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21 March 1980

# West Europe Report

(FOUO 14/80)

Adolfo Suarez--History of an Ambition

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## WEST EUROPE REPORT

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### ADOLFO SUAREZ--HISTORY OF AN AMBITION

Barcelona ADOLFO SUAREZ--HISTORIA DE UNA AMBICION in Spanish  
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Dedication: To my sons, Guillermo and David, three years and two months  
old respectively, with the hope that they will one day read this book and  
can understand something of our recent history.

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[Text] BACK COVER

In the month of July 1976, a prime minister named Adolfo Suarez, a man of key importance who in a very few months was to direct and orchestrate the transition from dictatorship to democracy, was appointed in Spain. Three years later, Adolfo Suarez was still guiding the destiny of the country, and Spaniards were still wondering how it was possible that someone appointed to such a high post and having had such great influence on the political changes in recent times could be a man without a biography, either official or unofficial.

There are some facts beyond dispute. Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez was born in Cebreros, in the province of Avila, on a day in September 1932. On another day in the month of July 1976, he was chosen by the king to take charge of the cabinet. Between these two dates lies the truth, but as someone has said, the rest is opinion, and this mysterious biographical lack--very difficult to fill, because the greater part of this life transpired under a system which allowed very little information to flow, and the balance while he himself was in command. It is that gap this book attempts to fill.

Gregorio Moran interviewed about 200 persons, almost all of them individuals in public life, in an effort to grasp the slippery truth concealed behind the facade of one of the modern European politicians about whom least is known. And the fruit of this colossal effort is an impassioned and carefully documented book which for the first time brings to light innumerable facts and circumstances which are indispensable in order to understand today's Spain.

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[Text] INSIDE FRONT COVER

Gregorio Moran was born in Oviedo in 1947. After completing his secondary studies he enrolled in the School of Dramatic Art in Madrid, specializing in stage direction. His militant opposition to Franco took him to Paris in 1968, where he enrolled in courses at the Theatre Studies Center at the Sorbonne. In that era he worked with dramatist Armand Gaty on the production of the work "The Passion of General Franco," and at the International Studies and Documentation Center in Paris. He lived for some time in Heidelberg, Germany, and traveled through Sweden, Finland and Czechoslovakia.

He was a part of the founding staff of the periodical OPINION; he wrote for the periodical ARREU, published in Catalan, and joined the editorial staff of DIARIO 16 with a series of articles entitled "Superagent Conesa," dedicated to the demystification of the image of the veteran political police figure of the Franco era, Roberto Conesa.

In July of 1977 he wrote five articles, "The Black Brood," focusing on the extreme right wing in Spain and its international connections. These articles were to be published in DIARIO 16, along with another series of investigative reports on right-wing terrorism, contributing to the discovery of those allegedly responsible for the attack on the periodical EL PAPUS.

For several months he worked on a history of the Spanish radio-television network, which was published in a lengthy report in the Sunday supplement of EL PAIS (January, 1978), under the title "Spanish Television: The Men of the Shadows." He also wrote the subtitles for Juan Antonio Bardem's film "Seven Days in January," which won the Grand Prize at the Moscow Film Festival.

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[Text] Preface

It was in January of 1979 that I realized that Spain had a prime minister without a biography, either official or unofficial. He was appointed to that high post in July of 1976, and three years later, no one seemed interested in explaining this curious phenomenon in Spanish 20th-century history, involving having a prime minister whose personal background was unknown.

In less than two years this country of ours passed from dictatorship to democracy in a fashion so special that one may well wonder what type of dictatorship we left behind and what kind of democracy we gained. The questions, thus formulated, exceed the limitations of this volume. We are too close to the events to have the cold objectivity needed to observe them as a whole.

There are some facts beyond denying. Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez was born in Cebreros, Avila, on a day in September, 1932. On another day in July 1976, he was appointed by the king to take charge of the government. Between these two dates lies the truth, but as someone has said, the rest is opinion, for the truth is not the same when stated by Agamemnon and by his swineherd, and it remains for each reader to decide which of the two to support.

Writing about living history, which is precisely what the tale of the rise of Adolfo Suarez is, can be done in two ways, by using written documents--statements, periodicals and records, or by faithfully gathering the opinions of witnesses. I have tried to combine the two formulae, recognizing that historians dealing with subjects in the past are limited by nothing but their capacity to search and assemble the facts, while the

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investigator of living citizens always has one more person to see, some data which we have no way of verifying, or some lie we accept because of the simple fact that it was firmly stated.

The facts are stubborn, and we have sometimes thought that this is in order to resist simplistic interpretation. To reconstruct the biography of a prime minister in office is not an easy task, if we start from the premise that the greater part of this biography occurred under a system impermeable to information, as the dictatorship was, while he has been in command during the balance. I have had more than 100 interviews, some of them humorous and others dramatic, almost always with individuals in public life. There have been events witnessed by five persons who firmly set forth five different versions, validating the aphorism to the effect that the concealment of the truth is the difficult task of the professional politician.

This book does not analyze in depth the three long years Adolfo Suarez has served as prime minister. It could be said that it stops on the threshold. The constitution, the Moncloa Pact, the autonomy issue, the elections-- these require another volume.

I think that a detailed analysis of the last two years will introduce the reader to another world very different from that described here. It would not then be a biography of Suarez but the history of three years of democracy, much more than a prime minister and a party.

In January of 1979 I was aware that President Suarez lacked a written biography and that this simple fact needed an explanation. I realized too late, and I regret that some of the experts familiar with this very simple fact did not warn the rest of us of what they had discovered. Many of those who pride themselves on having the history of the political transition in the recent years at their fingertips maintain a silence which may be due more to shame than to conviction.

The history of living persons has among its limitations the belief that personal testimony is a secret so long as the interested party does not want it publicized. What we journalists know as "the confidential nature of information sources" takes on connotations with historical implications here. There are facts which cannot be proven for the moment other than on the basis of the historian's efforts and insistence.

The research notebooks based on personal interviews are divided into two parts: that which is published and the other, which regrettably belongs only to the personal knowledge of the investigator. There are so many historical witnesses who have lied that one sometimes feels it is a personal failing to include them in the footnote references at the end of the page. I have purposely omitted scholarly references to books and personal statements, in some cases to protect the confidentiality of the sources

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and in others to make the text more readable. In some cases I have made exceptions since I did not want to break the thread of the narrative.

I have taken some literary license in the choice of phrases and surroundings to make these pages into something more than a personal political story. Adolfo Suarez as a personage must sometimes be evaluated more in terms of his context than the man himself, because of the limited importance of the individual.

This book was written between the months of January and August 1979, thanks to the aid of two good friends, Estrella and Juan, without whose help in all respects these pages could not have been written. I also had the collaboration of Braulio Calleja, whose faithfulness and constancy in the work of documentation is worthy of note. There are others whose names I will not, with their own interests at heart, mention, but who made an inestimable contribution in tolerating my impertinent questions for a number of months.

#### Chapter I. A Prime Minister Is Appointed

3 December 1975

The new president of the Cortes began his address at 5:05 in the afternoon, with the punctuality of a bullfighter. Torcuato Fernandez Miranda took office with his upper lip somewhat more curled than usual, in an ironic and challenging rictus, reflecting, the illustrious representatives gathered there supposed, his pride in the situation so many times postponed. Torcuato gazed at them again with that look of his, that of one who has seen many things happen. He also reiterated to them those curdling phrases revealing the contempt he felt for their lordships. "You vote or you go," he said on one occasion to the Count of Godo, frightened because his tongue-tied form was the focus of the scoffing glances of his colleagues. And the truth is that no one knew exactly who voted and who left in the monotonous history of that chamber.

Five times the representatives in the Cortes interrupted his speech--the same men who so often turned their backs upon him when he began to be ostracized in 1974. He was prime minister for a hundred hours on the death of Carrero. Franco dismissed him and his family because he had been too much influenced by his new responsibility. In his place, after unfortunate consultations and assessments involving Giron, who was then in a wheelchair, Nieto Antunez, a naval man tempted by the possibilities of the Sofico collapse, and finally and in conclusion Carlos Arias Navarro, this man with the fixed gaze, short moustache and restless dreams of a childhood never his own emerged.

It was 13 days since the undisputed Caudillo, whom they owed so much and who was so indebted to them, had finally passed away after a long battle with death, which he tried to win on the same terms as he had won his

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battles, with patience, exhausting his opponent, humiliating and weighing him down with the interminable waiting. But this time, if we can put it thus, death had firmer intentions than the dictatorship, and on 20 November it carried him off.

Torcuato Fernandez Miranda paid respectful and challenging homage to him, for everyone expected that the moment had come for the new president of the Cortes to prevent his bill for the wrongs done him since December of 1973, when Admiral Carrero ascended to heaven, and Torcuato found himself at the Local Credit Bank, a kind of situation very rewarding to those who would refuse the future politician his bread and butter. Therefore Torcuato recalled Franco and pronounced somewhat haughty or perhaps grandiloquent words, spoken by a man who was feared and respected but never loved as a professor, or as a leader, much less in this new post as president of the Cortes, to which His Majesty had appointed him. "I am an honest man, and I am not bound by the past. But I am faithful to what the past has taught me," he said in a perfect Germanic construction. And then he also recalled, this time with sincerity, Admiral Carrero Blanco, "from whom I learned great lessons in patriotism and loyalty, and who with his death taught the last lesson of his long and brilliant life."

Ministers, former ministers, governors, friends, enemies and candidates were present, and also the so-called "table of the Cortes." After the brief address in which he repeated the main theme with variations--I am faithful to my past, but not bound by it--like a Bach fugue, Torcuato approached his main adversary, Alejandro Rodriguez de Valcarcel, and embraced him. The two men were separated by all the things which make up the life of a politician: family, culture, party supporters, sponsors. They were also separated by intelligence and luck. Alejandro had had the misfortune of ending his term of office as president of the Cortes just at the time of the Wagnerian death of Franco. Torcuato, for his part, was lucky in that the first decision of King Juan Carlos was to fill the vacancy in the post of president of the Cortes.

The king suggested to Torcuato that he seek the presiding post in the Council of Ministers. If the necessity was to remove Carlos Arias, no one could manage the situation better than he. He understood as did few others the regime which had just died a natural death, and he knew how far it would be necessary to go to avoid a political break with the old system. They knew each other, king and vassal, from 20 years previous. They began as professor and student, and now they found themselves in a similar situation, although reversed. Torcuato rejected the offer with a gesture which honored him more for his foresight than his modesty. It is reported that he gave the king this answer: "I can render greater service to the crown as head of the Cortes . . . and the Council of the Realm." For the two posts were joined like the heads of Siamese twins: in order for the post-Franco operation to be successful, the two bodies had to be kept alive. The time would come for the inevitable surgical operation.

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Arias Navarro was fully aware that his main competitor was named Fernandez Miranda, and for this reason he enthusiastically supported the idea of putting him in the presidency of the Cortes, too mediatized by the executive branch to pose an immediate threat. What did concern him was presiding over the Council of the Realm, a musty body which resurrected itself every few years on historic occasions, but with which on some occasions he would have to deal, if only to discipline it. As no good is achieved without risk, Arias took the risk, aware that it was the lesser evil, which would give him several years' breathing space.

Arias became agitated when in an obvious gesture of challenge, and in a guttural voice which seemed to come more from his lower abdomen than his throat, Torcuato ended his address with three cries which caught him unawares. "I express my feelings, I voice my sentiments," said Fernandez Miranda, with the redundancy of a former professor, "with the three cries which come from my heart: Long live Spain! Long live the king! Spain forever!" This was to be the last time the new president of the Cortes would shout "Spain forever." And also the last time the state and government authorities gathered there would echo the cry.

7 December 1975

Early in the morning on that Sunday, Carlos Arias Navarro and his friend, confidant and cabinet minister Jose Garcia Hernandez set out to go hunting. They headed for the La Pinchares estate, near Toledo, in weather so cold it could not be offset by the carafe of Carlos I with which they ended their generous breakfast. However much they sought to forget their political worries, the smallest detail reminded them of the burning reality. It was enough that they were alone. To be able to forget recent events took too much of an effort. For Arias, hunting not only meant physical exercise, but the opportunity to think away from the offices, which in his experience always involved listeners, controls or untimely calls.

Thirty hours had not elapsed since the king, stressing the authority and the tense relations linking him to President Arias, had telephoned, after the Council of Ministers meeting was ended, asking for a public announcement of the fact that "Mr Arias Navarro is confirmed as prime minister." The call came at 2:15 in the afternoon and it was like a bucket of water which chilled the cabinet. The king let them know that the president was confirmed. In other words, he was forcing them to present their resignations. In a calm week foretelling the exercise of power with mediatization, in the manner and fashion of which Arias dreamed, without haste and with long pauses, the royal call echoed like pounding at the door.

Arias Navarro had achieved control of the royal will, subjugating it, as he liked to say in his postwar former military prosecutor's vocabulary. A few hours after the death of Franco, the Caudillo, a high-level political

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operation was launched to remove him from the presidency. It was not even necessary to keep the cards concealed. It sufficed, on approaching El Pardo and greeting Juan Carlos, to note how ill-advised it would be to reverse a decision by the General, who had given him everything and to whom everyone owed all that they were, and it is to be presumed that this was reiterated several times by all. And it sufficed for a commission of the medaled officers, their sashes impeccable, to visit La Zarzuela to express disapproval of the maneuvers seeking to remove this honest man and good friend, who had governed since the Caudillo graced him with his divine favor in January of 1974, to ensure that nothing could be done. It sufficed, finally, for the men with ascendancy in the new regime, such as General Alfonso Armado, secretary to the king, to believe that to remove Arias would be "an error, a great error," to transform Operation Lolita into grist for the historians.

In a proper liberal parliamentary interpretation, the death of Franco forced the prime minister to offer his resignation. There were two reasons for not doing so, and Arias Navarro seized upon both without the slightest hint of a blush. First of all, reference to the liberal tradition or that of the parliament would be a solipsism. Arias, like almost everyone from that same historical era, was neither a liberal, nor much less still a parliamentarian. Recourse to this tradition would mean considerable lack of conscience and a sense of humor, but neither conscience nor humor have anything to do with politics.

In addition, Arias was holding a joker for discard. It was an affair which had happened only a couple of months previous, and could now already be considered old history. When the death of Franco seemed to be a certainty--and it seems that for many this was only when he had already been dead several weeks--King Juan Carlos decided to send General Diaz Alegria, representing the armed forces, to convince his father, Don Juan de Borbon, that he should not make any statement which would make the reestablishment of the monarchy in the person of his son more difficult. This step was taken without any consultation at all by His Majesty, and Arias Navarro, who could have dissembled and swallowed this had it come from the Generalissimo, was not prepared to repeat the experience with the inexperienced king. And he grew angry. This anger, strongly felt, was then transformed into his resignation in writing, which, when he saw that Juan Carlos was in a difficult position, became an "irrevocable decision." With Franco moribund, and the general political situation deteriorating, one did not have to be Winston Churchill to realize that Arias could not resign without causing a trauma and irreversible consequences for the crown. And so the Marquis of Mondejar was sent along with detailed instructions to go as far as necessary to persuade Arias not to resign.

Arias had accumulated in himself enough private and public history to know how to be cruel, and it appears he was excessively so with the Marquis of Mondejar. Not only did he refuse for several days to reconsider his

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resignation, in order to "teach the Borbon a lesson," as it was said in the waning days of the dictatorship, but forced him to apologize in such a way that it is unclear if this was political sadism or simple contempt. As of that day, which added a little more grey to the hair of the marquis and a few centimeters more to the security and self-confidence of Arias Navarro, the president took the position that he had been appointed by Franco in January of 1974, and would remain in office until he decided otherwise, since the constitution provided for a five-year presidential term.

It had occurred to the ingenuous political minds present at La Zarzuela on the death of the dictator that Arias would submit his resignation, and that the king might begin his political reign with a new president. They even devised a substitute, Jose Maria Lopez de Letona y Nunez del Pino, a roads, canals and ports engineer who had served as minister of industry under the government formed during the October 1969 crisis, and of whom it could be said, as his highest virtue, that he was never excessively anything, although he was always everywhere. Philosophical reflection indicated, dispassionately, the most obvious conclusion: the advisers to Juan Carlos preceding Fernandez Miranda were courtly council members, not in the Goethian sense, but physically: they were members of the Court. Someone wittily dubbed the operation to make Lopez de Letona prime minister "Operation Lolita," not, regrettably, in honor of Nabokov, who wrote an excellent book with that happy title, which would have been a stroke of genius, but in honor of a no less ingenious operation, with Gregorio Lopez Bravo, idiotically called Lola, as its protagonist.

It is almost certain that Torcuato regarded this operation as the work of amateurs. If Arias was not prepared to offer his resignation formally, at least those of his ministers must be offered. It would not be easy to speak of the "confirmation of Arias as prime minister" to the public, because the newspapers at the time seemed to have lost their direction, some giving the date of confirmation as the third and others the fifth. In brief, there was no such confirmation until the king forced matters and, in the last half-hour of the Council of Ministers session, announced that Arias would continue to preside, and that in pure logic, the ministers should offer their resignations.

Arias was locked into power because Franco appointed him for five years, and because the king, for his part, expected no change in the nature of the system. Thus he would go off hunting self-confident, although somewhat annoyed with the impertinent hangers-on who brought bad tidings. Hunting on the La Pinchares estate is mediocre. Arias could not concentrate on the quarry, and in addition his companion did nothing but come back to the same old subject. "The ministers have resigned and Torcuato Fernandez Miranda has asked to see you tomorrow to talk." He was not unaware that there was a relation between the two things. Garcia Hernandez was a cabinet minister and knew very well what steps Torcuato had been taking.

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It cannot be said that Arias was nervous in anticipating his meeting with Torcuato. It concerned him, that is all. It is not easy to understand this new president of the Cortes, with his peasant's laugh from which one cannot tell whether something has amused him or whether his interlocutor merits guffaws. Arias has played mus, a current game, with the peasants in Asturias, during the summer in Salinas, many times, but Torcuato's laugh is notable because it comes at unexpected times.

The two hunters returned early to Madrid. They had risen with the dawn and Arias had to prepare for his meeting with the king the following morning, and his call upon Torcuato in the afternoon. He believed that the talk would not be easy, and that it would affect the formation of the new government. He was not prepared to yield. On his own initiative and encouraged by the king, he wanted to go far in incorporating men excluded in the past in the government. But to yield to pressure--never.

Arias' house in the outskirts of Madrid seemed abandoned when Torcuato arrived. Night was beginning to fall, and it was not easy to distinguish the sign reading "La Chiripa," which identified the house. December is not the best month for paying visits in Castille. Arias believed that Torcuato would have in the pocket of his suit, of such an ancient cut that it appeared to have been won in some wager, the list of ministers the king and he had drafted. If they think I will be like Santiago de Alba with Alfonso XIII, he thought, they have a shock coming. But he was surprised to see Torcuato seat himself and confirm each of his ministerial proposals, one by one. Not until the end did Torcuato mumble, in a tone which sought to be advisory but sounded authoritarian: "I want to make a suggestion to you."

And the suggestion was that this young man heading the Union of the Spanish People (UDPE) should be minister of the movement. His name was Adolfo Suarez. Arias had no better argument to reject this than to say: "Impossible! Franco asked me specifically to see that Solis held this post when Herrero Tejedor died, and to remove him would be to go against his last political instructions." Arias could not have been wholly persuaded, because when Torcuato told him that he need not be dismissed as a minister, he agreed. "Why not put him in the labor post?"

Truly, Arias had not expected this. That Torcuato proposed Solis as minister of labor pleased him: the post was occupied by Fernando Suarez, one of Torcuato's disciples at the University of Oviedo, and Arias had felt no great sympathy with him in those months, in view of his impertinent nature, which had led him on some occasions to go so far as to interrupt his address in the Council of Ministers because some inattentive person was talking of something else. "Either you stop talking or I do." It was already known that these things displeased everyone, particularly the man presiding over the council, who in the final analysis has the last word. In addition, Fernando was well established with the king, because he was credited with a statement, in connection with Juan Carlos, when Arias

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threatened to resign because of the royal decision to send Diaz Alegria to talk with his father: "This lad," Fernando said, "will have to be taught a lesson."

Everyone was happy. Ousting Fernando Suarez won unanimous approval. When Torcuato left La Chiripa, Adolfo was confirmed as minister and secretary general of the movement. Fernando, accused by students of the Franco era of exploiting his own achievements excessively, found his career up a blind alley. A few months later, Juan Carlos, by royal decree, appointed him procurator. An attempt at amends, while the sea was flat as a plate, such that no one could progress in the dead calm. Here lay the end for a man who, like Adolfo, bore the name Suarez Gonzalez.

13 December 1975

The hour of the Angelus had not yet struck, but former Minister Garcia Hernandez had already pronounced his words of farewell on behalf of the outgoing cabinet. His sentences rang cold and formal, as was inevitably the case when some were leaving and others settling in. It was Saturday and it was raining.

One by one the ministers took their oaths before the king, a little stiff because at that moment they were going down in history as the first government under the monarchy. They proceeded in strict hierarchic order, as was proper, although there was one, Arias Navarro, who did not feel obliged to repeat his oath, and who watched the scene being played abstractly, with a mild suspicion that he was destined to surrender the leading actor's role.

The prima donnas in the new government bore names oft repeated in recent months: Manuel Fraga and Jose Maria de Areilza. Fraga, in the interior post, ranking as second deputy prime minister in the cabinet, was thought to be in the ideal political position, following his experience at the head of two corporations--the Federation of Independent Study, Inc. (FEDISA), and the Documentation and Orientation Office, Inc. (GODSA), established to distribute political dividends. He was a little out of touch with the administrative machinery, for after his resignation as minister in October 1969, his greatest concern had been travel and study. Areilza, the new minister of foreign affairs, had for his part achieved a dream which came to him rather late. At the age of 76 it is not easy to sustain an illusion which may become reality. Count of Motrico by virtue of his marriage to Mercedes Churruga, he constituted the prototype of the political animal of the Spanish right wing. His past was unmistakably tied to Franco, because he was Mola's liaison in the early days of the war, and also because of his proclamations as the first post-republican mayor of Bilbao. At a splendid moment in his career as ambassador in Paris, he resigned and went to Estoril to devote himself to advising Don Juan de Borbon. As of that moment, the Spanish right wing hated him, feared him or scoffed at him, but never regarded him as its genuine representative. He was closer, in terms of culture and manner of acting,

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to the politicians of the 19th century than to the businessmen of the 20th century.

At some distance from the two figures who were the focus of all eyes were the second rank with a future: Minister of the Office of Prime Minister Alfonso Osorio, Minister of Finance Juan Miguel Villar Mir, Minister of Commerce Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, Minister of Agriculture Virgilio Onate, Minister of Syndical Relations Rodolfo Martin Villa, Minister of Housing Francisco Lozano, Minister of Public Works Antonio Valdes, and Minister of the Movement Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez. Although the path toward the future would not be easy for them, five of them had the advantage of being highway engineers (Villar Mir, Calvo Sotelo, Onate, Lozano and Valdes) and the other three did not need it. Osorio had been seeking a ministry since 1965, when General Munoz Grandes, then deputy prime minister, talked along these lines with Minister of Labor Jesus Romeo Gorria, stressing the respect commanded by the young State Attorney Osorio Garcia from his father-in-law, former Minister of Commerce Arburua, and Franco himself. Neither Rodolfo nor Suarez needed any introduction, their political importance being beyond question.

Then came the institutional men: Antonio Garrigues and Minister of Justice Diaz Canabate, who at 71 represented the right wing by family tradition, and the diplomatic corps, in addition to his service in Washington and at the Holy See, by his carefully maintained silences. Lieutenant Generals De Santiago and Diez de Mendivil, Alvarez Arenas and Franco Iribarneqaray, along with Admiral Pita da Veiga, were the incarnation of the army, and their appointments, as always happens, were dictated by leaders of a military sort which could not be measured by the same criteria as the civilian ones. It could however be said that they reflected continuity in command and little more. Jose Solis, for his part, was a relic of the past, who was not devoid of experience and the capacity to maneuver.

Others were considered as honorable supplementary figures: Minister of Education Carlos Robles Piquer, a Fraga supporter by family tradition and conviction, Minister of Information and Tourism Adolfo Martin Gamero, a career diplomat since 1945, and Carlos Perez de Bricio, a discreet figure in the customs administration, who in time would aspire, without much success, to become a Politician with a capital letter.

The cabinet was closer to the king than its own president, and its most notable characteristic was that it carried within itself the seed of its destruction, each individual being there for different reasons. Before the installation of the cabinet had ended, the least perspicacious guest had realized that with it the interim Arias period had begun, and the shots which would launch the minister-athletes on the race to replace him had been fired.

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Most notable for his absence from this conclave was the Christian democrat Federico Silva Munoz, too confident of his luck in the future when the trump suit would change to want to become embroiled. The conditions he set for participating in the government were so burdensome as to make it impossible. Arias, fully familiar with the case of the political class of the Franco era, feared him more than anyone else, and he was not mistaken, as he was the strongest contender when the time for substitution came.

The commentators on that 13th of December failed to remark the visit paid by the ambassador of the United States, Wells Stabler, to President Arias some hours before the cabinet appointments were announced. Presumably Stabler, who traveled to London to meet with Kissinger and the American ambassadors in Europe, wanted to obtain an accurate picture of the upcoming Spanish cabinet.

Two high-level military moves, one of which was to enjoy success, the other suffering a delay, also went unnoticed. General Sabino Fernandez Campo, from Asturias like Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, a military interventor, with a degree in the economics of war and an alumnus of the United States Industrial College, was appointed to the undersecretariat of the office of the prime minister, just a short distance from the office occupied by Arias Navarro, and next door to Alfonso Osorio. When Suarez became prime minister and General Alfonso Armada won the right to replace him in the secretariat of the king, Sabino took his place, where he remains to the present. The maneuver which could not be completed, although it was deferred to await subsequent events, was the appointment of the commanding general in Ceuta, General Gutierrez Mellado, as military minister.

In the second week of December, which was stormy in terms and weather, one needed to keep an ear to the ground to comment on and study the political situation. Accustomed to keeping their ears open under the preceding regime, commentators were unaware that things had changed somewhat. History had become more sophisticated and interpretations had to be made as the events occurred. The reality had become a deception: some political sorcerer was trying to confuse the path of our intelligence with a red herring.

27 December 1975

The officials who presented themselves in impeccable fashion for the launching of the Adolfo Suarez team in the secretariat general were angered by the way things were set up. It would have occurred to no one to schedule the investiture between Christmas Eve and New Year's, at the risk of great haste and contempt for the sacrosanct family tradition. Finally there was nothing for it but to attend, and they stopped grumbling when all at once they recalled that the minister had just lost his mother-in-law and gave no sign of being aware of it.

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The minister of the movement was in a hurry: he wanted his team to take office and begin to move. He had appointed Ignacio Garcia Lopez as his deputy secretary, while the experts thought that the minister's number-two man would be Eduardo Navarro. In 1963 Adolfo had served as head of the legal advisory department in the office for youth, among many other things, and he had met Ignacio, who was secretary general to the representative, Eugenio Lopez y Lopez, there. He was impressed by his discretion, modesty and the fact that he owed everything to the movement, even the political course of study he had pursued. The last to depart, those who turn out the lights and leave the empty building behind them, do not usually go down in history. It would always be the fate of Ignacio Garcia Lopez to bring up the rear. The last head of the Youth Front, the last SEU [Spanish University Union] commissioner, the last minister and secretary general of the movement. And he was to be known as the "royal senator of the 40," the last senators to be designated.

The rest of the team was made up of the technical secretary general, Eduardo Navarro, the service administrator, Jose Luis Graullera Mico, and two women, the national culture delegate, Carmen Llorca, and Carmen Diez de Rivera, who was not to last long as the personal secretary of Adolfo. She stayed only a few weeks, long enough however to provide the minister with documentary background which in the course of time was to be indispensable to him, concerning what the illegal political parties, i.e. all of them, were, and what they thought. A month later the team was to be completed with the addition of Manuel Ortiz in the department of the provinces.

The only unknown person in Adolfo's new team, if we except Carmen Llorca, a transitional figure in this tale, was Eduardo Navarro. He had been one of the leading minds in the Twentieth Century in the SEU years, and he was regarded as a young man with a great future if his education and political talent overcame his timidity to qualify him in politics. During the months he served as technical secretary general he provided the "grey matter" for the reform operations, and repeatedly wrote the speeches of the minister. When Adolfo became prime minister, this man, whom everyone suspected of being sought out by major business enterprises and who had served on various levels of the regime, was set aside, perhaps because he lacked faith in Adolfo Suarez. It is known that no one likes to be reminded, even by his presence alone, of the medals he won on the merit of others.

19 January 1976

Adolfo recalled nostalgically how the National Council of the Movement elected Antonio Jose Rodriguez Acosta to fill the vacancy left by Herrero Tejedor, on his tragic death, in the group of "the 40," a nucleus of venerable figures or Buddhas, so known because they were the vestige of the direct appointments by Franco. By the time of the death of the dictator the routine procedure had developed in a very curious fashion. When a vacancy occurred due to death, since these were council members

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who only resigned by reason of age, at 75, the remaining 39 met and chose 3 names, from which the national council in plenary session would subsequently choose 1 to occupy the post.

The simple listing of some of the names of the members of the council of "the 40" will provide some idea of the importance and characteristics of the group: Antonio Iturmendi, Jose Luis Arrese, Alfonso Perez Vineta, Mariano Calvino de Sabucedo y Gras, Jesus Suevos, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, Jesus Fueyo, Jose Antonio Giron de Velasco, Laureano Lopez Rodo, Antonio Maria de Oriol y Urquijo, Gabriel Pita da Veiga, the Primo de Riveras, and even the prime minister himself, Carlos Arias Navarro. Belonging to this great family was among the dreams of every young politician in the system: acceptance in it was regarded as living political canonization. Every individual free of dust and straw and dubious affiliations aspired to become one of "the 40." It was, in the end, the certification of a Franco era pedigree.

Adolfo made it known he would like to be included among the three, and those in a position to do so advised him that his time had not come, that he should wait, and that it would come. The battle between former Interior Minister Jose Garcia Hernandez and the young Rodriguez Acosta was to be a harsh one. The other candidate, Emilio Lamo de Espinosa, was not so well favored.

