoken before me. Much of our Spanish countryside, so wide, so sad, dry and dilapidated,

and as bony as its people, seems to await no other fate than to receive the bones of its inhabitants for final burial.

This land of ours, where summer turns into winter without autumn or springtime; this land of ours, with its hills bare of trees, with its villages that have no water and no gardens; this vast land, where there is so much to be done and where 700,000 unemployed with their families are starving because they are given no work to do; this land of ours, where it is a struggle to get a good wheat harvest, where, even though bread is the only food, people eat less bread than anywhere else in Western Europe; this country of ours needs transforming more urgently than anywhere else.

And it will be easier here than elsewhere because capitalism is less strong in Spain. Our economy is almost entirely self-sufficient; there are countless things for us to do. An intelligent land reform, like the one Onésimo Redondo has described to you, and a credit reform which would release small farmers, small industrialists and shopkeepers from the gilt claws of the usurious banks, would together be sufficient to ensure the well-being of the Spanish people for fifty years to come.

The recovery of a national spirit and the establishment of Spain on more equitable social foundations were the two things implicitly promised (or so it seemed to the rejoicing people) by the so-called revolution of April 14th. Now then: has it kept those promises? Has it given us back our joyous national spirit? Has it brought us together in a common national mission?

Why talk about the way in which the rulers have divided us, the way in which they have vexed us, the way in which they have persecuted us, the way in which they have set us against each other? I only want to point out a few of the real acts of treason against the nation which we owe to the original team of April 14th. First of all, the Statute of

Catalonia. Many of you are familiar with the Falange's thoughts on this matter. The Falange knows very well that Spain is a country of diversity and is not worried by this fact. Precisely for this reason, Spain has from the outset had an imperial vocation. Spain is diverse and pluralistic, but her various peoples, with their languages, customs and characteristics, are irrevocably united and endowed with a single, universal destiny. It does not matter in the least if the administrative ties are loosened, but on one condition: the region which is given greater latitude must have the awareness of a common destiny deeply rooted in its soul and must never make use of this latitude to conspire against that destiny.

Well now: with no objection from the right-wing parties ruling us now, the constitution has been interpreted to the effect that autonomy must be granted to those regions which have come of age, which have reached the stage of feeling distinct; that is to say, instead of taking precautions and seeking to explore whether unity might not be threatened, we are supposed to grant autonomy precisely to those regions where unity has begun to crack, so that it will crumble altogether.

Foreign affairs: these days all of you know something of this subject because of what the newspapers have been saying. For four years past Spain has followed the French line in foreign affairs, moving in the orbit of France. There is no reason why the fact that Spain carries out a foreign policy in agreement with friendly powers should surprise us. But in the international sphere no nation ever gives us anything without receiving something in return, and France, whose foreign policy we serve, affords us shabby treatment in trade agreements, relegates us to an inferior plane in Tangiers and negotiates a Mediterranean settlement behind our backs, as though we were not involved in the Mediterranean; that is to say, our only compensation for serving the foreign policy of France in

the world is the satisfaction of some pedantic minister's or some ambassador's vanity.

And what of the policy designed to disrupt — though some other word was used — to disrupt the army, which constitutes the strongest and still the most healthy guaranty of all that is permanent in Spain? None the less, our rulers did their best, we know not with what intention, to disrupt this guaranty.

And finally we come to the declaration contained in the constitution, that Spain renounces war. What is that supposed to mean? If it is mere foolishness with nothing at the back of it, good luck to its authors. If it means that Spain intends to be neutral in any future wars, then this declaration should have been followed up with an expansion of our army, navy and air force, since a nation with open shores, situated in one of Europe's most dangerous spots, cannot make any decision, not even regarding its own neutrality, if it cannot command respect. Only the strong can be neutral with dignity. I know not whether the authors of that phrase intended to impose on us an undignified neutrality.

And in the social sphere? Was the land reform ever implemented? Was the credit reform? You know full well that the land reform put forward by the men of April 14th did not propose to restore man's substance, to re-endow man with his human, social, Western, Christian, Spanish integrity; instead, it tended towards the collectivization of agriculture, the transformation of the peasantry into a gregarious mass, just like the workers in the cities. That is what they were aiming at; and not even that have they done. At this point in time they have hardly given a patch of land to the peasants. The only part of the Land Reform Law they have begun to implement corresponds to a paragraph tacked on at the last moment in a pure spirit of reprisal.*

* The Land Reform Law of 1933 was limited in its application. It dealt only with large estates in Andalusia and Estremadura.

And what has been done about the financial reform? Have the workers, the labourers, the industrialists, or any of those truly involved in the whole process of production, by any chance had the benefit of some wise measure? They have been the losers; you know well what a period of crisis they are living through. On the other hand, neither the profits of the big industries nor the profits of the banks have diminished.

In the context of history, the men of April 14th bear the terrible responsibility of having cheated the Spanish revolution anew. The men of April 14th failed to carry out what April 14th had promised, and that is why the forces of the past are already beginning to fan out in opposition to them, in opposition to their work, in opposition to the promising significance of the date of their coming. And this brings me, I think, to a terrain where all your silence and all your attention will be less than sufficient.

Two kinds of forces are mobilizing against the frustrated revolutionary spirit of April 14th: the monarchists and the right-wing republicans. Note that with regard to the monarchy, we must not let ourselves be swayed for a second by nostalgia or by rancour. We have to consider the problem of the monarchy with the implacable rigour of those witnessing a crucial spectacle in the succession of days which make up history. We should only take the following into account: did the Spanish monarchy, the ancient, the glorious monarchy, succumb because it had come to the end of its cycle, because it had completed its mission; or was the Spanish monarchy overthrown when it was still full of promise for the future? That is what we must think about, and only by so doing can we understand that the problem of the monarchy may be resolved intelligently.

Well then: it is our opinion — you have heard me say so from the first — it is our opinion, without a shadow of disrespect, without a shadow of rancour, without a

shadow of dislike, indeed, for many of us, with a thousand sentimental grounds for affection — it is our opinion that the Spanish monarchy had fulfilled its cycle, was left without substance, and tumbled like a dead shell on April 14th, 1931. We bear witness to its fall with all the emotion it merits; and we have the greatest respect for the monarchist parties which, believing it still to have a future, encourage people to attempt its restoration. We ourselves, however, though we regret its passing, and though some of us may feel a sentimental reluctance to see it go or a nostalgia for it which is worthy of respect, we ourselves cannot deploy the fresh impetus of our youthful following for the recovery of an institution we hold to be gloriously defunct.

This monarchism is one of the wings moving against the works and the spirit of April 14th. The other wing is that of populism. What do you want me to say about that? Because on this particular topic we do all understand each other. I greatly admire and very much like Señor Gil Robles, and I like and admire him precisely for the anti-populist streak I detect in him. I foresee that one day Señor Gil Robles will break with his doctrine and it seems to me that on that day Señor Gil Robles will be rendering Spain good service. But of the populist doctrine itself, what do you expect? The populist doctrine is like one of those large German factories which produce a surrogate for almost every real thing. The world witnesses the rise of the socialist phenomenon, for example, the rise of the sanguine, violent, authentic drive of the socialist masses; immediately populism, with its wealth of index-cards and of cautious young men overflowing with prudence and courtesy and appearing every inch the product of the more refined doctrine of freemasonry, comes up with a surrogate socialism and proceeds to organize something called Christian democracy: it matches the *casas del pueblo*

with *casas del pueblo*,* index-cards with index-cards, social legislation with social legislation. It acquires the skill of writing memoranda on profit-sharing, on workers' pensions, on a thousand other niceties. The only result is that the real workers do not venture into these pretty cages of populism, while the pretty cages themselves never get heated. Then along comes the rise of fascism, with its connotations of struggle, of rebellion, of oppressed peoples protesting against adversity, and with its cortège of martyrs and with its hopes of glory, and immediately the Populist Party ups and goes — let's just suppose, so that no one need take offence — to the Escorial, where it organizes a parade of youngsters with flags, with the journey paid for, with every kind of thing except the strong and revolutionary youthful valour of the Fascist Youth. And don't you worry, if God gives us time we shall live to see a Christian democratic republic in Spain, with its personal representation and its press law, which will bear a striking resemblance to all the laic republics of Central Europe.

That, comrades, is why we are neither monarchist reactionaries nor populist reactionaries. After the fraud of April 14th, after the swindle of April 14th, we cannot be part of any group that harbours a more or less hidden reactionary or counter-revolutionary purpose; for what we hold against April 14th is not that it was violent or unpleasant, but that it was sterile, that it obstructed the still outstanding Spanish revolution yet again. And that is why, regardless of insults and distortions, we must gather up, in the middle of the street, amongst those who had it once and lost it and those who do not want to pick it up themselves, that Spanish revolutionary spirit which will sooner or later, by fair means or foul, restore to us the common bond of our historic destiny and the profound

* These were club houses for the Spanish workers founded by the Socialist Party in most Spanish towns and villages.

social justice we need. That is why our regime, which will be born, like all revolutionary regimes, of discontent, of protest, of a bitter love for the fatherland, will be an altogether national regime, free from jingoism and decadent cajolery, a direct descendant of that clear-cut, difficult and eternal Spain hidden in the vein of true Spanish tradition; it will be deeply social, without any demagoguery, for which there will be no need, but implacably anti-capitalist, implacably anti-communist. You will see how we shall repair the dignity of man, upon which we shall rebuild the dignity of all the institutions that, together, constitute the fatherland.

That is what we want to achieve and that is the task which today we set ourselves anew. This task, comrades, has the virtue of being difficult; our mission is the most difficult; that is why we have chosen it and that is why it is full of promise. We have everybody against us: the revolutionaries of April 14th, who persist in misrepresenting us and who will go on doing so even after these rather clear words because they know that the call to account, which our appearance before Spain represents, is the most serious indictment of themselves; and on the other hand the counter-revolutionaries, because they hoped at first that we would be the vanguard of their imperilled interests, for this reason offering to help and protect us and even to give us a few pennies, while now they go mad with despair as they see that what they thought was the vanguard has become the whole army, and independent to boot.

In opposition to the former and the latter, constantly and veritably true to Spain, harassed on all flanks, without money, without newspapers (see what publicity there has been for this gathering of ten thousand of our comrades), besieged, misrepresented everywhere, we have a mission that is difficult to a miraculous degree; but then we believe in miracles; we are seeing this miracle happening in Spain. How many were we in 1933? A handful,

and now there are crowds of us everywhere. We took the risk of summoning you, with only four days' notice, to this the largest hall in Madrid, and you have come, on foot even, to behold our banners and the names of our dead. We have deliberately chosen the hardest road, and by tackling the difficulties and sacrifices along this road, we have shed light on one of the heroic veins — perhaps the last, who knows? — which still remain beneath the soil of Spain. A few words and a few external resources have sufficed to make eighteen young comrades, for whom life had everything in store, lay their claim to the first places in the ranks where the dying is done. With no resources, with our poverty and our difficulties, we are harvesting all that is fruitful and serviceable in this Spain of ours. And we want the difficulties to be there to the end and beyond the end; we want our life to be difficult before the triumph and after the triumph. Some days ago, before a small audience, I recalled a romantic verse: 'I do not wish for Paradise, but for rest,' it went. That was a romantic verse, a return to sensuality; a blasphemy it was, but a blasphemy based on a correct antithesis. Truly, Paradise is not rest. Paradise is the opposite of rest. One cannot lie down in Paradise; one stands upright, like the angels. Very well then: we who have already caused the best of our number to lay down their lives on the road to Paradise, we want a Paradise utterly difficult, erect, implacable; a Paradise where there can be no rest and whose gates are flanked on both sides by angels armed with swords.

ADDRESSING THE CORTES: ON SPANISH FOREIGN POLICY

October 2nd, 1935

I believe that what weighs on all of us at the present time and particularly on the government's attention, over and above all these matters which would hardly exist if they were not blown up in the House, is the international problem of Europe. The Prime Minister has asked us all to be very careful when we broach the subject. The Prime Minister can rest assured that no one will be more intent on taking the most stringent precautions when dealing with the international problem than the present speaker. But on the other hand, the present speaker feels that the Cortes would give the impression of being rather frivolous if it did not concern itself with this matter. That is why such a high standard was maintained in the discussion of the subject yesterday and why the Prime Minister expressed his satisfaction that we had not disregarded his request. Such is my determination to be ultra careful that I would begin by saying to the Prime Minister: I am not asking the government for a reply; nor would I do so if I were authorized by a more considerable mandate than is the case. It is conceivable that under the present circumstances the government ought not to reply to us; but I do believe that it should heed us, because from the counsels of all, from the contributions of all, may emerge the elements of a correct stand for Spain to take.

And what would we or anyone in Spain advise these days that was not prompted by the desire to safeguard Spanish interests? How can anyone think that our attitudes might be influenced by a certain sympathy with

one country or another? For one thing, because among those of us sitting here, there can surely be no one with an open mind, no one who has not been influenced by a variety of sympathies; we have all dabbled in European culture, some of us more, others less, and I count myself among the latter; we have all felt the influence of French literature, English manners, German philosophy and Italy's political tradition, which is engaged at present in one of the loftiest experiments, a lofty experiment, which no one can afford not to study seriously and about which everyone probably has some critical opinion. At this point I therefore want to make it clear that I am expressing a Spanish point of view, exclusively in Spain's best interests, just as you will all no doubt be doing.

That being so, I believe that we must look at Europe's present predicament from the following angle: if military sanctions are approved, this is bound to set off a European war, and a European war endangers the very existence of Europe. Is there any European issue involved, any issue of such vital importance for Europe, that it would justify Europe's running the risk of destroying itself? That is what I believe the question to be, and that is how I think it must be posed. Whereupon I venture to say to you that in the present Italo-Abyssinian conflict, which is the subject of Europe's deliberations, there are only two issues at stake: a colonial issue and a British issue. Neither more than that nor less than that.