Those who advised Adolfo knew very well what was happening. Garcia Hernandez, a friend and confidant of the prime minister, believed that he was more than well enough qualified to win and he was defeated by Rodriguez Acosta. The lesson was clear: in the national council, the cabinet had a midwife attentive to its every step and ready at any moment to validate its historical rights and its old medals.

28 January 1976

The alliance between Minister of the Office of Prime Minister Alfonso Osorio and Minister of the Movement Adolfo Suarez was formalized by a decree. No one could deal with the matters pertaining to Osorio's post better than Adolfo. The trip Osorio was to make to the United States forced them to reach agreement, and the BOLETIN OFICIAL published the order announcing that Adolfo Suarez would serve as minister of the office of prime minister in the absence of the incumbent.

11 February 1976

The notice was carried in the pages of the newspapers for 10 days, and yet it went unnoticed. A mixed commission of representatives of the government and the national council was established to organize "political reform." The idea came from Adolfo, as a gesture honoring the irresistible figure of Fernandez Miranda, who had already attempted it

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unsuccessfully during the period he served as minister of the movement (1969-1973). Now the man who aspired to be his dauphin extracted it from his bag of souvenirs to show that he was prepared to follow in his footsteps exactly.

The government was represented by Carlos Arias, Adolfo Suarez, Fraga Iribarne, Villar Mir, Areilza, Garrigues, Martin Villa, Solis, Osorio and General De Santiago, and the council by Giron, Fueyo, Primo de Rivera, Garcia Hernandez, Orti Bordas, Sanchez de Leon, and Torcuato, serving as master of ceremonies, with his ironic gaze. Eighteen appointees for reform, as the newspapers liked to write. The news had been released on the first, but no one on the streets lost a minute in commenting on it. Another event which was more human and direct and more laden with significance had caught everyone's attention: Carmen Polo de Franco left the El Pardo Palace that day. Those with a movie-oriented imagination thought that this was the end of an historic era.

It was necessary to await 11 February before the meeting of the mixed commission was the focus of attention. The tasks of the commission were oriented toward the drafting and discussion of three laws: the Constitution of the Cortes, the Succession Law and the Political Affiliation Law. But from the very first, Arias Navarro made his future plans very clear. "What I desire is to continue the Franco policy. And while I am here or active in public life I will do nothing but strictly pursue that policy in all its aspects, and I will fight the enemies of Spain who are beginning to show their heads." These words, recorded accurately by Areilza in his "Diary of a Minister Under the Monarchy," seemed credible and even rather polished, in the light of later events. Arias, who in the final analysis would be the traffic policeman who would give the green or red light, was accustomed to stating his political thoughts publicly with concise clarity: "Constitutional reforms will be needed and timely." In other words, those on which he would decide. The mixed commission appeared to be a luxury vehicle, but one plagued by breakdowns, which Arrias was not prepared to repair.

13 February 1976

The United States ambassador, Welles Stabler, visited Minister of the Movement Adolfo Suarez early in the morning. With the sensitive nose characteristic of American ambassadors, Stabler was interested in knowing the man who so regularly associated with King Juan Carlos.

Stabler, who enjoys the keenest sense of hearing, knew that on the second of the month Adolfo Suarez had taken two steps of great interest: he visited the king and suggested to him that the ideal man to replace Arias Navarro was Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, and he dismissed the press officer of the Movement, Emilio Romero, the same man who in a panegyric

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of welcome to the president of the Cortes had used some prophetic phrases: "Another thing which can be sensed nowadays is the desire for new men. Naturally, this is said from rostrums for criticism, aspiration or opposition. And the most reasonable thing would be also to ask for new men in these same fraternities of criticism, aspiration and opposition, so full of old faces and men who have waited too long." Probably the two decisions were only sequential in time, but ambassadors are people who waste no opportunity to demonstrate what they know.

20 February 1976

The Council of Ministers met. Arias was beginning to feel importuned. He was not unjustified in thinking so, nor did his ministers cease to provide that justification. There were many aspects to the battle front, and the president, accustomed to using firmness in blocking initiatives, wanted to build a wall of containment around the mixed commission. Making use of the Official Secrets Law dated 5 April 1968, which had happened to Fraga when he was minister of information and tourism, everything pertaining to the mixed commission was declared "classified material."

From that moment on, the press could no longer carry anything but government releases. The "political reform" was rendered secret by the government itself. Two days before the decree, the secretary of the National Council, Baldomero Palomares, indicated that the discussions concerning reform were so open and frank that it did not seem possible to declare them secret."

1 March 1976

As if the world turned according to Galileo's concept and life, when all is said and done, had no sense beyond jumbled impressions of the time elapsed, the highest body in Spanish politics, the Council of the Realm, met once again. After Torcuato Fernandez Miranda took office to preside, things had changed. Using the text of the constitution as his recourse, Torcuato managed to sell the council members successfully on the fact that that body should have life and serve as the permanent guide of the political situation. The time had come to put meetings held to alleviate critical situations in the past; in the future, the council would meet every 15 days and follow the political situation closely.

It was not easy for Torcuato to supply the Council of the Realm with political material to avoid a pejorative interpretation of its meetings every 15 days. All kinds of documents, in greater or lesser quantity, were dissected by the illustrious and upright council members. The composition of the council facilitated discussion and things moved along with a certain ease. The most important personages in the old regime were there. Members as a function of their posts included Manuel Lora Tamayo, president of the Institute of Spain; veteran churchman Pedro Cantero Cuadrado and military officers Carlos Fernandez Vallespin and

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Angel Salas Larrazabal; the president of the Supreme Court, Valentin Silva Melero, and the president of the Council of State, Antonio Maria de Oriol y Urquijo.

The Council of the Realm had been envisaged by Franco as the highest expression of the concentration of power, and it had to give its consent for all historic decisions, including the choice of the three possibilities for the highest representative posts, and it had "to be heard" in order to remove the prime minister. It also had preceptive rights to draft the list of three candidates to succeed him. It was the cornerstone of the regime, unimportant in itself, but basic if what was sought was to avoid a break.

In addition to the council members who served as a function of their appointed posts, there were the representatives. Those elected by the National Council were Giron de Velasco and Miguel Primo de Rivera; those elected by the trade unions were Dionisio Martin Sanz and Luis Alvarez Molina. The local administrations elected Araluce Villar, and the popular representatives, the euphemism for the members of the Cortes, were Joaquin Viola Sauret and Enrique de la Mata Gorostizaga. And, finally, there were the representatives of the government chambers, Inigo Oriol, and the university, Angel Gonzalez Alvarez. In all, there were 16 men on whom the destiny of the country weighed, not so much because they felt it as because their opinion was indispensable to any advance along the path the "programmers" had laid out.

With strict punctuality, they met twice a month. No one can imagine the contentment of the members of the Council of the Realm, aware of their importance, when they met every 15 days to scrutinize the advance of history in Spain. Torcuato had convinced them of their weight and discovered what Franco had denied them: everything could be done with them, and nothing without.

3 March 1976

Vitoria, a city which ceased to play a role in history after the battle against the French on 23 June 1813, and which was anti-republican on 18 July 1938, again assumed a place in the internal history of Spain. The general strike had been called. The attitude of the police resulted in two dead and more than a hundred wounded.

The news arrived while the Mixed Government-National Council Commission was meeting. The absence of three ministers (Fraga, Solis and Areilza) away on trips or indisposed, and the absence of Giron on a matter of principle, did not prevent discussion of the decisions to be made. Lopez Bravo had just spoken against the authorization of the Marxists, and the men with a Falange background were incensed because they were not prepared to surrender the symbols of the Falange to any unscrupulous group, since their electoral credibility would be enormous.

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While Fraga traveled to Germany and Arielza spent two days "enmeshed in the hazy bonds of influenza, which clouds the understanding and jeopardizes the will," as he wrote in his diary, Adolfo Suarez left the meeting and proposed to test his ability as a man of government. He directed the operations of the forces of public order following the massacre from a distance, with no goal other than to prevent further conflict and more bloodshed. The outcome was positive, perhaps much more for his particular purposes than for those of the citizens of Vitoria. From that time on he never tired of telling the king, the ministers, and all his colleagues of the effective steps he took to offset the crowded funeral of the victims. The king, for his part, was vividly impressed by the minute detail and expository talent of which Adolfo Suarez, future minister of the interior, boasted, and he had to repeat the story in some private interviews in that era. It was a precept that the interior post would automatically go to the official responsible for the Movement, in the absence of its head.

29 March 1976

Torcuato Fernandez Miranda met with the minister of the movement in the office of the president of the Cortes. First of all he congratulated him for his action with regard to the events in Vitoria, particularly not having supported a declaration of a state of emergency. In a rather more difficult situation, Torcuato had also refrained from this step, although pressed to do so, and he was able to avoid it. The death of Admiral Carrero Blanco could not be compared with the incidents in Vitoria, but he congratulated him.

Torcuato was aware of Adolfo's suggestion to the king that he was the candidate best suited to replacing Arias, and he hoped that Adolfo would repeat it. When he did so he shot back at him: "And why not you?" And Adolfo continued to talk as if he had not heard the words spoken by the president of the Cortes. Nothing more was necessary, for these things are not forgotten. He had already noted certain obvious indications that he was beginning to be regarded as a candidate, but this time Torcuato, without promising too much, had tempted him with the prospect of the prime ministry in the future.

Adolfo's colleagues commented later that on that occasion Torcuato expanded on the reform project without subterfuge. He did not show all his cards, because this would be equivalent to a break with his style of political work, but he tempered it somewhat concerning the viability of expecting the mixed commission--in which Adolfo placed great hope--to serve as something more than an illusion for the naive, and to make the gullible believe that reform would advance there. Nor did he reveal anything about the final significance of the bimonthly meetings of the Council of the Realm, but he did reveal the key "urgent procedure" decision. The majority of the Cortes members were reformists, and if not, the executive

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branch was in a position to convert them, but the same was not the case in the various commissions, controlled by the traditionalists devoted to the study of reform. To prevent the parliament from torpedoing these commissions with its delays and interminable discussions, Torcuato had conceived the "urgent procedure," according to which a law could go directly to the plenum of the Cortes, bypassing the obstacle represented by the commissions. This would be used for the first time, with great success, in May, in connection with the law regulating the right of assembly.

Of the whole complex of laws the secretary general of the Movement was drafting to get reform started, only one had interested Torcuato. It was the law on political affiliation, sometimes improperly called the political reform law. The others, which Eduardo Navarro and Juan Santamaria had drafted--the law on assembly, the amendment to the Penal Code, and the draft constitution in the two aspects pertaining to amendment of the succession law and the organic law, appeared to Torcuato to be like celestial music, perhaps convenient for deceiving opponents, but dangerous if one believed that this path led anywhere.

From that time on, Adolfo knew that Torcuato had become his sponsor, and that he should call him every day to be guided in the risky world of reform, not only because he needed this aid but because he had realized that Torcuato's pride and intellectual vanity required that he behave like an industrious disciple. Torcuato would give him a bonus if he promptly adopted the teachings and suggestions of the master. It was also Adolfo's intuition that one of Torcuato's concerns was to follow the steps of Arias. And if he wanted to control him, to know what he feared and to provide Fraga and Areilza with false clues to confuse him.

Adolfo's experience as the government representative in the telephone company in 1975 helped him to deal with the technical difficulties. In addition, he could rely on Juan de la Cierva, a businessman in electronics for whom there was a solution to every problem if there was money to pay for it. He was a native of Murcia, the brother of the writer Ricardo de la Cierva, who had free access to Zarzuela and who enjoyed substantial technical prestige. Also he had visited the Mecca of applied electronics, the United States.

At the very beginning Adolfo had installed a private telephone line from his home in Puerta de Hierro and the headquarters of the Movement at No 44 Alcala. No one made more circumspect use of the number 13, the direct line to the king, than he. For Adolfo this was more a lucky number than a symbol of misfortune. The truth is he had become accustomed to dialing it without smiling, as he did at the beginning. He had always wanted to ask Juan Carlos why he had chosen 13 as his private number.

Torcuato, for his part, was already sounding out Areilza about the possibility of replacing Arias Navarro, and had found him very receptive. A

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week had passed, and he had the feeling that his talk would produce effects. Areilza wrote the following in his diary: "I saw Fernandez Miranda in his office. 'May I ask you some entirely indiscreet questions?' he inquired. 'Naturally.' He took up the subject of the prime minister with me directly, saying that it could not continue thus. That the individual must be changed, leaving the cabinet or at least its authority intact. That the Council of the Realm would approve the necessary list of three candidates." The Count of Motrico favored change and Torcuato's words filled him with satisfaction. A new front had just been created for Arias. Areilza deemed his position auspicious for the immediate future. He did not realize that he had just been deceived. Torcuato warned him that the key thing was to remove Arias and then seek a substitute, rather than the reverse. In effect he was saying that he should help him first against the prime minister and then "we will see."

On 29 March history pursued its train and the system continued as if nothing had happened. Late in the morning 39 National Council members drafted the list of three candidates for "the 40" to fill another vacancy resulting from the death of Iturmendi. The three nominees were Gonzalo Fernandez de la Mora, General Iniesta Cano, and the veteran Jimenez Millas. It could have been a news item in ARRIBA dated 1956.

10 April 1976

The cabinet members serving on the mixed commission met. It resembled a session of the Italian High Council before Mussolini was ousted. Seven days earlier the Seville cabinet had met, sinking close to personal insults. The atmosphere was characterized by the Prussian attitude of Arias, who was greatly pleased because Gonzalo Fernandez de la Mora had been named the council member for the group of "the 40."

The purpose of the meeting was to unify the government criteria in the mixed commission. Fraga spoke out, causing surprise by his excesses, as if he had adopted the slogan "No one to my right." Without forgetting that "the family, the municipality and the trade union" represented the basis of his two draft reforms, his words implied the certainty that "with this formula we can guarantee that the left will never win." The motives for reflection with Fraga were well and publicly known and drafted: when he took up the galloping crisis situation in the Basque country with his cabinet colleagues, he launched into a prologue filled with rhetorical questions. Are we then to allow them their 1936 statutes? Will they then be permitted to have their own law again? Shall we return their economic agreements to them? (At which moment Minister of Industry Villar Mir made a "thumbs down" gesture.) In view of the high level of political awareness, Fraga added, it would be well for the Basques to have at least some of their own deputies in the future, although "regional immigrants' bodies" would be promoted to offset nationalism. He ended his address with the hope that within a few years, the immigrants would outweigh the native

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Basques. This whole plan for reform was drafted in the Fraga style in order to keep everything bound up and under control.

Then someone mentioned the "inviolability of the principles of the Movement," and Jose Maria de Areilza took the floor, speaking for the first and only time for half an hour. He recalled what democracy is, quoting the classics from memory and giving the impression of a feminist in a den of pimps. When he concluded, General de Santiago reproached him with a certain respect and a touch of harshness, because he is a gentleman and not much accustomed to circumlocution. In the confusion, Adolfo Suarez mumbled some words to the Count of Motrico, heard only by those nearest: "To win the respect of the left, you don't have to define yourself."

As of that moment, Areilza not only did not give up, but continued faithfully to attend all the meetings, in a gesture worthy of a patient man, but one which diminished him as a statesman. In his diary he wrote of one of those meetings, with a postscript saying that "I was on the point of getting up and walking out," which has come to be one of those statements which out of personal modesty, no politician in office should ever write down. A professional is not on the point of doing things; he simply does them.

The discussion by the ministers ended on the subject of the royal commission, an Anglophile invention of Fraga and Areilza. It involved proposing to the king that a commission of notables be appointed to head reform. In the machinations of its sponsors, the ideal man to head it would be no other than Pio Cabanillas Gallas, former minister of information. Surprisingly, the royal commission met with the opposition of Adolfo Suarez, Osorio and Martin Villa, winning the approval, according to its sponsors, of Tierno Galvan and the immutable Gil Robles.

24 April 1976

The International Cup playoffs between Spain and the FRG were underway at the Vicente Calderon Stadium. His majesty the king was there, accompanied by Adolfo Suarez. The match was a boring one except for its final moments, and the outcome was a tie at one goal each. Don Juan Carlos was entertained not so much by the game as by the conversation of his companions. Adolfo was excellent company in the royal box, as the king had already had occasion to discover a month earlier, when they attended the tie match between Real Madrid and Borussia de Moenchenglandbach in Santiago Bernabeu together.

However, Juan Carlos was uninclined toward confidence, since the article by Arnauld de Brochgrave in the American magazine NEWSWEEK had just come out, saying, on the basis of an interview at the Zarzuela Palace on 3 April, that his majesty had freely voiced his complaints against Prime Minister Arias. Officially, following the Franco tradition, a denial was issued . . . but the effects were underway. For Arias, the countdown had begun.

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In the morning of that same day, Adolfo was concerned about a series of articles published in the periodical DOBLON, accusing him of economic irregularities during his term as president of the YMCA. His concern led him to recall other political careers cut short due to unsavory business transactions--those of Rincon de Arellano, Martin Esperanza or Nicolas Franco himself.

28 April 1976

Arias took up the challenge thrown down by the king in his NEWSWEEK interview, and instead of resigning, he took a giant step forward, addressing himself to the entire country. He explained the proposed amendments the drafting of which, he said, was well along, and which were exactly the things which had been sought for some months in the mixed commission, and he plunged further forward, proposing a referendum for the month of October and general parliamentary elections by the end of the year.

Four months earlier there might have been those who thought that Arias believed in what he was saying. On 28 April, the ministers themselves were saying to anyone who would listen that this plan, in the best of cases, was intended for the prime minister's successor. What no one knew, except for the close colleagues of Arias Navarro, was that he was confident of reaching the year's end at the head of the government.

10 May 1976

Every time Fraga planned a trip something began to happen. On this date he was in Venezuela when the neo-Nazi group of Don Sixto's partisans left one dead and three seriously wounded on the upper slopes of Mount Irache, on the anniversary commemorating the Montejurra battle. The Carlist celebration was bloodied by a dark episode in which various state intelligence services played a role, working with extreme right-wing terrorists.

Again Adolfo took over the Ministry of Interior in the absence of its head. If it had been Areilza instead of Suarez, it is certain that Fraga would have taken precautions, but the minister of the movement did not seem to him important enough to be a leading adversary. Fraga was then in his authoritarian cycle phase, and he thought of Adolfo only when he had to distribute civilian governors' appointments or when they alternated at the installation ceremonies.

The only one in the mixed commission who could block his path was Torcuato and he considered the others to be weak politicians. However, he began to pay some attention to Adolfo at the time of the incident of the political affiliation law. Suarez had given the draft to him, and Fraga passed it on to his colleagues without even glancing at it. At that moment he was preoccupied with other things. It goes without saying that these same colleagues eviscerated the draft and made comments on it, rather contemptuous, in the margins of the pages. When it was returned

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to Fraga for his opinion, he put it in the envelope and sent it to Suarez. The various impertinences written on the margins and the contempt shown for the interior minister forced Suarez to send Fraga a letter consistent with the offense taken. For two days Fraga tried fruitlessly to reach the offended minister, who refused to answer his calls. Finally, he ate humble pie, as they say, going to Adolfo's home to beg his forgiveness. This incident held Fraga's attention for perhaps a day or two, but he then forgot it. He had, as he frequently said, other things on his mind.

15 May 1976 (conventional date)

Since the higher levels of the government had endorsed Adolfo Suarez in March as the candidate to succeed Arias Navarro, one citizen with a twangy way of speaking and considerable drawing power had been holding a series of regular dinner parties, with a discretion with which few credited him, which had gone unnoticed by the commentators. Their basic characteristic was secrecy, which placed them on a par with the method of operation of the closest Zarzuela Palace collaborator, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda.

The name of the host was Luis Maria Anson, and the carefully selected guests made up the four pillars supporting the Spanish right wing. Representing the technocrats, affiliated to a greater or lesser extent with Opus Dei were Meilan Gil, Alvarez Rendueles and Rafael Orbe Cano. The Christian Democrats spoke through Eduardo Carriles and Fernando Bau. Inevitably, there were the monarchists, the bearers of illustrious names--Alvaro Domecq and Jose Joaquin Puig de la Bellacasa. And, finally, for the movement, there were two former Spanish University Unionists, Jose Miguel Orti Bordas and Eduardo Navarro. The four pillars, as Anson termed them, would be the support for the new phase which he called "Juan Carlist."

This group had some characteristics in common. They were of the younger generation, if some of their ages were viewed tolerantly. Also, but for the exceptions for reasons of private economic interests, all held key government posts. Logically, the political situation was discussed at these dinners and it can be said without exaggeration that with the various vantage points they had in the administration, they made up an ideal observation team for following the internal pulse of the state. They met approximately twice a month, and neither used nor abused the telephone. They were simply invited to a dinner party by someone else, always in private homes and with no ladies present. From time to time there were some absences and also some specially invited guests, such as Alfonso Osorio. These special guests rarely came more than once. It was at these dinners that the name of Adolfo Suarez was first mentioned, that is this is likely in my modest opinion, as a likely candidate to replace Arias Navarro. One such dinner was the scene of a reading of the speech which was to be delivered a few days later to the Cortes by the minister of the movement in support of the political affiliation law, and it was

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at one such dinner too that the advantages which might result if Minister of the Office of the Prime Minister Alfonso Osorio were to yield the foreground for the address to the Cortes on political affiliation to Adolfo Suarez were discussed.

These dinners continued, discreetly and tactfully, until the eve of the emergence of the Democratic Center Union. It was then that one of the dinner guests, displeased with the development of events, was to criticize the work of Prime Minister Suarez, and there would be tugging of ears and an interruption of the gourmet sessions. But before that point was reached, many changes would intervene and one host followed another, graciously offering his home, such as Prado y Colon de Carvajal, or intimates of the prime minister such as Manuel Ortiz.

The date 15 May, although putative and literary, is not ill chosen. That Friday, enthusiastic buyers of magazines in the habit of saving them to read on the weekend found an editorial in GACATA ILUSTRADA, of which Luis Maria Anson was the editor at that time, which read as follows under the headline "The Administration of Adolfo Suarez": "Adolfo Suarez, heading a particularly difficult and complex department, is doing an excellent political job. Caution, skill, discretion--these are the characteristics of a man who for many years now has shown exemplary fidelity to Don Juan Carlos. Adolfo Suarez is not destroying the secretariat general, but intelligently and patiently adapting that whole complex structure to the needs of a new era. This is a task . . . an administrative effort which is a model of consistency, with flexible loyalties to the principles of past eras, but at the same time working to ensure that the ship of state will not remain anchored or tack to the windward of the new Spain, which will inevitably be different."

25 May 1976

The time had come to fill the vacancy left by Jose Antonio Elola Olaso in the group of "the 40" in the National Council. The meeting began at 9:30 in the morning and the council members had not for a long time experienced such tension as they did on that day. The three candidates included Adolfo Suarez, Cristobal Martinez Bordiu, Marquess of Villaverde, and Carlos Pinilla.

That day was to clarify a battle which began on 7 May, when the general's son-in-law decided to offer his services to this most private club of "the 40." Forty-eight hours before the vote was to be taken, the Marquess of Villaverde called the prime minister at 1:30 in the morning to tell him: "We need you now" (his exact words are quoted) and urging that the minister of the movement withdraw because his defeat could lead the cabinet to resign. Arias not only did not hang up on him, but did ask Suarez to withdraw.

Adolfo took up the challenge, knowing that his flanks were well covered. Garcia Carres and Giron supported Villaverde, who was arrogant enough to

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send a telegram to the council members who remained loyal to him. "In the name of the Caudillo Blanco ask you to support my candidacy. I hope you will do your duty by your conscience." The telegram the marquess sent was too forward to win him any support.

The maneuvers by Carres and Giron led the third candidate, Carlos Pinilla, to draft a letter which was read moments before the vote was taken, in which he withdrew from the contest. Thus he avoided depriving Villaverde of votes. There was no doubt about the result: Adolfo Suarez won 66 votes, Cristobal Martinez Bordiu 25, and Carlos Pinilla none. There were 11 blank ballots.

Adolfo had just joined the prestigious ranks of "the 40." By law he would be a National Council member until he reached the age of 75, i.e. until the year 2007.

3 June 1976

The Council of Ministers met. The king had just left for the United States. At the suggestion of Adolfo Suarez, the periodical CAMBIO 16 was penalized for publishing a cartoon of His Majesty in a Fred Astaire-type dance pose. Gonzalez Seara, head of the editorial board of the periodical, refused to agree to talks with the minister of the movement, who demanded an explanation. The military representatives in the cabinet applauded the authoritarian gesture on the part of the young minister, Adolfo Suarez.

A few days before the king left Spain, Adolfo had joined His Majesty in the first difficult "trial" athletic practice.

4 June 1976

(This is a putative date, although such a meeting did take place between 15 May and 15 June 1976.)

It was Friday, and those invited to the home of banker Ignacio Coca on Orfila Street in Madrid arrived at irregular intervals. The cream of the crop of Spanish finance was to gather to hear three young politicians. This was a courtesy on the part of Coca, who still enjoyed a wide influence. Only men were invited, as a function of their responsibilities as bank heads. The three politicians answered to the names Miguel Primo de Rivera, Alfonso Osorio and Adolfo Suarez.

The bankers, in strict order of seating at the table, were Ignacio Coca; Jose Angel Sanchez Asiaian, president of the Bank of Bilbao; the Marquess of Viesca, member of the board of directors of the Spanish Credit Bank; Pablo Garnica, managing director of the Spanish Credit Bank; the Marquess of Aledo, president of the Herrero Bank; Pedro Gamero del Castillo, managing director of the Spanish-American Bank; Alfonso Fierro, president of

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Iberico; Alejandro Araoz, president of the International Bank of Commerce; Jaime Castell, president of the Bank of Madrid; Carlos March, president of the March Bank; Arne Jessen, general director of the Pastor Bank; Emilio Botin, president of the Santander Bank; Jaime Carvajal, managing director of the Urquijo Bank; Enrique Sandagorta, managing director of the Biscay Bank; Carlos Mira, Osorio's secretary and a member of the Trusteeship of the Queen; Ivan Maura, a friend of Ignacio Coca; Fernando Ybarra, member of the board of the Biscay Bank; Manuel Arburua, president of the Foreign Bank; and Garcia Hernandez y Luis Valls Taberner, president of the People's Bank. Alfonso Escamez, president of the Central Bank, was excused because he was not in Madrid at the time.

The first political address was delivered by Miguel Primo de Rivera, who explained the reform proposals, drawing parallels between democracy and beautiful ladies, which were a great success with his audience. Then Alfonso Osorio discussed the political situation at length, chiding the bankers for their passive attitudes. And finally, Adolfo Suarez spoke extemporaneously about how a political party is created, the near future and the importance of the banks. The comments he made included an appeal for 500 million for the establishment of a group which would meet the needs of the Spanish right wing.

At the end, as is usual in such cases, a discussion was held, and the statement by Emilio Botin should be stressed because of the clarity of his ideas. "We are not playing jai alai . . . We need continuity in the situation . . . to make action viable." He ended what he had to say with the slogan "Money and organization." The meeting lasted until past three in the morning, at which time the bankers, according to their own statements, went home enthused by the persuasive ability of "this Suarez."

9 June 1976

The Cortes met in plenary session to approve the draft political affiliation law.

As he began his address, the voice of Adolfo Suarez trembled slightly, as if his nerves forced him to a somewhat hasty pace. He was wearing a light-blue shirt blending with his suit and tie, also blue. He liked to please, his colleagues frequently said, and for this reason dressed in his best suit.

"Mr President, Representatives:

"Less than a week ago, His Majesty the King defined the prospects for a life as a democratic monarchy, in the institutions of which there will be a comfortable place for every Spaniard. Today, which in any case will go down in the political history of the nation, the high honor and serious responsibility of taking the first step toward this goal falls to us."

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His voice flowed more easily as he went on, and although it was an effort for him to read because it limited his freedom, he was so well versed that he hardly glanced at the paper.

"Gentlemen, as representatives you have just completed a brilliant discussion of the draft law regulating the right of political affiliation," he went on to say in familiar fashion, as if speaking to friends or long-term acquaintances. This had been suggested to him by Rafael Anson, during their last reading of it together. For thanks to his age, Rafael was a National Council adviser. And he was quite conversant with the phrases which would achieve their effect and the proper tone to double their strength.

The first interruption came when he expected it to. "To think, in 1976, that the transforming efficiency of the system has been incapable of establishing solid foundations for achieving political freedoms would be, gentlemen, like discrediting the gigantic work of that incomparable Spaniard to whom we shall always owe all the homage of gratitude and who was called Francisco Franco." The reserved but firm applause relieved his concern, for the paragraph was too long. The first editors, Manuel Ortiz and Fernando Onega, had warned him of this, and when Eduardo Navarro got his hands on it, he complicated it further, with many commas and very few periods. Rafael Anson, who drafted the final version, did not eliminate all of the hazards for him, and he himself even had to take out some words which did not ring true, because he had never heard them. Finally it was given to Jose Casinello, the "Paraca Chinaman," to read. This was always done. If he understood everything, it was properly edited, while if there were things which puzzled him, these paragraphs had to be gone over again. Jose Casinello served as a cultural barometer: beyond him, nothing; within his understanding, everything.

The speech, which had been interrupted again when he spoke of the need for "harmony" among all, had the representatives enraptured. He knew that the greatest effect lay at the end, and he rounded the last curve with his voice rising and falling, but firm, revealing emotion. "On behalf of the cabinet I invite you, without rejecting any of our convictions, to join us in embarking along the national path which will make understanding by peaceful means possible. This people of ours does not ask miracles of us, nor utopia. They ask us simply to accomodate the law to the reality, that we make possible civil peace along the path of dialog, which can only be undertaken with full social pluralism within representative institutions.

"I urge you to embrace all of this. We will simply remove the dramatics from our politics. We will raise the political level of the normal, what is normal on the street level." He paused awaiting applause which did not come. "We will establish the bases for an enduring understanding under the reign of law.

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"And allow me in conclusion to recall the lines of a great Spanish author." It was here that Navarro's pedants had wanted him to put the name of Antonio Machado, and then had replaced it with the word "author," because it did not have time to check on what sort of things this Machado wrote. "Today is open to tomorrow, and tomorrow truly infinite. Men of Spain, neither is the past dead nor is it yet tomorrow, nor has the past been recorded." And then came a burst of applause and embraces.

He had spoken for 35 minutes, 5 minutes less than in the trials with Anson. He could see nothing to the left or the right but hands extended to him and smiles of agreement. He had just become a prima donna. Areilza himself had embraced him. "You have said what the prime minister should have said six months ago."

When the president of the Cortes, Don Torcuato, stipulated that the vote be nominal, Adolfo's triumph was guaranteed. It was his victory although he owed it almost entirely to all the others. To Osorio for giving him the post, to Torcuato for preparing the path for him, to Eduardo Navarro, Ortiz, Onega and Rafael Anson because they drafted the text, to the group of dinner-lovers rallied by Luis Maria Anson, because they polished the basic ideas and created an expectation where he was concerned, and to the bankers because as of that moment they began to tell their subordinates that there was a lad there who struck hard. And finally, to the king, because there was no longer any doubt of what Torcuato never tired of repeating: Your Majesty, this is our man.

The result of the balloting was restrictive: 338 votes in favor of the political affiliation draft, 91 against and 24 abstentions. The path toward the political liquidation of Arias was smooth, for a base of support for Adolfo Suarez had just been established. He had moved from anonymity in his office at 44 Alcala into the realm of public opinion. In the afternoon, at his home, he received a few lines from Areilza's wife congratulating him on his address. He responded warmly with a card and a splendid spray of flowers. He was at the gates of paradise.

11 June 1976

The National Council met. Following the defeat inflicted upon them in the Cortes two days earlier, the reactionary council members were ready for revenge. The mellifluous draft amendment approved by the mixed commission reached the council in the form of a report for which Emilio Romero, Eduardo Navarro, Labadie Otermin and Baldomero Palomares, among others, were responsible. In its warm approval the report included the conclusions of the mixed commission and embellished them considerably, because that commission could already be regarded as dead. The incidents the commission members remembered from the last session were two speeches by Don Antonio Garrigues, one on the amendment of the Penal Code and another categorical statement concerning a lamp, which left him out of

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the running. The National Council, for its part, was faced with the challenging task of reviving a corpse.

From this confusion emerged a "bold" attempt by the authors of the report to launch the reforms themselves, that is to say in the National Council, and they proposed nothing more and nothing less than elimination of the so-called "40."

The indignation was such that the report was voted down and resignation became a necessity. Minister of Labor Jose Solis, one of the "40," turned to one of the authors of the report to shout: "I never have been, but now I am indeed one of the group, and I tell you loud and clear, hear me well, that I am in favor of the 40." The so-called Ayete invention of Franco, because it was from this palace that the 40 personal appointments usually came, carried the battle to the National Council.

Adolfo Suarez, who had been one of the "40" for one month, was so indignant at his colleagues--Eduardo Navarro and Baldomero Palomares--that he went so far as to threaten them with damnation. That the report, for its own account and risk, had dared to go so far disgusted him. He chided them thunderously as no kind of a report committee at all, and replaced them with men closer to his concerns: Ignacio Garcia Lopez, Manuel Ortiz, and Garcia Hernandez, men who would defend the government texts directed by the mixed commission tooth and nail, without outside and divisive requirements urging the death of that political club called "the 40."

Obsessed with the consequences of this move, Adolfo paid a visit to Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, who calmed him and sent him back to his office rather more encouraged. In this period, Torcuato had a soothing power over Adolfo, who called him frequently, read him his speeches over the telephone, consulted him on all undertakings, and reiterated his phrases with such adjectives as "very astute," "genial," "hadn't occurred to me," which inflated the professorial Fernandez Miranda's intellectual vanity. Adolfo told Torcuato of every opinion and move by Arias Navarro. He was familiar with his moods, and Arias, who believed he had strict telephone and acoustical control methods, did not realize that he in turn was being spied on with rather more accuracy and consistency than he himself could boast. His security chief, Juan Valverde, enjoyed his full confidence, but he assigned no importance to the second in command in the prime minister's offices, Andres Casinello, a man who was to render Suarez, once he was prime minister, important services.

Those working with Arias had their heads in the clouds. It never occurred to them that an expert in information techniques such as he was could be effectively overheard. Only one of them suspected anything, when after a telephone conversation in which he had little good to say of the king and Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, Adolfo Suarez, on encountering him the next day, surprised him with a piece of advice: "Be careful what you say on the telephone."

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12 June 1976

The king gave an audience to Alfonso Osorio and Adolfo Suarez at the same time. The political situation was delicate. Arias was out of the game, and all that remained was to find the best moment to dismiss him. Torcuato insisted to the king that the decision should not be delayed. What was being done was very clear and the time had come to explain it. Since Fernandez Miranda had taken charge as presiding officer of the Council of the Realm, he had held meetings every 15 days, officially in order to follow major political undertakings, but the truth was something quite different. The dismissal of Arias could not lead to future success unless it was done categorically but with the greatest discretion, such as to prevent the "traditional" forces from exerting pressure on the Zarzuela Palace to hinder the move. This precisely was what happened with the disorderly Lopez de Letona operation. Therefore Torcuato was holding meetings of the Council of the Realm every 15 days because that body, according to the Organic Law, needed "to be heard" before any decree removing the prime minister could proceed.

The king had doubts. He had been persuaded for some months that Arias should go, but he did not dare to proceed with it. The situation was untenable, and caused such conflicts in Juan Carlos, unaccustomed to making clear-cut decisions, that he even fell ill. His Majesty's physician could find no reason for his illness other than "nerves." The king feared Arias, and the links with El Pardo bound him to the office of the prime minister. The same problem came up every 15 days, for the dismissal of Arias had to coincide with the meeting of the Council of the Realm in order to avoid major maneuvers, so that no one would be surprised, and even the council members would not know about it until they met. Torcuato had prepared a clock mechanism which had only one shortcoming, in that the face of the clock should be seen by as few persons as possible.

The king had doubts. About the moment, and also about the successor. Palace walls, faithful guardians of secrets, never reveal the questions a monarch has. Arias was being deceived by the two ministers he was least concerned with, because those who obsessed him were Fraga and Areilza. He assigned no importance, moreover, to Osorio, who had moved his office to No 5 Castellana, in the building adjacent to the prime minister's. Separated from him, his hands were freer. This physical separation did not work against the rigorous demands to which he was subject, for Osorio was the official responsible in the end for the operations within the prime minister's office. Under him also was the Statistics Institute, which published the news that the cost of living had gone up four points, touching Minister of Economy Villar Mir's water line and creating an indefensible situation. In the view of Arias, Osorio was an ambitious young man, even intriguing, but he had untainted confidence in Adolfo. On his resignation, he was to embrace him, thanking him in the words characteristic of a man who is finished: "Thank you, Adolfo, for you were one of those who did not betray me."

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The palace walls would never reveal anything. "Torcuato, do you believe that a man of such duplicity can be our man?" "For that very reason, Majesty, for that very reason."

25 June 1976

At 1:00 in the morning Torcuato Fernandez Miranda saw Prime Minister Arias in his office. From the conversation on the political situation, Torcuato could sense that Arias was secure and confident. A path had been laid out which would reach to the early months of the coming year, and nothing and no one would block the path. Arias, deep down, was a man who refused to recognize the facts. They talked for several hours about immediate tasks, and Torcuato drew the conclusion that Arias not only had no suspicions, but that he laughed at the soothsayers.

At 2:30 a.m., Arias left Torcuato's office. The Suarez operation could pursue its course without last-minute hitches. The next guest of the morning was the secretary of the National Council, Baldomero Palomares. Torcuato did not conceal from him the fact that the political situation was critical and that the idea of imminent change must be considered. The National Council, according to his words, should concern itself, but nothing more than that. The rest would pursue its course.

26 June 1976

The Santiago Bernebeu Stadium was jammed full. The finals of the first King's Cup were being played between the Madrid Athletic Club and Zaragoza.

The king was impressed by the personality of young Zalba, the president of the Zaragoza Soccer Club, and a thought occurred to him. "Listen, Adolfo, wouldn't it be a good thing if we had young presidents in everything? The bad part is that the old do not want to leave office."

Their conversation was interrupted by Garate's goal. With the scoreboard reading one to nothing in favor of the Athletic Club, the game ended. Adolfo believed that he and Garate had more than one thing in common.

1 July 1976

Arias went to the Oriente Palace. As had occurred on other occasions, he had been summoned the night before and suspected that it had to do with some diplomatic matter, for which reason he had been summoned to the usual site of protocol visits rather than the Zarzuela Palace.

He was received by a king who looked somewhat paler than usual, and it did not seem easy for him to get his words out. He said something about gratitude for his enormous service to the fatherland and the crown, and that new times required new politicians.

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Arias Navarro, his face as wooden as a statue, accepted the royal decision. He resigned. He maintained his dignity while he proceeded to his car. Once inside, he revealed his emotions. The brutality of the announcement disarmed him. It took him some time to react. He entered the palace as prime minister and emerged as a page in history. He telephoned his wife from his car and proceeded to the Jockey Restaurant for lunch, as agreed some days earlier, with Garcia Hernandez and Carlos Pinilla.

At 1:15 in the afternoon, when he passed through the palace gates to see the king, Arias Navarro thought that the political life was a hard one, but that he was getting used to it. An hour later, he thought he had been wrong. Politics appeared to be an affair for those with stomachs stronger than his. And there was much that he wanted to say. His luncheon companions could not get over their amazement, until they remembered that, as was customary for the fortnightly meetings, the Council of the Realm was scheduled to meet at 1:00 p.m.

Although it was too late, Carlos Pinilla succeeded in making contact with some members of the Council of the Realm, including Giron and Dionisio Martin Sanz. Garcia Hernandez and Cabello de Alba, both defenders of the ousted man, wanted the council members to "refuse to hear" the prime minister's resignation, and they called those they thought closest to their ideas. It was to prove useless. When Torcuato Fernandez Miranda called the meeting to order and called for a vote to approve the resignation of the prime minister, Don Carlos Arias Navarro, only Dionisio Martin Sanz came forth to defend the fallen man.

Meanwhile, the intimates of Arias tried to turn the clock of history back and to get the king to change his mind. The former prime minister told his closest aide to call a special meeting of the cabinet for 8:00 p.m. Luis Jaudenes telephoned the ministers one by one. All of them agreed very simply to attend the special meeting. No one asked him why or what for. Only two, Fraga and Villar Mir, had the wit to express irritation because they foresaw a crowded agenda and would have to go home to get "some paper." Jaudenes discouraged them, suggesting that it would be better for "the paper" to await another time. The minister of interior knew nothing.

2 July 1976

A single subject concerned the public: Arias was no longer prime minister. Who would replace him? Generals are very curious people who try to utilize logic, and they began to draft lists of possible prime ministers as a function of that logic. The names they listed would make even Arias Navarro laugh today.

Meanwhile the Council of the Realm met to draft the list of three nominees which it would have to submit within seven days to

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King Juan Carlos. They were all present--Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, president; Manuel Lora Tamayo, vice president; Enrique de la Mata Gorostizaga, secretary. In addition, the five who were council members as a function of their posts, and the other eight, representing the various estates making up the system. Sixteen council members in all, from whom the slate of three candidates must come.

The meeting that Friday provoked surprise in members and outsiders alike. Accustomed to a pronouncement by the president of the council as to the suggestions from the higher levels, they looked at one another when Torcuato Fernandez Miranda proposed that the discussion be devoted to the drafting, by all of them, of a typical portrait showing the characteristics the new prime minister should have. There was no urgency, and this in itself surprised everyone.

That same day Torcuato made a long-range move. The only danger he saw on the horizon was posed by the Falangist group including Giron, Primo de Rivera, Martin Sanz and Alvarez Molina. These four owed their posts not to the executive branch but were elected by the various bodies, and therefore they were hardly vulnerable to "recommendations." These would be counterproductive. If the four were to meet and adopt a decision, logically they would win some supporters and there would be a pressure group which would interfere with the members and make things more difficult.

Torcuato selected his ally. He could be no other than Miguel Primo de Rivera. First of all, relations between the two had for years been very tense, and no one would suspect that they could reach agreement. Miguel had been a Falangist from the cradle on, if one may put it thus. A member of "the 40," he was essential to any venture by the "old Falangists" to impose a candidate. He was the son-in-law of Antonio Maria de Oriol, and thus related to Inigo, both of them council members of indubitable specific weight, and in addition, he had been a part of the circle of the king's friends since infancy.

Miguel Primo de Rivera was to pursue some maneuvers which Torcuato Fernandez Miranda could not, or should not, not only as a function of his post but because they would have a boomerang effect. Miguel Primo talked with his father-in-law, Antonio Maria de Oriol, pointing out the desirability of including in the list of three a young politician who was nonetheless "one of ours." With the Oriol family won over and the "blues" undermined, it was only a question of patience.

The meeting of the council members ended without a decision as to what card to play. Everyone was waiting for Torcuato to show his hand, but he had contented himself with following the various speeches on the virtues attentively--something unusual for him. The nation, for its part, continued to play word games with names. The conspirators,

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refraining from any gesture of exhibitionist vanity, firmly kept their secret. One thing must be realized: Had any newspaper published the name of Minister and Secretary General of the Movement Don Adolfo Suarez as one of the most likely candidates, the operation would have collapsed.

3 July 1976

At 9:30 a.m. the council members were already in their seats. The president spoke briefly about the historic mission of this council and the absolute independence which characterized those met together there, subject to no pressure other than their consciences and the good of Spain.

While everyone waited for him to get to the point, and some were filing their fingernails and others breathing their relief at the weight lifted from them, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda explained the three pillars which upheld Spanish politics: the economic technicians, regarded by some as technocrats (that is to say Opus Dei and its affiliates), the men of Christian background making of it a political movement (the Christian democrats), and finally, those coming, imbued with history and service to the state, from the Movement (the "blues," due to having belonged to the Falange or serving as officials in the Movement). It would not be possible to exclude the politicians who because of their worth could accomplish important tasks, but who however could not readily be fitted into these three groups. Torcuato ended by proposing, with exasperating slowness, that each council member write down three names and that a general list of all the candidates be drafted.

The procedure was democratically beyond criticism, and almost everyone was amazed at the modesty and tact of the president. As the aspirants were many but those elected few, some names were repeated and as a result there was a list of 32:

Jose Maria de Oriol y Urquijo, Marquess of Oriol (since he was related to two of the council members, they objected and demanded that his name be struck off).

Gonzalo Fernandez de la Mora, a National Council member among the "40."

Alejandro Rodriguez de Valcarcel, former president of the Cortes and a council member among the "40."

Jose Garcia Hernandez, former minister of interior.

Jose Solis Ruiz, former minister of the movement, on two occasions, and minister of labor.

Laureano Lopez Rodo, former minister of development planning and foreign affairs.

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Federico Silva Munoz, former minister of public works.  
Manuel Fraga Iribarne, minister of interior.  
Jose Maria de Areilza, minister of foreign affairs.  
Gregorio Lopez Bravo, former minister of industry and foreign affairs.  
Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez, minister of the movement.  
Licinio de la Fuente, former minister of labor.  
Rafael Cabello de Alba, former minister of finance.  
Alfonso Osorio Garcia, minister of the office of prime minister.  
Jesus Romeo Gorria, former minister of labor.  
Jose Maria Castiella, former minister of foreign affairs.  
Jose Maria Azcarate (sic).  
Virgilio Onate Gil, minister of agriculture.  
Alfonso Alvarez Miranda, former minister of industry.  
Gen Fernando de Santiago y Diez de Mendivil (withdrawn after the military council members made it clear that the army wanted to be excluded from candidacy).  
Gen Galera Paniagua (withdrawn for the same reason as the above).  
Emilio Lamo de Espinosa, president of the Banking, Stock Exchange and Savings Workers' Vertical Trade Union.  
Carlos Perez de Bricio, minister of industry.  
Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, minister of public works.  
Joaquin Ruiz Gimenez, director of the Christian-Democratic Left party.  
Juan Sanchez Cortes, National Council member among the "40," and president of the SEAT [Spanish Passenger Car Company, Inc.].  
Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta, former minister of justice and of the movement.  
Alejandro Fernandez Sordo, former minister of syndical relations.  
Antonio Barrera de Irimo, former minister of finance.

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Fernando Suarez Gonzalez, former minister of labor.

Cruz Martinez Esteruelas, former minister of education.

Alberto Monreal Luque, former minister of finance.

After the list was read each name was discussed separately, resulting in another shorter list. The council members gave their views on the suitability of including each name on the list of feasible candidates. The speeches bordered in some cases on personal cruelty. Gen Fernandez Vallespin fulminated against candidate Fraga Iribarne, under the benevolent gaze of Torcuato, who saw one of the obstacles which might have hindered his plan dissolving. Thirteen candidates were dropped by almost unanimous consent (Solis, Cabello de Alba, Romeo Gorria, Azcarate, Onate, Lamo de Espinosa, Calvo Sotelo, Ruiz Gimenez, Sanchez Cortes, Fernandez Cuesta, Fernandez Sordo, Barrera de Irimo and Monreal Luque). For seven other cases, there was no consensus and a vote was necessary to eliminate them: Fraga Iribarne (11 against, 5 in favor), Areilza (11 against, 5 in favor), Licinio de la Fuente (12 against, 4 in favor), Osorio (13 against, 3 in favor), Castiella (14 against, 2 in favor), Fernando Suarez (12 against, 4 in favor), and Martinez Esteruelas (10 against, 6 in favor). Those who lacked eight votes for them could not pass this second screening.

After the first debate a certain fatigue could be sensed. Torcuato limited himself to reading names and results, and later the secretary, De la Mata Gorostizaga, took over.

Thus there remained nine candidates on whom to vote again: Fernandez de la Mora, Rodriguez de Valcarcel, Garcia Hernandez, Lopez Rodo, Silva Munoz, Adolfo Suarez, Alvarez Miranda, Perez de Bricio and Lopez Bravo. It was then decided by Torcuato, in his role as master of the maieutic method, that each council member should write six names on a slip of paper, with a view to eliminating three from the contest. After the count Garcia Hernandez, Lopez Rodo and Perez de Bricio were eliminated.

It was at this moment that one of the council members, Dionisio Martin Sanz, representing the vertical trade unions, voiced the view that this procedure was unsuitable, and he expressed his concern because a certain Adolfo Suarez had survived all the votes without discussion. Without losing his calm, Torcuato reproached him, since the procedure had already been approved by assent and there could be no question of changing it and complicating matters. In other words, he cut off any possibility of correcting the course of the voting.

The council members, astonished, were witnessing a practice to which they were not accustomed. In principle no one was asking anything of them, and yet everything was going just as the presiding officer wanted. Fatigue made itself felt in the hall, and another of the "unionists," Luis Alvarez Molina, asked for an adjournment until after lunch, but the

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suggestion was firmly rejected by the president. "I have promised to deliver a slate to His Majesty and I shall not leave until we have drafted it."

The moment for closest attention had come. Each council member was to write three names on a paper out of the six remaining as candidates. One by one they turned in their papers, with the following results:

Silva Munoz--15 votes  
 Lopez Bravo--13 votes  
 Adolfo Suarez--12 votes  
 Alvarez Miranda--4 votes  
 Fernandez de la Mora--3 votes  
 Rodriguez de Valcarcel--1 vote.

Torcuato smiled as he collected the papers, not so much because the operation had culminated in success, but because of a small detail which went unnoticed by the other council ministers. Silva Munoz had come close to winning the unanimous votes of the 16 council ministers. If he had, the king in pure democratic logic would have felt compelled to appoint him to head the cabinet. Although he was not legally required to do this, the rejection of the unanimous will of the council members could well provoke unpleasant attitudes. The one vote he lacked had saved the situation, particularly since it was not Torcuato who deprived him of it. Torcuato had fulfilled all the requirements set forth, and everything had come out as he wished. Barring errors in copying, this was how the vote looked.

Torquato Fernandez Miranda	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Manuel Lora Tamayo	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Pedro Cantero Cuadrado	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Carlos Fernandez Vallespi	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Angel Salas Narrazabal	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Valentin Silva Melero	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Antonio M. Oriol Urquijo	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
J. A. Giron de Velasco	Silva	A. Miranda	G. de la Mora
Miguel Primo de Rivera	A. Miranda	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Dionisio Martin Sanz	Silva	A. Miranda	G. de la Mora
Luis Alvarez Molina	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
J. M. Araluce Villar	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Joaquin Viola Sauret	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Enrique de la Mata	Silva	A. Miranda	G. de la Mora
Angel Gonzalez Alvarez	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez
Inigo Oriol	Silva	L. Bravo	A. Suarez

The final words were spoken by Giron de Velasco, who allayed the doubt of the council members by asking that it be stipulated, without need to vote again, that three candidates had won 15 votes. Primo de Rivera had rendered an inestimable service to Torcuato and the king by voting for

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Alvarez de Miranda instead of Silva. Nor could one fail to note the identical votes by the seven council members who owed their right to vote to the posts they occupied in the structure of the regime, that is to say those who depended directly on the chief of state. The president of the Council of the Realm was to say much later to his closest friends that he had not voted on any of the ballots. This statement is at odds with the arithmetic, although anything is possible when it is known that the minutes are lacking for the most important meeting of the council. The secretary, Enrique de la Mata Gorostizaga, has still not completed them.

It was about 2:50 p.m. when Torcuato Fernandez Miranda uttered these Freudian words to a circle of newsmen. "I am in a position to provide the king with what he asked of me." The final phrase, "a slate of three," was not heard, and there are those who say he never said them.

Meanwhile, Adolfo was waiting for the expected telephone call at his home in Puerta de Hierro. He was nervous. It bothered him that he had made two mistakes in less than 24 hours. In the morning, on emerging from the Council of Ministers meeting at which General de Santiago presided, he had gone over to Areilza to say to him, "I am not your enemy," causing ambiguous surprise on the part of the count. No one had asked him any questions, and in addition Motrico did not feel any animosity toward that most accomodating minister. He regretted having said this, but he was nervous and was not always in control of his feelings.

Then he had said to a National Council member that he was going to Ibiza to meet his wife, who was there with his friends Fernando Alcon and Tomas Bertran. Jokingly, the others said to him: "Don't go, or they won't reach you when they call." He did not answer, but he got into his car with a broad and meaningful smile. He had committed two errors in less than 24 hours, because he lacked mastery of his nerves. At home, while he waited for the call, his head was spinning. And it had been almost three hours since the Council of the Realm had adjourned. Nervousness and anxiety tortured him. Although everything was wrapped up and properly so, a question occurred to him: "What if they go Bourbonist with Silva?"

Before he could find an answer the telephone rang.

Chapter II. The Way of the Cross in Avila

First Station--Adolfo Is Condemned

At 5:00 in the morning on that April day only a streak of light could be seen on the horizon. Although the sky was now lightening, the human figures seemed to be silhouetted in the crosslight created by the oil of lamps and the timid rays of dawn. A rite which was as timeless as those faces, as the cold, as the very ramparts of Avila, was about to begin.

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The way of the cross with its 14 close-set, brief stations, measured with a few steps the distances marking off days and hours in the life of Christ. This ceremony had been held for centuries, and the custom left the same impression in the memory of those present every year as the holy images carried in procession along the ramparts.

Five hours earlier the 19th day of the month of April in the 57th year of the 20th century had begun, and it was Good Friday. The heart of Don Sabino Martin Hernandez, an industrialist and native and resident of Avila, was full of emotion. The wicked cold heightened the color in his cheeks still further. For many years he had dreamed of a Friday like this. For him it was not the day of Christ's Passion, but a day of glory. Every bit of wood in the 16 crosses marking the way of the cross was his, paid for by him. Finally he had succeeded in getting his donation accepted.

The wood for the 16 crosses had been provided free. He did not know if any of his ancestors had won Spain fighting against the Moors, nor did he know very well what it meant to be an "old Christian," but here were the 16 crosses to bear witness to the fact that the spirit of Avila was alive.

The way of the cross began as it did every year. At 5:00 in the morning, at the sound of the traditional cannon salvo, a small group of notables moved forward, followed by the leading lights of the town and, finally, the ordinary people. The cold of a Castilian dawn enveloped the ramparts of Avila.

Each of the 14 stations had its sturdily planted cross, larger than the human form, to mark the distances between the two kingdoms, that of this world and that of the spirit, in an oft-repeated ritual. Although the episodes of Christ in the last moments of his life were 14, Don Sabino had donated wood for 16 crosses, all of which were placed along the wall.

Matters of faith outranked business and the imperfections of trade. Don Sabino had many reasons to feel business pride, but this time he was to watch the devout prayer and the submissive genuflections of his fellow citizens as if they bowed in homage to his gesture.

But he did not mind waiting, knowing that the city would revive, would suffer and would celebrate Holy Week year after year, and that it was written that this would be his year. Finally, a Martin Hernandez would set the standard his children would recall and his grandchildren remember, by donating the wood for the holy stations of the cross.

He did not count on it until the fact was certain, and he took great care to speak of it to no one. Holy Week in that year, 1957, had begun on 14 April. The day that hearts were saddened, the theatres shut down and the music became majestic--that day that year coincided with the anniversary of the establishment of the republic.

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No one would comment on that unhappy coincidence, of that he was sure, but it was a small irritation to have his happiness marred by that unwelcome memory. As the friar had said, God sometimes writes the truth in crooked lines.

Who still remembered that republican 14 April? Possibly the governor, Jose Poveda Murcia. He was then 20 years old and Ciudad Real, where he lived, was a boiling pot. But while Don Sabino passed his gaze over those walking ahead of him he heard the monotonous voice of Bishop Don Santos reciting his supplication at the first station of Christ.

Don Santos Moro did indeed well remember the date of the "lamentable republic," as he liked to call it when he spoke of it. He was not living in Avila on that historic day but as the date 18 July 1936 was fixed in his mind, he could imagine what the Masonic date 14 April 1931 must have been like.

As Don Santos pronounced the "Jesus Is Condemned to Death," it rang out at that morning hour like a gunshot. Don Sabino, little given to dramatization, because spasmodic behavior was ill advised in business and in the 1950s executive heart attacks were not yet recognized, was struck then by something he had not previously noticed. Near the bishop, standing somewhat apart because of his status as a layman and his youth, was that lofty lad who, without being tall, gave the impression of being able to see everything. He held a candle in his hand, not particularly tightly, consistent with the varying steadiness of his gaze. That boy had had bad luck. He remembered him as he walked between the governor, Don Fernando Herrero, and the bishop the year before. Without this present aspect, rather more concentrated, more sure of himself. As Fernando Herrero, his sponsor, had been sent to Logrono, things did not seem to be going well for him.

He was still the president of the Catholic Action youth organization, but this only qualified him to accompany the bishop in processions and to get his name in the DIARIO DE AVILA from time to time. He was not yet 25 years old and he was already doomed. He was the son of Hipolito Suarez, the fugitive, and these things leave a permanent mark in small towns.

Don Sabino recalled that Hipolito too, if he had been present, which was not his style, would certainly have made a joke about the 14 April coincidence. He too would recall it very well. But it might not even occur to his son, Adolfo.

Although this was a day of pardon, in the view of Don Sabino, that lad--Adolfo--walking a few steps behind Don Santos was condemned. It mattered little that he was born on the 25th of September some 24 years earlier, and that he looked much like any other Avila native of his age, and also despite the fact that he seemed so sympathetic that it rang false. But

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that was how things were in the town: Adolfo was condemned. His father, Hipolito, the famous "Polo," well known in Avila since he arrived just prior to the civil war, had been struck off the town's list of "honorable" citizens. Why, Don Sabino wondered, couldn't these things be forgotten for Holy Week at least?

Second Station--Beneath the Cross of Avila

There are three days in the year which shine brighter than the sun: Corpus Christi, Good Friday and the Feast of Ascension. So goes the saying about the religious customs which apply to all of Spain. Except Avila.

Avila focuses attention on two dates, Good Friday and 15 October, the feast day of Saint Teresa. The balance of the 365 days of the year are devoted particularly to preparations for these two great events. Adolfo Suarez was a native of this city, although his mother gave birth to him in Cebreros, 50 kilometers from the capital. His life up to the age of 25 had taken place here, in the bosom of a family whose boundaries were the city ramparts.

In 1954 the town had a population of 24,201, the majority of whom engaged in the triangular life of sleeping, except for special occasions falling within the realm of privacy, within the walls, working near Salamanca or Valladolid and dreaming of Madrid. Because Avila came within the university district of Salamanca, from the judicial point of view it came within the jurisdiction of the Territorial High Court of Madrid, and recruits did their military service under the Captaincy-General of Valladolid.

It was a separate world, neither better or worse than the others, but different. Unamuno saw it as a convent, thus demonstrating that we usually leave cities with the same idea that drew us to them. Ridruejo non-committally termed it the "rocky source of beautifully fashioned things," and on taking his leave could only speak with emotion of "this vestigial city, this slice of the 16th century."

And truly it is a beautiful remnant of a century in which things were more beautiful than men. One cannot be sure whether history counted the years backward or forward between the "animated, variegated and bustling" Avila of the era of King John II and that of Governor Herrero Tejedor. For it was not in the 1500s nor in the years preceding it that a mayor, Aresio Gonzalez, dedicated to purity body and mind, imposed a five-peseta fine on any woman going out to dump the garbage without stockings. This was the year of our Lord 1950.

Wouldn't it have been the dream of the great inquisitor Torquemada, safely buried at the convent of Saint Thomas of Avila, to have spies with eyesight keen enough to distinguish the presence of stockings in the

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darkness? The furor of Torquemada governed respectable men however limited their power. There are still on the sidewalks of Avila some mute witnesses to the strolls taken by the chancellor of the bishopric, Dr Garcia Robledo, through the streets and squares as the glorious Sunday which would climax Holy Week approached.

"What had the chancellor seen to cause him to clutch his cloak angrily around him and turn brusquely into this modest jeweller's on San Segundo Street?

"I order you to take these obscene black figures out of the window immediately! Don't you know it is Holy Week?" he added sarcastically.

It was the weight of religion, of the Church, of the century which forced this man into abject apology, although in his heart of hearts he did not believe that these black rough decorative figures, a novelty in 1956, could suggest sin even to a sacristan.

Spain's pure and strict years were lived in the provinces, not in the major capitals. There was a religious aspect to the '50s in Avila, for the spirit of the Church dominated everything, from the single newspaper to the account books of society, its pageantry and its parades. There were in the "Reflections of Society" published in the DIARIO DE AVILA, in addition to news of weddings, baptisms and anniversaries, such announcements as this: "The former distinguished national teacher from this province, Sister Asuncion Gomez, took her solemn vows at the Convent of Santo Domingo El Real in Madrid, with the Reverend Father Antonio, O.P., officiating. She was sponsored by her mother, Dona Elisa Cacho del Bosque, and her brother Francisco, secretary general of the Spanish Veterinary Colleges." The anonymous author of the report on that 10 May 1955 added: "Our cordial congratulations."