Let us consider the colonial issue. Are we going to pretend that we are scandalized just because someone is starting out on another colonial campaign? Has not every single European country done as much? Is colonization not a mission, a duty rather than a right, of all civilized peoples? Could it be that anyone aspiring to universal brotherhood is prepared to accept the *de facto* exclusion from universal brotherhood which goes together with barbarism? Are we going to think that we are defending

the right of backward peoples to be members of this universal brotherhood by letting them go on being backward? I think it is far too late for us to be scandalized by any country embarking on a colonial campaign. Colonizing was Spain's glory. Colonizing was England's glory. England would not have been the least bit shocked by anyone's attempt to acquire a colony if the other aspect of the Italo-Abyssinian problem were not mixed up with it, if the colonial question I have been speaking of were not entwined with another question, which concerns solely and exclusively the English.

It is this: England has managed to put together one of the most prodigious political edifices the world has ever known. This political edifice — the British Empire — is sustained, like all great edifices, by a wondrous equilibrium. The moment a single one of its elements budges, the equilibrium may begin to collapse. And since Abyssinia happens to be at the crossroads of the English Government's most hazardous lifelines, since it happens to be situated at one of the most sensitive nerve centres of England's whole imperial network, it is altogether proper and understandable that England's patriotic egotism should refuse to countenance anyone's laying a hand, let alone an armed fist, on this vital part of her empire. If I were an Englishman, I would at this moment be unreservedly on the side of the British Government, because I would be a British imperialist, because it is my belief that an empire constitutes the historical fulfilment of a people, and if I had had the good fortune of being born of a people at the moment of its historical fulfilment, I would feel that all my efforts should be geared to the preservation of this state of fulfilment. But we are not English, neither does Europe consist entirely of Englishmen, neither are the English even a part of Europe, since England — regardless of the fact that her people live in the vicinity of the European continent — is, as an empire,

an extra-European power. The British Empire is a huge extra-European formation; the laws governing its rise, its decline and its varying fortunes rarely coincide with those governing the rise, the decline and the varying fortunes of Europe. Many times they are antagonistic, and perhaps more so than ever at this point in time.

It may be said that at the moment the world is witnessing, in Geneva, a battle between England on the one hand and Europe on the other. Europe is bound to fight for its survival, regardless of the danger to the British Empire, and the British Empire is bound to have its own survival at heart, regardless of the danger to peace in Europe.

That is the crux of the matter and, as you can see, particular sympathies do not come into it. Leaving the colonial aspect aside, the crux of the matter lies in a conflict of interests between the British Empire and Europe. Do you require any more conclusive evidence than the attitude of the Soviets? From the very beginning England has received no more vigorous support in Geneva than that of Russia. And am I going to prove to you that Russia is not a European power? Or that she is a European power? Has Lenin's prophecy perchance expired, which sought to consolidate the Soviet Revolution precisely through a European war? For Russia, a European conflagration would be a great plus. Anti-European Russia vigorously supports the British point of view; but are we, as Europeans, going to be blindly on the side of these British and Russian interests? If we look at it from this point of view, what should be the role of Spain? What is Spain's proper role as an individual entity and as a European power? Or, if you prefer it the other way round, what is her role as a European power and as an individual entity? First and foremost, what is Spain's proper role in Geneva?

You all know that until the present time — and when I say the present time I am referring to this morning's news;

we know not what may have happened since this morning — the only thing at stake in Geneva ... (*A member of the Cortes: 'War has broken out already.' Señor Barcia: 'Very serious things have been happening.'* — *Prolonged murmurings.*) Well then; according to the latest news, the procedure in Geneva has hitherto been — and I stress this, not because I want to avoid discussing the other implication, which I shall come to presently (though it is a mere hypothesis), but because so far it does not seem as though article 16 has come up in Geneva — that of article 15, which, as you all know, culminates in the drafting of a resolution; the Council of the League of Nations attempts a conciliation, and if that attempt does not prosper the Council drafts a resolution which it submits to the countries directly involved; and this resolution can, exceptionally, be passed by a straight majority of votes. That is to say, it constitutes one of the exceptions to the general rule laid down in article 5 of the Pact, which says that there must be unanimity before the Council of Geneva can adopt a motion. With regard to this resolution, therefore, Spain could either vote or abstain, without jeopardizing the Council of Geneva's continued effectiveness in any way; to gauge whether or not Spain should subscribe to certain resolutions is entirely a matter of diplomatic tact.

But if article 16 does come to apply, if we are faced with the drama of aggression, then the situation is completely changed; and since it would appear that we have reached such straits, this is the time for the government to think carefully. Article 16 of the Pact of the League of Nations contains two basic paragraphs. The first of these refers to economic measures, the second to military measures. Well, Prime Minister: this fact may not have been brought to the attention of the House.

The application of economic sanctions, that is to say, those referred to in the first paragraph of article 16, does not require the Council of Geneva to adopt a decision.

It says, and I quote from memory, 'As soon as any member of the League of Nations launches an aggression against another, all the members of the League shall, *ipso facto*, consider themselves attacked, and from that moment on they shall sever all economic relations with the aggressor.' Therefore, if there is no question of going beyond paragraph (1) of article 16, if we are merely faced with the hypothesis of economic sanctions, there is no reason why Spain should vote; indeed, Spain can make use of her authority there in a forceful fashion to convince the Council of the League of Nations that there is no reason why the matter should be put to the vote, that juridically the mission operates in fulfilment of a certain condition, that from the moment this condition is fulfilled, all are under an obligation to suspend economic relations with the country guilty of aggression. And since there is no need for any pronouncement to stand between the letter of the Pact and the practical implementation of conditional obligations made binding by events, it should be left to each country to apply such sanctions in whatever way it loyally considers to be fit and appropriate. Thus the application of sanctions becomes for each country the subject of decisions to be made internally; each country will gauge the degree to which it should implement the first paragraph of article 16.

Needless to say, I believe this to be a very desirable solution; for it does seem to me that Spain should avoid making any pronouncement on so ticklish a matter as long as she can.

In due course we come to the point where we must examine the second paragraph, which refers to military measures, to the military factor each member state of the League of Nations ought to contribute to making the nation guilty of an infringement return to the obedience of the Pact. In this case it does become necessary to make a decision, since the second paragraph of article 16 states

that the Council must formulate a resolution. This means that it is no longer possible for each of its members to proceed directly to the implementation of the Pact, but that the need arises for formulating a text, for actually getting down to its composition and ratification. Very well; when the time comes to vote on this resolution, which requires unanimity in the Council of Geneva, Spain should take the following consideration into account: not one of the states represented in Geneva is going to act at the present time in accordance with any superstitious allegiance to the League — not one.

I would not like Spain to be the only exception, and I trust that the government will not permit this to be the case. All the other nations, every single one of them, are carrying out a preliminary survey to see whether or not it suits them to vote in favour of the military resolution stipulated by the second paragraph of article 16. And that is how it should be, for if the second paragraph were implemented as automatically as the first, all deliberations would be superfluous; but since a pronouncement of this kind is supposed to reflect everyone's opinion, it is only natural that in the course of working out such a pronouncement, in the course of adopting such an attitude, each country must weigh carefully which of its interests are at stake.

Thus we observe that the *petite entente* is going to vote in favour, because it is worried about the possibility of an Italian expansion in Yugoslavia, while Turkey brings up the question of the Straits and Geneva is concerned with preserving its new alliance with England. But what about us, gentlemen, are we going to vote out of sheer eagerness to please? Are we really going to behave like dazzled yokels, well pleased to be sitting among important people and to be given the chairmanship of those commissions which are just like those unsavoury dishes you are given to eat in Europe? (*Hear! Hear!*)

Then, if there is no vote in favour of any military sanctions, if there is no vote in favour of any military measures, it is more than likely that there will be no European war. Possibly the whole thing will be reduced to a conflict between Italy and England. With the prospect of such a conflict, I believe that Spain cannot display any activity other than that which can be summarized in one word: neutrality, uncompromising neutrality. Ordinarily, a position of neutrality formulated in these terms would seem the refuge of cowardice, or at least a deliberate withdrawal from the affairs of Europe. But for once neutrality will be dangerous; though the danger should not make us abandon our decision to keep it up, for two very good reasons. Firstly, because it is to be hoped that those who have paid so much lip-service to the Pact of the League of Nations will not commit the most flagrant violation thereof by abusing our free resolve to keep out of the war. And let no one say that we pay lip-service to the Pact of the League of Nations when we feel like it, only to flout it when it no longer suits us. That is by no means the case: if we do not vote for military measures, we do not thereby go against the Pact; we are merely, in the context of a ballot provided for in the Pact, acting in Spain's best interests. And how could one ever compare an Italian attempt to colonize and annex Abyssinia with an invasion of Spanish territory, the territory of one of the senior and supposedly most highly esteemed members of the League of Nations, merely because Spain considered in Geneva that there was no reason to set fire to Europe? It is my belief that those for whom this is practically the first time they have had recourse to the Pact, and who have made it clear that the Pact is just about the only bridge linking them to Europe, will refrain from so flagrant an infringement thereof.

But let me say something else — and this is the second reason why neutrality will be dangerous; when it comes to

deciding whether or not we should remain neutral, Spain must only take experience and decorum into account; she must decide whether Spanish interests are involved; for there can be no reason why we should defend the British Empire, to which we owe nothing. (*Murmurings.*) Do I have to remind you of Gibraltar? We owe the British Empire nothing and should do nothing to defend it; all we should think about is this, and this alone — where do Spain's interests lie? It would be indecorous for Spain to opt for intervention or neutrality in response to any threat or unwarranted demand. (*Applause.*)

(*Interruption.*) If the Prime Minister will display such insolence, I shall have to commit the discourtesy of ceasing to listen. (*Señor Primo de Rivera leaves his seat. Noisy protest.*)

My appreciation of what the Prime Minister has just said and my abiding respect for the occupants of high office put me under a double obligation to take back anything, any words of mine, which in turn may have offended the Prime Minister. But I would ask him to bear in mind that one who has spoken as I have, who has started by saying that there was no need for the government to make any reply, who asked neither the government nor the House to make any statement, who merely sought to make the modest contribution of his own understanding of the situation so that the government might hear and take note, if it so wished, of an honestly formulated personal opinion, does not deserve to be told by the Prime Minister that he was going against Spain's deepest interests. (*The Prime Minister: 'I did not mean to say any such thing.'*) I am delighted to hear that that was not what the Prime Minister meant to say. (*The Prime Minister: 'And I do not believe that that is what I did say; but supposing I said it, I certainly take it back.'*) All the better. And in case I have not made myself clear at the beginning of my speech, I repeat that I am asking neither the House nor the govern-

ment to express the slightest approval of what is but a personal suggestion of mine, the honest expression of a political conviction. Now the government, which is in no way obliged to answer me, or presumably anyone else, no doubt knows what it is doing in the service of Spain. The government's friends, and those who are not its friends, all hope that it will, in the service of Spain, come to the right decision.

ON REVOLUTION

From *Haz*, No. 9, October 12th, 1935

The mass of a people in need of a revolution is incapable of making a revolution.

It is not so much when a people is corrupt that revolution becomes a necessity, but when its institutions, its ideas, its tastes have become sterile or are about to do so. That is the moment of historical degeneracy. Not death by disaster, but rather stagnation in a graceless and hopeless existence. All collective attitudes are feeble from the outset, bred of all but exhausted stock. The life of the community becomes blunted, stultified and submerged in bad taste and mediocrity. This cannot be remedied except by a clean cut and a new start. The furrows cry out for new seed, historical seed, because the old has come to the end of its fertility.

But who is to be the husbandman? Who is to choose the new seed and the moment when to sow it? That is the difficulty. And here we come face to face with all the demagogic predictions of the Left and the Right, with all the nauseous attitudes struck by those who fawn on the masses in order to elicit their votes or their applause. Such men turn to the crowd and say to it: 'You, the people, are magnificent; you harbour the highest virtues; your women are the most beautiful and chaste in the world; your men the most intelligent and brave; your customs the most venerable; your art is incomparably rich. You have suffered but one misfortune: that of being badly governed. Cast off your rulers, free yourselves from their

bonds and you shall prosper.' Which amounts more or less to this: 'Good people, make yourselves happy through rebellion.'

Those who speak thus reveal themselves either as nauseously insincere, making use of words as bait with which to catch the masses for their own benefit, or else as utterly stupid, which may be even more harmful than deceit. No one who gives it some minutes' thought can be blind to this truth: that at the end of a sterile era, when a people — through its own fault or the fault of others — has allowed its major resources to go rusty, it cannot possibly tackle the enormous task of regeneration by itself. A revolution — if it is to be fruitful and not frittered away in ephemeral upheavals — calls for a lucid awareness of a new norm combined with the resolute will to see it applied. But this ability to perceive and apply the norm is nothing short of perfection. A prostrate people is incapable of perceiving and applying the norm; that is precisely its trouble. If it is well equipped with all that is required to carry out a fruitful revolution, that is an unmistakable sign that the revolution is unnecessary. Inversely, needing a revolution means being without the lucidity and the drive required in order to love and realize it. In short, a people cannot achieve its own collective salvation, since the very fact of being able to do so is proof that it is safe and needs not to be saved. Pascal imagined Christ saying to him, 'You would not seek me had you not already found me.' The tutelary spirit of revolutions might well say as much to the people.

Among the revolutionary leaders who have passed through world history, two types have appeared fairly frequently: the ringleader recruiting a crowd upon whose shoulders to hoist himself in search of fame, power or wealth; and the man with a superstitious faith in the people, the believer in the congenital timeliness of the people — perceived inorganically as a mass — in the suc-

cessful pursuit of its own course. The ringleader tends to be less commendable from the point of view of private morality; he tends to be a fellow of few scruples, who robs and oppresses the community which endures and supports him; but he has the advantage that he can be eliminated by a single bullet; his death puts a stop to the nuisance. The other, however, leaves a mark and is, from the point of view of his historic mission, more of a traitor than the ringleader.