The city lived for Holy Week. Every year 2,000 posters and 10,000 programs were published so that "the world will know about Holy Week in Avila." The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem was announced in all the schools so that each and every child would bring the palm branch to create the proper atmosphere for what the people called the "procession of the little donkeys."

The '50s were still imbued with a spirituality which one would have to go back 500 years to find, at the time Alonso de Madrigal, regarded in Avila in 1956 as "the great intellectual acme," was alive. Alonso de Madrigal, better known as "El Tostado," is an author relegated today to the grey-haired specialists, but his personal courage in dealing with the Pope, the sinister Torquemada and even King Juan II himself, easily merits, instead of such frequent mention of his name, an effort by someone to publish the whole of his works.

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Just as the cold remained, just as the weak dog star continued to drowse as of yore, so things remained the same. It was like looking out the window of a train after awakening, not certain which direction you are moving. There are names which were never said for fear of blundering. Professor Aranguren and the North American philosopher Santayana, long-time residents of the walled city, were never even spoken of. They were like the boars carved of stone: they were there because someone put them there and it would be best to leave them alone.

Meanwhile, the Avila Studies and Research Center made public a notice, on Saturday, 14 January 1956, issuing an "invitation to all Avila intellectuals to attend the provocative and interesting and up-to-date lecture on the emigration of the ants," which would be given by Don Rafael Gomez Trujillano.

If in truth there was another Avila, not only four or five centuries ago, but in other less hard and pure eras, it was left for the historian. Perhaps the irredentist dream of Castile lived on in Avila like a never-ending lullaby. This Avila of the 1950s could have seemed like Soria, or Vitoria, but none could equal it in authenticity. Avila was real, and in addition it was true.

#### Third Station--Adolfo's First Fall

He was only 20 when the bishop, Don Santos Moro Briz, appointed him president of the Diocesan Council of Catholic Action Youth. A long title which those involved reduced to the awkward-sounding "Youth-Pres." For Adolfo it was his first post, his first temptation, and his first fall.

An ambitious youth, recently enrolled as a free student at the University of Salamanca, while living in Avila, he had no choice but to plunge into religious proselytizing. He was outstanding in nothing, except his charm and his ability to get along. If the city is not exactly sympathetic, a young man who is has a long row to hoe. Public relations would have to wait until later, for lack of an environment in which to practice.

The bishop supervised Adolfo directly. Although the monseigneur did not take too much interest in the young people, the fact that he remained president for almost 10 years shows the features of his character: patience and constancy. Don Santos Moro was not easy to deal with. Amiable and compliant with the regime, be it that in Madrid, Avila or the Vatican, he was nonetheless adamant in the realm of religion and would tolerate no one who created problems for him.

Don Santos had the means to exercise authority. Of timid appearance, with a forward tilt to his shoulders giving him the aspect of a frightened man, he had friends who were bold, not at all timid and the source of problems. For example there was Luis Valero Bermejo, with a passion for extremes more in the realm of politics than that of literature, who was to become

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famous years later because of his leadership in extreme right-wing power companies.

Valero felt for Don Santos the respect and devotion of which a man of firm political convictions such as himself could have for one of the signers of the pastoral letter in support of Franco drafted by the bishops in the midst of a fratricidal battle. Don Santos did honor to their friendship with equally firm conviction.

Recently someone posed the question, in all good faith, to the ancient bishop:

"Don Santos, would you sign the letter approved in July of 1937 today?"

"My sons," he said without a shadow of a doubt, "today I would sign it with both hands."

This was the response of the last of the Mohicans of the Church, the only surviving signatory of the historic document. In Avila in the 1940s, Valero Bermejo and Don Santos were temporal and spiritual authority superimposed. The people of Avila would remember Valero for the Bourbon development outrages in the Ensanche zone, because he liked to join the workers. And for something else, perhaps not so well known. He liked to recall the Phoenicians, with the substitution, for Bilbao, of the Jews and the troublesome elements in Barco de Avila for the Basque sword. Don Santos, for his part, would remember him for his friendship, for their ideological affinity and because he gave him a car.

Don Santos left youth matters in the hands of an adviser, Eugenio Gonzalez, a priest and later choirmaster at the cathedral. He was a good man, pious, and a reader of Thomas a Kempis. When Don Eugenio attempts to reconstruct the image of that young man called Adolfo, he reacts with a conditioned reflex like Pavlov's dogs--meaning no offense to the good Don Eugenio, saying: "At that time he was reading 'Camino,' the best-seller by the secretary general of the Opus Dei."

This was a grey period in Adolfo's life, as it was a grey period in the life of every adolescent. But he read the book by Monseigneur Escriva, who wrote in verse 294: "The plants, covered with snow, cannot be seen. And the peasant says cheerfully, now they are growing inside. Think of yourself, of your forced inactivity. Tell me, are you growing inside too?"

History offers coincidences which time later makes significant. When Adolfo joined the Catholic Action of Avila, the priest-adviser entrusted with youth matters was Jose Maria Bulart, who left that modest post to concern himself with the private sins of the Franco marriage. The thought occurs that the gods pointed the way to the first bridge to power for Adolfo in his most tender adolescence, but he was too young to take advantage of it.

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Fourth Station--Adolfo Meets His Mother

Infancy is like a stone cast into the water creating ever more distant ripples on the surface. Then it seems that we have cast no stone and yet more than a dozen years are gone and we cannot recover the stone. Adolfo's childhood was thus. A succession of images, of schools, of subjects, of family members, of examinations, all imbued with the classroom odor of rotten potatoes.

First there were classes at the Avila Institute, where he enrolled in 1941, after his studies at the San Juan de la Cruz Seminary, where that characteristic smell of deteriorating potatoes blended with a certain barracks atmosphere. For San Juan, although it was headed by a priest, seemed more like a civic-military school than a private institution. Don Primigenio, the director, was a primitive and violent man without pedagogical gifts. His school was the inevitable recourse for those who mistrusted the secular nature of the middle-level institutes: there was no other choice.

Adolfo was to alternate between the institute and the seminary and back again, in search, course by course, of the path of least resistance, as if he were a guerrilla strategist, concerned with the minor skirmishes resulting in a passing grade, and with surprise. He was not a good student, and was a part of the large and unenthusiastic group known as "the masses." He failed the fourth form and when on the second attempt he passed, he left Don Primigenio and his in no way poetic San Juan de la Cruz Seminary and enrolled officially in the institute. He interrupted the fifth form and later did two years in one.

His life proceeded without the vicissitudes other than family disagreements. For his mother he felt a gradually increasing affection and respect paralleled by the equally progressive contempt he was developing for his father. She was a sweet, religious and profoundly timid woman, except for the temperamental and adamant moments when it was a question of her children or her inheritance. She spent her life alternately in Avila and Cebreros, until she met an arrogant, charming, irresistible man, who in addition was a court prosecutor. His name was Hipolito, hers was Herminia, and they were married.

It should be said that he made a good match with Herminia, for she inherited a distillery, a wine shop and some general warehouses. And in addition she had the patience equal to a 19th-century husband, with his gambling, women and cigars. At the least happy times in her life, of which there were not a few, Herminia withdrew to Cebreros, where there was a man able to help in difficult times--her uncle Paco. Adolfo was to inherit this maternal pattern.

Cebreros is small, almost tiny if it were not for the summer visitors and the wine, which if excellent in another era served to blur the memories of

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a people who had a very harsh experience of the terrors of the period following the uncivil war. In the '30s this was a republican bastion in a zone where a vote for Gil Robles, in the eyes of the most extreme right wing, was a "doubtful" one.

When Hipolito and Herminia were married they set up housekeeping in Avila, where they led a modest life. Their house at No 1 Enrique Larreta Street was a typical middle-class home of the kind experiencing difficulty in educating five children. The first two would have professional careers, Adolfo graduating in law and Hipolito in medicine. The other three were to have a different fate. Carmen was to make a good marriage with a seller of meat and wines named Aurelio Delgado, later engaging in "musical pursuits" and following the political fortunes of Adolfo, without, of course, abandoning the meat or the wines.

The youngest brothers, Ricardo and Jose Maria, were to give thanks to the gods for the appointment of their brother as general director of the radio-television system, and were to experience the ultimate in fraternal happiness on the day of his appointment as prime minister.

Adolfo by this time was an average boy, neither ugly nor handsome, neither clever nor stupid, neither tall nor short. At 17 he underwent an operation to correct a hernia, and just as miraculously as he was to be made the political head of the nation one day, after the hernia was corrected he began to grow, and at 18, after joining the Catholic Action and his appointment as president of the youth group, he had become a tall, quick fellow, who went to La Coruna, where his father came from and where a number of relatives lived.

His mother, Herminia, followed Adolfo's ups and downs in his secondary studies closely. He found a private teacher, Celestino Minguella, to help him navigate this stormy sea of his studies. "I remember what daily communion was like at 14," Celestino was to say. "As a student he was a normal boy who dropped his classes. His parents sought me out to see if I could interest him in his studies. He had not been taught how to study, but he had enormous strength of will."

At home the figure of his mother outweighed every other memory. At the institute it was to be that of his friends, who were few, who would go down in history, perhaps because the childhood friends of a head of government have covered much ground as soon as he is appointed prime minister.

His friends were a small group of intimates. There was Aurelio Delgado, who was first his brother-in-law and later his private secretary when he was prime minister, thus moving from brother-in-law to a still more intimate brotherhood, following illustrious precedents in Spanish history.

Then there was Fernando Alcon, the son of one of the men then most influential in the city. Later Adolfo would support him from Madrid, and

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on the establishment of the Democratic Center Union, he would be number one deputy for the province. In 1970 he became president of the Avila Chamber of Commerce and Industry, and it would be hard to live there without dealing with him, because he was the distributor for the Butane Company, El Aguila Beers, Ford and Tegaso.

Finally there were the less intimate friends, those whom history has relegated to a corner. It is possible that some were intimate and irreplaceable then and generous of heart, but time has eroded them and today they are mere wax figures in his adolescence, similar to the originals although distorted and now useless objects. There were those who went to the El Teodorillo Bar with Adolfo, Alcon and Aurelio, such as Jose Davila or Pepe Ferrer, the fisherman's son, or Jesus Saez, of the Ceres Bar. More than one of them would have in his home some old souvenir, some old unsettled debt. Childhood friends retain a memory of us which is as faithful as it is merciless.

#### Fifth Station--He Is Helped to Lift His Cross

Avila is a combination of a wall and a blue cast to the sky which envelops everything. But haven't topical matters done more harm to Avila than its own history, perhaps? Didn't Lawrence Durrell wonder as he contemplated the monuments of Cyprus whether within a few generations the Maginot line might not be studied as a work of art? For the topical interest of Avila lies here, in the wall. However we have forgotten to mention that it has the most beautiful civil architecture in Spain.

One building, although not yet four centuries old, retains the old style of the great mansions. It was the home of Luis Munoz, a doctor. A man so pious that he attracted attention even in a place like Avila. He was in good health at 70, and so logically his death took the city by surprise. It was not usual to die in a corral with a youth of 17 as the only witness.

But the house remained. It suited Mariano Gomez de Liano very well. It was spacious and would enable him to offer classes for the young legal fry taking their examinations in Salamanca. In the morning Don Mariano went to the courts--being a magistrate entailed these obligations--and in the afternoon he struggled with interminable private classes with those 50 future lawyers.

Among them was this tall young man who always explained well what he had learned badly. Adolfo was noted for this. And also because he wore his cross with dignity. Without exaggeration, but he did carry the burden of his family.

He completed his studies in September of 1954, but no one thought, he least of all, that the practice of law was for him.

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He had worked irregularly teaching classes at "El Aguila," the Manolo Academy in the Great Market Square, opposite the bar which gave it the nickname by which it was now commonly known. Adolfo had finished his law course, and for Don Mariano it was a problem of conscience: something better must be found for that boy.

As they took coffee together, the subject came up, naturally and without forcing, as they stirred in their sugar lumps. Juan Gomez Malaga noted that there was a vacancy in the municipal welfare department. And his companion, Don Mariano, continued stirring the sugar, persuaded that this could not be bad for Adolfo. Juan Gomez Malaga was an expert in the electoral procedures of the Franco era, which he managed to share with Emilio Romero, "the game cock" of the periodical PUEBLO, whenever there were elections for National Council members of the Movement. Therefore he was not fazed when Don Mariano spoke to him about Adolfo. Getting him into the welfare department was no problem.

Adolfo Suarez, a recent graduate in law from the University of Salamanca, was only 23 when he took "temporary charge" of the Avila municipal welfare department. It would be an exaggeration to say that he provided for his family, since his grandmother controlled debt-free business interest, but he was the head of the family.

Sixth Station--He Matures With Herrero Tejedor

Avila began the year 1955 with two novelties in hand: the appearance of the first "biscooter" and the appointment of a new governor, Fernando Herrero Tejedor.

The biscooter was the vehicle of the new era, a product of the limited resources and small stature of that ill-nourished generation, and the metal work of a light Italian tank before Abyssinia. It was halfway between the car invented by Ford and a motorcycle with a sidecar. Something similar was true of the new governor: he was halfway between the Falangist "blues" and the technocratic pink of Opus Dei. Although in his youth in Valencia there had been some Carlist episodes, Fernando Herrero was a Falangist persuaded that Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera and Monseigneur Escriva de Balaguer were destined to reach agreement.

His appointment as governor came on 24 July 1955. He owed it to the fact that national trade union delegate and member of the Council of the Realm Jose Solis Ruiz had the good fortune to visit Castellon and note that the governor of that town, Luis Julvez Zeperuelo enjoyed less political importance than a young prosecutor, a secondary official in the local Falange, with an inclination toward obesity and toward Monseigneur Escriva de Balaguer, a man who sported a moustache in the shaving-brush style and answered to the name of Fernando Herrero Tejedor. Before two years had passed he appointed him governor of Avila.

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He had studied law in Valencia and then taken government department examinations. He arrived in Avila with the reputation of a religious man, firm to the point of cruelty. In Castellon, where he had been born and married, no one had forgotten his name since the occasion on which he had to face the phantoms of his childhood.

Fernando did not like to talk of it publicly, although when he did, he felt pride and smiled a little at the emotion the memory aroused. He liked when telling the tale to give a certain mystery-novel twist to it. For the tale, as in British detective novels, had begun in a casino, when he read a report of a terrible crime. As he read on in the newspaper, something was stirring in the back of his mind. He was not quite sure if it was just intuition or whether there was something more, but he was plagued by the idea that an old childhood friend had something to do with the matter. He did not rest until he found the evidence: when all was said and done, he was the prosecutor. For that reason he did not hesitate to ask for the death penalty. The trial was one of those famous ones, for in any town, however small, there is a trial in each century which creates a stir. It must be presumed that Herrero Tejedor, as the prosecutor, was content when the court sentenced the assassin to life imprisonment.

According to the general view, the prosecutor had shown himself to be a model of fidelity to justice. Since he was an old friend, his behavior was impressive because of its independence. Everyone was surprised when Fernando Herrero appealed the benevolent sentence handed down in Castellon to the supreme court. In the end, the high court sentenced the defendant to death. Fernando Herrero spent the night in the chapel with his old friend, and was present at the execution. Sed lex, dura lex.

Herrero Tejedor came to Avila with two decrees in hand. One appointed him provincial head of the Spanish Falange, referring to him as "Comrade Fernando Herrero." The other simpler document was preceded by a sober "Don Fernando," and appointed him governor. The governors were both the heads of the civil authority and of the party in the provinces.

The outgoing governor was another Herrero, David by name, who, the evil-tongued hastened to tell Fernando, had refused the grant of a study scholarship of 12,500 pesetas to the adviser to the Opus Dei in Avila, which to a supernumerary of the organization such as Fernando Herrero meant a mark against him.

What no one dared tell him was that the preceding governor had been removed, among other reasons, because of an unfortunate visit paid by Franco to the province, during which Don David Herrero Lozano had answered the routine questions of the general with a "nothing new in this province, my general." Regrettably for him and to a greater extent for his fellow citizens, a hailstorm had occurred the preceding night, and the fields were flattened. As of that date his removal was merely a matter of time.

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But these things were never told to new governors, for they might be misinterpreted, and one never knew what the temper of a viceroy might be like. Fernando Herrero Tejedor was 35 when he reached Avila. He came alone, for his wife was pregnant, and he was accompanied only by his secretary from Castellon.

August was a quiet month in the city where nothing ever happened other than minor weather changes. But then the winter came and the governor's secretary, a Mediterranean type, had had no idea that the blue of the sky could coexist with the Castilian cold. The truth was that the governor was equally unaware that his secretary collected ancient weapons, with a passion which had led him on occasion to engage in what has clinically been termed "kleptomania." And the secretary, in part because of the cold and in part because of his love of weapons which were not his own, returned to the Mediterranean coast, and his post was left vacant.

Adolfo was at that time employed in the welfare office, and yet once again the Holy Spirit, in the form of Mariano Gomez de Liano, guided him toward civil government. Don Mariano, who for reasons of mutual professional interest had a warm friendship with Fernando Herrero, recommended the young lawyer. The first few weeks of the year of our Lord 1956 had already passed when Adolfo Suarez joined the secretariat of the governor of Avila.

Seventh Station--Adolfo Falls for the Second Time

There was nothing inspiring about Adolfo's first two posts, in welfare and in the civil government. For an ambitious young man, it was the first flight of an unending staircase. The welfare department was located in the same building as the civil government offices, and he had only to traverse three corridors and climb up one floor to fulfill his two tasks. Moreover, the work in the secretariat of Herrero Tejedor was more like the business in a bank than that of the political secretariat of the most powerful man in Avila.

But there remained the Catholic Action, the power of the Church. Placed now in civil government, the repercussions of his activities as a Catholic Action youth leader could be multiplied. And here the second political-religious temptation of Adolfo Suarez was born, with the "Youth to Youth" group.

The Catholic Action premises were constantly visited by a small and motley group of youths looking for a place in which to rest their bones without being bothered too much, where they could drink a Coca-Cola without supervision by their parents. In a small town the Catholic Action premises represent a ghetto full of the timid and a training ground for the bold. "Youth to Youth" was an effort to give the Catholic Action Youth a new face, to break with the old images, for if Adolfo was president, he wanted

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it to be not just of his friends but of a broader youth sector. It would be necessary to go into the streets, to reach the people who had never heard of such a thing.

The walls, the squares and the streets were filled with posters bearing a single caption: "Youth to Youth." While in the rest of Spain a form of group youth apostolates, called "Short Courses in Christianity," had become fashionable, the opportunity existed in Avila to go farther in religious influence and proselytizing. A newsman in Avila defined the group as follows: "If the renewal of the nation can and must come about through Spain, the renewal of Spain, of its youth, can and must come about through this new movement, born in an old house, cradled in the spirit of the icy ramparts, from which it must take its heroic and vigorous stance."

After Avila, the world, with Adolfo organizing it, with one foot in the civil government and the other in the leadership of the Catholic Action youth. The organization of the first great rally devoted to the young people broke away from the pattern of a timorous and simple association. Those young people imbued with an imperial and missionary spirit, which was not to last them even a year but which seemed destined to dominate the century, were playing with a toy without knowing very well if it worked forward or backward. Nor did it probably concern them greatly.

On 1 July 1956, the inaugural ceremony was held in the main Avila theater, at 12:30, to allow time enough for a stroll after 11:00 mass. The hall was crowded when the first speaker, Adolfo Suarez, began his address. "Christ needs . . . men! Friends, the Catholic Action offers us an opportunity to show Christ that the courageous race which in other eras conquered worlds for God is still alive." The newsman who quoted Adolfo's speech word for word in the Avila newspaper commented enthusiastically that "he was virile, energetic, vehement."

The other speakers then, Jose Luis Sagredo and Jose Luis Cortes, had little to accomplish there, before the 1,800 young people. For an hour the three Avila Catholic Youth leaders sustained the mystical emotion. It was "an extraordinary event, a violent discharge which wrenched the youth of Avila from their habitual lethargy," an anonymous but animated journalist wrote. "The great protagonist of the ceremony, according to the organ of the Church in Avila, was Christ!" As the Lord was not present, it must be presumed that Adolfo won his first success with the masses as an intermediary.

The "Youth to Youth" group had every religious and political blessing. Although they had done no more than change the name of the traditional Catholic Action youth group, the bishop, Don Santos Moro, could not but be surprised when the young people focused in a ceremony on a protagonist so close to his own thinking as Christ. Thus it can be presumed that the monseigneur dispensed his benedictions as in the past he had signed letters, that is to say with both hands.

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The other blessings, the political ones, Adolfo could obtain at any hour of the day or night, without moving from his office, thanks to his post so close to the governor. But the lambs of the Lord do not live by blessings alone, and the youth group which was so robust at birth was beginning to weaken. The apostolic furor in those reviewing the "problems of the young" in the early months--chastity, purity, the life of piety and premarital relations, were losing ground to more profane concerns, and Adolfo, discouraged perhaps about the charismatic capacity of the spirit and the contemplative life, turned some activities over to subordinates, for example his friend Fernando Alcon, such as the musical series, which as everybody knows did not thrill either Napoleon or him.

The first year of life for this replacement of Catholic Action known as Youth to Youth was filled with projects and lectures. Addresses on such subjects as "Love, Sex and Religion," by Dr Francisco Pena, or "Premarital Relations," by the expert Father Evaristo Martin, aroused considerable interest. In March of 1957, a series of religious talks for the 1956 contingent of annual recruits was planned. These humble young men obsessed with hand grenades and Mausers needed to be vaccinated with spirituality, and Adolfo, who was responsible for a large part of the apostolic concept, would end the series with a lecture with the vibrant title "Your Problem, Young Man!" It would be a simple, natural appeal for chastity, which might be a joking matter today, but at that time being chaste was a concern as legitimate as it was unnecessary, because there were not very many opportunities not to be. Necessity dictated virtue.

A misinformed observer might come to the conclusion that sexuality was as important as the ramparts in Avila. He would be wrong, because it was more important. It was a general problem in Spain. While one part of the country came to sexual experience late, unsatisfactorily or never, the other part was obsessed with the delay, unsatisfactory nature or eternal postponement of the experiences those who could achieved.

Little by little the apostolic furor waned, and what had been known as Youth to Youth came to be known mistakenly by the name "Weeks of Love" (Christian, naturally). The brilliantly planned beginning of Youth to Youth early in the 1957-58 school year was to be followed by death due to lack of sustenance. Adolfo would give the first talk, but by the end of the school year he was no longer living in Avila. What he said in that address should be written in bold letters, for it represented the first promise of his life. "He said the following to the trusting members of the Catholic Action group: 'We undertake a promise which we made you on the first of July of this year. As we did then, we reiterate that it is necessary for us to be with Christ.'"

At that time Adolfo Suarez was still with the welfare department, Fernando Herrero Tejedor was not yet governor of Avila, and his work as secretary lay in the future. It was then that he suggested that a poster

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be printed and placed on the wall of the Catholic Action Youth Center. It read: "Tomorrow belongs to the youths who love and follow Christ."

#### Eighth Station--Adolfo Encounters Women in His Path

They sent their children to Salamanca to study, and many parents perhaps never asked themselves why, but they did it. They could have sent them to Madrid, but they thought that the world of Salamanca was much closer to that of Avila than the world of metropolitan Madrid.

Adolfo was 17 when he enrolled as a free student in the faculty of law. His parents were no exception and they sent him to Salamanca. That first year would go badly. He earned the only "excellent" in his university career, in Roman Law, but he could only complete three courses, and left two for the following year. It was not easy at that time to interrupt one's studies. When things developed badly, there was always the recourse of applying for the "unable to appear" slip. It would have been necessary to be very cruel to the students to deny them this handy recourse. On nine occasions Adolfo applied for such slips, seven of them for special examinations and two for examinations taken a year late.

He did not have a good academic record. Between 1949 and 1954 he pursued his university career as a free student, earning 20 "passes," 5 "goods," and 1 "excellent." He lived for the most part in Avila, pursuing private classes with his teacher and protector Gomez de Liano, going to Salamanca infrequently. It was therefore a university course which perhaps had more human than academic value.

While his brother Hipolito studied medicine, he pursued the law. These were the classic options for young people from the middle classes in Avila: medicine or law. And as history offers happy coincidences, his professor of administrative law at the University of Salamanca was none other than Clavero Arevalo, later UCD [Democratic Center Union] deputy and a minister in the cabinet formed by his student, Adolfo Suarez. A cruel fate for this professor, if we bear in mind that while he was teaching at the University of Seville, Felipe Gonzalez was one of his students. Who could comment better than Clavero on the fleeting influence of teachers?

Salamanca, a calm but always a frontier town, was an entirely different world from Avila. Although it was not the Sodom and Gomorrah that was Madrid, it had its thousand and one nights, its red-light district with its safeguards and its diseases. For the Spanish university was for centuries, and until the end of the '60s, the place where sobriquets and other things one wanted to know about but never dared ask were earned.

For the young male inhabitants of Avila, the discovery of their sexual nature could occur in the traditional way, that is with marriage, or thanks to the redeeming contract with sister cities such as Vallavolid or Salamanca. For the economic establishment, it was Madrid, near in

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terms of kilometers but very far in terms of opportunity. There was also happenstance, for example the happy group trip like that taken to Catalonia at the beginning of the '50s by a group of Catholic Action young people. Pagan Barcelona welcomed Christian young people to participate in some sports competition, the slogan for which was the old Roman falacy: "Mens sana in corpore sano." The group from Avila lost the matches and their virginity. Adolfo went as a ping-pong player, an athletic activity characteristic for one who frequented Catholic Action premises and lived in a walled city.

Those who participated in that adventure, whose hair nowadays shows traces of silver, will not forget the final day, when the delegation from the noble city of Avila setting forth for the parade was represented by little more than the standard-bearer. The rest were recovering from the ravages of their trip and their experiences.

For Adolfo, university life came down to a few things: examinations, girls, and the university militia. Examinations meant days of grey skies and dark spirits, merely uncomfortable. As to the girls, one always had the right to do what one could. If one was named Sonsoles Sanchez Bermejo, the daughter of a pastry-maker who shipped Saint Teresa sweet cakes to all Christendom, and the other was named Illana and would eventually, without much doubt, be his wife, when all is said and done private life belongs to private citizens, and at that time Adolfo was one. And no one imagined that one day he would cease to be.

The university militia involved experiencing the misery of the recruit while dreaming of becoming an officer, and then after a few months, reliving the misery of the recruit from the other side of the fence. The recruits went to Monte la Reina, and then Melilla was the site of his hours of service as a supplementary militia officer. There is no plaque to mark this fact, but nonetheless in the heart of one captain who was to play a familiar role in important and turbulent Spanish affairs, the image of that young man named Adolfo Suarez remained engraved. That captain was Jose Casinello Perez, the brother of Andres, the organizer of Admiral Carrero Blanco's intelligence services. We will encounter him again, for life, as the Greek said, is a never-ending return.

Ninth Station--Adolfo Falls for the Third Time

Baldomero Duque, the rector of the Avila Higher Seminary, was overjoyed on telling his colleagues of the good news. He was not an emotional man, rather cerebral instead, but the news would make an impression on the young people of the city and represented a hopeful sign. Perhaps it would be too hasty to make it public, and besides these things should be announced by the interested parties themselves, for then if there was a change of heart the responsibility would be his. Adolfo Suarez, president of the Catholic Action youth, wanted to enroll in the seminary!

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The year 1956 had now ended and Don Baldomero had great hopes for the new year. The two successes with which that year had ended had made him proud of his San Juan de la Cruz y Santa Teresa Seminary, which had achieved such prestige since the days of those patron saints, and which he himself had modestly increased in notable fashion. It was not often that two young men with brilliant futures decided to go into a life of such sacrifice as the priesthood.

First the decision had been made by Jose Llado y Fernandez Urrutia, a chemist with an academic history of the first water and very important family. He came to the seminary through the friendly offices of Alfonso Querejazu, a most extraordinary individual, and now the young man was pursuing the life of the seminarian. And now it seemed that young Adolfo would follow the same path. Certainly the intellectual concerns of the two young men were very different. Llado appeared to be a lad with a good educational background, and in addition he came under the guidance of Querejazu. Adolfo's problems were of another sort.

The seminaries in Avila and Vitoria were regarded as the most outstanding in that era. The personality of Father Federico Sopena had created an atmosphere of intellectual interest in the seminary in Vitoria. Don Baldomero Duque, and the presence in the city of Alfonso Querejazu, gave the Avila seminary an aura not to be found in the other Spanish seminaries.

Querejazu had come to Avila when the civil war had just ended, and in those days of little sympathy for unusual individuals, he had a circle of friends making up a curious mixture of followers of Ortega y Gasset and Jansen. In the intellectual desert which was Spain at that time, an in no way negligible cultural light was radiating. Querejazu was to wait some years before organizing the intellectual exchanges which were to go down in history as the "Gredos Talks."

He was a diplomat by profession and had studied in Heidelberg, Oxford and republican Madrid, always inclined more toward spiritual than cultural problems. He had a late-blooming religious calling which led him to the priesthood and to Avila, while in the midst of a tuberculosis cure, and into a world in which he had no special interest.

In Avila, the person of Alfonso Querejazu was watched with cautious reserve, if not with open contempt. And yet few men ever did more for the city, in the religious field, than this man who seemed to have been taken from a tale by the elder Tolstoy. Scheming around him were individuals, some of them forgotten today and others still flourishing. There were Baldomero Duque, the rector of the seminary, Olegario Gonzalez de Cardedal, a theologian specializing in dogmatics, trained in Munich and England, and now dean of the Pontifical University of Salamanca. There were also Querejazu's favorite disciple, Jose Luis Aranguren, and

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Jose Llado y Fernandez Urrutia, who before becoming minister of commerce in the first Adolfo Suarez cabinet came to be the testamentary executor of Querejazu.

Those "Gredos Talks" brought together the intellectual figures of that era every year, at the Gredos Inn, under the spell of the personality of Alfonso Querejazu: Aranguren, Lain Entralgo, Julian Marias, Diez del Corral, Vegas Latapie, Fuentes Quintana, poets such as Vivanco, or young men like Lorenzo Gomis, and critic Jose Maria Castellet. These were a kind of spiritual exercise for intellectuals, and their decline began in 1961 when the winds of history blew through the window of the inn thanks to Aranguren, and neither Gregorian chants, nor piety, nor the symbols of Pentecost sufficed any longer. What had begun on 23 May 1951 died of suffocation without ever having had the vitality of adolescence.

The most moving and artful record of the "Talks" and their limits is to be found in the verses of one of those present, Luis Felipe Vivanco:

"Although it is not night and they are dining together,  
And he who loves them wants to continue loving them  
To the end, remaining in the bread and the wine.  
Now they have taken communion together. And they fall quiet.  
And they are sad."

They took communion together and it is possible that they never exchanged even one phrase, and it is also possible that for various reasons they were sad. While Llado was crossing the threshold of a religious experience, Adolfo was experiencing his third temptation, to advance through ecclesiastical circles toward more distant goals. They were neighbors but they lived in different worlds.

Adolfo never attended the "Gredos Talks," and it is curious and logical at the same time that since Don Baldomero habitually invited modest seminar-ians and young laymen with spiritual concerns to participate in the talks, it never occurred to him to invite the dynamic young president of the Catholic Action Youth.

Adolfo was on a number of occasions close to worlds in which anyone with intellectual interests could have induced him to participate; however, he never crossed that line. His world was another world, although at that time he did not know where it was. He was not long in finding out. His experience as a candidate seminarian did not last three months, for he was summoned by a voice louder than that of faith.

Tenth Station--Adolfo Is Stripped of His Vestments

Because we are born defenseless and we grow up in a vulnerable family, we are for this very reason less naked when the family, or whoever is mainly responsible for it--the father--fails in the duty of defending us. Adolfo

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was left thus denuded when in 1955 his father, Hipolito Suarez, abandoned his family.

Hipolito was a person well known in the city. He had married Herminia, who inherited some businesses which if not prosperous were at least respectable. A good match for a man who had only the shirt on his back and a profession based on his good name, as that of a court prosecutor is. Hipolito spent some time moving back and forth from Madrid to Cebreros and the capital, Avila. It was there that the military call-up of 18 July found him. As time elapsed, he shut himself up in his home.

They were not long in coming in search of him. From the very first Avila was a pro-Franco zone and the electoral assistance it provided the republican Deputy Claudio Sanchez Albornoz is well known. Hipolito's father had been a part of this, and he followed in the paternal tradition.

Hipolito's personality was marked by an irresistible charm, an extraordinary talent for handling the papers which fate brought his way, and a fear which alas sometimes challenges the imagination. When the sinister agents came in the night in search of him, they had no doubt that this man lying in bed was sick unto death and not worth the unpleasant effort of taking him in a stretcher to the firing wall. Those who came for him thought he would not live even as long as it would take Mola and Franco to enter Madrid.

But the military march of Mola and Franco took longer than it should have, and the crowded cafes in Puerta del Sol grew cold, and yet Hipolito still lived. To tell the tale and to enjoy it. He was called "El Anisillo" in Cebreros because he managed a liquor plant in the village of Cadarso, but he also won the nickname by his own hand. He more than compensated for the bad periods of forced closing in the dark years of the war. His charm emerged strengthened and his earnings multiplied.

He liked to play poker and the card game julay, and when he played he won more than he lost. He was a gallant with a winning way and few scruples, and given his somewhat Quixotic physique and lack of discretion, he won all favors. For discretion is no advantage when relishing the sweets of provincial triumphs. His friends knew him as "Polo," and it was he one could find with his cigar, wine glass and cup of coffee near the window overlooking the sidewalk, with a roving eye and a quick word.

He was a friend, or so it seemed, of all of Avila, from the magistrates who slept at his house to men such as the legendary Manuel "Panos," a stonecutter and contractor arrested on a train arriving in Bilbao in an incident which would seem to have been lifted from the imagination of Dickens.

Our "Panos" entered his compartment and was pleased to see that he would make the voyage accompanied only by an attractive young lady. The train

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had already covered what were for Manuel impatient kilometers when he asked her: "Can I turn out the light?" The young lady, entirely calm, responded with a clear-cut "Yes." "Panos" lost not a moment in throwing himself at the girl, who screamed and kicked and slapped his face. When the inspector came he could think of nothing to say but: "But why did this whore of a harlot tell me to put out the light?"

The courtly circles in Avila were like the train loaded with the likes of Hipolito and "Panos." Hipolito, who had never traveled farther than Madrid, La Coruna and Reinosa, where his father had been prosecutor and a confirmed devotee of the cards, the ladies, alcohol and death, until senility and extreme unction--without ever having been farther, "Polo" was the one viewed as a man of the world in the provincial city. But there comes a day when society decides to shift into reverse without notice, and what were successes and complacent smiles yesterday become pitfalls. And from these one goes to economic irregularities in the exercise of a profession, and one ends by going to Madrid, never returning again to live in the city of the walls.

For flight is like an interminable path with the added aggravation that one can never look back. The people who always seek ultimate reasons for things ended up thinking that the blame for everything fell to Don Claudio Sanchez Albornoz. If he had not known him before the war, probably things would not have gone so far.

Eleventh Station--Nailed to the City

On 9 February 1956, the student clashes at the University of Madrid left one person wounded, Miguel Alvarez. A group of Falangists, the only persons with weapons at that time, confronted the bold democrats of that era. A bullet fired unintentionally by a man with an unmistakable and familiar Falangist name struck Miguel down. That night could have been the night of "the long knives," and to that end the influential men of the party met, wearing their black belts, blue shirts and high boots for the occasion. Each had his own list of men to be eliminated in order to carry the imminent revolution forward. One name, only one, included on the list of the physician and head of the Falange intelligence services, Gonzalez Vicent, struck fear in the hearts of the conspirators and the operation was postponed.

One day someone will tell this entire story. While Madrid was astir and everything was magnified, the governor of Avila, Fernando Herrero Tejedor, traveled to Madrid, and Adolfo Suarez was left in a bureaucratic paradise in the city where everything had been planned, with details and instructions, by the absent governor, in a document published on 30 December 1955. Its title, "Prospects for Avila, 1956," left no room for doubt. While the country required patching up, Adolfo suffered from the desire to begin the battle for political power.

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Herrero Tejedor, like the ministers and other authorities, visited the martyr created out of Miguel Alvarez at the Concepcion Clinic. No one was very sure who he was, although he was a worthy representative of bad luck. On 22 February 1956 Herrero visited him. It was just a few days before Spain was to recognize the independence of Morocco. The imperial dreams had ended, even in Avila, so given to dreaming, where no one could think beyond guaranteeing his own uncertain future.

There were exceptions. On 25 April of that year, when Herrero Tejedor was governor and Adolfo Suarez one of his secretaries, an Avila merchant proposed an idea to the world which it refused to adopt: to hold a "Papal Business Day," to improve the finances of the Vatican so that it could better aid the countries needing relief. The method proposed was as simple as inventorying a bakery. It involved allocating one percent of the sales for one day to His Holiness. Apart from any other consideration, it was more efficient than collecting paper money for the poor.

But the idea which revolutionized Avila came not from Franco, nor the Pope, nor Herrero Tejedor. It was a film director, Stanley Kramer, who decided to shoot a film on the walls of the city. It was called "The Pride and the Passion," and it had everything. It was romantic, for it dealt with an irresistible love, heroic, because it described the gesture of the Spaniards against Napoleon, and it had the indescribable advantage of featuring Sophia Loren, Frank Sinatra and Cary Grant.

Sophia Loren in Avila! Her arrival on 2 June 1956 was an event. Little matter that the protagonist in the film would be a giant cannon--the film would go down in history as the "Loren movie." Preparations for the filming began in March, and from the governor to the last citizen of Avila, everyone was involved in the affair. The producers had made it clear on 12 March: "We rely on the special help of the civil governor, Don Fernando Herrero, who has given us everything we asked, and put us in touch with Jose Luis Garcia Chirveches, a deputy leader of the Movement, who organized the recruiting of 5,000 guerrilla fighters from all over the province for the scene showing the attack on the city." The life of the citizenry, official and private, religious and public, followed Kramer's film. The DIARIO DE AVILA carried ads such as these: "For the film 'The Pride and the Passion.' Extras being hired. Apply at the home of the comrade living in the provincial headquarters of the Movement." Everyone went--acting as extras was among the party tasks. The "comrades" would play guerrilla fighters, and the Movement would dream of the mayor of Mostoles and the uprising of 1808.

The arrival of Sophia Loren caused a commotion. Since it was she, no one objected when the prima donna disdained the modest Avila hotels and stayed in Madrid. Adolfo Suarez took part as yet another extra in the inexpressible attack on the ramparts, side by side with the great cannon and the halos surrounding the divine Sinatra and Grant.

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When the shooting was finished on 2 June and the equipment was loaded up and sent trundling after the giant cannon to Segovia, there was considerable popular indignation, and the bishopric of Avila was accused of boycotting the film and of forcing Loren to move to Segovia with the whole of the crew. In an era when there was some concern about what the people might think, the bishopric was forced to issue a public statement denying the rumor, which in the nature of how things were then did nothing but confirm the opinion of the public. The bishopric was responsible for depriving the people of Avila of an extra day or two of contact with the world.

While "The Pride and the Passion" went elsewhere, Adolfo returned to his welfare council and the gubernatorial offices, having had to return his guerrilla fighter's uniform. It was to be some time until another film was made in Avila. Someone wrote in the daily newspaper of the city at that time about "Avila, the film mecca." Since this referred to Armando Calvo, Tony Leblanc and Rosita Arenas in "The Man Who Missed the Train," it brought a smile to those who had experienced the pride and the passion of working with Sophia Loren. However the stars had gone, and the 5,000 guerrilla fighters returned to strolling through the Great Market Square as if nothing had happened.

#### Twelfth Station--The Day Opportunity Died

In the month of August, 1956, a new decree assigned Fernando Herrero to the civil government in Logrono. He came in August and he left in August. He held his post in Avila for one year and nine days. He was replaced by Jose Poveda Murcia, who would occupy that post for another year and 23 days. Avila seemed destined to have governors on an annual cycle, like the harvest.

Beginning on the 10th day of August in that year, Adolfo could already begin to look for a new job. He continued at the welfare council, but it was not the same as before. Although he still worked with the Catholic Action, he had lost contact with the political regime. Herrero Tejedor did not take him with him to Logrono. The time had come to rely on his own means.

Although unaware of it, he resembled the character in "The Glory of Don Ramiro," the novel by Enrique Larreta which had created a furor in Argentina in the '30s. Like the protagonist, he too lived in Avila and his impressive years were already behind him, and the time had now come to break with the city, with his family, his protectors. If he nurtured some ambition, the moment had come to fight for it.

Avila no longer would give of itself. He would have to prepare, as the young Don Ramiro did, for the leap into another world. The doubt lay between religion and politics. Until the end of that year, 1956, the doubt remained. But it was to be of only a few months' duration. After

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that the name of the goal was Madrid. With an unremarkable and stumbling career in law, lacking a father and protectors such as Herrero Tejedor, he needed to go where the wool was carded, bereft of material or even a shuttle.

Adolfo had probably never heard of "The Glory of Don Ramiro" nor of its author, Larreto, an impassioned lover of Avila, now forgotten, and yet coincidence had been at work with these two. One of the last decisions made by Herrero Tejedor in Avila had to do with that personage in a lost, almost pathetic, world, named Enrique Larreta. At Herrero's home, with the chancellor of the bishopric, Dr Garcia Robledo, present, they persuaded the Argentine author to submit to "ecclesiastical guidance." The man whose inquisitorial attitude had forced the removal of the black figurines from the shop window scored another success along his path toward the limbo of the repressed. He asked of the arm of the civil authority, in the person of Herrero Tejedor, and obtained agreement, that "certain rather naturalistic, not to say lewd, scenes" be removed from the edition put out that year.

A victory of faith over literature, the work of some curious individuals, for there are eras in which there are some who like to give offense by the simple fact of manifesting their power. A civil governor, member of the Opus Dei and the party, and a little worm of a man who bragged of having been to a movie only once--and he was not about to repeat the experience!--won the right to paradise without need for further indulgences. The two prided themselves later on getting the old Larreta to modify the love scenes in a novel which would be difficult to read today without its slipping from the hands, and the "lewd" scenes in which would make San Juan de la Cruz into a pornographic poet.

Adolfo did not know this nor was he even interested, and yet they almost brushed shoulders at the door of Herrero Tejedor's home. Neither Larreta nor Don Ramiro could help him. He went to say farewell, and his problem was much simpler than that in a novel: what to do? Accept that Avila was the goal of his destiny or plunge into the Madrid venture?

Thirteenth Station--Adolfo in the Arms of His Mother

The five children and the mother were finally alone. Hipolito had gone and the family had remained in Avila. The situation was no great tragedy, for the maternal grandmother helped when there was need. But if one thing was certain, it was that something had to be done. Adolfo continued with his religious crises and his Catholic Action talks, and the year 1957 was drawing to a close.

He did not recall very clearly what he had said to him, but one individual reproached Adolfo. "If at least you had the educational background of Juan Aurelio." And he could not help but smile when he heard this. Juan Aurelio Sanchez Tadeo was a good friend of the family, and of Adolfo.

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He was regarded as an intellectual authority in the Parnassus of Avila. He was a poet, historian and lecturer.

He founded the "El Cobaya" literary circle and was secretary of the Avila Studies and Research Center. His lectures on "The Ruins of a Roman Church in the Avila Style in Madrid" and about "Father Aris, a Historian in Avila at the Beginning of the 18th Century" earned him the praise of the city.

Adolfo had never succeeded in getting his status as a graduate in law mentioned in the DIARIO DE AVILA, and yet Sanchez Tadeo, only a nurse, gained prominent references for his addresses. "Before a large and select audience, the well-known health assistant Mr Sanchez Tadeo delivered a lecture. The cultivated speaker spoke on an illustrious physician, a countryman of ours, Luis de la Lobera, the chief physician of Carlos V."

If this anecdote makes us smile, although only once or twice, in a retrospective fashion, we could hear guffaws from Adolfo. Juan Aurelio Sanchez Tadeo, with the passage of time and his lectures, came to serve as personal secretary to the wife of President Suarez. Who could have told him in those difficult years for Adolfo that he would eventually recommend him to Minister Garcia Ramal to get Tadeo a post at the National Institute of Social Security?

Life, gamblers say, shuffles the deck from time to time, and there are those dealt trumps and those who must muddle along. Perhaps it was for this reason that the year 1957 was an unhappy one for Adolfo but promising for Sanchez Tadeo. Twenty years later the cards were dealt in the opposite fashion. A Greek proverb says that there are two things which spread speedily: slander, and fire in the forest. The speed with which the news that his father had left the family traveled through Avila was faster than fire, and it leveled the household. It was necessary to assume responsibility in that divided household, and as Adolfo was always to do in conflicts with the father, he thought his mother right. He threw himself into her arms, not only because in the dark year 1957 there were no others willing to welcome him, but also because he felt for her a love which he was never to share with any other person.

Herminia, his mother, suggested he leave Avila and set out for Madrid. In wartime one cannot borrow a sword, as the old men say, and Adolfo planned to see his father and achieve what neither of them could do in Avila: earn money and rebuild the family.

Fourteenth Station--Adolfo Buries the Past

Emotion had surrendered to the cold, which had penetrated to his bones. Sabino Martin Hernandez was tired. He had donated the wood for the crosses with the true feelings of a believer, but he wondered if perhaps they shouldn't reduce the number of stations. It is possible that the fault

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belonged to Don Santos Moro, whose voice, which started out monotonous and became sepulchral, had become intolerable.

One could now distinguish objects without difficulty, the light having strengthened almost unnoticeably to bright sunshine. One by one gaps appeared in the procession, as some of those present at the beginning straggled off toward their homes. In the background one could see the new buildings, and he diverted himself by recalling when and by whom they had been built. There was one which stuck like a thorn in his businessman's heart.

The firm was called FADISA, and the dirty, vulgar building clearly announced that it was a factory. On his departure from Avila Herrero Tejedor had left the most important industrial operation undertaking in the city well and truly secured. When Sabino attempted to horn in and put his money in the business, they smiled at him in the lukewarm fashion of those rejecting an unneeded offer.

It was some time before he would learn that this FADISA invention did not need comfortably well-off men like himself. The main stockholder was Nicolas Franco, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Spain to Portugal and the brother of the chief of state. Although on paper the factory was scheduled to produce 2,000 vehicles the first year, with a later increase to 6,000, evil tongues said that this was designed to conceal irregular imports of vehicles from the Portuguese frontier.

Why would they need men like him if a company registered in July of 1956 in such a modest location as Avila had such backers as Ignacio Coca, Gregorio Garnica, and Miguel Ardid? What role could Sabino Martin Hernandez play therein? This was made very clear to him by Herrero Tejedor when he smilingly rejected his offer. It must be admitted that Herrero had expropriated land with certain anomalies, and that he did not do so for his own benefit but to ensure that an enterprise would finally be built facing the ramparts.

When some years had passed, who would remember that FADISA affair and the era in which Fernando Herrero was governor? Perhaps that young man in love with the many illusions being created then would not forget it. But that young man, when the years had passed, would not recall his time with the welfare council nor his servitude as secretary to the governor either. For the past is buried even when exposed to the gaze of the curious. Time, which one day lays them bare, fixes them there as traditional customs, and it is necessary to make an effort to focus and disinter them. It is not that they are concealed, but simply that no one looks at them with new eyes.

Therefore, when Don Sabino crossed the Plaza del Rastro en route to his home, with a certain bitter aftertaste within him, because following the emotion of that religious procession many of the dreams he had nurtured

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faded away, he stopped at a tablet attached to the wall of the church. So many times he had passed it and never stopped to read it:

Franco! In this city which was the cradle of Santa Teresa de Jesus, and the provincial capital in which the great Queen Isabel the Catholic was born, offenses against the morality of Christ will not be tolerated under any pretext. Avila is faithful and will not betray the faith.

He walked on, and all the way home the idea that man should write nothing in stone remained with him. When all is said and done, saints die, queens lose their thrones and morality is as fickle as fate.

### Chapter III. To Madrid in Search of Fortune

When Adolfo arrived in Madrid 1957 was already ending. The train took him to the north station. He remembered the other times he had made such a trip. He had always arrived in Madrid thinking of the time he would return. He almost never forgot to ask, before leaving the platform, what time the last train back to Avila departed. This time he came with his luggage and crossed the waiting room without asking anything: what he needed to know could not be asked. In addition it is better not to know the return schedule when we cannot go back. It is like going into battle asking ourselves what we will do when we are defeated. For this reason he moved rapidly across the hall and out into the street. Sanchez Tadeo used to say that the autumn turned the trees of Madrid the color of dry straw. He was not in a mood to contemplate the trees along the Paseo de la Florida and he walked on until he came to the nearest subway station.

Compared to Avila, Madrid was a metropolis: bustling, crowded and cold, with a cold different from that which he knew. In Madrid everyone seemed to know what he must do. No one paid any attention to the idle strollers, to the maids with their headdresses or to the young men who bought the newspaper YA to scan the want ads.

The difference between the "wanted" and the "available" sections in the newspaper could be seen in the different speeds at which they were read. Those interested in the "wanted" columns read them avidly, voraciously, as if whether one reached the address mentioned on time or not depended on spotting them. There were opportunities which almost no one thought would settle his life, but might placate the stomach or fulfill a hope or pay what was due the boarding house with no delay other than neglect. For forgetting to pay the rent was the privilege of the rich.

However, when one had finished with the "wanteds" and begun on the offers, the rhythm changed, becoming slower and almost fretful, so that it would not seem a masochistic gesture. There were always so many prepared to do the same thing, so that one could only lengthen the line with yet another reference, another shipwrecked soul boarding that journalistic galleon in

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which the little compartments, packed side by side, held the hopes of individuals and families. In addition, putting an ad in YA seeking work meant abandoning the unwilling category of the anonymous job-seekers. To come from the provinces and place an ad of only five words--payment was on a piece-work basis--was like signing a statement, a public act.

In 1957 life in Madrid moved compulsively, like a pressure tank loaded with hopes, a beehive of dreams. Since there were no nuggets of gold in the riverbeds in Spain, the seekers had no recourse but to go to Madrid and search the streets for it, sniffing for opportunity. This they did by day. At night they crafted their hopes, their poems, their dreams, their shacks in the outskirts, pamphlets and lying letters to their sweethearts.

It was not worth much to have a degree in one's pocket, although some had worked their fingers to the bone to get one. Adolfo was not among these, and he felt a mixture of shyness and shame when his profession was mentioned. It could almost be said he was not sure of being a lawyer, for his trips to Salamanca to take examinations had the air of youthful excursions. But he had come to Madrid and here he was ready for anything: to work as a lawyer, to sell appliances or reestablish relations with his father. And of all these attempts the only one to succeed would be that with his father.

For "Polo," life was pursuing its course. Sometimes not without difficulty, but he could say for himself that he was "getting along." Quixotic in his appearance and his manner, he was also a friend to his friends, without abandoning the dissipation, aggressive attitude and rostrum grandiloquence he had acquired as a court prosecutor. He had his two closest friends in Madrid. Alfonso Calvo Alba, who had been a magistrate in Avila and who now was nothing less than president of the First Chamber of the Madrid Territorial High Court, and his closest friend, the man broadminded enough to accept him as he was and never deny him anything, was Luis Ortiz.

Luis Ortiz de Rosas had gone from the post office administration to judge in Navalcarnero in the last months of the war, which was somewhat surprising. For if indeed the times were topsy-turvy, this was not true to the extent of shifting from letterboxes to the halls of justice. Don Luis did not like recollections in his presence of the decisive role he had played in the councils of war held in Ciudad Real at the end of the conflict, and this was logical, since there were moments in connection with the councils of war after the civil war had ended which, honest though one might wish to be, one would not want included in a biography.

"Polo" and Luis Ortiz met in Avila, and though they were on opposite sides of the bench, they understood each other perfectly. Don Luis would say to anyone who wanted to listen that in his years as a judge in Tortosa and Albacete he had never met as "droll" a personality as Hipolito Suarez. And they became great friends, inside and outside the Palace of Justice.

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Luis Ortiz had made the jump from Avila to magistrate of the Second Section of the Madrid Provincial Court of the First Instance, and when "Polo" left Avila, he helped him in every way he could. It was he who asked the Madrid lawyer Fernando Pineda to help him financially, letting him handle some cases in his capacity as prosecutor.

Pineda could do little for "Polo," for without a degree in law one could not plead in the courts of Madrid. But "Polo" was not a man to be hindered by these details. He needed to find a "partner" who would have his papers in order and who would be qualified to sign legally.

He was not long in finding him: his name was Rodriguez Unica, and he was a practicing attorney and member of the bar. Rodriguez Unica signed for the cases which "Polo" obtained thanks to the good offices of attorney Pineda and Magistrate Ortiz de Rosas.

And so things were going for his father when Adolfo Suarez went to Madrid in search of his fortune, in an atmosphere less rarefied than that in Avila. He had completed his studies in 1954 and although he had no intention or opportunity of pursuing the academic life as far as a doctorate --a title he was never to hold and which he did nothing to seek either, it should be said in all respect for the truth--nonetheless the gods offered him an opportunity to make use of his studies. For he could indeed plead in the courts, following the simple procedure of posting a bond and becoming a member of the bar association.

First he had to complete the reconciliation with his father. Reconciliation following stormy bouts of anger was never to be a serious problem for Adolfo. Life has these curves, loops and slopes, and he knew that well-timed forgiveness is the best guarantee of a subsequent sense of a fortress conquered. Neither of the two wanted to discuss the past, and if this was true for each of them for different reasons, there was no need at all to mention it.

Adolfo rejoined his father. They repeated those phrases to the effect that what unites us is stronger than what separates us, and no one scoffed, because the two played their roles well and between actors and also within the family, theatrics are out of place. "Polo" welcomed him as if he were a blessing. First of all he was his son, and these things are rather important, and also if he needed to have a partner like Rodriguez Unica, to whom he was bound by nothing more than a legalized and legitimate signature, he could now do the same thing with his own son.

And so Adolfo's name was added to the list of the illustrious Madrid Bar Association's list of court attorneys, to serve his father as much as himself. This had already happened to him in Avila and it was repeated in Madrid in that month of November, 1957. Over a period of many years

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the same thing would happen: in order to advance he had to appear to be useful to another individual.

Those who knew him then describe him to us as a young man just turned 25, very willful and tremendously eager to achieve things, to do them well, without knowing exactly how or with whom. But he was already on the way, or so he believed.

His relations with his father remained steady for some months, not only in the economic and professional fields, but where the family was concerned as well. They lived together and little by little, the family divided between Avila and the capital began to come together again, in a modest apartment on Hermanos Miralles Street. Hipolito and Herminia once again were living under the same roof, along with two of their sons, Adolfo, and the second, Hipolito, who was about to graduate in medicine. The reconciliation between Adolfo and his father, which was not to last long, had at least contributed to regularizing family relations again. Things had not changed at all, for "Polo" was an individual capable of everything except changing his style of life. He had no interest in saving, and although his economic resources were limited, no friend had ever seen him discouraged by spending more than he had. However his human resources were unlimited. He made friends with more ease still than he lost them, and none could resist his charm. However dark the horizon appeared, he always managed to emerge more or less triumphant from his difficulties. Therefore when Adolfo appeared in his path again, like a gift from the heavens, he had not a moment's doubt that he was there because he, his father, had summoned him, and together they could achieve many things. Madrid, my boy, is a capital city, and you are used to towns. Avila and Cebreros are places where you can go to the market, but in Madrid you can go as far as you want.

The first decision they made was to establish an office, a place where they could receive telephone calls and clients. They found one at No 24 General Pardinias Street. There, on the third floor, pursuing the lawyer's tradition of interviews in the afternoon, Adolfo and "Polo" could be consulted between 4 and 7 in the afternoon, and they listened attentively for the ring of their telephone--366875--in that Madrid of 1957, when one needed only to dial 6 digits. The father-and-son partnership seemed to have a rich future. Once again "Polo" had found the shortest path to reach the point he wanted.

And the first client came. He was sent by Judge Ortiz de Rosas through the lawyer Pineda. The calendar hanging on the wall of Don Vicente Gutierrez Cueto's notary's office bore a pious saying ascribed to San Concordio. It was one of those calendars peeled off sheet by sheet, saint by saint, day by day. It was the 16th of December 1957, which fell on a Friday. It was a fraud case, and the client, Santos Martin Morales, a farmer from La Mancha, the notary,

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Vicente Gutierrez, and a young attorney involved in these affairs for the first time, Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez, were present.

Both the farmer from La Mancha and, fortunately, the notary, failed to notice that "attorney" Adolfo Suarez was signing a document dated December 1957, while his membership in the bar association was to come about the following year. However these were details and petty problems without importance. Neither could imagine that this young man would reach the point he did, and when all was said and done these irregularities occurred every day.

The future seemed promising when the beginning of the year 1958 seemed stable and full of excellent prospects. But tales never end as one expects, and Adolfo was to be no exception. The help of Magistrate Ortiz de Rosas and that of attorney Pineda was increasing, and the clientele, if all went well, would continue to augment. But an unpleasant economic incident occurred to spoil what had started out so auspiciously.

"Polo" had gone back to his bad habits, and this time the matter seemed serious. The least which could be said was that it was unfair that while Adolfo was signing papers and pursuing office activities, his father pursued the irregular lifestyle which had provoked such gossip in Avila. As always happened when "Polo" was involved, economic and family matters became entangled, and once more matters returned to the point where they were a couple of years previously: like it or lump it. Adolfo chose to lump it.

First he went to the individuals to whom he owed his improved position, and he made it very clear that he did not want to find himself in court because of transactions for which he was not responsible. The relations between him and his father had not reached a point which would justify taking on everything, including dishonor. The Hall of the Lost Steps in the Madrid Palace of Justice served as the mute witness on the day of the break. "Polo's" insults to his son were of the kind that no one who was not his child could have listened to without striking him to the ground.

Other witnesses of that ill-fated day, in no way supporters of Adolfo Suarez as a political figure, admit that his attitude was praiseworthy, tolerating the hail of paternal abuse without a gesture, as one accepts the electoral results when the ballot boxes have already been sealed.

But the decision was made. Adolfo left his work as a lawyer only a few months after beginning it. Each blow would extend his suffering, and he did not want to take risks. What he most regretted was losing the 50,000-peseta bond his Uncle Francisco in Cebreros had lent him to post as an attorney, as the law required. There was no need to explain to Uncle Francisco because the whole family knew of the matter and Herminia, his sister, was also opposed to the attitude of her husband. But that was how things were going and no one could stop them. Wherever there were

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problems and a disinterested hand in the proceedings was needed, it was Uncle Paco who provided it. Even Adolfo had to admit that he was the only truly objective person in the family, including himself, naturally. His uncle had only one ambition in life--to be mayor of El Tiemblo. He never achieved that, for legend has it that during the war he watched, unmoved, mounted on horseback, as the peasants seized the land of Don Jose Navarro Morenes, count consort of Casa Loja. The count never forgot his indifference when he was appointed first head of Franco's civil household.

Adolfo's life did not change much. He went to live in a boarding house and attended the family Sunday dinners regularly. His father treated him as if nothing had happened, although Adolfo did not speak to him. Sometimes, after dinner, with a trace of irony on his lips, "Polo" would approach him to say "Will you give me a light?" or "Do you have a cigarette?" He was incorrigible.

On some weekends he went to Avila with Tomas Alonso Colinos, on his motorcycle, to see his sweetheart, Amparo. Tomas continued to be his friend as he had been in the Avila era, when they both worked in the secretariat of Herrero Tejedor. By one of those coincidences, he too was in Madrid working as an attorney, and their friendship was the same as in the past, neither too deep nor too strong, but they did travel together on the motorcycle to see their sweethearts, something one does not forget.

In the early months of 1958 the lives of Adolfo and his father were to diverge again, and once again they would be as they were when he arrived from Avila. It was necessary to set illusion aside and try another path. "Polo" too had to change his plans. The defection of his son, without partners to help him, and without "real" friends other than Ortiz de Rosas, his luck had gone bad. He decided to seek his fortune on his own account and he went to become an attorney in Getafe, where one did not have to have a law degree to plead in the courts.

As if he were a magician, "Polo" had produced a rabbit out of a hat when the public thought his career had ended. Fascinating as an individual, irresistible during the good times and also the bad, it was not long until he had a stroke of luck which would eliminate his economic difficulties for a number of years.