Yes, he is more of a traitor, if we use the word traitor without the least melodramatic connotation, but simply to describe one who abandons his post at a crucial moment. That is precisely what the man with superstitious faith in the populace tends to do when chance places him at the helm of a victorious revolution. By his very presence there, by having climbed deliberately to the top and by having kindled the faith of those who followed him, such a man has tacitly taken upon himself the duty to command them, to guide them, to show them the way. Unless his soul was stirred by something akin to the call of a faraway outpost, he should never have coveted the leadership. To become a leader, to be victorious and to say the following day to the masses, 'You give the orders, I am here to obey you,' is to shirk the glorious burden of command in a most abject fashion. It is not for the leader to obey the people: he must serve the people, which is something quite different. Such service means exercising power for the good of the people, having the good of the people under one's rule at heart, even though the people themselves may not know what is best for them; that is to say, he must feel at one with the people's historic destiny, even though he may disagree with what the masses think they want.

All the more so when there is a revolution, since, as we have said, a people needs revolution precisely when it has lost the aptitude for wanting what is good; when its appetite has, one might say, been vitiated, which is

precisely the ill which must be cured. That is the splendid part. And the difficult part. That is why light-weight leaders eschew the task at hand, preferring, in an effort to cover up their own weakness, to replace public service and the quest for a problematical harmony between the people's reality and its true destiny, with obedience to the people, which is but one kind of fawning like any other; that is to say, one kind of corruption.

Spain has seen something of this quite recently: in 1931. Rarely have the masses been so manageable and meek. They cheerfully elevated those whom they considered their betters and prepared to follow them.

In this way, those who had for many years dispensed the medicinal draught of criticism found themselves without any effort on their part in positions of power. Obviously I am not referring to the demagogues, but to that small, select group of men who, after a rigorous internal process ranging from desperate revulsion to fervent anticipation, were giving expression to a yearning for a Spain that was brighter, cleaner, more agile, freed from much time-honoured rubbish and much dreary mediocrity. It was the duty of those in that group to start using the new historical levers, to plant new vines in place of the old, exhausted ones. What is more, they were called upon to do so regardless of all recalcitrance, be it on the part of their erstwhile fellow revolutionaries or on the part of the masses themselves. The helmsmen of a revolutionary movement must even put up with being called traitors. The masses always believe that they are being betrayed. Nothing could be more futile than trying to flatter the masses in the hope of being spared the charge of treason. Maybe the mentors of 1931 did not stoop to flattery, but they certainly could not bring themselves to resist and discipline the masses. With haughty disdain they retreated once more into their shells, leaving the road clear for the nastiness of the demagogues and the audacity of the ring-

leaders. That is how Spain's opportunity went to waste, as so many times before.

The next opportunity will not be wasted. We have learned that the masses cannot save themselves. And that there can be no excuse for the leaders who quit. Revolution is a task for a determined minority immune to discouragement. It is the task of a minority whose first steps will not be understood by the masses, since understanding is the most valuable thing the masses lose as the victims of an era of decadence. But revolution will eventually replace the barren confusion of our collective life with the joy and radiance of a new order.

EXTRACT FROM THE CLOSING
SPEECH OF THE SECOND
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
FALANGE

Made at the Madrid Cinema, Madrid, November 17th, 1935

At this solemn moment I venture to formulate a prophecy: the forthcoming struggle, which may not take the form of an election, which may be more dramatic than any electoral struggle, will not be a confrontation of such outdated values as the ones we call the Right and the Left; it will be a confrontation between the grim and menacing Asiatic front of the Russian Revolution in its Spanish incarnation and the national front of our own generation lined up for battle.

Now, there will be no room beneath the banner of the national front for any smuggled goods. The word is too lofty for anyone to use it as a pseudonym. There will be sentinels at the entrance, searching those who wish to join to see that they have really left all the vested interests of their group and their class behind them in the encampment; to see that their souls are really aflame with selfless devotion to this total undertaking suspended high above our heads; to see that they envisage Spain as a total value transcending the framework of partial values within which politics have evolved hitherto. To be practical, those sentinels must be briefed on the boundaries of the national front, of which the first is a historical boundary. All reactionary designs, all surreptitious feelings of nostalgia for obsolete practices or a return to social and economic systems that have been found wanting, will be

inadmissible. It is not enough to turn up singing anthems; those who want the sentinels to let them pass must have left such nostalgia sincerely behind at the entrance. Then there is a moral boundary. We cannot feel any solidarity with such people as have accustomed their lungs and their hearts to living in the kind of moral climate where corruption can flourish. Those are the insurmountable barriers in the negative sense; that is what must be excluded from the national front ...

But exclusion is not enough. It is essential to hold up a positive challenge: the task of giving to Spain those two things she has lost, firstly, the material living conditions which will raise the Spanish people to the level of human beings, and secondly, faith in a collective national destiny and the will to bring about a genuine revival. These must be the two elements of the task which the group, the front line of our generation, must set itself. And so that no one can claim to have been misled, we must explain the meaning of these two decisive propositions.

The economic revival of Spain. I was saying to you that the death-pangs of capitalism are a world-wide phenomenon. Now then: the only ways out of the agony of capitalism are either an invasion by the barbarians or else a speedy dismantlement of capitalism itself. What can we possibly choose but the latter solution? It consists of three sections which demand three dismantling procedures, the sections being rural capitalism, financial capitalism and industrial capitalism. The three are very unequally open to dismantlement. Rural capitalism is easy enough to dismantle. Notice that I am referring exclusively to the practice of using the land to extract unearned income, or surplus value, in the words of some economists. For the time being I am not putting the practice of providing farmers with credits under the heading of rural capitalism because that comes into financial capitalism which I will discuss in a moment, neither am I including large-scale

industrial exploitation of the land. By rural capitalism I mean the system under which certain people, who may not even know the exact location of their estates and who know nothing of agriculture, have the right — thanks to certain titles listed in the Land Register — to derive a certain income from those who actually live on the land and till it. This is very easy to dismantle, though I want to make it clear that if I describe the procedure, I am not thereby formulating a paragraph of the Falange's party programme. The way to dismantle rural capitalism is quite simply this: the cancellation of the obligation to pay rent. That would be extremely revolutionary, but it would certainly not occasion the slightest economic convulsion; the farmers would go on tilling their land, the produce would go on being harvested and everything would function as before.

Much more complicated is the dismantlement of financial capitalism. That is a different matter altogether. With a complex economic mechanism established the way it is, we must needs have credit; firstly, someone must purvey the tokens of credit accepted in business transactions, and secondly, the intervals between the beginning of the production process and the moment of its completion must be covered. But it is possible to transform all this in such a way that dealings in monetary credit will no longer be the private business of a few privileged men, but rather the responsibility of the economic community as a whole, transacted by its appropriate instrument, namely the state. So that financial capitalism can be dismantled by causing it to be replaced, by nationalizing all credit facilities.

Finally, what remains is industrial capitalism. At present this is the most difficult kind to dismantle, for not only does industry dispose of capital for credit purposes, but the capitalist system has infiltrated the very structure of industry. Because of its immense complexity,

because of the fact that it requires a great quantity of instruments, industry is dependent, for the time being, on the existence of several different forms of ownership: the constitution of large units and economic resources on the legal basis of the limited company. The limited company is therefore the anonymous owner of the business, in place of the human owners of older firms. If industrial capitalism were suddenly dismantled in one fell swoop, it would for the moment be impossible to find an effective expedient for the maintenance of industry, and this would immediately lead to a serious collapse.

When it comes to dismembering capitalism, it is therefore easiest to dismantle rural capitalism; it is fairly easy to dismantle or to replace financial capitalism; it is far more difficult to dismantle industrial capitalism. But since God is on our side, it so happens that hardly any industrial capitalism has to be dismantled in Spain, because we have very little of it here. And within the context of what little there is, if we were to reduce the burdens on the nation implicit in the existence of extravagant boards of directors, in the needless multiplication of different firms providing similar services and in the unjustifiable concession of free shares, our unassuming industry would recover all its agility and could cope relatively well with a period of transition. The measures to be put into effect immediately would be the nationalization of credit and the land reform. And this is why Spain, a country almost entirely agrarian and rural, finds herself, in this era of the liquidation of capitalism, in the best possible position to decapitalize herself without catastrophic consequences. This is why I was not making a meaningless statement when I said, taking all these factors into account, that the mission of bridging the invasion of the barbarians and of establishing a new order was a mission incumbent on Spain.

Those who come as volunteers to the encampments of

our generation will therefore have to subscribe to two positive objectives: firstly, the gradual but active pursuit of a nationalization of banking; secondly, the determined resolve to see that there will be a real and thoroughly implemented law of land reform.

We do not see agrarian reform as merely a technical and economic problem to be studied coolly in schools; agrarian reform means the total reform of Spanish life. Spain is almost entirely rural. The open country is synonymous with Spain; if in the Spanish countryside the living conditions imposed on the Spanish sector of agrarian humanity are intolerable, this is not merely an economic problem. It is a total problem, religious and moral. That is why it is monstrous to approach the subject of land reform exclusively from the economic angle; that is why it is monstrous to set material interests against material interests, as though that were all that mattered; that is why it is monstrous for those trying to fend off agrarian reform to invoke their rights of inheritance, just as it would be monstrous for those on the other side, whose demands are conditioned by centuries of hunger, to aspire merely to the possession of property, rather than to the all-embracing possibility of living like religious and human beings.

This land reform will also have two chapters: first there will be economic reform; then there will be social reform.

A large part of Spain is uninhabitable and barren. Keeping the people in such areas who live there now, clinging to that earth, would be to condemn them to everlasting misery. There is much untilled land that never should have been left untilled; there are many stony fields which should never have been ploughed up. Thus the first thing an intelligent land reform must do is to demarcate the arable land of Spain, to demarcate the areas which are arable at present and those which can be made arable by means of irrigation schemes which must be intensified

forthwith. And after that we must have the courage to let the land which is unsuitable for farming revert to woodland, to the long-lost woods of our bare countryside, or we must turn it into pasture so that we may regain our wealth of livestock, which used to make us strong and healthy; we must abandon all that land to pursuits other than agriculture; we must never again lower a ploughshare into its poverty. Once the arable land of Spain has been earmarked, we must — still within the same economic operation — reconstruct viable holdings. Our National Council has done some very valuable work in this connection. In general terms, there are three distinct types of agriculture, since in this context the agriculture of the North and of the Levant can be considered comparable; we have three kinds of agriculture, therefore. The large farms of unirrigated land, which require industrial methods and the use of all the machinery they need in order to produce profitably, and which must be under union management. Then there are the small farms, usually endowed with irrigation or situated in areas of sufficient rainfall; these must be split up into family holdings; but since in many such areas the subdivision of land has been carried too far, so that holdings are too small to be economically viable, the process of division will in some cases be one of amalgamation, resulting in family holdings that are either the domain of a single family or under corporative family management for the supply of equipment and for the marketing of their produce. Finally, there are still other large areas which are of exceptional importance for Spain, as for example the olive-growing regions, where the particular type of agriculture condemns the men to total unemployment for periods of many months. Lands of this type require complementary activities, either in the form of small irrigated allotments to which the workers can turn in times of seasonal unemployment, or else in the form of small

industries established in addition to agriculture, which will enable the farmhands to earn a living during such lengthy periods.

Once the lands have been classified in this way and once these viable agricultural units have been established, we reach the point where the social reform of agriculture can begin, and I ask you to consider this: what exactly is a reform of agriculture, from the social point of view? I shall tell you what it is: we must take the Spanish people, who have gone hungry for centuries, and rescue them from the sterile lands that perpetuate their poverty; we must transfer them to new lands that are arable; we must instal them as soon as possible on the good lands, without centuries of procrastination as the law of agrarian counter-reform would wish. You will ask, but will the owners be paid compensation or not? And I reply to you, we do not know about that; that will depend on the financial situation at any given moment. But what I am saying to you is this: while we find out whether or not we are in a financial position to pay for the land, we cannot expect those who have gone hungry for centuries to suffer any uncertainty as to whether or not there will be a land reform; those who have gone hungry for centuries must be installed as a first measure; then we shall see whether the land can be paid for. But it is fairer and more humane, a salvation for many more human beings, to carry out the land reform at the expense of the capitalists rather than at the expense of the peasants.

Now, all of this is only one aspect of our undertaking, that of rebuilding the existence of our people on humane material foundations; but it must also be unified from above; it must be given a collective faith, the supremacy of the spiritual element must be restored. As you have heard me say here already, for us the fatherland is an entity of destiny; the fatherland is not the physical support of our cradle; the mere fact that it bore our

cradle does not make the fatherland worthy of our praises, for in spite of all our variety we must admit that there have been fatherlands that have seen better cradles than yours or mine. It isn't that. The fatherland is not our spiritual centre because it is ours, because it is physically ours, but because we have had the incomparable good fortune of being born in a fatherland actually called Spain, because we want to partake of Spain's destiny. And this does not mean that we are nationalists, for to be a nationalist is pure folly; it signifies grafting the most profound spiritual potential on to a physical factor, a mere physical circumstance. We are not nationalists, because nationalism is the individualism of every people. As I said to you on another occasion in Salamanca, we are Spaniards, and this is one of the few worthwhile things to be in this world.

We have in the course of time been implacably stripped of this feeling of Spanishness, by corrosive irony on the one hand and by crude falsification on the other. In a quest for elegance, some have turned their backs on the things that are our own; others have lapsed into the stupid nonsense of converting the delicate and precise substance of Spain into a blatantly jingoistic caricature. And so it came about that the two currents of irony and vulgarity between them brought us to a situation where almost all those wishing to be free of vulgarity and of irony moved away from Spanishness and cast out from their very souls, as though it were a weakness, their attachment to Spain. Everything that conferred on life the dignity of collective service was thereby erased from these souls. We Spaniards were treated to the spectacle of priests and soldiers so thoroughly intimidated by irony that they seriously believed the Church and the army to be doomed, as remnants of a barbaric past, and strove to be tolerant, liberal and pacifist, as though begging forgiveness for the fact that they wore the cassock and the uniform. The cassock and the uniform! Religious and military senti-

ments! When religious and military insights happen to be the only integral and sober means of arriving at an understanding of life!