It was probably at night, for even provincial attorneys believe that the night has more to teach than the day. "Polo" was already on his way home when he came upon a citizen half-collapsed at the entrance of a bar of undeniably poor reputation. There were obvious indications that he had even lost any concept of time. Alcohol sometimes produces such states. "Polo" helped him up, and as there was no way to get rid of him and as the Holy Spirit judges these deeds, he looked through his wallet until he found an identity card giving the address of that wretched night-owl. When they reached the house, "Polo" observed that the mansion was not exactly

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a humble dwelling, and it is probable that it crossed his mind that millionaires were not spared the scourges of disgrace either.

When the good citizen awoke he saw beside him close to the bed a prone figure. Impassive, the man handed him a wallet and said: "I waited for you to wake up to give you your wallet so that you can be sure nothing is missing." Having said this, he got up and had nothing further to say except "My name is Hipolito Suarez, and a good morning to you."

As happens in ancient novels, this citizen was the Marquess of A., as the identity card indicated in somewhat abbreviated form. What it obviously did not say was that he was a millionaire. So very simply, like life itself, a friendship sprang up which, if it was not to survive long either, undoubtedly had effects, at least in terms of premises and furnishings, which were to last for "Polo" until our day.

But for Adolfo, things were not developing in terms of rabbits and hats. He was again in the "available" category. The time had come for him to think of something certain, and consistent with his ambitions. His experience told him that sometimes small jobs involve more risk and hazard than great projects. It is possible that there were many in Madrid in the same situation as he, but it was not within the reach of everyone to have held posts such as president of the Catholic Action Youth and an official in the secretariat of a civil governor.

There for example you had Fernando Herrero Tejedor, who had gone from the post of governor of Avila and then Logrono to that of provincial representative for the Movement. This was a career and one not for him, for it took him backward instead of forward.

Adolfo came to Madrid a few months after Herrero was appointed provincial representative, a post which was one of the loveliest sinecures in the secretariat-general of the movement, in which his duties were supervision and guidance of the provincial leaders of the movement, in other words the civil governors. The post fell to him by good luck on 13 April 1957, thanks to Minister Jose Solis Ruiz.

Adolfo had cultivated his relations with Herrero, and the mutual liking between him and Herrero's wife, Joaquina Algar, which eventually came to be an almost filial relationship, was well known. But it was not easy to get into the building at No 44 Alcala, where the movement had its headquarters. It was difficult to pay a visit there, but to aspire to establish oneself in an office there bordered on the impossible. However Adolfo decided that this might be his opportunity, and with the determination, consistency and skill characteristic of him, he set out to beseege Fernando Herrero Tejedor assiduously.

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He not only did this personally, in view of the relationship dating back to their time in Avila, but through a good common friend as well-- Fernando Alcon, a native of Avila and the exclusive distributor there of everything one could distribute in that town. His father, Don Victor, had unchallenged authority with Fernando Herrero, a man little given to squandering his friendship. Victor Alcon had had the honor of lending money to Herrero for the purchase of his apartment in Madrid, which constituted a notable sign of friendship on both parts, one because he asked and the other because he agreed. Herrero Tejedor was regarded as an extraordinary and adamant personage in many things, including economic corruption. His honor was above all suspicion in that most suspicious era.

And so it developed. The good offices of Adolfo and of Alcon's father together moved to besiege the fortress of the movement, and they succeeded in climbing the first rung of the ladder leading to power.

As springtime in Madrid is a matter of days rather than months, Adolfo was little changed when he entered the great ill-proportioned building at No 44 Alcala, under the yoke and arrows, that day. He was 25 years old and it was a day like any other in the year 1958. As this young man was of no importance, none of the officials in the movement who kept careful diaries noted the date. And ambitious men do not keep diaries.

#### Chapter IV. At Your Orders, Commander! or, The Apprenticeship

Thirteen April 1957 fell on a Saturday. It would have been too much to expect it to be both the 13th and a Tuesday. Herrero Tejedor had just been appointed the provincial representative in the secretariat-general of the movement. We have said that the secretariat-general, in the Jose Solis era, was a ministry concerned with the vertical trade unions and the no less vertical party, called until the '60s the Spanish Falange and the JONS, and after that date the "National Movement of Honest Spaniards," in Franco's bold definition, shortened for the sake of simplicity to National Movement.

Things had become more complicated in the provinces, for the representative and head of the movement was also civil governor. The governor had two superiors to obey and keep happy, the minister of interior and the so-called "minister-secretary general," i.e. of the movement. Everything pertaining to the civil governors in their capacity as provincial heads of the movement was supervised by the provincial representative. And what then, some canny reader may ask, was the task of the minister-secretary general and the vice secretary general? The great virtue of methodological questions one asks oneself lies in the fact that various answers can be chosen, such as the official one, that of those so employed, who know from experience, and that of the governors themselves.

The official version can be read in the Official State Gazette, that of those so employed varies depending on whether they were representatives,

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secretaries or vice-secretaries, and that of the governors is very flexible. Where there is a captain the sailor does not command, the saying goes, "and I would add," a veteran governor much given to naval metaphors adds, "that while one is on board, if there is a master and a bosun, they command others besides you, and thus for the governor all have the weight of the minister-secretary and in this way no one runs the risk of making a mistake."

The explanation of the structure of the secretariat-general of the movement makes it possible to engage in notable literary exercises, especially in the realm of the baroque, but perhaps they have no place here. The provincial representative and his superiors, the minister-secretary general and the vice secretary general, do not traditionally get along very well, because when it comes to functions things are not clearly delimited, a peculiarity toward which the supreme legislator, Francisco Franco, had a particular inclination. Norms should be, in terms of application, somewhat ambiguous, such as to make it essential to consult with the highest legislative authority before venturing anything.

Jose Solis Ruiz was appointed minister-secretary general of the movement in that same 1957, and had it not been for Matesa's wretched frames and Manuel Fraga's capacity for embroilment, he could have celebrated his silver anniversary in that post. When he was appointed minister of the movement he fulfilled the two conditions--he was a lawyer and he was from Cordoba, which gave him a political imagination which was perhaps not common in the system. In addition he could plot, lie, punish and reward, with a smile and the accent of the region, which apparently in the end became a joke.

His enemies said of Solis that he was harmless, and thus it happened that it was 12 years before they ousted him from the secretariat of the movement. His capacity for reiterating gracefully what people wanted to hear led him to cry one day: "Our mission has not ended, we remain permanently at war" (Brotherhood of Volunteer Sailors, Majorca, June 1961) and again, on another occasion: "We love liberty, but real liberty. We want democracy, but in the most precise sense of the word" (Women's Section, Castellon, January 1962). When the audience changed, the goals changed.

It was the minister who always knew how to put the "but" in the proper place. If there was a term which suited his manner of expressing himself it was impudent. He liked to use terms nobody used: freedom, democracy, universal suffrage . . . ("Even our dead, who are in the majority, will always be for universal suffrage.") His culture was imbued with olives in mid-morning and sherry before dining, and he was one of those they call a dark horse, in other words something semi-genteel between an olive grove owner and a purebred lawyer. Thus he was not familiar with Freud and did not take care to avoid erotic interpretations of his addresses: "Spain is open to the most beautiful venture . . ."

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His capacity for confusion and his facility at improvising were proverbial. Franco felt for him the admiration which an obscure and hardly brilliant man tends to have for a native of Cordoba, who in addition is loyal and prolific in everything--words, children, travel. He met with foreign ministers who had nothing to do with his department, he served as an official for the trade unions and the movement, a National Council member and representative in the Cortes, and in his free time he presided over the International Committee for the Defense of Christian Civilization. At one time he became agitated when someone spoke the name Bourbon Parma--he felt an extravagant political attraction for one of them--and two years later he could not remember having known any such person. He negotiated with workers' commissions, or with the British laborites, or with Spaniards in exile in Mexico. He put them up at his secret residence in Trinidad Palace, and after bidding them farewell, went to Franco to tell him about it. Perhaps he was a cynic, but more like what the Greeks meant by the term than a mediocre person. He had a weak point: he could not tolerate being prevented from starrng. He felt himself to be an actor, and if he noted that the key spectators were attentive to the production, he would not allow a lackey to approach the stage to say: "Mr Minister, Your Excellency, dinner is served."

Thus he needed a man like Fernando Herrero Tejedor in the office for the provinces. He had rescued him from anonymity in Castellon, taking him as governor to Avila and Logrono. The time had come for him to begin to work to his advantage. Fernando Herrero was discreet, well organized and very skillful: he knew how to operate without creating enemies.

The man who preceded Solis in the ministerial post, Jose Luis de Arrese y Magra, had been the prototype of what the leftists called a "Falangist little gentleman" before the war. He studied with the Jesuits and then took up architecture, and was so closely linked with the Falange that he was an activist from 1933 on and married to Jose Antonio's eldest sister. Arrese, in his capacity as theoretician of the "pending revolution," proved cautious to the point that in order to avoid conflicts between the vice secretary and the provincial representative, who almost always disagreed, he gave both posts to a single person, Diego Salas Pombo, another of the founders of the Falange. Arrese's venture into the movement lasted a year. And when Solis took over, he separated the posts again. To fence with the governors, that is to say to serve as provincial representative, he appointed Fernando Herrero, and as vice secretary and number two man in the apparatus, Alfredo Jimenez Millas, a member of the blue division when there were dreams of the Nazi millenium, and an olive-grower with the return to invertebrate Spain. As a person he was a far cry from Herrero; Jimenez Millas was a fascist. At the age of 19 he had participated in the Sanjurjo uprising against the republic, and after joining the Monarchic Youth and the National Party of the "Porrist" Albinana, he became a member of the founding nucleus of the Falange. Compared to him, Herrero was a raw recruit.

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To Solis, Herrero and Jimenez Millas represented the future and the past, the left hand and the right hand in a body responding to his stimuli.

Given his inclination, he wanted to deal personally with the trade unions, while his subordinates waged battle with the governors and the minister in the branch, Don Camilo Alonso Vega.

Things looked promising, but Jimenez Millas was not a man to come to grips with the style of Solis and his true nature began to emerge. Little by little, the minister and the provincial representative cornered the vice secretary. Fernando Herrero's efforts were focused with a prosecutor's rigor on one task: establishing a file of political promises within the movement. That ministry, which functioned in terms of factions and personal influence, did not cease to do so, but he was beginning to organize a system. Herrero was preparing for the future and the future needed time.

In the early months of 1958, when Adolfo Suarez moved into the building at 44 Alcala, the headquarters of the movement, the projects jointly organized by Solis and Herrero Tejedor were just beginning to function. The battle between the blue faction of Solis and Lopez Rodo's technocrats continued to fester but it lacked virulence. The fields were not clearly delimited and it was viewed more as if it were a matter of personality than political choices. Solis, who by definition was a "blue," had as his third officer on board as renowned an Opus Dei supporter as Herrero Tejedor.

Adolfo served as personal secretary to Herrero Tejedor, involving almost exclusively asking his visitors to wait and sometimes talking with them while the provincial representative completed the preceding interview.

For matters of correspondence and other bureaucratic procedures there was Julita, the legendary secretary of the Movement, who was then to continue with Herrero until his death, and subsequently with Adolfo, to this very day, with a loyalty and courage which boxers might envy. It should be noted that Adolfo opened the representative's correspondence.

For the visitors from the provinces who sought an interview with Fernando Herrero and were welcomed by such a pleasant young man, it is difficult to recall Adolfo clearly. They all say he was an agreeable individual remarkable for his willingness to be of service. It was his custom to greet any governor who poked his head in there with the phrase "At your orders, commander!" But there were also many other officials who used this compliant formula. Adolfo, when he used this greeting, raised his arm, as the members of the movement were accustomed to doing, with the palm of the hand outward and the arm bent only to chest level. The fascist salute with the arm fully extended, in the Roman style, had been modified until it became a flexing of the right arm much like the position assumed by Americans in films when they wanted to swear something was the truth and nothing but the truth. Only here the oath involved not vague principles but the national-trade unionist revolution, and then the principles of the movement.

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The main task of a secretary was to be of service, and the governors of that era attest to his dedication to service, his agreeable attitude, and that he was notable for the interest he invested in doing what he was told. For in those days one did not instruct or direct: what one did was give orders. What was said then revealed the style. When a subordinate took his leave, he first asked: "Have you further orders for me?"

Adolfo for his part was organizing his life somewhat. Thanks to Fernando Herrero he could now pay his rent regularly without asking Uncle Paco or his maternal grandmother for help, and also thanks to Herrero, he went to live at the Francisco Franco Higher College in the University City at the end of 1958. There he found a new world, filled with ambitious young men who were to be the talents of the regime in the 1960s: Juan Jose Roson, Rodolfo Martin Villa, Eduardo Navarro. His friends, however, came down to two: the man with whom he shared his room, Jose Luis Herrero, the brother of Fernando Herrero Tejedor, and Juan Gomez Arjona, a willful and not overly astute young man who was to appear episodically at various times in Adolfo's life. The world which opened up splendidly for Adolfo was that of competition. In that school everyone was comparing to compete for something, and in particular, his two friends, for posts as information and tourism technicians.

Adolfo said neither yes nor no when it was suggested that he apply. In 1958, just recently having entered the secretariat of the provincial representative of the movement, he was not inclined to plunge into this venture. He knew of his academic limitations and preferred to wait. In the final analysis he did not begin until October 1961, and time would decide if he would prepare for examinations or not.

Among the men who visited Herrero regularly there was one who attracted Adolfo's attention in particular. He was a tall, educated and cold man, but profoundly religious. Adolfo's religious concerns in this connection followed those of his superior, Fernando Herrero, and he had begun to attend the Opus Dei talks, on the advice of Herrero's wife, Dona Joaquina, whose capacity for proselytizing since her husband became the representative was marked by great success. This tall individual held Adolfo's interest in a very special way. First of all, the entire secretariat-general of the movement hated him, from the janitors up to Herrero Tejedor, who lost no opportunity to show his displeasure when he met with him. They all said that he had many protectors and that he was the man who, despite anything the movement could do, was scheduled to be a brilliant rising political star. His name needs but a single mention, for he was one of those one did not forget. It was Hermenegildo Altozano Moraleda, and he was governor of Seville.

When Hermenegildo visited Herrero, Adolfo did not make him wait like the others in his own office, but took him to the little adjacent anteroom where he could be more comfortable. Some officials called the preferential

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treatment given the governor of Seville to the attention of Suarez. And Adolfo smiled. Altozano had suggested that he accompany him to Seville and prepare for some important competitive examinations, for example for the legal department of the navy. He could almost guarantee him that with his help he would pass them, for he was a ranking officer in that body.

In that year, 1959, Hermenegildo Altozano Moraleda was a political figure of the first rank. He spent the war in the republican zone working as a spy for Franco's forces under Colonel Ungria, which did not prevent his having to undergo a process of investigation from which he emerged as successfully as was possible. Now he was a key figure in the penetration of the navy by Opus Dei. He was a bachelor and a member of the private council of Don Juan de Borbon. In other words, Hermenegildo was magnificently placed in three high-level political circles: the navy, Opus Dei and the court of the legitimate heir to the throne.

What was a man like that doing in the civil government of Seville? He was a bishop in a high-level political chess game. Opus Dei had placed its men in the economic sectors and the technical departments surrounding the vice president of the government, Admiral Carrero Blanco, but the time for the ministry of interior had come. Camilo Alonso Vega had faith in only two things, Franco and God, and it must be admitted that his faith in Franco was free of doubt, while his faith in God was full of reservations, difficulties and facets which tortured him. Camilo was a rigid, unpolished and brutal man, but a deeply religious one. He took care that his activities as the highest agent of state repression did not affect his evangelical precepts. In a political analysis, Camilo Alonso seems overly simple: a military officer of the old school, with no concerns of an intellectual sort at all and some knowledge of his profession predating Julius Caesar. But deep within him a religious concern was at work and caused him misgivings. On more than one occasion he surprised his colleagues by posing problems of a moral nature to them, and they were all of a piece. Minister of Interior Camilo Alonso Vega had religious doubts.

And in those years there was an expert in religious doubts in political leaders: his name was Laureano Lopez Rodo. Laureano was capable of resolving anything: a problem of an economic type, a legal problem, a financial problem, or even athletics, for he played tennis and fished with equal bad luck, and, naturally, religion was his forte, because of his status as a veteran of Monseigneur Escriva's Opus.

Thanks to Admiral Carrero, for whom Laureano had resolved more than one family or religious problem, he knew Camilo Alonso. And all that Laureano learned went to swell the treasury of the faith. From the time Camilo was appointed as minister of interior, he visited his office, which was only a hundred meters from the headquarters where Laureano worked, frequently. He won his first political triumph--presumably he already had some religious successes--when he proposed Luis Morris Marrodan, a member of

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the Opus, and a personal friend of his, as director general of local administration.

On the recommendation of Marrodan, and with the support of Don Camilo, three Opus members, notorious opponents of the Falange and general advisers to Don Juan de Borbon, were appointed governors. They were Hermenegildo Altozano Moraleda, in Seville, Santiago Galendo Herrero, in Tenerife, and Juan Alfaro, in Huelva. The three were determined to take up the battle for the monarchy against the "blues" of the movement. The first step taken by Santiago Galendo when he arrived in Tenerife involved calling his secretary and, pointing to the portrait of Jose Antonio, telling him: "Take that fellow's picture down for me." The governor of Huelva, once he had his appointment in hand, withdrew from the venture and adopted the blue shirt and regulation white jacket, although he did not wear the high boots because this was no longer done. But of all of them, Altozano was to go farthest.

When Herrero Tejedor learned that the new governor of Seville, one Altozano--a member of the Opus, moreover--refused to be sworn in as head of the movement wearing the blue shirt, he did not curse because that was not his style, but the dead parents of Altozano Moraleda felt a chill the source of which they did not know. The negotiations between Herrero and Altozano became impossible. For the first time in the history of the regime a governor was refusing to wear the blue shirt. Altozano was willing to settle matters simply by ceasing to be provincial head of the movement. He wanted to be governor, not to be affiliated with the movement.

Herrero talked with Solis, with Camilo Alonso, with Marrodan . . . but Altozano stood his ground: he would not wear the blue shirt. Don Camilo and Marrodan quarreled, because to be sworn in as governor it sufficed to wear a dark suit and tie, and the blue shirt matter was not their problem. One can think that Altozano was stubborn when he revealed himself so adamant, that he was intransigent in refusing to wear the blue shirt, that he could not be dealt with, but what cannot be doubted is that as a jurist he was among the most brilliant, because it was he who would resolve the problem in something of the fashion of the merchant of Venice.

First of all he would not change in his car between the ministry of interior and the headquarters of the movement, because this was inconvenient and seemed ridiculous to him. Secondly, if Franco said that the national movement was a group of honest Spaniards, he did not see why these citizens had to wear a blue shirt, and third, he was a legal officer in the navy and would wear his naval uniform. If the members of the movement felt offended by the military uniform, let them say so publicly and suffer the consequences. And that is what he did.

Altozano was to be the man most hated by the officials of the movement. He never wore the blue shirt, and he wore a morning-coat to all meetings of the National Council of the movement, including the historic one in the

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Huelgas Monastery in Burgos, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the rise to power of Francisco Franco Bahamonde.

Everything was said about Altozano: that he was in love with a bullfighter, that he was paid by the British intelligence service, that he was one of the organizers of the infamous Munich alliance. He was to be retired in 1962 simply because Franco no longer wanted to hear his name spoken and the politics of Lopez Rodo and Marrodan had changed course. From a bishop, Altozano had become a pawn, and in chess one must sacrifice some pieces to reach checkmate.

On 3 October Salgado Araujo wrote some comments Franco made about Altozano in his diary, indicative of the implacable character of the dictator: "One must not forget that this gentleman served in the Campesino column, and if indeed he contributed to removing many from the red hell, he continued there until the end of the war. I asked the naval minister for the file on the investigation, and I was surprised to find in it only the certificate that he was cleared, without any supporting evidence or even a request for the slightest statement by persons who might have been familiar with the conduct of this naval officer." And Franco added, with a style most characteristic of him: "It is shameful how the investigations were pursued in the navy, without any proof for or against, without a statement by the judge or anyone as a witness, in contrast to those in the land army which were done conscientiously and in full detail." From this one must conclude that Altozano's life was saved thanks to some relatives who filled him with notions of the sea. What if he had chosen the land forces?

Franco, as was always the case, did not speak all the truth. First of all Altozano was as adamant as the vast majority of the governors in that era, and secondly, he had a sense of authority as much in Franco's spirit as that of the Caudillo himself. But what cut him was that Hermenegildo was proud and haughty, dealing with the local oligarchy in terms of gestures which subsequently won him the animosity of the people who had influence in Madrid. Altozano's first clash with the great families of Seville--the Parias and Ibarra--was in connection with the removal of the president of the provincial council, Ramon Carranza, Marquess of Sotohermoso, who was implicated in dubious real estate operations in the Remedios section of Seville. But what won him the animadversion of the institutions was his rejection of "Operacion Clavel (Operation Carnation)."

The month of December 1961 began in Seville with the Tamarguillo and Almonazar streams overflowing their banks and flooding the poorer residential zones of the city in one of the most disastrous of the many inundations the city has known over the centuries. A Chilean radio announcer in Madrid, Boby Deglane, was prepared to turn the catastrophe in Seville into a worthy justification for a "national crusade." The government, for its part, which bore criminal responsibility for the "repeated and treacherous"

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floods, glimpsed in Deglane's radio campaign the political elements needed to convert its incompetence into a vast publicity effort to promote the solidarity of "Spanish lands and citizens" to divert attention from the most wretched reality. And so "Operacion Clavel" was born.

At 10:30 at night, Boby Deglane, "the magician of the radio," or as the ABC liked to write, the "thundering verbalist," lost a campaign on Radio Spain of Madrid urging economic support of the victims of the Seville catastrophe, just one example of the misery of a country and its government leaders.

The political significance of Operacion Clavel was summarized in the words of the then-president of the provincial council of Seville, Miguel Maestre y Lasso de la Vega: "Knowing as we do our cattle and our people, who have suffered so much from the consequences of the rigors of our climate (sic) and have stoically listened on so many occasions to the siren song, I want to warn you that this will not be yet one more occasion on which in the end each one is faced with the damage he suffered (sic). No, the Caudillo, his government, and in Seville the minister who represents them, Don Pedro Gual Villalbi, bear witness that if we have had many floods such as this in our previous life, this will no. end like the others. This will go down in history as the saddest, but with the mark of solidarity between the people and the authorities, which is to say the flood of love and affection which will be lacking for no one."

The government undertook to help announcer Deglane as much as possible to channel his indignation into the best paths of Spanish folklore. The seriousness of the situation was reflected in the government decision to send President of the National Economic Council and Minister Without Portfolio Pedro Gual Villalbi to deal exclusively with putting order in the most serious situation in which Seville found itself. Gual Villalbi, as the official representative, with the popular Boby Deglane, organized the campaign of aid to the victims. As a second symbolic supporter, in the most genuine pattern of the fiery and purebred aristocracy, they had Cayetana, the Duchess of Alba. "Operacion Clavel achieved a true democracy of the heart, socially," Boby said at its end, "and in this democracy of the heart, the Duchess reigned as queen."

Beginning on 10 December the offices at Radio Spain began to receive charming contributions from the popular figures of the moment: the dancer Antonio sent a dozen hams; Carmen Sevilla conceived the idea of a truck stuffed with toys for the children who were victims of the flood; El Cordobes, who knew the value of appearances, made an incredible gift: a racehorse decorated with Bank of Spain notes. Perico Chicote invented the "potato cocktail" on the spot, and, with his period as the mastermind of the black market in penicillin forgotten, he offered a truckful of inoffensive potatoes for "Operacion Clavel." The Salesian fathers made a gift of 100 kilograms of caramels on behalf of the orphans

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of the San Fernando School, who certainly never saw caramels except on their patron saints' days. The municipal council of Madrid materialized the two obsessions of the poor of that time: 236 hams and 2,200 eggs for suffering Seville.

The "popular figures" were followed by the public at large, the anonymous citizens, joining in a beautiful and visionary venture. They would appear in the papers along with the "important people" engaging in a work of charity. There, for example, was the count of Villafuente Bermeja, one Sancho Davila, a worthy estate-owner and well aware of the modest capacity of the people for food, who offered a beef "to be slaughtered on his estate" when the Operacion Clavel vehicles passed by.

From his vantage point in the civil government of Seville, Altozano Moraleda watched with indignation at the capitalization on human suffering and the vulgar charity sponsored by the state, to the beat of songs and dances performed by the idle and organized by shopboys seeking notoreity. The press in Seville in that month of December 1961 was full of signatures, supporters and emotional statements, but there was one name missing--that of the civil governor.

On Sunday, 17 December, Boby Deglane declared the radio portion of the campaign ended with a vibrant address recognizing the "soul of the campaign," Cayetana de Alba, along with the Marquess of Valdavia, Natalia Figueroa, and livestock breeder Sancho Davila. It was short, because he had to rise early the next morning. At 10:00 a caravan of 500 vehicles, 14 kilometers long, left Madrid to take to the victims in Seville "rice, codfish, sugar, candy, caramels, coffee, jam, chocolates, miscellaneous sweets, sausage, cookies, chick peas, flour, hams, kidney beans, lentils, butter cakes, marzipan, vermicelli, bacon, almond paste, tobacco, potatoes, oil, clothing, toys, eggs, beverages, household goods, honey, custards and . . . ice cream!" according to the detailed lists carried by ABC in Seville.

With enthusiastic additions being made as it passed through the towns along the route between Madrid and the Guadalquivir, the caravan proceeded toward Seville. It was expected to arrive at 1:00 in the afternoon on Tuesday, escorted by 40 motorcycle police in full-dress uniforms, and some 1,300 doves were to be released as the trucks entered the city. But when the caravan was crossing the Tamarguillo, the murderous stream responsible for the flood, a light Stimpson aircraft chartered especially by the periodical ACTUALIDAD ESPANOLA dipped low in an attempt to photograph a huge poster being held by a group of residents in Arroyo Street, and when the maneuver went wrong, it crashed into the crowd. The first count revealed 21 dead and 75 very seriously wounded. The sign which the photographer-reporter, Antonio Fernandez, who was fatally injured, was unable to photograph read as follows: "The families who live in the huts and at the hat factory want these good souls to pay them a visit. Long

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live the greatest announcer and the kindest duchess, who have come to Seville to issue us a Christmas Eve invitation. Thank you, Bobby!"

Altozano Moraleda was awaiting the arrival of the fabulous Operacion Clavel caravan in the main square when the news of the tragedy came. The farce ended badly and Altozano wanted to fix responsibility. Nothing was certain, except that Bobby Deglane and Cayetana de Alba paid him a visit to suggest a new plan. At 7:30 in the evening leading performers were scheduled to appear at the Lope de Vega Theater in Seville: Fernando Vargas, the Los Cinco Amigos (Five Friends) and Samba Blue orchestras, Camiline, Kim and Kiko, Fernando Sancho and his wife, Maitepardo, Nino Nardi, Queti Clavijo, Perla Cristal, with a stellar appearance by the dancing duo Antonio and Cayetana Fitzjames Stuart, Duchess of Alba. As the catastrophe caused by the plane made matters difficult, they proposed to him that it be postponed 24 hours and that the slogan "Lift Up Your Hearts!" be made the theme of the festival to be held in the Lope de Vega Theater. Altozano suggested that they proceed to the morgue, and so the operation ended.

But the governor was to be much affected by the Deglane-Alba performance. It mattered little that events proved him right. Influential Seville personalities were never to forgive him his skepticism and his apathy. And yet, Hermenegildo Altozano was closer to them than any other social group. His aristocratic status was beyond challenge, although it did seem tainted by provocation, for example his personal reading over the radio of the telegram of sympathy sent by Don Juan de Borbon in connection with the flood.

This inclination to be an "agitator" in political life should not be confused with his obviously authoritarian personality, demonstrated on innumerable occasions. He was not a man who could tolerate criticism. The PUEBLO journalist Benitez Salvatierra had the personal experience of this when he dared to suggest that the provincial authorities had lagged in reacting to the disasters which devastated Seville. Almost as soon as he read the article Altozano ordered him jailed. The convoluted style of that time did the newsman no good, and he spent several days in jail without anyone's being concerned in the slightest.

It should be said that Franco's indignation toward Altozano was a comedy of errors, in which of course the arrest of journalists, which seemed to him efficient, played no role. It was instead his arrogance, that air of superiority which surrounded the gestures of the governor of Seville, not forgetting the fact that at that particularly tense time between Franco and Don Juan, Altozano was on the opposite side of the table from the Caudillo. There was another thing which angered Franco profoundly: Altozano was the only governor to dally in inviting him to visit his province. When he did so and Franco paid his visit, he did not convoke the regional body of the movement to welcome him, and he made use of a ruse to ensure there was a

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crowd: he made the scheduled arrival coincide with the end of a bullfight. However, there were few people at the farewell, and the excuse was the April holidays. In addition, on that occasion, Altozano had committed the impertinence of changing the route and taking Franco to visit the El Vacie quarter, where there was nothing to see but shanties and garbage, and then repeating to anyone who would listen the phrase which escaped his lips: "And still they applaud me!" Franco's coolness toward the governor reached the point of outrage when, in the middle of a tour of the province, he halted the procession of vehicles, an unheard-of thing, to ask permission please to urinate, as he could wait no longer. Everyone had to wait while this man as tall as a Moorish musket, with the jacket which in that setting made him look like a scarecrow, found a suitable olive tree.

Who would not have given a month, a week, a day of his life to have seen that interminable caravan, when suddenly, His Excellency's vehicle turned aside, almost tipping into a ditch. The door opened, and the tall man in the impeccable jacket emerged and, with a dignified grip on the crown of his hat, proceeded step by step to an olive tree, while all those in the other vehicles watched him urinate and imagined what Franco must be thinking. Then Altozano returned and got into the Rolls Royce, and everything proceeded as if nothing had happened. As if, indeed!

But in 1959, Altozano's future was full of promise. He had won the battle of the shirt, which was more than an incident. He had also allowed himself the luxury of angrily punishing members of the movement in Seville. On the occasion of the commemorative ceremonies held for the fallen martyrs on a hot July day, when the speeches were over, Altozano was preparing to go home when a centurion voice gave the "ritual cries": "Those who fell for God and for Spain, present," "Long live Franco" and "Up with Spain." The fine imposed on the owner of that voice was considerable. Altozano's reasoning seemed juridically correct: at an official ceremony, the only person authorized to voice the ritual cries was he. The man who paid the fine was vice president of the Seville provincial council, and was named Jose Maria de la Camara.