That is why we want *all* Spanish existence, the whole existence of our Falange, to be imbued with a spirit of service and sacrifice. That is why we are joined and looked upon with ever greater comprehension, by those of the wind-blown generation who have left the opaque shelter of the Left and the Right because they know that these cannot offer them a completely justified opportunity for service and sacrifice. These people come to us, partake of our spirit and line up — at least in spirit — beneath our banners. And no one can mistake us: our faces are shining and our eyes are bright. All those who come to us wanting to use the shade of our banners to cover up their recollections of the past, their curdled nostalgia for things worn out and well and truly cast off, withdraw again from our ranks before long, and then they slander or misrepresent us. The good ones, though, the ones of real value, be they inside our ranks or outside our ranks, come to appreciate the truth we hold. And to those who stand outside our ranks whom we have no wish to absorb into our ranks, because we don't mind being the ones to start the harvest, to them we say: the Spanish Falange of the J.O.N.S. is right here, in its front-line encampment; it is here and available, within the boundaries of the exclusiveness and the requirements I have mentioned, if you want us to embark all together on the undertaking that is the defence of Spain against the impending onslaught of barbarism. That is the way we are. We ask only one thing. We do not ask you to transfer your allegiance to us, we do not ask you to merge with us, we do not ask you to assign to us the most eye-catching positions. We ask only one thing, because it is our due: we ask to march out in front, because there is no one to beat the generosity with which we have given the blood of our best men. Having refused

to accept positions in the vanguard of the muddled armies that have attempted to buy us with their monies or to dazzle us with false slogans, we now claim the front-line position; we claim our right to be first in line for service and sacrifice. Here we stand, at this appointed meeting-place, waiting for all and sundry: if you do not wish to come, if you turn a deaf ear to our summons, that will be our misfortune; but it will also be your misfortune and Spain's misfortune. The Falange will remain to the end in its lofty exposed position and we shall stand guard yet again — remember, comrades of the early hours — we shall stand guard once again beneath the stars.

POLITICS AND THE INTELLECTUAL

From *Haz*, No. 12, December 5th, 1935

WORDS OF HOMAGE AND REPROACH ADDRESSED TO DON JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET

Are politics the proper sphere of intellectuals? To this question, asked in public, two groups of people would readily reply.

The first group consists of those who feel they have been mentioned by name; that is to say, those who call themselves intellectuals. Of many of these we know that they speak on any subject under the sun with strangled voices, puckered eyebrows and the irresistible habit of forcing every conversation into a corset of complicated technical terms, whether or not these are appropriate to the matter being discussed. Of others in the first group, whose status is inferior, we know that they are ever so exquisite: so very, very exquisite that they cannot go out into the street for fear that a whiff of air might kill them. These gather in semi-mysterious huddles, extracting with delicate fingertips some drops of beauty from calembours incomprehensible to anyone but the initiated. Should anyone ask what contribution these people make — those of the strangled voice and the others, the extra-exquisite — to the process of human thought, he would find with amazement that the very most that members of both categories have generally come up with is a solitary line; several of them have produced a hundred pallid, hybrid pages, and one fails to see how they have managed to base on these pages the comfortable feeling of their superiority over the rest of mortal men; a few have indeed written several

unintelligible volumes, with which they are, for the time being, upsetting a reading public meekly convinced that their own ineptitude prevents them from entering into the marvellous secret of the sphinx displayed before their eyes — until some person endowed with normal good health and disinclined to venerate things human, reveals to the reading public how this pathetic counterfeit sphinx holds no secret whatsoever.

The second group consists of the aristophobes (where better to use this word than in a few lines addressed to Don José?), those who are 'fed up to the teeth' with the people who insist on looking for complicated explanations of things. 'Don't bother me with intellectuals; the intellectuals always miss the mark; what we need are people with integrity and common sense. If only we had a dozen honest politicians, Spain would be straightened out in a couple of years ...' In this way, it only takes people like that a minute to diagnose and prescribe treatment for Spain's ills.

Since we are prone to extreme dialectical positions (though clearly in the dialectical sphere only, since otherwise, socially, we always manage to understand each other and have a few drinks together), those who are not committed to the first of these groups we have conjured up commit themselves zestfully to the other. On the one hand, the self-styled intellectuals, on the other, people who 'know exactly' what intellectuals are and what they are good for.

Needless to say, neither of these groups are of the slightest use to anyone wanting to spend a few minutes considering the question of whether or not politics are the proper sphere of intellectuals.

Strictly speaking, politics are not the intellectual's business. But certainly this has nothing to do with the reasons put forward by the aristophobes. Any political argument which is not stated in demanding, that is to say,

intellectually rigorous, terms, is likely to be little more than a clumsy flutter skimming the surface of mediocrity. There must be some deeper explanation for the regular failure of intellectuals in politics. Perhaps the following will do.

The values which the intellectuals do their best to find are timeless: truth and beauty in no way depend on circumstances. The discovery of a truth is always timely; the search for truth cannot be speeded up by any outside considerations. One of the fairest traits of a scientific vocation is precisely the self-denial with which some craftsmen of the intellect do sometimes pursue a trail whose end they cannot hope to reach in their own lifetime. Scores of obscure scholars wander through deserts towards a promised land their eyes will never see. Politics, on the other hand, are essentially temporal. Politics are a chess game with time, wherein no move may be delayed. In politics one has got to arrive and to arrive at the right time. Newton's binomial theorem would have been just as important to mathematics if it had been formulated ten centuries earlier or a century later; while the waters of the Rubicon had to moisten the hooves of Caesar's horse at a particular moment of history.

A man trained in the search for timeless values — that is to say, an intellectual — may at any time feel the call of politics. Sometimes it is not even moral to resist this call. There are moments of turmoil in the world and in the fatherland when it would be monstrous to stay by the lamp of one's own cell. But if one heeds the call of politics, one cannot go halfway. Just as one must not flirt with science — as Don José has said — one must not flirt with politics. And it is not enough to decide to go beyond a mere flirtation; one has to realize that the passage from science to politics involves a tragedy, that is to say, the deliberate start of a new life and a complete break with the old one. As he takes on a political mission, the intellectual

surrenders his dearest freedom: that of revising his own conclusions constantly; that of taking his conclusions to be provisional. All philosophic method springs from doubt; while operating in the sphere of speculation one has not only the right but indeed the duty to have doubts and to teach others to doubt methodically. But in politics this is not so; all great politics depend on the revelation of a great faith. With regard to the outside world — the people, history — the politician's function is religious and poetic. The lines of communication between the leader and his people are not exclusively rational, but poetic and religious too. In order not to dissolve into amorphousness — in order not to become spineless — the people must follow its leaders as it would follow prophets. This intimacy of the people with its leaders is the result of a process akin to that of love.

Hence the imposing gravity of the moment when one accepts a mission of leadership. The mere fact of acceptance signifies an enormous and inescapable commitment to reveal its true destiny to a people incapable of discerning this destiny collectively by itself. He who hits on the first note of the mysterious theme of an era can no longer get out of finishing the tune. Already he has the hopes of a people in his pocket and the tremendous reckoning has begun of how he will spend them. How grave would be his responsibility if, as in the poem by Browning, he seduced a crowd of children with his pipe only to bury them beneath a mountain from which there is no escape.

Don José Ortega y Gasset — who has just about reached his twenty-fifth year as a teacher — heard the call of politics.* Now that the time has come for an assessment, who would in fairness question his critical far-sightedness and the moral rectitude of his attitudes? There was no

* Ortega y Gasset entered politics actively in the late 1920s, during the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera.

need for him to shout about Spain's sufferings — 'I very rarely shout,' he said — but we, who were born after 1898, understand very well the intimate grief hidden beneath the Castilian sobriety of his manner; perhaps because we have learnt to distinguish it in his books. How we are nauseated by this Spain without a common soul which, when it shed the imperial cothurnus, could find no other way of walking except in slippers! No; Don José had no wish to flirt with politics; instead, he gave up. When he found that 'all that' was not what he had hoped, he turned his back on it, utterly disenchanted. But the leaders of men are not entitled to disenchantment. They cannot capitulate and surrender the battered hopes of all those who followed them. Don José was hard on himself and sentenced himself to a long term of silence; but the generation he left out in the cold did not need his silence but his voice. His prophetic and commanding voice.

A different man might hold these years of venturing into politics to be null and void. He might return to his former pursuits with a shrug of the shoulders, as though nothing had happened. Don José knows full well, though, that nothing that has really happened can ever be null and void. No act with overtones of tragedy — like that of plunging into politics — can ever be undone: either it is transitory, or else it persists in the daily, wonderfully cleansing tragedy of witnessing the frustration of what was once the most fervent hope of one's life.

But nothing that is genuine is ever pointless. When someone truly high-minded gives himself up unreservedly, to the point of being exhausted by the frustration of his generous impulse, the sacrifice is never wasted. Those who come after even have the advantage of an apprenticeship of error. The criticisms of forerunners have cleared a great deal of ground. Other arms will continue the task with simpler and stronger blows. In the end — perhaps an

end unforeseen at the time when the forerunners formulated their criticisms — those who reach the goal will gratefully remember those who, though they did not see the whole truth or have the strength to enthrone it, at least cut down many a scarecrow armed with lies.

A generation which has almost managed to arouse Spanish concern, with Ortega y Gasset as its beacon, has imposed on itself, with the selfsame consciousness of tragedy, the mission of making Spain vertebrate once more. Many of those who joined up would have preferred to go on with an unrushed and untroubled intellectual life ... But the times we live in are relentless. Our fate is one of war, which may cost us life and limb and in which there can be no haggling. True to our fate, we go from place to place, putting up with the embarrassment of public appearances, having to shout about what we do silently and austere, suffering the distortions of those who fail to understand us and those who do not wish to understand us, crippling ourselves in that accepted practice and absurd sham of courting 'public opinion', as though the people, so capable of love and of anger, could possibly have a collective opinion ... All this is bitter and arduous, but it is not useless. And on this twenty-fifth anniversary of Don José Ortega y Gasset's, we can give him a present in the form of a prediction: before he comes to the end of his life, which we all hope will be long and which, being his and long, is bound to be fruitful, the day will come when the triumphant march past of this generation, whose distant mentor he has been, will make him exclaim, well pleased: 'Yes, this is really it.'

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE CORTES: ON THE NOMBELA AFFAIR*

December 7th, 1935

We have now come to this evening's most solemn moment. Any second now the motion argued so magnificently by Señor Toledo will be put to the vote. The very honour of this House hangs on the 'fors' and the 'againsts' coming from our lips, the white or the black balls you put into the ballot-boxes. As you may imagine, the honour of the Cortes as such matters less to me personally than to others. I do not believe that the Cortes is the best possible instrument to govern the lives of nations. But at the moment this is of secondary importance; what does matter to me is the fact that here, within the confines of the Cortes, we probably have most of the human resources at Spain's disposal for the conduct of her political affairs, and the fact that the Cortes's disgrace would involve a slur on almost all of us. While from a partisan point of view this might actually benefit me, I say to you that it is a pathetic sight, which I find distasteful as a Spaniard and as a man. At this moment I would like to see as much as possible being salvaged, for assuredly the spectacle of disaster can be agreeable only to sickly minds.

Just remember this: the substantial difference between Señor Toledo's personal statement and the Commission's judgment is that Señor Toledo holds Señor Alejandro Lerroux politically responsible, while the Commission

* The Nombela affair concerned compensation for a rescinded contract in Spanish Guinea. It led to a commission of inquiry and the implication of an under-secretary.

clears Señor Alejandro Lerroux of all political responsibility and places the selfsame political responsibility squarely on the Under-Secretary. Now, under-secretaries cannot be held politically responsible, as all of you know and as has already been pointed out in more learned ways today. What you would be attempting, if you concurred with this judgment, would be to scatter the dark cloud of what is as yet but a political indictment hanging over Don Alejandro Lerroux. And let me say only this: if that is the way you decide to act, your votes may manage to save Don Alejandro Lerroux tonight, but all those who vote will earn the resounding disapproval of all public opinion. Public opinion knows very well what is going on. (*Protests.*) The whole of public opinion has already passed judgment on this case. (*More protests.*) Public opinion is crying out for the political style which Don Alejandro Lerroux has imposed on Spanish ways to be utterly rejected this evening. That is the truth of the matter, and all of you are well aware of it. But are we really going to say, even now, that Don Alejandro Lerroux is not guilty of any transgression? At the time of the *straperlo* scandal his adoptive son was in trouble, so was the mixed bunch of civilian and military figures which makes up his entourage, so were the Under-Secretary of the Interior and the Minister of the Interior; only he himself was untouched by it all.* Along comes this new affair, and there we have the Under-Secretary of the Presidency, maybe Señor Nombela, maybe the examining magistrate; once again he himself is untouched. Gentlemen! It is high time for us to put a stop to this juggling with characters out of a time-worn Italian farce. Señor Lerroux himself is never guilty of any transgression; but in his immediate entourage

* The *straperlo* (or *estraperlo*) affair related to bribes taken by Radical ministers from a Dutch adventurer who wished, against the law, to set up gambling clubs in several Spanish cities. The Prime Minister Lerroux must have known about it.

there always turns out to be someone who does transgress, some adopted son, some civilian or military figure to come in on any game that is going, some handy under-secretary or some simple-minded minister; invariably there are some such people by the side of Señor Lerroux to bear the brunt of censure when the time comes.

It is no use; the whole of Spain has already passed this judgment; moreover, in this afternoon's and this evening's wearisome debate, things have been made sufficiently clear. Say what you will, put the blame for the details on Señor Moreno Calvo, one thing is obvious: you all agree, and the Commission itself has declared formally, that though there never was any Cabinet agreement to that effect, Don Alejandro Lerroux did sign a certain piece of paper giving instructions for a payment to be made, with the words 'In accordance with the agreed decision of the Cabinet'. In terms of criminal law, this is a falsehood; in political terms, it is grounds for disqualification. (*Señor Guerra del Río: 'And what about the other ministers who believed that there had been such an agreement?'*) I leave it to you to slate them.

In a few minutes' time we are going to vote, and we are about to vote on something on which the outside world has passed judgment already.

If the newspapers were to say tomorrow that the Cortes, in the way almost all its members or most of its members have voted, has firmly rejected, has firmly closed the door on, this despicable period, the Cortes will recover much of its prestige in the eyes of the people, and your supporters (*turning to the C.E.D.A. M.P.s*), though you want to interrupt me, I say your supporters and all those outside this House who are longing for justice will be delighted and pay you the tribute of their applause, and tomorrow the people will be in a holiday mood, and it will be as though an oppressive flagstone had been lifted from Spain, and you yourselves will feel relieved once you have seen to

it that justice is done, like people who step out into the open air after having spent a long time in a noisome and stuffy hole. Do as you like; this may have more or less serious political consequences; never mind. Just take the plunge, dare to stake everything on honour and you will see that if you do that tonight, if you dare to vote in accord with your conscience, which in this matter is at one with the conscience of the people, you will after tonight enjoy in your very souls and in your parties a day of happiness. That is all. (*Hear! Hear! Applause.*)

CIRCULAR TO ALL TERRITORIAL
AND PROVINCIAL LEADERS OF
THE SPANISH FALANGE OF THE
J.O.N.S.

Madrid, January 6th, 1936

This National Executive has addressed a communication, dated December 24th and couched in the following terms, to the Political Junta:

The Political Junta shall draft a written statement giving its opinion regarding the attitude which the Falange should adopt during the forthcoming elections. In particular, I would draw the Junta's attention to the following questions.

1. Should the Falange opt for complete abstention in the elections, or for the adoption of an attitude of total independence, which would necessarily lead to our not being represented at all in the Cortes? Would not the fact of being without a single seat in the House signify a dangerous eclipse of the Falange, given the widespread habit of gauging a party's importance by its quantitative or qualitative representation in the Cortes?

2. Would our most fervent active members view our involvement in some electoral alliance as a denial of the Falange's established doctrine? Would it be possible to prevent such an effect on the rank and file by taking the greatest possible care to make sure that the ideological content and the independence of the Falange are preserved intact, supposing we entered into some such alliance?

3. What should be the exact conditions, with regard to doctrinal integrity and tactical independence, under which the Falange might be prepared to enter into tactical co-operation with other parties?

4. Would a victory of the Marxist parties in alliance with the bourgeois Left be, at a time of particularly arduous struggle, a serious setback for the Falange which might even threaten it with extinction or at least postpone by many years its chances of victory? Should this be taken into account and induce the Falange temporarily to relegate its aversion to any kind of electoral pact?

5. How does the Political Junta evaluate the example given by other parties similar to our own, which in various European countries have accepted the need to enter momentarily into alliances against the threat, implicit in Marxism, to nationalistic principles and parties?

6. Does the Political Junta feel that the transient presence of the Falange within a national anti-Marxist front, with all due guarantees and reservations, would deal it a lasting blow in the esteem of the public? What would, in its opinion, be more serious, a circumstantial blow of this kind or the risk of slipping in the public's estimation as a result of not being represented at all in the Cortes?

It is the intention of this Executive to circulate the Political Junta's findings to all the territorial and provincial headquarters of the Falange and the J.O.N.S., requesting them to express their opinion with regard to its contents. Once all opinions have been heard, this Executive will decide what will be the definitive attitude of the Falange.

The Political Junta, in accordance with instructions received, has drawn up the following statement:

The Political Junta, carrying out the National Executive's

order to make a written statement regarding the attitude which it would advise the Falange to adopt in the forthcoming elections, paying particular attention to those questions which it was specifically asked to consider, make the requested statement in terms which attempt to combine conciseness with clarity, and seek to give a categorical reply to each, in turn, of the points submitted in the questionnaire.

The findings of the Political Junta are as follows:

1. In view of the political situation and the fact that the elections will evolve around the two polarized blocs of the Right and the Left — excepting some political forces of secondary and by no means decisive importance — the first question cannot be adequately answered without a prior analysis, which will have a direct bearing on the reply, of the composition of each of these two blocs:

(a) *The Bloc of the Right.* The Junta considers that it will not prove possible to form an organic front such as that formed by the Left, and that there will instead be tactical alliances, with the C.E.D.A. as the axis, depending on what the possibilities are in each province, which will accommodate traditionalists at one end of the spectrum and radicals on the other.

(b) *The Bloc of the Left.* This will include all those ranging from the bourgeois Left to the communists. That is to say, all the forces which were directly or indirectly implicated in the revolution of October 1934.

On the basis of this analysis, the Junta concludes that an attitude of abstention or of complete independence, which is bound to result in the total absence of our representatives from the Cortes, would not only be bad for the Falange, which would certainly suffer a dangerous eclipse from public life if it has no representation whatsoever in the Cortes; it would also be pointless in view of the fact that the left-wing front will be made up of heterogeneous forces, some of which have been abstentionists

hitherto, all aiming to bring about a Marxist and anti-national revolution. This in itself justifies the Falange's joining in the opposite front.

2. The Junta feels that the Falange's involvement in an electoral alliance, particularly with the parties of the Right, is bound to be interpreted by the most fervent members as a denial of an established doctrine; however, it considers that, apart from the fact that the effect can be mitigated — if not entirely prevented — by preserving the independence and the ideological content of the Falange in the event of a pact, it would be compensated for more than adequately by the obtention of sufficient seats in the Cortes for the Falange to figure as a minority.

3. Consequently, the Political Junta considers that the Falange should state its conditions, with regard to doctrinal integrity and tactical independence in the event of an electoral alliance with other parties, to be the following:

(a) Anti-Marxism and anti-separatism would be the only points of contact.

(b) All propaganda matters would be handled by the Falange quite independently and separately from the other organizations within the front — unless this should prove an insuperable obstacle, something which the leadership is free to assess.

(c) The Falange would only join in the anti-revolutionary front if twenty-five to thirty places on the list of candidates are filled with its members.

But since the Junta is convinced that the Right will never be prepared to give up so many places to the Falange, it considers that there is only one way of bringing pressure to bear in order to obtain the desired result, and that is for the Falange to put up its own closed list of candidates in the form of a national revolutionary front. If this achieves our aim, it would be a splendid way of making our entry into the anti-revolutionary front. If not, the list of candidates could be withdrawn and we would

then concentrate our efforts on the two or three provinces where the outlook seemed most promising and where precise tactical agreements could be reached which would ensure the election, on a minority basis, of the movement's most outstanding personalities.

4. In the Junta's opinion a victory of the Marxist parties in alliance with the bourgeois Left would entail such damaging consequences for the Falange that its struggle would be rendered exceedingly difficult, while its chances of ultimate victory would, at best, become remote. And since the Junta feels that such a victory is possible and even probable, it considers that the Falange must take this into account, relegate for the time being its aversion to any kind of electoral pact and refrain from adopting any attitude which might foster the said aversion.

5. In reaching its conclusions, the Junta has taken into account not only the Spanish situation and the probable circumstances of the forthcoming elections, but also the available examples of steps taken in analogous situations by parties similar to our own in other countries of Europe. The Junta considers that these examples provide arguments in favour of the solutions and attitudes it advocates.

6. Finally, the Political Junta feels that the presence of the Falange within a national anti-Marxist front is not likely to lower its prestige among the general public, although the aforementioned effect on certain active members of the party would be damaging. Much more serious, in its opinion, would be the harm done by a complete lack of parliamentary representation or by a decision to abstain from any participation in the elections, which might be interpreted as a way of aiding and abetting a possible Marxist victory.

After prior consultation with the leaders of the J.O.N.S. and with active members known for their talents and services rendered, all the territorial and provincial leaders

will make their opinion regarding the Political Junta's findings known to the National Executive by the 18th of this month.

The National Leader

ARRIBA ESPAÑA!

ON THE EVE OF THE ELECTIONS

Speech made at the Frontón Cinema, Zaragoza,

January 26th, 1936

From *Arriba*, No. 30, January 30th, 1936

'Comrades (he began), I owe you a balanced account of an internal process which brings us face to face with a serious matter of conscience: the forthcoming electoral contest. We cannot simply ignore that contest, because the Falange, like any other movement aspiring to victory, cannot fight shy of involvement in any struggle whatsoever; it must capture all positions one by one; it must undertake to cover the sinuous road, to scale the heights and, when it comes to the end of the road, to take the shortest route towards the ideal.'

He pointed out how the electoral contest, like the whole of Spain's political life, is split into two factions: to one side, the Left; to the other, the Right. He showed how in the recesses of our souls we feel some sympathy for many personalities of the Left, 'who have arrived at hatred (he said) by the same road which has brought us to love, through criticism of a Spain that is mediocre and cheerless, miserable and melancholic. But the left-wing electoral alliance is made up of Marxists, or rather of those who spread abroad Marxist thinking in its Asiatic, anti-Spanish, anti-humanist acceptation; whose published manifesto contains, in the wake of a string of vague statements masquerading as solutions, some very different adjectives, which, in combination with some more or less unambiguous declarations, presage yet another period of civil war. That is to say, they want to bring back to Spain the men who will put an end to Spain's prospects of

salvation; they want to bring a new revolution to Spain, which will make the previous one seem quite insignificant by comparison, thus causing Spanish homes to fall prey to havoc yet again. That is what the left-wing front stands for, and in view of such intentions we would rather join up in the National Front to fight against the threat of an Asiatic menace, against the threat of civil strife.

‘When we approached the so-called National Front, we first of all found it to be completely lacking in national character; in the so-called National Front there is nothing more than dreadful fear — its members fear for their material privileges; and, moreover, it includes the radicals.

‘During the final session of the Cortes, which was dissolved only at the crack of dawn, when we were near to exhaustion, I stood up and said:

‘“I have studied the Nombela dossier and found that the Spanish state is being cheated of over two million pesetas.” I specified the exact amount down to the last penny, without anyone contradicting me. At that early hour of the morning I told them what I thought of Don Alejandro Lerroux, so justly condemned by public opinion and by morality, adding that now we would see whether the Cortes considered itself compatible with Señor Lerroux. White balls and black balls were cast into the ballot-boxes in judgment of Don Alejandro Lerroux’s recent past. But in depositing them, the Cortes pronounced its own death warrant. Don Alejandro Lerroux was the incarnation of just that worn-out senectitude which the right-wing dominated Cortes was attempting to save.

‘The Falange, all self-denial and sacrifice, exists to save Spain, not to protect material interests or to cover up improper conduct.

‘The election posters are clamouring against one thing and another: down with this, down with that. That is not our kind of language. Not so much against, or down with everything; we want something more positive. Long live

the fatherland; we want the fatherland's bread and justice. When we speak of the fatherland we do not bear just another counterfeit flag on our lips; you know very well in how many ways the fatherland's name is misused.

'You live in a land bordering on another where the weeds of separatism flourish, the beautiful land of Catalonia, which we long to reintegrate into the Spanish national destiny. In the presence of the spiritual process which in Catalonia has caused many to move away from patriotism along the tormented path of hatred, the Falange gives notice that it has faith, not in territorial or ethnic unity, but in a great, united destiny; it is the Falange's task to forge together all the destinies of Spain. But Spain must be viewed with sobriety and precision; beware of taking Spain's name in vain in defence of some such business as the bank-rate or company dividends.

"We are seeking a fatherland for Spain, and when we have found it Spain will get back her foreign policy; Spain will have a policy that counsels peace in certain cases, unfortunately perhaps war in others, and in some cases neutrality; but never will such a decision be imposed by any foreign power, only by the will of Spain.

"We want bread for the Spanish people. Fear not that our voice will mingle with the voices of those who in this election campaign are protesting noisily that they care ever so much about the workers, and who even hand out a few knitted jackets for children and a few tea-time sandwiches. No, we don't have any children's cardigans to offer; we have blue shirts to offer, the shirts which the workers can wear without renouncing their revolutionary verve. We want to see an organic structure of Spanish labour, and we say so openly; but meanwhile, we feel that the workers are quite right to go on being revolutionary. Two years ago, when I stood as a candidate in Cadiz, I found it intolerable to hear a few well-trained workers

claim to be the real Spanish workers. We don't want blacklegs: we want revolutionary workers.'

He went on to explain the role of workers in the future economic system which the Falange will enforce.

He declared that we shall implement the land reform with all necessary revolutionary fervour and irrigate vast areas to make them fertile. 'The lands of Spain (he said) cannot provide a decent living; there are lands in Spain where every seed produces but three or four, and of these one has to be given to the usurer, while the farmer survives on the other two in a state of want passed down from father to son.

'It is impossible to live the way people live in many Spanish villages, where the soil is barren, where people have to seek refuge inside the earth. We shall build roads, canals and reservoirs, so that those Spaniards can emerge from their misery and will no longer have to dig themselves into the ground like vermin.'

We want justice, he said, and added that the state cannot be either strong or sure of the moral fibre of its destiny unless it is just.

'As we approach the Spanish national revolution, we shall not be halted by any privileged ringleader. We do not advocate cruelty; we would not have shot Sergeant Vázquez or that poor nineteen-year-old boy, but rather that man Pérez Farrás and some others who are walking about freely.*

'It is because we want to build a single Spain that is great and free, a Spain which will give us a fatherland, bread and justice, that we have come here once again, people of Aragon, and because we must tell you that the danger has grown greater, that Spain is going under, that Christian civilization is slipping through our fingers. And

* Sergeant Vázquez was a regular army sergeant who sided with the Asturian rebels and was shot. Major Pérez Farrás was an officer who also sided with the revolution in 1934, in Catalonia, but was merely imprisoned.

we are not saying this merely to do as those have done who said the same things as far back as 1933 and who made the nuns leave their convents to vote, and who now are clamouring for our votes in the selfsame way. If Spain were a compound of things cheerless, without any justice or historic inspiration, I would ask to be granted Abyssinian nationality; I would have nothing to do with such a Spain.'

From the position of greatest humility, namely the position of the leader, he promised for the nuptial dawn of National Syndicalism a Spain which would be unique, great and free.

Arriba España!

CIRCULAR TO ALL
TERRITORIAL AND PROVINCIAL
HEADQUARTERS AND TO THOSE OF
THE J.O.N.S.

Madrid, May 13th, 1936

Comrades: In spite of the persecutions and the silence imposed on us by the state of emergency, our movement is growing on all sides with unrestrainable enthusiasm. Already, this Executive has taken appropriate steps to ensure that, little by little, and taking advantage of every sliver of opportunity, the chain of command, which was broken in some places by the imprisonment of thousands of our active members, is everywhere repaired. Besides, we are gaining ground in those layers of Spanish society where the impact of our propaganda has until recently been insufficient. The effects of this work of reconstruction will soon make themselves felt everywhere, and as soon as we emerge from these days of pointless outrage on which a clumsy administration spends itself, our movement will be reborn with twice its former vigour, to the fury and consternation of our persecutors.