On one occasion the civil governors went to present Minister Solis with a "golden book" of provincial achievements, which he would in turn present to Franco. All of Altozano's colleagues, correctly in their blue, began to cough politely when the governor of Seville, in his swallow-tailed coat, came to present his "book." With his typical lisp and usual drawl, Solis asked Hermenegildo in the midst of a chorus of coughs: "Your throat is not bothering you?" "No, Mr Minister," Altozano responded. "I am not suffering from the blue fever." Like a good Arab Andalusian, the minister contemplated the thousand ways he could obtain revenge.

For all of these reasons and many others comprising the bedrock, past and future, of a civil government, Adolfo gave serious thought to Altozano's proposal that he go to Seville to prepare for competitive examinations for

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the naval legal body. When all was said and done what was he doing at No 44 Alcala? Opening doors and letters. In addition he had come to understand what governors were like. He was prepared to be quicker than they, to proceed more rapidly, and for this he needed a curriculum vitae, something to fill the vast blank page of his professional qualifications. Even such a simple thing as a uniform attracted him. For a man who had been in the university militia, and in 1959, who saw every day the impact uniforms made, the military career offered scope which would fill many lines in a curriculum vitae.

The problem was how to tell Herrero Tejedor, who had given him a job and his confidence as well. But the time had come to make the jump, to cease to say, "At your orders, commander!" since he did not even have a Falange membership card and had had enough of being so accomodating and saying so often "At your orders, commander!" to individuals worth no more than he, or perhaps less. Altozano was offering him a double opportunity: to win some competitions, guaranteed since he was a naval legal officer. And in addition, affiliation with the most promising governor of the epoch.

He did not wait. Taking advantage of the absence of Fernando Herrera on vacation in Castellon, he arrived at No 44 Alcala one August day and told the man substituting for him that he was going to Seville with Altozano Moraleda. "Are you crazy? With Altozano?" Discussion was impossible, for he was determined to make the leap. Someone suggested to him that at least he have the courage to tell Herrero Tejedor personally. He answered simply: "I do not dare, you tell him." And he went, certain that he would not return humble. It is said that when Fernando Herrero learned of it he had no comment. Others say that he replied simply: "He'll be back."

It was the "Adolfo style" of doing things, seizing the opportunity, rather than wondering, when it presented itself. If you make a mistake, admit it, and learn to do the better thing next time. If you make a mistake again, admit it again. One day you will strike it right and then it will be for others to admit their errors. Adolfo's stay with Altozano was to test a leading feature of his personality: if you err, do not persist in the error. It is necessary to be determined but never obstinate. If you want to succeed, young man, never be stubborn, until you have arrived. But don't worry, for then stubbornness is called firmness.

He arrived in Seville in August of 1959. He was to stay there until the early weeks of 1960. Altozano invited him to live at his own home, and during this period made him his personal secretary in all respects, economic included. Every day they dined together if their schedules allowed, and then, once his civil government duties were ended, he spent an hour and a half working on Adolfo's examination subjects.

The ministerial order announcing examinations was dated 11 June, and they were to begin on 6 November. There was not much time for preparation.

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Adolfo had number 42 and probably, of the 49 who would compete, few had obtained the advantage at the outset of a recommendation to the members of the board over which Colonel Fernando Rodriguez Carreras presided.

The first examination involved a two-hour written discourse on one civil law and one penal law question. Luckily, he drew "Ownership, Doctrinal and Legal Study" and "Criminal Responsibility, Doctrinal and Legal Study." It took him only 10 minutes of the allotted time. On 10 November, each candidate was to read the text he had written four days earlier to the court.

Adolfo read for 11 minutes: 9 devoted to the first subject and 2 to the second.

On 12 November 1959 Suarez received the board's answer: "Rejected, by unanimous vote." Altozano Moraleda was to receive a clear and restrictive response to his recommendation. Nothing could be done. Adolfo's adventure in Seville was over. Slowly he gathered his effects together and said goodbye to Altozano. Sometimes life tricks us, and it is better to say goodbye without too much reflection.

When he entered Herrero Tejedor's office a few days later, he did not hang his head, for this would have been viewed askance. But he had the sad, steady gaze of an individual who had repented absolutely. He did not need to say that he had been wrong, that he would not make this error again. He explained something much simpler to his superior: that he owed everything to him, that without him he was nothing, that he had tried in Seville to demonstrate that Herrero had not been wrong in placing his confidence in him. The law was not for him, he had much to learn, it was not easy to find a mentor like Fernando Herrero Tejedor.

It was said that Herrero required some time to consider what to do with the young man. Others say that he muttered: "I will consult Joaquina," knowing the weight that Herrero's wife had in some of her husband's decisions. Generally his wife did not venture her opinion unless asked, but if she stepped in there was no one who could make her withdraw.

A week later Adolfo returned to his office at No 44 Alcala as if nothing had happened. He began to take coffee again at the Hotel Suecia next door, and continued to say "At your orders, commander" and to be as accommodating as on the first day. If someone asked him about the reason for his absence, he would answer calmly: "I wanted to take competitive examinations, but in the end I decided not to."

Herrero asked him nothing more, not even what had happened with Altozano. But he did realize that he had to give him some work and break him in. He was getting bored just opening doors. In addition, Herrero was one of those individuals who thought that repentance meant doing things better than

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before the error, and Adolfo's behavior during that year 1960 was faultless. Accomodating to the point of servility, congenial to the point of ridicule, as a personal secretary he was becoming an increasingly frequent participant in Dona Joaquina's entertainments at home, and in the religious field it could be said that he was deliberately working toward the best recommendations from the Opus.

His two friends, Jose Luis Herrero and Juan Gomez Arjona, began again to encourage him to compete with them for posts as technicians in information and tourism, and Adolfo did not refuse. A bit chastised by his earlier experience, he undertook to study the subject with them. After all, it was to be more than a year before the examinations would begin.

Life at the headquarters of the movement proceeded in the same old routine. Solis was entirely predictable in his dealings as a minister, and after a number of years of continuing improvisation, everyone had become accustomed to his style. The only person who could not adapt himself to that histrionic minister seemed to be vice secretary Jimenez Millas. The clashes between the two were becoming ever more notorious. When the vice secretary asked to see him, Solis would keep him waiting for hours, while he dealt with all the governors.

The very keen awareness of rank felt by Jimenez Millas was exacerbated every day by the contempt shown him by Solis, who paid no attention to him and treated the governors more deferentially than he did him. Solis was trying to force him out, for he had other plans in his head, but Jimenez Millas was resisting.

A conference with the Bourbon-Parma heir, for whom Solis felt a real political attraction--it must not be forgotten that the subject of Franco's successor was still on the sidelines--was the straw that broke the camel's back. Ignoring protocol, a seat which was an insult to his official rank was assigned Alfredo Jimenez Millas, and his anger was so extreme that he left the premises and turned in his final resignation.

Franco's opinion was important in the appointment of the vice secretary of the movement. This official automatically took the place of the minister when he was absent, which made the appointment a very palatable one and a most risky business. Franco, on the other hand, regarded the members of the "old guard" like Jimenez Millas as bothersome vestiges of a past he did not like to remember, particularly when men like this boasted of their fascist history and refused to adapt to the new era of Carrero and Lopez Rodo.

The resignation of the vice secretary was immediately accepted, and in Franco's view, the rude attitude of Jimenez Millas made him unworthy of inclusion on the list of representatives in the Cortes known as the "Ayete 40." For Franco preferred to create traditions rather than legal

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obligations, and one of these was to appoint ministers or vice secretaries of the movement, after their retirement, as representatives to the Cortes, and in this connection he added him to his personal list, drafted sometime during his summer stay at the Ayete Palace in San Sebastian.

On 7 February 1961, Solis appointed a new vice secretary. He chose a man he believed he knew very well, and of whom he thought little as a political leader. That man was Fernando Herrero Tejedor. At the same time, the minister reorganized other departments at the headquarters, and he dismissed the philosopher and whisky-drinker Don Jesus Fueyo, from the press, propaganda and radio department, and a young man with the memory of a born examination-taker named Fraga Iribarne, in the association department.

Solis did not conceal the fact that with the appointment of Herrero Tejedor as vice secretary he was going along with the new wind blowing from El Pardo and No 3 Castellana, where Carrero Blanco and Lopez Rodo had their offices. He stated this expressly on the day the new vice secretary was installed. "This replacement reveals the continuity in the movement and its contemporary aspect." Because the distance between Jimenez Millas and Herrero Tejedor was something like leaping 20 years in the history of the regime.

Adolfo found himself one fine day unexpectedly promoted to head of the vice secretary's technical staff, for the simple reason that the provincial representative had a secretary who, when he became vice secretary, automatically became head of the technical staff. The post had no political importance, but at that time being the secretary of the number two man in the movement was no longer a matter of opening letters and doors, but dealing with the most important political figures of the time. It should be remembered that Admiral Carrero Blanco was in the legal advisory department of the movement, and that the control of its funds went through the vice secretary, including the monies destined to the intelligence department of the movement and its "invisible" fund. For an alert young man it was an ideal opportunity to learn about the upper world of politics, even if it must be by hearsay.

Adolfo was little concerned about the anti-Castro invasion at the Bay of Pigs, which occurred that same month. He was involved in another landing operation, preparing his advance toward the governorship of a province, a campaign which required time, and which meant that he must first establish three bridgeheads: the interior ministry, office of the prime minister and the movement. Without these he could not succeed. The appointments alternated between the ministries of interior and the movement, and the weight of the prime minister's office, dominated by the Carrero-Lopez Rodo clan, was necessary as a safe-conduct for one entering the battle zone.

After two years as difficult as he had had, 1961 might change his bad luck and be filled instead with promising realities. On the one hand his economic problems were practically resolved, as he had a secure job and

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was beginning to sniff the scent of political power, which since he was a man with a very keen sense of smell filled his head with ambition. Now he realized something he had not perceived before. Herrero Tejedor was a political figure on the rise. He belonged to the Opus, but was nonetheless a convinced Falangist, and thus in a unique position to arbitrate in the approaching political battle. Whether the "blues" or Laureano's "pinks" won, Herrero always held the trump card.

Adolfo needed stability and administrative experience to add to his intelligence and his curriculum vitae. Stability, in a traditional society, can mean nothing other than establishing a home and a family. The political system allowed no bachelors other than the likes of Monseigneur Escriva de Balaguer--the others were suspect. Every era has its style of life, and the keynote then was order. Order in the family, in business, in public life, in everything. That the order concealed other things is obvious, but as serious a man as Goethe has said that order stands above justice.

As was the traditional norm in those days, Adolfo embarked on the steps toward marriage. He had for some years been going out with a young lady, Amparo, and he believed that the time had come to marry. They met in Avila, and took the opportunity of summer occasions to see each other. When she moved to Madrid, they continued to see each other in the capital. Amparo was a complicated individual, uneducated but with a certain aesthetic taste, accomplished but insecure and timid. She lacked Adolfo's boldness in facing up to situations. Amparo was not certain about getting married.

Until the last moment, Adolfo suspected that Amparo might stand him up, but in the end it all worked out and Adolfo had the stability he needed for his future. Her name was Amparo Illana Elortegui, and she was born on 25 May 1934, the daughter of a legal colonel in the army, Angel Illana, who was treasurer of the Madrid Press Association and worked in the Madrid subway administration. It was a good marriage for Adolfo, if it could not be regarded as exceptional. She had a substantial dowry for those times, while he had only a pay envelope at the end of each month. They went to live on the bank of the Manzanares, in an undeveloped section of Madrid which had it not been for the mosquitos in summer could have been regarded as a fine area. They had Apartment 7 at No 5 Comandante Fortea Street. It was not difficult to obtain it, thanks to the good offices of a man in the movement, Enrique Salgado Torres, a very unusual individual because he had the responsibility of three quite singular posts. He was director general of the National Housing Institute, director of the Trade Union Home Project and treasurer of the movement.

The summer of his honeymoon, Adolfo began to feel at home and to carry out tasks Herrero assigned him. They were not directly political activities and they fell far short of his ambitions, but they served to advance him

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into the little world of administration. When Herrero asked him to serve as secretary for the short courses in local administration in Peniscola, he carried out his orders precisely, although the university world held no attraction for him.

For three years he ran the secretariat for the Peniscola courses. The idea of offering some seminars on local administration problems came from Herrero Tejedor. The choice of the site could only have occurred to him, as he knew the area well. Every year, in the months of August and September and lasting 15 days, a series of lectures and seminars was to be offered in Peniscola for those chosen for scholarships from the civil governments throughout Spain.

The first course was offered in September of 1960. This experiment lasted well into the '70s. The formal direction fell to Don Luis Jordana de Pozas, a professor of administrative law in Madrid, but the political director was Fernando Herrero Tejedor. The first year in Peniscola, Adolfo was to play no role, while later--from 1961 to 1964--he served as secretary general for the courses, his tasks falling exclusively in the administrative realm, with no political connotations. He had as his assistant Juan Gomez Arjona, his former comrade at the Francisco Franco Higher School.

It is indicative that both Adolfo and Gomez Arjona remember as the most divine event in their intellectual efforts at Peniscola their success in winning over to Catholicism the first woman to appear on the beach there in a bikini. It was well known that in the Peniscola Castle there was a paranoid representative of the regime named Papa Luna, who preferred to be a big fish in a small pond, like almost everyone. It was perhaps because of his vivid example and because Adolfo and Gomez Arjona had begun establishing relations with the Opus Dei that they took the occasion to convert a "young Protestant heathen," German on top of all that, which says a great deal about the persuasive capacity of Adolfo, the versatility of some Protestants, and the proselytizing furor of those young men with their futures before them.

Adolfo, in addition to the imperial and quintessentially Spanish gesture with regard to the first bikini the specter of Papa Luna ever saw, attended seminars and lectures by personages who were to go down in history, although some of them already had: Jose Garcia Hernandez, Manuel Fraga, Jesus Fueyo, Martin Retortillo, Marrodan, Garcia Anoveros, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, and Clavero Arevalo, to mention the most outstanding lecturers to visit the castle in the years between 1960 and 1964. When the time came to record that era, Adolfo merely underscored some lines in his curriculum vitae. The Peniscola experiment played only an episodic role in his biography, something like spiritual exercises with the Opus Dei.

That happy year 1961 was taken up by appointments, weddings and seminars. Everything seemed to be flourishing, in a streak of good luck the likes of which Adolfo could not recall. To crown his happiness, his sister Carmen

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had married Aurelio Delgado, better known as "Lito," six months before his own marriage. The career of this man was to assign him a role in Adolfo's biography. In a word, 1961 was a great year, full of successful ventures. But even the finest penman sometimes makes a smudge, and there was one small smudge for Adolfo in 1961: the competitive examinations for information and tourism technician.

For more than a year Adolfo had prepared conscientiously, or what he deemed to be such, for the series of examinations which were to begin in the month of October 1961, and would last until April of the following year. As the months went along toward the fateful month of October, Adolfo became more reluctant. His experience in Seville, which he had never discussed in public, worried him. In order to succeed he had to become very good, and when he learned what the five examinations would be he decided to withdraw. There was one of the five, the last, which frightened him.

The first, which involved commenting on a lecture by Professor Munoz Alonso, did not concern him because speaking was his forte, and since it had to do with a man who had such a poor and confused manner of speaking as Munoz Alonso, he was certain of passing the test. The next was a written exercise. Although this was not his strong point, he would take the chance. The third was also oral, and if indeed it involved a legal subject he believed he could pass the examination. The fourth was a snap--the practical cases: whichever they might be, this was his specialty. But in the fifth he hadn't a hope--languages! And not one, but two--one Latin language and one other.

Adolfo's reaction to languages was allergic. They were beyond his capacity. A native speaker tutoring him alone for two hours daily didn't work. Audiovisual methods did no good. Trips to the country where the languages were spoken were useless. It was an impossibility. For months, even after he had been appointed prime minister, he stubbornly pursued marathon lessons in French in a determined effort to break the curse of languages. When he paid a visit to Giscard d'Estaing and allowed himself the luxury of greeting him in the language of Voltaire, it was clear that he should not try again. Languages were not to be for him.

In the year 1961 it was not yet a curse, but simply a surface reaction. Languages were a subject too hard to master. And he decided to withdraw. In addition he had been married in July and the accumulation of problems to be resolved in such a short time did not augur well. What if he should fail in the examinations when he had just been appointed head of the technical staff in the vice secretary's office a few months before? This would be more than a defeat--it would be a political error which could no longer be tolerated. When he took competitive examinations after the experience with Altozano, it would have to be with a full guarantee of succeeding.

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It was not a bad decision to withdraw because they were difficult. The brothers of Fernando Herrero and Hermenegildo Albozano also withdrew. But they were of great political importance. The idea of holding competitive examinations for information and tourism technicians, and thus creating a third level of advancement, came from Vicente Rodríguez Casado, one of the leading exponents of the Opus Dei at that time, and then general director of the Ministry of Information. He and Adolfo Muñoz Alonso-- a baroque philosopher and general press director, a "blue" to the essence of his complicated philosophical framework--agreed to establish some competitive examinations especially designed for the "young Turks" in the Opus Dei or affiliated with it.

The compensation obtained by Muñoz Alonso for this effort is unknown, although his relations with the Opus Dei in the academic field, as a Madrid professor, were doubtless excellent. Muñoz Alonso served on that board, along with Rodríguez Casado, Revuelta, the general director of the radio-television system, and Salvador Pons, a man who, like the Guadiana, always appears in the most unlikely places. The linguist and future minister of education José Luis Villar Palasi presided.

The contamination of the Ministry of Information and Tourism with members of the Opus Dei was minimal. There were only a couple in high posts. The intermediary jobs were in the best of cases performed by blues, veteran soldiers or simply lucky officials.

The third advancement level for information and tourism technicians was to provide a quarry for officials chosen competitively and with affiliations with the Opus, who could in the long run play an important political role. Those who thought that were not mistaken. Some of these officials from the third level were to facilitate the replacement of Fraga as minister of information on the occasion of the 1969 crisis, known as the "Matesa crisis."

There were about 300 candidates competing for 30 posts. And Adolfo was very right in deciding to withdraw, because only 26 posts were filled. Among those who went down in history as the third class of graduate information and tourism technicians, some names are worthy of note: Ramon Cercos, Manuel Ortiz, Pedro Segú, Ricardo Barrio, Juan Gómez Arjona, Amalio García Arrias, Rafael Anson Oliart, Fernando Gil Nieto, Emilio Sánchez Pintado, Luis Escobar, and José Luis Collar. Several of these young men were to play not inconsiderable roles in Adolfo's life, although at some times they were on different levels, looking at him over their shoulders.

Adolfo, with his law degree finally in his pocket, lacked the means to seek to compete with those very tall and quick young men who had first-class university records behind them, and who took cold showers every day in accordance with the guidelines of the Opus, and who had scholarships,

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knew languages, and in addition rubbed elbows with Laureano Lopez Rodo, Florentino Perez-Embid, or Vicente Rodriguez Casado. This was a world absolutely unknown to him. As he was to recall bitterly some years later, he had pursued his studies on his own and not in the "hallowed halls" of Madrid.

He was on a lower level, but his goal was clear. In order to become a governor he would have to give offense to absolutely no one, while proceeding to move closer to the two bridgeheads he still had to establish: access to Laureano Lopez Rodo and the Ministry of the Interior. Meanwhile, he must continue in the secretariat of Herrero Tejedor, saying "At your orders, commander!" and asking the National Council member for Avila, Comrade Emilio Romero, if he would like a glass of sherry, since it was well known that he suffered sometimes from indigestion. There was to be no occasion on which Romero arrived and Adolfo failed to offer him his sherry. For the important personages in the establishment distributed their credentials among the candidates and giving no offense and being accomodating was the only means of continuing to add to the curriculum vitae.

For Adolfo, 1962 was to bring the conquest of one of these bridgeheads. Herrero Tejedor spoke with his friend and also Opus Dei member Jose Maria Sampelayo, technical secretary general of the office of the prime minister, and one of the men, along with Laureano Lopez Rodo, who had direct and daily access to Admiral Carrero. The conversation must have been very simple, for Vice Secretary Herrero very much wanted his secretary, Adolfo Suarez, to begin to know something about public administration other than the movement, so as to broaden his professional horizons. In other words, to create a curriculum vitae and some even broader political relationships. It must not be forgotten that this matter of the curriculum vitae was an obsession in those years of the Laureano era. Without a curriculum vitae there was no political career.

In 1962, Adolfo went to work in the office of the prime minister, where the policy to be pursued for many years was drafted, an era which was to end one fine day with the death of Carrero. This was the other political decision-making center, apart from El Pardo. Franco said yes or no or nothing, but the political plans were drafted in the prime minister's office. Adolfo carried out his first task along with an individual from whom he would learn much, Rafael Anson Oliart, and his post was unprecedented in the annals of Spanish administration: assistant chief of public relations for the office of the prime minister.

It might be said that the Spanish administration had no public relations until the pioneer in the field, Rafael Anson, discovered them.

The logical thing when someone asks for work is to inquire of him what he knows how to do. And the truth is that Adolfo did not know how to do anything. He was not about to explain to those young men who read CAMINO every day and who knew theology as taught at the University of La Rabida

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what the Catholic Action and the "Youth to Youth" organizations were. There he was among professionals in the real heart of the religious establishment. Naturally, they assigned him to what would suit him best, but also to the only thing he knew anything about: public relations.

Rafael Anson Oliart, who as the years went on would become director general of the RTVE [Spanish Radio Broadcasting and Television], was beginning in 1960 head of the public relations department in the prime minister's office, where he would remain until 1969. Adolfo was assigned a desk along with five other employees in the office of the prime minister, where he was to go in the afternoon, where Rafael Anson would teach him the rudiments of "scientific" public relations. In the morning he went promptly to his office in Herrero Tejedor's secretariat.

Sampelayo protected Adolfo from the very first. The stamp inspector, he enjoyed considerable prestige both in the Opus Dei and in the prime minister's office. When the office of provincial planning was established on 14 January 1961, he headed it, while Laureano became the technical secretary general, that is to say Admiral Carrero's number-two man. A year later exactly, in February 1962, Laureano succeeded in getting a decree signed which gave rise to the Development Plan Commissariat, and as the whole thing was his idea, he did not doubt for a moment that he would head it. When the post of technical secretary general was vacant, it was Sampelayo who filled it.

Adolfo went to the prime minister's office while Laureano was still fully involved with his development plans, and therefore he had practically no dealings with him. On the other hand, the relations between Herrero Tejedor and Laureano Lopez Rodo were cordial in the religious realm, because both were Opus Dei members, but very different when it came to politics. Thus Herrero could use his excellent relations with Sampelayo to introduce Adolfo into the office of the prime minister.

It was to be expected that, once the basic principles of public relations were mastered, Adolfo would aspire to greater things. Being the assistant to Rafael Anson would be very important for him, particularly in his apprenticeship in how to win representatives' seats in the Cortes when faced with this situation, but this was far off in 1962. If Adolfo's goal was to be a governor, he had to move in the direction of the provincial planning office. It was important for the curriculum vitae.

That office, as its very name suggests, planned the projects and needs of the provinces, and there was not a secondary road or major improvement in a town which did not go through that office. In other words, provincial planning had almost omnipotent power, since all the governors, if they wanted something, had to dance attendance upon it. When Sampelayo took over from Lopez Rodo, Fernando de Linan y Zofio took charge of provincial planning, although only provisionally, because he in turn, in this affair of focused wills, was wanted by Laureano as vice secretary of development planning.

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Now then, this was precisely where Adolfo was headed when Herrero and Sampelayo reached an agreement. But wanting is one thing and achieving is another, since Fernando de Linan mistrusted this young man who wanted to proceed so rapidly, and he who was to become assistant to the chief of provincial planning ended up as head of the provincial plan inspectorate, far below his superior, Fernando de Linan.

The early 1960s were a time of euphoria for the Opus Dei. Anyone who has read Alberto Moncada's book "The Children of the Father" will understand perfectly how irresistible those moments were. Laureano Lopez Rodo's power was beginning a rise which would become dizzying. Meanwhile, Solis was cannoning shots off three cushions and doing triple somersaults, and when everyone expected to see him fall, he spoke a few words to his assistants and climbed down the rope ladder as if nothing had happened. For the keynote of the regime was that nothing ever happened worth being nervous about. And yet nervousness became hysteria at the slightest gesture. The battle waged by the army of Solis against the armed band of Laureano Lopez Rodo was in its "cold war" stage, and the moment when hostilities broke out had not yet come.

Adolfo had one foot on each bank of the river, and there could have been no better position from which to learn from the approaching war between Solis and Fraga, minister of information since July of 1962, and the Laureano group of Opus Dei supernumeraries and sympathizers. The Munich Pact and the workers' strikes served as the background for all this agitation. That year, 1962, was for Adolfo one for consolidating his position. However the regime was beginning to suffer the attacks of the internal opposition. The meeting in Munich of a complex of right- and left-wing forces, and the miners' strike in Asturias in 1962 which preceded it, cost Solis more than they did Laureano's group.

Although the battle had not begun, both armies were in training. Also there were moments in which it seemed that they would reach a compromise, for example when Laureano wanted Solis to remove his faithful Jose Luis Taboada, an industrious Galician, who had been governor of Salamanca, and whose fidelity was only matched by his shrewdness, from the provincial office, in order to appoint in his stead Orbe Cano, one of the illustrious functionaries in the office of the prime minister, who had been an international handball player and whose political star, along with that of Emilio Sanchez Pincado, was on the rise.

Adolfo was on the sidelines in the battle because it was between his superiors, and he was a subordinate. But one of them, Herrero Tejedor, had indeed launched a silent war for his future, while his secretary developed a pure religious spirit and plunged headlong into Opus Dei. By no means all of those working in the office of the prime minister flirted --a lay and hardly appropriate term--with Opus Dei. Probably the supernumeraries could be counted on the fingers of one hand, but few would raise that same hand to deny that they attended the short courses, read CAMINO as

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if it were Mao's little Red Book, and sat through gloomy spiritual exercises at the monseigneurs' residences.

It was not easy for Adolfo to get out of it. On the one hand there was Dona Joaquina, Herrero Tejedor's wife, a proselytizing fanatic where Opus Dei was concerned, and also he worked in the prime minister's office under the orders of Sampelayo and his secretary, Juan Luis Vasallo, and also Fernando Linan and Manuel Ortiz, all Opus Dei men. And his best friend was Gomez Arjona, who although married to a Larraz, was inseparably linked with Vicente Rodriguez Casado, the all-powerful planner of infiltration by the Opus in the middle-level administrative cadres.

The first competitive examinations Adolfo Suarez passed, or rather more accurately the only ones, were a success thanks to Vicente Rodriguez Casado. In June of 1963, Adolfo succeeded in passing the examinations for the Social Institute of the Navy. They were banal and routine examinations, had it not been for what had gone before. With just a little exaggeration, one could say the history of Spain can be read in terms of its competitive examinations. (In January of 1964, Adolfo was to pass competitive examinations to fill official posts in the Technical-Administrative Body of the Movement. He placed sixth in the competition, with 7,290 points. At that time he was serving as head of the technical staff of the vice secretary of the movement.)

As always in discussing Opus Dei and the competitive examinations in those years, the name of Vicente Rodriguez Casado comes up. There was a most holy ideological trinity in the Opus Dei, made up of Florentino Perez-Embid, Rafael Calvo Serer and Don Vicente. The holy spirit of their ideology, Jesus Arellano, professor at the University of Seville, hovered above them. The center from which this spirit radiated was the University of La Rabida. Rodriguez Casado liked to call La Rabida the peasants' and sailors' university, whether because of his fondness for shellfish and green vegetables or solely for obfuscation, no one knows for sure. What is certain is that the minister of education, Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez, intended to put an end to that not very maritime experiment in La Rabida. Don Vicente, who was neither stupid nor lazy, for he was the son of an artillery general, went to see Franco, who was then to be found in Barcelona, and Ruiz Jimenez sheathed his sword, and so the university experiment of the Opus Dei went forward.

Rodriguez Casado was a surprising individual. Capable of doing the strangest things, from participating in workers' forums to awakening the students at La Rabida one by one with a water pistol. Obviously he was one of those people who kept Opus Dei balanced between activism, mysticism and simplicity. The University of La Rabida had been established to combat the summer university in Santander, where the blues dominated the staff, and where Fraga intervened regularly when he had to, seeming to some like suicide intervention, which was then very simply linear and aggressive.

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The idea of the workers' forums was suggested by Vicente Rodriguez Casado as the ideal way of carrying the apostolic message of Monseigneur Escriva to that abandoned workers' world which was the concern of Minister Solis. From this was to sprout the malevolent concept which was often repeated then, to the effect that the only executive officials in the regime who knew a worker were Solis and Rodriguez Casado. The human infrastructure for carrying out the forum project was provided by the alumni association of the University of La Rabida, headed by Jose Maria Sampelayo. The leading activist of this concept was Rafael Anson Oliart, who was one of the officials of the La Rabida alumni group.

Vicente Rodriguez Casado persuaded Jose Maria Sampelayo and Rafael Anson, who did not need much convincing, that their collaboration was indispensable, and all of them together plunged into the establishment of workers' forums. Among those who worked on this project were Adolfo Suarez, then secretary to Herrero Tejedor and assistant to the chief of public relations. The first forum was that in Getafe, inaugurated with much fanfare by Vicente Rodriguez Casado and half the staff of the office of the prime minister.

Don Vicente was an imaginative and industrious man, and he was concerned, because the devotion of certain men to the forums was proving detrimental to his personal treasury and his professional prospects for the morrow. And so the competitive examinations for the Social Institute of the Navy were born.

In the month of June 1963 the examinations were held. It would be well to remember that Vicente Rodriguez Casado was at that time technical director general of that institute. This was an official consolation prize given him by the government when he was not made director general of social advancement, a post he had invented, and which they gave to Torcuato Fernandez Miranda.

There were many reasons for Adolfo to participate in the examinations. First of all, no one doubted that he would pass them; secondly, it would fulfill his inclination toward naval and submarine affairs. And finally, within the general purposes of his curriculum vitae, the Social Institute of the Navy was something perhaps not well known, but different from the movement. The institute had developed within the Ministry of Labor, in 1941, and these were the third examinations to be given since its establishment.