The immediate watchword, apart from any orders and instructions you may receive, is *to stay undismayed where you are and to re-establish contact with your immediate superiors as soon as you can.* And now, ■ *special warning:*

There are people travelling around Spain who take advantage of the fact that it is at present difficult for us to communicate with each other, to assure our members that certain mergers and alliances with other parties have taken place. *Take absolutely no notice.* We have not formed

any alliance whatsoever with anyone. Those who claim that we have are merely hoping to use our expansion for the benefit of some other declining groups. If our movement were one day to ally itself with anyone, the news would reach you directly, through internal channels. *Do not pay the slightest heed to any rumour which does not come to you through the organic channels emanating from Headquarters.*

The National Leader

ARRIBA ESPAÑA!

LETTER TO THE SOLDIERS OF SPAIN

Clandestine sheet written by José Antonio in the Modelo Prison, Madrid, May 14th, 1936

I. ON THE IMMINENCE OF A BARBARIAN INVASION

Can there still be among you — soldiers, Spanish officers of land, sea and air — some who say that the military are indifferent to politics? That could and should have been the case while politics were the stamping-ground of political parties. It was not up to the soldier's sword to influence the outcome of their fights, which happened moreover to be fairly meaningless. But these days we are not faced with some internal squabble. The very existence of Spain as an entity and a unified whole is at stake. The present danger is exactly comparable to that of a foreign invasion. And this is by no means a figure of speech: the foreignness of the movement which is besieging Spain stands revealed by its watchwords, its slogans, its intentions, its significance.

The *watchwords* come from abroad, from Moscow. See how the same ones keep cropping up in different countries. See how on Soviet orders a popular front has emerged in France which is just like the one in Spain. See how we have here had a truce — just as those who know all about these tricks had foretold — right up to the very day when the French elections were over, and how the burnings and the killings began again as soon as disturbances in Spain could no longer influence the way in which the French would vote.

As for the *slogans*, you have heard them in the streets: not only those of 'Long Live Russia!' and 'Russia, yes;

Spain, no!' but even the shameless and monstrous cry of 'Death to Spain!'. (No one has yet been punished for shouting 'Death to Spain!', while hundreds are in prison for having cried 'Viva España' or 'Arriba España!'.) If this harrowing truth were not common knowledge, one would not dare to write it down, for fear of appearing a liar.

The revolution's *intentions* are crystal clear. In its official programme, the socialist movement of Madrid demands that the regions and colonies be given unlimited rights of self-determination, which might even take them so far as to opt for independence.

The *significance* of the advancing movement is radically anti-Spanish. It is openly hostile to the fatherland (*Claridad*, the socialist publication, has mocked Indalecio Prieto because he made a 'patriotic' speech); it disdains decency by encouraging the collective prostitution of young working women at those rural entertainments which foster every kind of shamelessness; it undermines the family, which in Russia has been replaced by free love, by collective canteens, by easy divorce and abortion (have you not heard Spanish girls these days shouting 'Children, yes; husbands, no!'). And it rejects honour, which has ever governed the actions of Spaniards even in the most modest spheres; these days Spain is dominated by all kinds of villainy; people are cravenly murdered, the assassins outnumbering the victim by a hundred to one; truth is perverted by the authorities; people are horribly slandered and those who are insulted are gagged so that they cannot defend themselves; treachery and the outpourings of informers are rewarded ...

Can that be Spain? Can that be the Spanish people? It is as though we were living through a nightmare, or as though the Spanish people of former times (who were level-headed, brave and generous) had been replaced by a frenetic, degenerate mob, doped with pamphlets of

communist literature. Only in the worst moments of the nineteenth century did our people experience anything like this, though to a lesser degree. Those responsible for the present wave of church burnings seek to justify their actions by claiming that the nuns had been handing out poisoned sweets to working-class children. To what pages of arrant nonsense, to what picture of Spain smudged with blood and soot, must we go back before we find another mob prepared to lend credence to such fabrications of the gutter.

II. THE ARMY AS THE GUARDIAN OF PERMANENCE

Yes, indeed, if the only thing in dispute were the predominance of one or another political party, it would be the *army's* duty to keep to its barracks. But we now find ourselves on the eve of the date — just think, Spanish soldiers! — when Spain may cease to exist. To put it simply: if by holding fast to the letter of your duty you remain neutral at this time of conflict, you may find that the essence, the permanence of the country you serve has been swept away overnight. That marks the limit of your neutrality: the survival of what is permanent, of what is essential, of what should outlive the changing fortunes of political parties. When permanence itself is in danger you no longer have the right to be neutral. Then the moment has come when your arms must intervene to salvage the basic values without which discipline is but a vain charade. It has always been like this: the ultimate confrontation is always an armed confrontation. As Spengler has said, in the last resort civilization has always been saved by a platoon of soldiers.

The saddest page in the recent history of the Russian Army was written the day its officers, each wearing a little red ribbon, went to meet the revolutionary authorities. Before long every officer was downgraded by the presence

of a communist 'political delegate' at the head of his troops, and many of them were executed a little later. And because the Moscow military gave in like that, Russia has ceased to be a part of European civilization. Do you want to see the same thing happen to Spain?

III. A GREAT TASK OF NATIONAL DIMENSIONS

You would be justified in turning a deaf ear if you were being called upon to help protect yet another form of reactionary politics. It is to be hoped that there are none left who are foolish enough to aim even now at wasting a new (the last) historic opportunity in order to further petty vested interests. And if there are any such people still, they will soon come up against the rigours of your and our inflexibility. There can be no excuse for appealing to the army's supreme sense of honour, for sounding the alarm to announce that the tragic and solemn time has come when it is meet to break with the letter of the rule-book, if it is all to end in a mere strengthening of an economic system and many of its facets. The banner of national sentiment must not be hoisted as a cover-up for trading on hunger. Millions of Spaniards go hungry and top priority must be given to changing that. Therefore the great task of national reconstruction must go ahead at full speed. All must be given a chance to partake, in an organic and orderly fashion, of all that Spain produces and can produce. Because of Spain's meagre livelihood, this will mean sacrifices. But you, tempered as you are by the religion of service and sacrifice, and we, who have voluntarily adopted an ascetic and military life-style, will together teach all to put up with sacrifices cheerfully. With the good cheer of those who know that by denying themselves certain material things they are saving the eternal treasure of principles which Spain, in pursuit of her universal mission, spread abroad across half the world.

IV. THE HOUR HAS STRUCK

May these words give full expression to the crucial significance of this moment in time. It may well be that no other people, outside Russia, has in modern times lived through anything more serious. In other countries the state has never yet been in the hands of traitors; in Spain it is. The present trustees of the *Popular Front*, in obedience to a plan worked out abroad, are systematically corroding everything which in Spanish life might put up resistance against the barbarian invasion. You know only too well that this is so, Spanish soldiers of the army, the navy, the air force, the civil guard, the assault guard and security forces, who have been stripped of your previous authority because it was suspected that you would not lend yourselves to the ultimate treachery. And we know it, too, imprisoned without trial as we are by the thousands and harassed in our homes by the abuse of excessive powers given to the police, who dig through our papers, worry our families and upset our life as free citizens, who have closed down our centres which, according to the findings of a court of law, now struck out by the government's iniquitous censorship, were established within the law. If we are being persecuted, it is not on account of our involvement in more or less harsh episodes of the daily struggle in which we are all immersed: we are persecuted — as you are persecuted — because everyone knows that we are fully prepared to stand in the way of the red horde whose aim is the destruction of Spain. While the perverse little gentlemen of the socialist militia in their red shirts stage parodies of military parades, our boys in their blue shirts embroidered with the arrows and the yoke of glorious days gone by, are kidnapped by the hired ruffians of Casares* and of his henchmen, the Provincial Governors. We are being

* Casares Quiroga, a Galician, was a follower of Azaña and Prime Minister of Spain just before the civil war.

persecuted because — like yourselves — we are the spoilsports who put a damper on the cheerfulness with which, on Moscow's orders, Spain is supposed to be carved up into independent soviet republics. But the very fate we share in adversity must hold us together when the time comes for action. Without the support of you soldiers it will be titanically difficult for us to emerge victorious from the struggle. Unless you decide to use your strength the enemy will surely triumph. Measure your dire responsibility. Spain's survival depends on you. Consider whether this does not oblige you to bypass those of your superiors who are knaves or cowards, to overcome all hazards and hesitations. The enemy, ever cautious, is counting on your indecision. Every day he risks a few steps forward. Take care that when the point of no return is reached you are not completely paralysed by the insidious net which is being woven around you. Shake off your bonds *right now*. Do not wait for those who are hesitant to make up their minds, but knit a hard and fast union *right now*. Swear by your honour that you will not fail to respond to the approaching call to arms.

When your sons inherit the uniforms you wear, together with them they will inherit:

Either the shame of having to say: 'When my father wore this uniform, the Spain he knew ceased to exist.'

Or else the right to remember proudly: 'Spain did not perish, because my father and his comrades-in-arms saved her in her moment of crisis.' If you act thus, may God reward you, as it is said in the ancient formula of the oath, and if you do not, may God hold you to blame.

ARRIBA ESPAÑA!

LETTER TO A SPANISH SOLDIER

Early 1936

You cannot, even if you wanted to, follow the advice of one of our country's most outstanding men — you cannot be deaf and blind to Spain's overpowering agony.* In a few weeks' time you may once again have to call upon your company to take up arms in civil strife. And however hard you try to silence the stirring of your own spirit, you will not be able to ignore, in the long hours of vigil on duty, these urgent questions: What is really going on? This state, which I am risking my life to defend, is it really the servant of my country's true destiny? Or could my efforts be helping to perpetuate a political system that is dead, soulless and sterile-making?

One who never spends a night free from these same uncertainties would like you to accompany him, through this letter, in a moment of silent meditation.

I. THE BREAKDOWN OF CONSTITUTIONAL ORDER

The outcome of the recent crisis has confirmed that the prevailing constitutional order can no longer sustain itself. In order to survive, the state has to resort to stratagems which are incompatible with the normal ways of institutions. Not only has martial law become endemic, with its train of closures, press censorship, preventive detention and the rest; we have also seen a government formed, born of the parliamentary system, which could not survive half an hour in the Cortes — a government which can

* This phrase refers to a pastoral letter of 1931 by Cardinal Segura adjuring Spaniards not to be blind and idle before the challenge of atheism.

only enjoy an ephemeral semblance of life while it keeps the Cortes closed down for as long as the constitution allows. Thus we shall be living for a month under the dictatorship of the Radical Party — and we know how fair and austere that will be — without being deprived of the daily thrill of murder, robbery and the threats of those who seemed defeated in October but who are already boasting about how they are going to get their own back. And what awaits us at the end of this one month? Co-existence will be impossible, and so the Cortes will have to be dissolved. New elections will plunge the country into a struggle between two furious halves: the Right and the Left. Which side will emerge victorious from the struggle? In order to know that, one must examine what the Left and the Right stand for in Spain.

II. THE LEFT

The Left is more numerous than the Right (one must not forget that almost the entire vast mass of the Spanish working class is included in the Left); it is more impetuous, more skilled in politics ... but it is unpatriotic. Disregarding all artificial party labels, the Left consists of two major groups:

(a) A predominantly intellectual middle-class element. Products of a foreign education, largely susceptible to the influence of international institutions, these left-wingers are incapable of any intimate identification with Spain. This is why all the trends tending to disrupt the unity of our country have been accepted without repugnance in left-wing circles.

(b) A broad working class utterly converted to Marxism. With extreme persistence and astuteness, socialist politics have virtually managed to erase from these masses all Spanish sentiment. The Marxist throngs think of life exclusively in the grim terms of the class struggle. They do

not care about anything that is not proletarian; they are therefore incapable of feeling the slightest concern about anything of national value beyond what directly affects the working class. If Marxism wins, it will even liquidate the left-wing bourgeoisie, which is now such a useful ally. The Russian experience has made this eloquently obvious.

III. THE RIGHT

And what about the Right? The right-wingers profess allegiance to what is great and noble: the fatherland, tradition, authority ... but they are no more genuinely national than the Leftists. If they truly identified with the nation, if their great words did not conceal a *class* interest, they would not rally to the defence of unjust economic positions. For the time being, Spain is a rather poor country. If the life of the average Spaniard is to reach a level of human decorum, those favoured by fortune will have to make sacrifices. If the Right (which has the support of all those privileged in this way) were really imbued with a sense of national solidarity, the right-wingers would by now be sharing the hard lot of all the people, having sacrificed their own material advantage. That would indeed give them the moral authority to set themselves up as defenders of lofty spiritual values. But while they continue fighting tooth and claw in defence of their class interests, their patriotism will sound hollow; they will be just as materialistic as any representative of Marxism.

Moreover, however hard they try to give their time-worn themes a modern look ('A strong state', 'Corporate organization', etc.), the fact remains that most of the Rightists are still dragging along a load of dead-wood, which lessens their impact and popular appeal.

IV. WHAT REALLY MATTERS

Neither the Right nor the Left offers a solution. The victory of either would involve the defeat and humiliation of the other. There cannot be any national life in a country split into two irreconcilable halves: that of the defeated, bitterly resenting their downfall, and that of the victors, intoxicated by their triumph. Fruitful coexistence is only possible in the shelter of politics which owe nothing to any party or any class; which exclusively serve the supreme and integrating destiny of Spain; which, with no other aim than justice and the national interest, sort out the problems between Spaniards.

Now it seems unlikely that any such national movement, purged of greed and ambition, can possibly come to power as quickly as the national interest requires it, either by legal or illegal means. It cannot take power legally, because elections pit interests against each other, rather than ideas; everyone votes for the candidate that suits him best. And it cannot take power illegally, because modern states, with their formidable array of armed forces, are almost unassailable. Only if the armed forces take its side, or at least refrain from standing in its way, can the national movement succeed in taking power by assault.

In the event, this would place you, as Spanish soldiers, in a serious quandary. Supposing that one day, when we are all tired of the Right and the Left, of a garrulous Cortes and of a miserable life of backwardness, discouragement and injustice, an energetic young generation decides to attempt a takeover of power with the intention of cutting across parties and classes for the sake of an integrating, national new beginning in politics, how will you officers react? Would you proceed blindly to do your formal duty, though it may mean the ruin of our only fruitful hope? Or would you opt for doing your other, far

more gloriously responsible, duty, that of presenting arms as friends before the banners of a better Spain?

V. SCRUPLES

I can guess at the scruples which will trouble many soldiers: we must not hold any political opinions, they will say. In doing our duty, we are not entitled to judge whether the state is in the right or rather those who attack the state; we must simply defend the state in silence.

Beware! Normally, soldiers must not express any political opinions, but this applies when political disagreements are less than basic; when the life of the nation evolves along a course determined by a set of common convictions which constitute a guarantee of permanence. The army must above all be the guardian of permanence; that is why it should not get involved in accidental conflict. But when permanence itself is in danger, when the very permanence of the fatherland is at risk (when it could, for example, lose its unity if things go a certain way), then the army must weigh up the situation and make its choice. If the army fails to do so, because of a purely formalistic interpretation of where its duty lies, it may find itself overnight *with nothing to serve*. Faced with a total collapse, the army can only serve permanence in one way: by using its own arms to restore it. And this has been so since the beginning of time: as Spengler says, in the last resort civilization has always been saved by a platoon of soldiers.

Whether you like it or not, soldiers of Spain, at a time when the army alone keeps faith with the only essentials and the only customs which are truly expressive of historic permanence, it will be up to the army once again *to act in place of the non-existent state*.

VI. THE HAZARDS OF A MILITARY INTERVENTION

If the destiny of Spain is to be in the hands of the army, one must look out for two contrasting pitfalls which might spoil everything. These two pitfalls are excessive humility and excessive ambition.

1. *Excessive humility.* It is to be feared that the army would attribute to itself the all too modest role of merely stamping out subversion, while hastily handing back actual power to others. This would probably result in either of two equally mistaken solutions:

(a) A government of notables, or gathering of distinguished personalities, recruited on the basis of their respective reputations without regard to the political principles they profess. This would blight the moment of splendid national opportunity. A state is more than the sum of a certain number of techniques; it is more than a good administration; it is the historical tool with which a nation's destiny is wrought. One cannot lead a people without being clearly conscious of this destiny. And it is precisely the interpretation of this destiny and of the roads leading to its fulfilment which determines a political position. Such a team of distinguished men who do not share a particular political faith could do no more than provide a more or less efficient administration, destined to linger on without generating any popular warmth around it.

(b) A government of coalition, or gathering of representatives of whatever parties agree to help form a Government. This solution would add to the basic internal sterility of the previous solution by being in practice no more than a relapse into party politics; more precisely, into right-wing party politics, since it is obvious that the Left would not wish to take part. That is to say, what might have been the beginning of a promising national era would once again amount to nothing more than the

victory of one class, of one group, of *just one sector's* interests.

These would be the hazards resulting from excessive humility; but the opposite would be equally appalling.

2. *Excessive ambition.* Let me make it quite clear, I am not referring to any soldier's personal ambition, but to historical ambition. This would make itself felt if the military — conscious of the fact that a good administration is not enough and that it is essential to arouse the emotion of collective effort, of a national interpretation of a moment in history — would themselves want to be the ones to arouse it. That is to say, if the military, having staged a coup d'état or helped one to succeed, now aspired to discovering by themselves the doctrine appropriate for a new state and the course it must take. For such an attempt the military lack the necessary political experience. If — like so many others — I wanted to flatter the army, I would say without further ado that there is nothing it cannot do. But precisely because I know what the army is worth, what vast reserves of silent, heroic and pure virtues are treasured within it, I would think it improper to flatter the army. Rather, it seems to me an act of loyalty to try and be lucid on its behalf. That is why I say these things as I see them: the army, accustomed to thinking that politics are not its business, has in political matters a limited outlook. When advancing political solutions, it tends to be guilty of honourable naivety. And thus, through a lack of doctrinal effectiveness and dialectic flair, it fails to attract consistent popular and youthful support. Let us not forget the case of General Primo de Rivera: though endowed with patriotism, courage and natural intelligence, he never managed to arouse lasting enthusiasm because he lacked an evocative vision of history. Lamentably short of doctrinal substance, the Patriotic Union never moved beyond a candid and well-intentioned vagueness.

If Providence should once again entrust the fatherland's

destiny to your hands, I would ask you officers to bear in mind that it would be unforgivable to set out on the same road without a goal. Do not forget that those who divert the state from its normal course are under an obligation to build a new state, not merely to restore a semblance of order. And that the building of a new state requires a resolute and mature view of history and politics, not just reckless confidence in one's own ability to improvise.

VII. THE GLORY OF A MILITARY INTERVENTION

If the army adds exactly the right amount of leaven in the period which now begins, it will not only expiate its sin of formal indiscipline but attain great glory. Europe offers us some valuable experience, which may help to make the right decision: the people who have found the road to salvation have not entrusted themselves to anything so imprecise as a 'concentration of forces'; they have resolutely followed a fervently nationalist, tense and visionary minority. An entire people can be polarized around a minority, while an amorphous collection of dissimilar individuals cannot polarize anything at all. The army should pin its hopes on those in whom it finds the greatest similarities with the army itself; that is to say, on those in whom it perceives, together with a military conception of life, utter devotion to two essential principles: the fatherland — as something ambitious and magnificent; and full social justice — as the only possible basis for the cordial coexistence of all Spaniards. Just as the army is an integrating, nationally-minded force above all class differences (since men from all social backgrounds live together organically within it, all warmed by the selfsame religion of service to the fatherland), the Spain the army will deliver must, from the very beginning, set out in search of an integrating, totalitarian and national destiny. This is not a matter of recipes (nowadays all the

parties, even the blandest, include some fashionable corporative principle in their programmes); it is a matter of *temperature*; recipes without faith are worthless, just as in the army all tactics and internal regulations are useless unless there exists a refined spirit of service and honour.

It would not matter much if those holding power were few and not particularly skilled in the arts of administration. Administrative techniques are the domain of individual experts, who are easy to recruit. What matters is the historical and political conception of the movement and the appreciation of its implications for the future. That indeed must be clear in the minds and the souls of those in command.

VIII. NOTICE

However much the supreme horror of making a mistake may restrain us from taking the ultimate decision, we shall very soon have to move in on Spain. The roads which have been opened up for other countries that are overpopulated, over-industrialized and recovering from a great war will prove much smoother for our vast and semi-populated Spain, where there is so much to be done. All that is needed is the magic touch — the impetus and faith — which will release her from the spell she is under. Just as if in a fairy-tale, Spain is the captive of the clumsiest and ugliest hocus-pocus; confused, mediocre, cowardly and sterile politics hold her paralysed. Already there are champions lined up for her rescue, and one fine morning you will see her — officers, Spanish soldiers — you will see her arise before your ranks. That will be the moment of truth; the sound or the silence of your machine-guns will decide whether Spain is to go on languishing or whether she can throw open her soul to the hope that she may reign. Think of these things before uttering the fatal command 'Fire!'. Remember that once every so many

years there may be occasions, decisive in the life of a people, which soar above the paragraphs of the rule-book. May God inspire you all when that happens. Arriba España!

JOSÉ ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA
Leader of the Spanish Falange of the F.O.N.S.

TO ALL TERRITORIAL AND PROVINCIAL HEADQUARTERS

Madrid, June 24th, 1936

URGENT AND VERY IMPORTANT

It has come to the notice of the National Leader that there are a great many schemes afoot in various parts of Spain aimed at promoting more or less incoherent subversive movements.

For the most part, as one would expect, the leaders of our various organizations have informed the Executive of whatever proposals they were approached with, limiting their political activities to the implementation of the instructions they received from the Executive. But some others, carried away by excessive zeal or dangerous naivety, have plunged headlong into the drawing up of blue-prints for local action and have committed their comrades to active participation in certain political projects.

In most cases, such actions on the part of our comrades were prompted by the fact that the military status of those who invited them to join into conspiracies warranted their complete confidence. This makes it necessary to set a few things straight.

So often has the Falange lent expression to its respectful admiration of the army, that there is no need to go into that now. It is laid down even in the 27 points of our doctrine [i.e., the 26 points] that it is our aim to infuse a military conception of life, patterned on that of the army, into every aspect of Spanish existence. Besides, on some recent and memorable occasions, the army has seen comrades of ours sharing their dangers.

But our admiration and the profound esteem in which we hold the army as an essential organ of the fatherland does not imply that we totally agree with any and every thought, word and scheme ever professed, preferred or cherished by every soldier or group of soldiers. In politics especially, the Falange — which detests flattery as being the ultimate form of contempt — does not consider itself any less qualified than the average soldier. The political training of the military tends to be full of the most noble naivety. The distance which the army has deliberately put between itself and politics has brought most soldiers to a pass where they are quite unable to defend themselves dialectically against party charlatans and climbers. It is not unusual for a mediocre politician to acquire a considerable reputation among the military merely by making shameless use of some of the concepts most deeply rooted in the military soul.

That is why the political schemes of soldiers (with the exception, needless to say, of plans worked out by an extremely capable minority that does exist within the army) are not usually very rewarding. They almost invariably start out from the initial mistake of believing that Spain's ills will respond to some simple changes in the internal order of things, only to culminate in a surrender of power to the aforementioned charlatans, who are devoid of the historical awareness, the genuine training and the mettle needed to launch the fatherland on the great open road of its destiny.

The Falange's involvement in one of those premature and candid schemes would be a most serious responsibility and would bring about *its total disappearance, even in the case of victory*. For the following reason: because almost all those counting on the Falange for an undertaking of that kind think of it not as an all-encompassing doctrine, or as a force which will one day take complete control of the state, but as a mere auxiliary element to bear the brunt of

confrontation, a kind of assault force, a kind of youthful militia ultimately destined to parading before those gloatingly installed on the pinnacles of power.

May all comrades ponder the extent to which the suggestion is insulting, that the Falange might take part as a kind of stooge in a movement which is not going to lead to the establishment of the National Syndicalist state, at the dawn of an era of great works of national reconstruction as outlined in our 27 points, but rather to the reinstatement of conservative bourgeois mediocrity (of which Spain has had such lengthy examples). And what mockery that this should be garnished to boot with the choreographic accompaniment of our blue shirts.

Since such prospects will certainly not appeal to any sincere militant, all are by means of this circular warned peremptorily and on pain of sanctions to comply with the following:

1. All leaders of whatever rank who are invited by any soldier or civilian whatever to take part in any conspiracy, uprising or the like, are each merely to reply, 'that he cannot take part in anything, nor permit his comrades to do so, without specific instructions from the central command.' If, therefore, the *top* echelons of the movement he is invited to join are interested in obtaining the support of the Falange, they must suggest it *directly* to the National Leader himself and come to an understanding with him in person or with someone he expressly appoints.

2. Any leader of whatever rank who enters into local pacts with military or civilian elements without having received specific instructions to do so from the National Leader will be expelled forthwith from the Falange, and his expulsion will be publicized by all available means.

3. Since the National Leader wishes to be sure that the present order is duly carried out, he instructs all territorial and provincial leaders to write to him, with the greatest possible urgency, to the provincial prison in Alicante,

which is where he is, informing him of their strict compliance with everything set out in this circular, and giving him a full list of all the towns and villages to whose J.O.N.S. its contents have been transmitted. When addressing such letters to the National Leader, the territorial and provincial leaders will not sign their proper names, but will give only those of their respective province or provinces.

4. If these instructions are not obeyed within five days of their being received by each concerned, that will be considered a serious transgression against the duty of co-operation within the movement.

ARRIBA ESPAÑA!

TO ALL TERRITORIAL AND PROVINCIAL HEADQUARTERS

June 29th, 1936

CAUTION

Further to the circular of the 24th instant, all territorial and provincial leaders are hereby advised of the circumstances under which they may contract alliances in the event of an imminent uprising against the present government.

1. Every territorial or provincial leader must deal *exclusively* with the man actually in charge of the military movement in that territory or province, and with no one else. This person will make himself known to the territorial or provincial leader by means of the code word 'Covadonga', which he must say at the very beginning of their first meeting.

2. The Falange will participate in the movement by contributing its own units with their own commanders and their own distinctive insignia (shirts, emblems and banners).

3. Should the territorial or provincial leader and the commander of the military movement agree that it is indispensable, a part of the Falangist force, which may under no circumstances exceed one-third of the total number of front-line militants, may be made available to the military leaders to strengthen the units under their command. The other two-thirds will adhere strictly to the instructions contained in the preceding paragraph.

4. The territorial or provincial leader will in each case make arrangements with the military leader concerned

regarding the distribution of rifles and machine-guns to the forces of the Falange. They will be given precise indications as to where each centuria, falange and squadron must go at a given time to receive the arms.

5. The military leader must promise the leader of the Falange in the territory or province that civil authority in that territory or province will not be transferred to anyone for at least three days after the successful completion of the movement, and that during that time civil authority will remain in the hands of the military.

6. Immediately upon receipt of these instructions, each territorial or provincial leader will give exact orders to all local headquarters to remain constantly in touch, so that it will be possible for all front-line forces to be made available within four hours. They will also give orders to the effect that the various local groups gather immediately at specific points, to be merged into at least one falange (of three squadrons).

7. Unless they are explicitly renewed, these instructions will be totally invalid as from the forthcoming July 10th, at noon.

TO THE FRONT LINE IN MADRID

Reproduced for the first time in *Norma y Estilo*, No. 2, June 30th, 1938 (National Syndicalist fortnightly news-sheet, published by the propaganda section of the Provincial Headquarters in Seville).

Provincial Prison of Alicante, June 29th, 1936

Comrades at the front line in Madrid: From this new prison, where the spirit of the Falange is supposed to be confined just because I am confined here, I send you, with my thoughts centred on Spain and my arm raised high, my most heartfelt National Syndicalist greetings.

If there is something oppressive about prison, though it is a small sacrifice compared with the sufferings of so many comrades, it is the fact of being physically removed from the dangers and toils you undergo. But though I am far away in terms of material distance, I am closer to you than ever, not only in the ardour of the spirit, but also in silent, tireless activity.

From this prison cell I am ceaselessly spinning the threads which reach out to our most distant comrades.

You may rest assured that not a day, not a minute, is wasted along the road of our duty. Even in the hours of apparent calm I am constantly planning the shape of our next victory. Remember that, comrades of Madrid, in the hours of enforced idleness which some days may bring, and do not be tempted into any activities other than your training for a not too distant and decisive mission. In your enthusiasm you prefer actual combat to the preparation thereof; but what lies ahead is too great to be tackled

without due preparation. Improve our methods, promote your struggle by attention to the details of that struggle and trust ever more firmly in your leader. You know that he who wears the three silver stars of the militia more proudly than any insignia, who with them pinned to his chest has led you through three years of struggle to the present time of growth, will be leading you, happen what may, at the crucial moment, and that with God's help he will take you into the promised land of Our Spain, which is ONE, GREAT AND FREE.

ARRIBA ESPAÑA!

JOSÉ ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA
The National Leader, Chief of the Front Line

JOSÉ ANTONIO'S LAST MANIFESTO

Alicante, July 17th, 1936

A group of Spaniards, some of them soldiers and others civilians, is unwilling to stand by and watch the total disintegration of the fatherland. These men rise up today against a government that is treacherous, incompetent, cruel and unjust, and which is about to lead our country to its ruin.

We have been suffering five months of infamy. Something akin to a gang of outlaws has seized power. Since then, there has not been a moment's peace, no home has been respected, no job secure, no life protected. While a bunch of fanatics incapable of any useful work keeps ranting on in the Cortes, private houses are profaned by the police (when they are not set on fire by the mob), churches are sacked, decent people are arbitrarily imprisoned for an indefinite time; the scales of the law are unevenly weighted — one standard for those of the Popular Front, another for those who are not involved therein; the army, the fleet, the police are undermined by agents of Moscow, sworn enemies of Spanish civilization; an infamous press poisons the people's consciousness and foments all the lowest passions, from hatred to indecency; there is not a village left or a home which has not been transformed into an inferno of resentments; separatist movements are encouraged; hunger is on the increase; and as though something was still needed to make the spectacle reach its most sinister pitch, some government agents have in Madrid murdered a distinguished Spaniard*

* This refers to José Calvo Sotelo, a Spanish monarchist politician of considerable gifts who was murdered on July 13th, 1936, by uniformed police.

who had trusted in the probity and the official status of those who accompanied him. The abject ferocity of this latest deed has no parallel in modern Europe and may be equated with the most sombre pages of the Russian Tcheka.

That is what our fatherland looks like at this moment in time, just when the world situation demands that it shall once again accomplish its destiny of greatness. After having been eclipsed for centuries, the basic values of Spanish civilization are regaining their former authority, while other nations, which had pinned their hopes on a fiction of material progress, see the steady decline of their star. Paths of great splendour are opening up before Spain, this ancient land of ours with its missionary and military zeal, its rustic and seafaring virtues. Whether we shall ever roam these paths depends on us Spaniards alone, on whether or not we live united and at peace, with our bodies and souls strained in the common effort of making our fatherland great, of building a great fatherland for all, not just for a privileged few, a fatherland that is great, united, free, respected and prosperous. Struggling for the sake of our fatherland, we openly challenge this day the hostile forces which hold it captive. Our rebellion is an act of service rendered to the Spanish cause.

If it were our intention to replace one party with another, one tyranny with another, we would not have the courage — which is the attribute of a clear conscience — to run the risk of this supreme decision. Neither would there be among us men wearing the glorious uniforms of the army, navy, the air force, the civil guard. They know very well that their arms may not be used on behalf of any one side, but only to safeguard the permanence of Spain, which is precisely what is at stake. Our victory will not be that of a reactionary clique, and the people will not lose any advantage thereby. On the contrary: ours will be a national effort which will succeed in raising the

people's standard of living — truly horrific at present in some parts of the country — and which will enable them all to share in the pride of a great destiny regained.

Workers, farmers, intellectuals, soldiers, sailors, guardians of our fatherland: shake off your despair at the sight of its collapse and join us on the route towards a Spain that is one, great and free! May God be with us! Arriba España!

JOSÉ ANTONIO PRIMO DE RIVERA

JOSÉ ANTONIO'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

The testament of José Antonio Primo de Rivera y Sáenz de Heredia, aged thirty-three, single, lawyer by profession, born and resident in Madrid, son of Miguel and Casilda (may they rest in peace), as written and endorsed by himself in the Provincial Prison of Alicante, this eighteenth day of November, nineteen hundred and thirty-six.

Having been condemned to death yesterday, I pray that if it pleases God not to spare me, He may maintain me to the end in the decorous conformity with which I now await it, and that He may judge my soul, not in accordance with my deserts, but according to His infinite mercy.

It worries me lest my wish to explain some of my actions at this point may seem like vanity and excessive attachment to the things of this world; but, on the other hand, so many comrades have put their trust in me to a degree far in excess of my own merits (something I see all too clearly, so that I write this phrase with the greatest simplicity and contrite sincerity), and such a countless number of them have been led by me to take on tremendous risks and responsibilities, that I would think it inconsiderate ingratitude to depart from them all without any kind of explanation.

This is not the time to repeat what I have so often said and repeated about what we, the founders of the Falange, wanted the Falange to be. I am amazed that even after three years the vast majority of our fellow countrymen persist in judging us without having begun to understand us, without ever even having sought or accepted the least information about us. If the Falange does crystallize

into something lasting, I hope that all will feel the pain of so much blood spilt simply because we were denied a pause of serene attention in the midst of one side's fury and the other side's distaste. May this blood that has flowed forgive my share of the responsibility, and may the comrades who have gone before me to their sacrifice receive me as the last of their number.

Yesterday, for the very last time, I explained to my judges what the Falange really is. As on so many other occasions, I went through and quoted from the same old precepts of our familiar doctrine. Once again I noticed how very many faces which had initially looked hostile lit up with amazement at first and then with sympathy. On their features I thought I could read these words: 'If only we had known that this was what it was like, we would not now be here!' And indeed, we would not have been there, and I would not have been up before a popular court, and others would not be getting killed throughout the fields of Spain. But it was too late by then to prevent any of this, and I could do no more than reward the loyalty and courage of my dear comrades by obtaining for them the respectful attention of their enemies.

This is what I did my best to achieve, instead of trying to gain for myself the posthumous reputation of a hero by some kind of glittering gallantry. I did not claim 'full responsibility', neither did I abide by any other variant of the romantic image. I used in my own defence all the skills of my profession as a lawyer, to which I have been deeply devoted and which I have followed so assiduously. After my death some commentators may blame my deliberate avoidance of all swagger. Each to his taste. Personally, and though I realize that I am by no means the most important actor in the present drama, I would have thought it monstrous and dishonest to give up without any attempt to defend it a life which could still be of use and which God has not given me to burn up for the

sake of vanity in a display of fireworks. Moreover, while I would never have resorted to any culpable ruse and have not compromised anyone by my defence, I did help to defend my sister [i.e. sister-in-law] Margot and my brother Miguel, who were on trial together with me and threatened with exceedingly severe sentences. But in view of the fact that the obligation to defend made it advisable not only to be silent on certain counts but to make certain allegations, based on the suspicion that I may have been isolated deliberately in a part of the country which was on that account maintained in submission [to the government], I now declare that I have no proof on which to found this suspicion and that, if ever a longing for explanations, aggravated by my solitude, may have nourished it sincerely in my mind, I hold now, in the face of death, that it cannot and must not be sustained.

There remains one other point to be rectified. The total isolation in which I have lived since shortly after the events began has only been interrupted by an American journalist, who received permission from the authorities here to ask me to make some statements at the beginning of October.* Until I was informed five or six days ago of the indictment, I knew nothing of the statements attributed to me since I was given no opportunity to see either the newspapers which had published them or any others. Reading them now, I must say that among the various paragraphs supposed to be mine, which interpret my thinking with varying degrees of accuracy, there is one I reject altogether: the one which reproaches my comrades of the Falange with having co-operated in the uprising with 'mercenaries brought from abroad'. I have never said anything of the sort, and though I certainly had nothing to gain thereby I made that quite clear in court yesterday. I am incapable of insulting the armed forces, which have served Spain so heroically in Africa. And I

* This was Jay Allen.

am equally incapable of flinging reproaches at my comrades from where I am. Though I know not whether they are wisely or wrongly led at the present time, I feel sure that they are doing their best to interpret what have ever been my watchwords and doctrine, in spite of the total breakdown of communications between us. May it please God that their ardent candour will never be used to serve any purpose but the greatness of Spain, as proclaimed by the Falange.

Would mine were the last Spanish blood shed in civil strife. If only the Spanish people, so full of good and lovable qualities, could come to find the fatherland, bread and justice in peace.

I do not think that there is anything more I want to say with regard to my public life. As for my imminent death, I do not welcome it, since it is never pleasant to die at my age, but I await it without protest. May Our Lord accept the elements of sacrifice it contains in insufficient compensation for what selfishness and vanity there has been in much of my life. I forgive with all my heart all those, without exception, who may have harmed or offended me, and I ask all those to forgive me to whom I may owe the reparation of some wrong, be it great or small. Whereupon I go on to settle my last will in the following

CLAUSES

1. I wish to be buried in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion I profess, in holy ground and under the protection of the Holy Cross.

2. My heirs shall be my four brothers and sisters, Miguel, Carmen, Pilar and Fernando Primo de Rivera y Sáenz de Heredia, each receiving an equal share with the right to distribute among the survivors the share of any one of them who might die without offspring before me. If there were offspring, the share corresponding to

whatever brother or sister may have died before me would be distributed to them in equal parts. This disposition shall be valid even though my brother may have died prior to the writing of this will.

3. I leave no other legacy, nor do I impose on my heirs any obligations which can be claimed in law, but I would ask them:

(a) To attend with what I bequeath to the needs and comfort of our aunt, María Jesús Primo de Rivera y Orbaneja, whose maternal self-denial and affectionate fortitude during the twenty-seven years she has lived with us cannot ever be repaid by us in treasures of gratitude.

(b) To give some of my personal belongings as souvenirs to my colleagues, particularly to Rafael Garcerán, Andrés de la Cuerda and Manuel Sarrión, who over a period of many years have been so unfailingly loyal, efficient and patient in my far from easygoing company. I thank them and all the others and ask them to remember me kindly.

(c) To distribute some other personal belongings amongst my best friends, whom they know well enough, and particularly amongst those who have shared with me longest and most closely the joys and adversities of our Spanish Falange. At this moment they and all the other comrades occupy a fraternal place in my heart.

(d) To recompense those members of our household who have been longest in our service, whom I thank for their loyalty, asking their pardon for the trouble I have given them.

4. I appoint as testamentary executors, jointly and with all the usual prerogatives, my dear and lifelong friends Raimundo Fernández Cuesta y Morelo and Ramón Serrano Súñer, whom I ask especially:

(a) To go through my private papers and destroy all those of a purely personal nature, all those pertaining to merely literary efforts and all drafts and projects in an early stage of completion, together with any books

forbidden by the Church or otherwise pernicious which they may find in my library.

(b) To collect all my speeches, articles, circulars, prefaces of books, etc., not for publication — unless they deem it indispensable — but for use as evidence when this period of Spanish politics, wherein my comrades and I have played a part, shall be debated.

(c) To take immediate charge, with the help of Garcerán, Sarrión and Matilla, of the pending professional matters entrusted to me, and to collect some fees due to me.

(d) To transmit the solemn rectifications contained in this testament with the greatest possible urgency and effectiveness to the offended persons and entities mentioned in the introduction thereto.

For all of which I thank them as of now most cordially. And in the present form I leave my last Will and Testament, in Alicante, the aforementioned eighteenth day of November, nineteen hundred and thirty-six, at five o'clock p.m., on this and three other sheets, all numbered, dated and signed in the margin.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The best introduction to the study of the Falange is Stanley Payne's *Falange. A History of Spanish Fascism* (Stanford University Press, and London: Oxford University Press, 1962). Other relevant works in English are: Gerald Brenan, *The Spanish Labyrinth* (Cambridge University Press, 1943); Stanley Payne, *The Spanish Revolution* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1961); Hugh Thomas, *The Spanish Civil War* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1961); Gabriel Jackson, *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War* (Princeton University Press, 1965); and Raymond Carr, *Spain 1808-1939* (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1966). In Spanish there have been several biographies of José Antonio, of which Felipe Ximénez de Sandoval's *José Antonio, Biografía Apasionada* (Barcelona: Editorial Juventud, 1941) is the best. The complete works of José Antonio have been published: *Obras Completas* (Madrid: Editora Nacional, 1942). Other books of interest include Maximiano García Venero's study of Hedilla, *Falange en la guerra de España: Unificación y Hedilla* (Paris: Ruedo Ibérico, 1967), and Herbert Southworth's riposte, *Antifalange* (Paris: Ruedo Ibérico, 1967).

JOSÉ ANTONIO
PRIMO DE RIVERA

Selected Writings

EDITED AND INTRODUCED
BY HUGH THOMAS

"The political philosophy of José Antonio is contained in a diffuse mass of journalism, speeches in the Cortes and elsewhere, and, occasionally, in interviews or private exchanges. His political ideas were expressed in the metaphor, often repeated, of the two flagstones: one flagstone, pressed downwards from above, crushed out of the modern Spaniard the possibility of a new 'historical' role in keeping with the glorious past; the other flagstone, which lay beneath, crushed the hopes for social justice felt by the masses. In this uncomfortable position, the Spaniard seemed to be trapped. But 'our generation . . . refused to be resigned to living . . . within the narrow confines' so suggested. . . . Essentially, he was a critic of the 'liberal state,' in which . . . 'you are free to work as you like,' even though perhaps, 'you will die of hunger in the midst of the utmost liberal dignity.'"

—from the Introduction

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