It is not easy to write objectively about the so-called "competitive examinations." Regarded as the third level in the expert scale, a degree of law was the only requirement. The board was headed by an intimate friend of Don Vicente's who had a strictly metaphysical relationship with the law, the navy and labor, as this man was Antonio Millan Puelles, who held the chair of foundations of philosophy at the Alcala de Henares University in Madrid.

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There were several elimination exercises on paper, as in any valid competition, but basically it was a question of knowing the theory of the "biological deed" and the "moral deed," which the philosopher of the group, Jesus Arellano, had invented in his classes at the University of Seville, and had developed in two pamphlets, "The Action of Christians and the Future of the Proletariat," and "Six Questions on the New Man," which both Rodríguez Casado and Millan Puelles firmly supported. There were some doubts about the seriousness of the competition, among other things because in the end no language examination was given, by agreement between the participants and the board. Obviously those who had to pass passed. These included the most active attorneys devoting themselves to the workers' forums: Adolfo Suarez, Gerardo Harguin Dey, Luis Gordon, Antonio Fernandez, and Jose Martinez Font. All individuals closely affiliated with Opus Dei.

Several months later, Adolfo embarked upon his third paid position. In the morning he went regularly to his office as head of the technical staff of Vice Secretary Fernando Herrero Tejedor, and found some time to visit the Social Institute of the Navy. In the afternoon he worked as assistant chief of public relations in the office of the prime minister. He first went to the institute on 15 April 1964 and was officially installed on the bureaucratic level as a "third-class administrative technical officer" three days later. He was assigned to the department of information and publications, where he edited a periodical of only a dozen pages entitled HOJA INFORMATIVA DEL PESCADOR (Fisherman's News Bulletin). It must be pointed out that Adolfo, despite his assignment to this periodical, did little more than sit at the desk assigned him when his other obligations allowed. In January of 1965, the HOJA INFORMATIVA was made into a 24-page publication with a more catchy title: HOJA DEL MAR (Sea Sheet). Although Adolfo tried to capitalize on this newspaper and to take over from its author, journalist Joaquin Vidal, try was all he could do because on 16 January 1965 he was assigned to the Ministry of Information and Tourism as an "attache," in other words with the right to continue to be paid both institutions.

[The second part of the career of Suarez at the Social Institute of the Navy developed as follows. In April of 1967 he became a second officer by virtue of automatic adjustment of the scale due to the death or retirement of his superiors. On being appointed governor of Segovia in June of 1968, he was placed on "temporary leave necessitated by political duties" but continued to be "on the military rolls," as the official term went, and the Institute continued to make social security payments for him. Reinstatement in the post after temporary leave for "political duties" is automatic. In August of 1973, he asked for "voluntary leave," soon after having left the general directorate of the RTVE.]

The pages of his curriculum vitae were beginning to fill as his political training advanced.

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He did not waste time because he had no more to lose. Morning, noon and night his determination to become a governor of a province enabled him to seize all he could, perhaps also because he had thus emerged from lean times, and there was no question of disdaining anything. Any offer was welcome, and all his superiors, in the movement and the office of the prime minister, were pleased with his dedication. No one was scandalized by the multiple assignments, since this practice was so widespread that his was a minor peccadillo.

The final months of 1963 slipped away quickly, and Adolfo was moving ever faster. He associated with the leading personalities of the time: Herrero Tejedor, Solis, Sampelayo, Rodriguez Casado, and a very long "et cetera," including men whose luck was rising, although for some it would turn bad.

The dream of succeeding in competitive examinations had been realized with the Social Institute of the Navy, and some of his friends' jokes died away with this indication of a career which, for a young man who had begun at zero, seemed to be proceeding at a gallop. He had begun to be noticed. Solis himself liked to say from time to time to Herrero Tejedor that "this secretary of yours is moving too fast."

Sometimes this eagerness to move ahead caused problems. Adolfo absorbed all his opportunities in such a way that conflicts developed out of nothing. A young man, Lope Perez Corne, an amiable and willing young man, had been accepted in Herrero's secretariat on the recommendation of former minister Jose Luis Arrese, and Adolfo was to have quarrels with him worthy only of a novice. Problems having to do with who would open the letters, or who outranked whom, made it necessary to devise Solomonic solutions, such as "you open Herrero's personal letters and Lope will open the official ones." Because basically, for Adolfo, it was a question of not yielding a single step, of pushing, of displaying a capacity for work which would show that he was mature enough to manage the government of a province.

Although not a Falangist and absolutely not concerned with being one, Adolfo was a young man courteous to all, with an inclination to be of service and intrigued by details. He rapidly became the bridge to be recommended for dealing with such men as Herrero Tejedor or Sampelayo himself. The Opus Dei attracted him for many reasons, ranging from the strictly professional ones, since he lived with people affiliated with the Opus, to other more profound factors. The young people of about 30 in the Opus Dei were then a pressure and political discussion group toward whom Adolfo must have felt closer than to the aggressive blues of "the pending revolution" and the pro-regency faction. First of all, their priorities were the same, that is to say ambition, eagerness to take over the Franco apparatus, industrious spirit and some considerable hope placed in the personality of Admiral Carrero Blanco as the highest executor of the future. Prince Juan Carlos was a figure emerging on the horizon. His experience in television was to mean discovery of this phenomenon.

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Thus little by little Adolfo was tipping his contacts and his preferences more toward the prime minister's office, and keeping out of affairs having to do with the secretariat general of the movement. He was not stupid and he noted that, although no one said anything to him, a battle was developing in the movement. No one could know how it would end and it could certainly affect the continuity of his plans. He was only the head of Herrero's secretariat, and although at the time he was appointed head of Herrero's political advisory office he was extremely proud of it. He now realized that it was pure formalism, but that it could compromise him or at least make his course, dotted with obstacles, toward a civil governorship more difficult.

Wars are like cherries, and always come in bunches. Nor could he become involved in the cold war between his superiors, Herrero and Solis, who had established fronts on which Adolfo had to remain in no-man's land. In addition, he had won the sinecure at the head of the legal department of the Youth Front, given him by the youth representative, Eugenio Casimiro Lopez y Lopez, and in the battle four salaries were at stake.

Solis had succeeded in getting rid of Jimenez Millas as vice secretary on the basis of his lack of faithfulness to the tortuous and personalistic line of its head, himself. He would not tolerate hindrance to his policy, still less that others would become the protagonists in activities which fell to him. Thus he was seeking two discreet and faithful assistants, with a notable capacity for bureaucratic maneuvering and excellent relations both with El Pardo and Carrero Blanco's circles. These two men were Fernando Herrero Tejedor and Jose Luis Taboada Garcia, with whom he was familiar down to the cologne they used, because Herrero had begun his political career thanks to the good offices of Solis, and the other man had been governor of Salamanca since 1951 and had had many contacts with Franco and Solis. It could be said with fair certainty that when they were appointed vice secretary and provincial representative, respectively, in February of 1961, he was sure of having made a profitable political move. For Solis needed discreet, disciplined and faithful men, and both met the requirements.

Fernando Herrero Tejedor was politically ambitious, and it was obvious that he had considerable qualities with which to nurture this ambition. The opportunity offered him by Solis when he made him vice secretary was not, logically, likely to be wasted.

From the time he joined the movement as provincial representative, Herrero had had to tolerate somewhat contemptuous comments about the fact that he was not a veteran of the civil war. In those years during the '60s, it was practically essential in order to win political promotion to have demonstrated courage and support of Franco's cause on the battlefield. And those who had not could fake it, and if they did not they were subject to all kinds of vexatious suspicions. The fabrication Herrero used in the

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early days, claiming to have been taken prisoner, was too naive for those to whom only medals and torn uniforms represented officers' privilege. Anyone with a better feel for the politics of the future would have paid little attention, but Herrero was affected by these jibes to the point of limiting a good part of his activity in order to counteract them. It is also possible that one viewing the conflict from today's vantagepoint cannot see the importance it had then.

From the day Herrero took office as vice secretary of the movement, he made it very clear that he was prepared to be a protagonist and not just the substitute for Minister Solis. This could be clearly seen when, a week after his appointment, he appeared on the television screen on one of those televised inventions which have come to be called "press round-tables," which was directed by a ghostwriter in the information department named Victoriano Fernandez Asis, an expert in boldly asking what the higher-ups had told him to ask. His attitude on the screen was that of a man ready to go to the limits of his political potential, for Herrero dealt with all the subjects of the moment--the SEU [Spanish University Union], the movement, and the general political situation--in a display which coming from the vice secretary alone, showed a desire to go farther. Not because his words contained any new or shocking elements, for they were as much the official line as if pronounced by Solis or any other leading official of the time. But the usage and custom did not call for this: television was a vehicle not for the use of the number-two man in any department, unless the number-one man yielded the place to him.

The televised speech on 15 February 1961 was the second public political act, because Herrero had already represented Solis at one of the most important ritual ceremonies in the Franco liturgy--the Day of the Fallen Student.

Every year a ceremony was held on 9 February in memory of the Falangist student Matias Montero, who died in the republican era in one of those periodic raids into which the extreme right wing and the extreme left wing plunged regularly and rigorously. From the end of the civil war on, Ferraz Street was the scene of a gathering of blue shirts and raised arms, with speeches full of brilliance, destiny and eternal values, ending with the cries quite rightly called "ritual" from the highest state authority. In the years of the high boots and castor oil, the bigwigs went, and later, in the era of shoes with laces and the night stick, the high levels represented were only those of the party, with the veterans of the old days, with the old uniforms, and the now-tarnished old illusions.

On 9 February 1961, the highest official present opposite the plaque dedicated to Matias Montero at No 13 Ferraz Street was Fernando Herrero, which was an unmistakable sign of the authority of the vice secretary of the movement. By one of those quirks of history, the young lions of the SEU who participated in the ceremony would go down under various signs and in different ways in the little history of fantastic personal careers.

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They included Juan Antonio Alberich, a high RTVE official today and close to the UCD; Eugenio Triana, a member of the executive committee of the PCE [Spanish Communist Party]; Rafael Conte, assistant editor of the daily newspaper EL PAIS; Jose Miguel Orti Bordas, a columnist for the Madrid daily EL IMPARCIAL; Antonio Castro Villacanas, who today tends toward social democratic positions; and the head of the SEU in Madrid, Rodolfo Martin Villa, who needs no comment. The SEU was a kind of final university examination for almost the entire Spanish political class educated in the '50s and early '60s. In the SEU each chose the specialty of greatest interest to him, and took a political doctorate in what he wanted or what he could. There were even some who remained until the burial of the SEU in Villacastin in 1964.

Herrero Tejedor organized meetings of the movement with a furor and an ability which were out of step with the lazy pace of the work done by Minister Solis. Among his projects were the fifth meeting of the National Council and the gathering of almost the whole of the apparatus of the movement at the Huelgas Monastery, marked by the neoclassic detail of Hermenegildo Altozano's morning-coat. At that time he appeared to stand out as a political leader very skillful in negotiating difficult situations. To the point that Solis referred to him all matters pertaining to the movement and the governors, so as to concern himself exclusively with the trade unions. This division of labor, which was the idea of Solis himself at the beginning, in the long run was to make the minister himself jealous. It must be remembered that the proposal came from Solis, who regarded the work of the governors as a great source of conflicts thanks to the whims of Camilo Alonso Vega, in the Ministry of Interior, who made the joint work of the two ministries very difficult.

Herrero's skill involved taking advantage of political situations to win points in the esteem of the highest authority, Franco. He was, for example, impressed by the suggestion that the movement sponsor homage to the Spanish soldiers who fought in Ifni to defend some territories just won by the Moroccan "jaimas," which was a part of Franco's personal history. This gesture of homage, with aid payments "in kind" to the soldiers, was organized to coincide with Christmas, making use of the traditional Catholic celebrations for an operation in support of the colonial policy which was gasping its last.

The meetings of the National Council of the movement which Herrero devoted himself to organizing also came within a strategy which was to bear fruit later, one in which Herrero was a pioneer. It was a question of getting the council to play a guiding political role such as to avoid leaving future plans exclusively in the hands of Laureano Lopez Rodo and Carrero's men. Although it is obvious that the final instance for all decisions was El Pardo, it must be remembered that pressure was in those days a form of political participation. For in the happy phrase of one politician, "Franco's brain needed to be furnished with ideas."

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Thus Herrero regarded the National Council from the very first day as a key piece in a movement which seemed increasingly like an elephant's cemetery. Although that aspect of it could not be eliminated, Herrero used that institution, which existed in any case, and utilized it to the benefit of his political career. The goal then was to become known, to knock at the doors of the men of importance at the time so that when changes were to be made, one would be remembered.

Solis did not understand Herrero's maneuver when he asked him for the post of secretary to the National Council, which Solis regarded as a mausoleum full of papyrus, the bureaucratic activities of which were politically unprofitable. Herrero, by adding the council secretariat to his privileged posts as vice secretary of the movement, controlled an apparatus which followed his directions in the broad light of day, without need for plotting or concealed efforts. When Solis began to be aware of what Herrero Tejedor was doing, it was not easy to force him to slow down.

Taking advantage of the division of labor he had established, and which his vice secretary adhered to strictly, for he never interfered in trade union affairs, Solis began the work of isolating Herrero Tejedor, a maneuver with some characteristics similar to those which had yielded such excellent results with Jimenez Millas. But Herrero had enough political talent to get the feel of the effort by Solis to oust him, and even on occasion to give him a handicap.

What began to be a matter of concern to Herrero was the steady effect on Solis produced by a group of the "old guard," for whom the person of the vice secretary bore witness to "treasonable" infiltration by the Opus Dei in the holy sanctuary of the movement. These men, of no political importance, served to poison the relations between Solis and Herrero still further, placing the latter in a difficult position, exacerbating his feeling of guilt because he had not participated in the uprising although he was 17 years old, and more than one lad of that age had voluntarily joined the rebels.

The hard-core Franco supporters in the movement who caused Herrero all the trouble they could, and providing Solis with cover for his stumbling and expostulations, included the brothers Nieto, "old veteran" Agustin Aznar and Colonel Murga, the national commander of Franco's Guard, an organization similar to the Iron Guard, had we wanted to contemplate the young nazis with their incipient grey hair and bald patches.

At the head of them all was the military battering ram, Tomas Garcia Rebull, in whom an unchallenged political sincerity was joined with a violent and fanatic temperament, and a military intelligence which the historians would compare with that of Viriato.

The final clash between Herrero Tejedor and Solis came in the month of October 1963, in connection with the European Veterans' Assembly. The

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idea that this gathering should be held in Madrid, specifically in the Valle de los Caidos, came from Solis, because this conglomerate of right-wing extremists from all over Europe had celebrated its defeat in Lourdes in 1947, first, and then in Montecasino in 1950. In November of 1961 a European Committee of Veterans was established, at which time the minister of the movement had taken steps to ensure they would come to Spain. But Solis, who had dreamed of making a gift of this to Franco, had to stay at home when all preparations had been made to welcome the guests, due to an ailment of the pancreas. Herrero Tejedor had to take his place.

From the time the veterans crossed the frontier Hendaye until they arrived at the huge gathering at the Valle de los Caidos in Madrid, it was Herrero who made capital of the operation, while Solis fidgeted in his bed. To supervise the magnificent events in which the extreme right-wing veterans from all over Europe would commemorate their battles, medals and banners in Franco's Spain, Solis had appointed an officer who was his right-hand man, Fernando Perez de Sevilla y Ayala, who sometimes served as his deputy. Herrero dismissed him and supervised the operation personally.

The gathering at the Valle de los Caidos on Sunday, 13 October 1963 was indescribable. Solis had arranged it so that the vestiges of a Europe which had lost World War II would pay homage to the only victorious general -- Franco. More than 500 foreigners came. Among those to be seen were the Nazi General von Choltitz, the East European fascist Rindov of Bulgaria, General Zako of Hungary, and Commander Lis of Poland, and Colonel Lanskoronskis. Also there had to be Pier Francesco Nistri, president of the Italian Fascist Veterans Association in Spain, a legion captain who had fought, in addition to the battle of Guadalajara, the wars in Abyssinia, North Africa and Albania. "Giovanezza, giovanezza" (Youth, Youth), "Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles" (Germany Over All) and "Yo tenia un camarada" (I Had a Comrade) would be sung, but Solis was not there. What neither the Red Army nor Eisenhower had been able to do in 1944 was brought about by an ailing pancreas.

Although the minister of army, General Martin Alonso, read several pages of a message from Franco at the end, it was to be Herrero who would deliver the closing address, on the stage designed by the architect Franco brought in, which took shape at the Valle de los Caidos. The speech by the vice secretary was like that of a general who had won a hundred battles, while the only wars in which Herrero had participated had been waged at No 44 Alcala Street. His speech ended thus: "Any generous concept will always find in our hearts the echo revealed to us by these thousands of Spanish combatants reunited here. But the generosity of concepts must be followed by firmness in intent, by clarity, by the categorical expression of a clear position toward the threat which hovers over the world today. Bland and conformist attitudes are not for us. We want a world which is truly master of its fate, in which there are no subjugated countries, iron curtains or Berlin walls. A world in which

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the true, the authentic liberty of man to pursue his own fate prevails. We welcome you with this attitude, with the confidence with which one welcomes old comrades. We will continue always to be faithful to our destiny, which is the destiny of the free peoples of old Europe."

When Solis recovered and learned that the great event for the European veterans which he had imagined so fondly, and from which his marshal's insignia had been missing, had served to enhance the image of a man who did not even know what a 105-millimeter gun looked like and had never seen a mortar in his life, he was furious and set his hand to the bureaucratic banishment of his vice secretary.

And this was the beginning of the countdown to Fernando Herrero Tejedor's resignation. The rest was a slow war, underground at times and at others brutal, as Solis knew how to be when his smile became a grimace and the jokes ceased to flow from his lips. Herrero began to gather his papers together and to look for a graceful way out, which took two years in coming. Neither of the two wanted to publicize the conflict between them, for this would have meant a break between the men. They were sufficiently experienced in politics to know that a professional could never know what fate awaited him on the morrow.

The solution was to be negotiated by Antonio Maria de Oriol y Urquijo, when he had just been appointed minister of justice in July of 1965, one of the group of six ministers benefiting from the amnesty of the Year of Compostela, which was to become for Franco yet another occasion to show his benevolence toward the professors, because the University of Santiago de Compostela honored him with the title of doctor honoris causa on 27 July of that ill-fated year.

The relations between Oriol and Herrero Tejedor had entered into a difficult stage for reasons of no great importance. For example, the influential Oriol, who simultaneously headed the National Social Aid Department, the general welfare office and was president of the Red Cross, had the idea of having the letterhead for his general welfare department printed with the symbol of the Carlist regiments in the civil war, instead of the traditional yoke and arrows. Herrero returned the letters sent to him with the categorical statement to Oriol that such foolish expenditures as these must come out of his own pocket. Oriol's political inclinations, moving toward the most fanatic type of Carlism, had never come in conflict with his orderly finances and this was not to be the occasion for it to happen.

Oriol was familiar enough with the value of authority under that regime, a value which he had been urged to "maintain and not alter" on more than one occasion, and he simply set the Carlist letterhead aside to await a more auspicious occasion.

But in the early days of September 1965, the recently appointed minister of justice had a political admiration for Herrero which he was not to abandon

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until the death of the then-vice secretary. The relations between the two men had improved in the first months of 1965, for they both had numerous accounts hanging fire with the minister of the movement, Jose Solis. Thus when they sat down together one September day in the Hardy restaurant with its stucco foundation, silver tableware and Bourbon echoes from the walls, a high-level campaign was launched. Herrero Tejedor left the movement and became one of those politicians Prince Juan Carlos was to call "men of the state."

Herrero Tejedor was tempted by Oriol's proposal: an appointment to the supreme court. It would mean leaving the movement to take a key post in the supreme court, to which would come the most important affairs of state almost always walking the police court line. He did not hesitate for a moment. Also he had a passion for court work, which he had abandoned on leaving Castellon. In any case, this was an opportunity to bring together his two ambitions, judicial and political. It was a magnificent opportunity for Herrero to serve his two passions from a privileged post. He did not think twice.

It only remained for Oriol to persuade Franco that the best solution for a vice secretary in a difficult situation because of the "personal characteristics" of Solis was to appoint him as a supreme court prosecutor. Franco, for his part, had only the warmest feelings for a man such as Herrero, who had been the star of one of his dreams, when Europe rendered homage to him at the Valle de los Caidos. Nothing more was needed but to draft a list of three candidates, and the appointment became effective on 22 September 1965. Fernando Herrero Tejedor was now a supreme court prosecutor.

Behind him were the days in Villacastin, where extreme unction was administered to the SEU, and experience as a government official in the Franco political apparatus which would prove very useful to him. The battle between the "blues" and the "technocrats" was warming up, and the steam engine was beginning to emit sounds suggesting that the boiler contained a greater volume of gas than it could tolerate.

Herrero Tejedor's experience in the vice secretariat of the movement had revealed his capabilities in a marshy sea marked by currents of many different kinds. Herrero left the post without major enemies. The list of competitors on the long road to a post in government favor now had another name added--his. He had ceased to be a skillful employee and become a candidate for a ministry. Meanwhile, Adolfo continued with his battle to become governor of a province. They were situated on different levels, and Herrero was aware that his young secretary needed help. His willingness and his inclination for the job merited what he could do.

During the time he was vice secretary, Herrero took no opportunity to incorporate Adolfo in that eager enterprise. There were various factors

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in support of this attitude. He never tired of saying that Adolfo was not a Falangist, and this was important to him because the candidates sponsored within the movement were those close to what was then called a "Falangist spirit without revanchism." In other words, a kind of white shirt with a slightly bluish tint, which had the advantage of double use. Adolfo had never been anything in the SEU except another student who was a member because he had to be, and he had not affiliated with the movement in Avila either, except in his capacity as secretary to the civil governor. His pedigree, for the men in the movement, showed nothing more than political ambition, goodwill and great desire for the post, but Adolfo was one more on the list of hopefuls Herrero Tejedor had kept in his file of men in the movement.

On becoming vice secretary, Herrero had left his famous file in the hands of the provincial representative, Jose Luis Taboada, but when he left the post he did something more: he earnestly requested that, as it was desired by the movement, the name of Adolfo be placed among the candidates for a province at the first opportunity.

Herrero left the movement headquarters in September of 1965 and he was to follow his career until the last, although without the exclusive dedication of the early days. His duties in the office of the prime minister and the work at the Social Institute of the Navy and the Workers' Forums took time, and since March he had directed television programming. A curriculum vitae is not easily established without dedication to multiple tasks.

Taboada took up the banner Herrero had handed on to him, and was to carry it consistently forward to the planned goal, although not for some years yet.

As ambitious and bold a man as Robespierre, in one of his few moments of self-critical reflection, wrote something which explained many traits in his character. "From a very early age I felt the painful slavery of gratitude." Adolfo ended the year 1965 in this painful bondage. It would take him years to break the shackles, for Robespierre forgot to add that in a victorious political career, gratitude is nothing but a gesture, a letter or a smile. Life and power undertake to remember nothing which was not a victory. Defeats, however small they may be, are kept in the cupboard of resentment.

#### Chapter V. The SEU Generation Asks Permission

While the 25-gun salute commemorating an equal number of years Franco had headed the state boomed forth, Francisco Eguigaray interrupted his address for a few moments. There were not even 50 of the Falangist leaders gathered in that spacious hall, with portraits of Franco and Jose Antonio framed in a mixture of plaster and wood fashioned like the entrance to a theater.

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Francisco Eguigaray calmly let time pass while his hearers registered the detonations, counting them as if they were the tolling of a church bell. The city of Burgos was in the midst of the colossal commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the exaltation of Franco to power. The term "exaltation" was used to give a Messianic and divine connotation to what no one dared call by its name. Franco had succeeded in monopolizing power thanks to his astuteness and the inventiveness of his comrades in the venture on 1 October 1936. Twenty-five years had passed and the city of Burgos, a witness to that dark day when no one believed that General Francisco Franco Bahamonde would last more than a couple of years, was now aflutter with banners, flowers and symbols.

Press, radio and posters had for weeks repeated the same slogan: "People of Burgos, show your patriotic fervor, your enthusiasm and your faith in honoring him who merits it. Decorate your balconies, join enthusiastically in the happy celebration which approaches." As if for a bank holiday, trucks and buses were arriving from the villages, bringing the participants in the festivities of an empire which was beginning to lose the sense of being one, but still used that language.

Before the scheduled date, 1 October 1961, some figures ousted some time previously ventured forth for the homage to be paid on the 25th anniversary. Perhaps the commemoration required that those defeated publicly exhibit their wounds and lick them gently, with the fury of the winner or the shame of the conquered.

On 27 September a "masterly lecture" was given by Alberto Martin Artajo, the former minister of foreign affairs who had resigned in February 1957, on the topic "The Spanish Juridical Order in the 25 Years of the National Regime." It was a part of the series organized by the Commemorative Ceremonies Commission for the 25th anniversary of the exaltation of the Caudillo to leadership of the state. At 8:20 in the evening, in an atmosphere typified by the heavy garnet curtains in the lecture hall at the Burgos Provincial Palace, those present heard the former minister say: "Throughout these 25 years, the state born of the triumph has established itself as a true state of law, its essence lying in the submission of the state to the law, to the authority of the law."

The following day Juan Antonio Suanzes, first Marquess of Suanzes and minister of industry and commerce until 19 July 1951, spoke. It was said of him that he had been developing an intimate contempt for Franco, whose friend he had been since infancy. He joined the General Naval Corps at the age of 12--an adolescent dream Franco was not able to realize--and decided to withdraw from the government before his "old friend" decided he should. These reasons were more than sufficient for his ironic view of such magnificence. However, relying on the philosophy of a veteran of these battles, who regarded dignity as the greatest shortcoming of the political class, he ended his lecture as follows: "Adjectives of this type have little value, but I believe that what could be called the Spanish

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miracle, Franco's miracle, can not be outdone by any other of its type. We ask God, as he completes 25 years in office, to safeguard him for us for many more."

The closing section of the lectures on the Caudillo and his work were in the hands of two other no less illustrious former ministers, Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez and Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta. On that 29 September 1961 they came face to face again as they had in February of 1956, when the students of Madrid clashed in the name of the "pending revolution" or the "impossible revolution." The result of the student skirmish in 1956 was the fall of the ministers of education and the Falange, the same men who would now intone the political magnificat in two parts in Burgos. Like a theme from the past recaptured, the 1956 enemies were to recall the delight of the sweetcakes they had savored together. Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder again, as if nothing had happened. And the greatest irony for the proud Caudillo and organizer was that the two would end the cycle of praise for his person. Both had been driven out of the government by the avenging angel. The pressure of the groups making up the system struck in both directions, and two Turks lost their heads: an historic Falangist (Fernandez Cuesta) and a marvellous Christian democrat (Ruiz Jimenez).

Under the title "Franco and the Battle of Culture," Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez demonstrated the cultural achievements of the regime, its "uncommon effort" since 1 October 1936, which shaped "the yearning of boundless hearts and the nostalgia for domestic peace. From Burgos, the legions of young people advanced toward the nerve centers of captive Spain." Nor was a vibrant tremelo lacking from the oration by Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta. "Franco embodies the regime in accordance with the most classic Spanish doctrine, for this regime is absolutely not tyrannical, since there are a series of ethical and Christian principles which serve as many brakes or limitation on the exercise of power. In addition, along with political sovereignty there is a social power which lies with the family, the municipality and the trade union, making possible a regime without tyranny and liberty without license, with the two terms reconciled." Always exquisite and precise, Fernandez Cuesta knew how to place the golden seal on a masterly series.

For this reason Francisco Eguigaray, who was speaking to the young Falangist leaders, waited until the 21-gun salute in honor of the Caudillo had ended, turned his gaze on those SEU comrades known as Marquez Horrillo, Gomez Molina, Martin Villa, Roson Perez, Regalado Aznar, Navarro, Triana, Conte, Velez, Orti Bordas, and Elorriaga, and gave a historical definition of the regime which on 1 October 1961 had passed the 25-year mark. He called it "the quarter-century of Poliorcetes."

While the bishop of Burgos termed Franco the "scourge of the heretics and the light of Trento," the young men in the SEU, led by Eguigaray, described his regime brutally and surrealistically as the "quarter-century of Poliorcetes." The irony did not go unexplained. Demetrius, the son of

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Antigonus, was born in the third century B.C. He continued the work of and emulated the great Alexander, and went down in history known as Poliorcetes (which in Greek means razer of cities). He beseiged Rhodes and conquered Athens. And for his palace he had the dream of all the dictators in the world, the Parthenon. He punished the democrats with such fury that he became famous for it in an era much given to these practices. Plutarch devoted one of his "Parallel Lives" to him, and he thought of surrounding himself with an iron and implacable band of supporters.

Above all else, Demetrius Poliorcetes was obsessed with power. In the history of thought, he is remembered for a question he asked the Megarian philosopher Stilpo. After having razed his city, he asked the dictator what he had lost when his house was destroyed, with the intention of making restitution and winning him over to his cause. The answer was "nothing, for I carry it all with me." Witnesses do not recall whether Francisco Eguia mentioned that this ancient anecdote was out of place in modern comparison.

In October of 1961, the Spanish University Union was headed by Jesus Aparicio Bernal, a man with a Christian democratic background, a native of the Levant and prone to dealing whether political or economic. The events of 1956 had opened the way for a process of depolitization in the SEU. Until that year the University Falange had as its main enemy the left wing, the democrats of various stamps concealed here and there. After that date, the young men in the SEU had to face an enemy in the system itself, which many of them would continue to use and abuse, but to the mutual discredit of the political convictions of those young people expected to provide the political leaders of the future. Either one entered the bureaucracy of the regime or one chose ostracism.

Aparicio Bernal was a genuine representative of the new era. With no interest in the Falangist doctrine, he came to national leadership of the SEU thanks to the 1956 crisis, which made the lack of moderate leaders obvious, and he owed his office to his status as a disciple of the then-minister of education, Jesus Rubio Garcia-Mina. The minister who took over the education portfolio in February of 1956 took the torch handed on by his predecessor Ruiz Jimenez. He established night schools for baccalaureate candidates, invented that dark area known as pre-university studies and took upon his shoulders the cross of a country with eight million immigrants. Mimicking Stalin, Rubio Garcia-Mina stated that "man comes first," and without exaggeration, he can be regarded as the pioneer in altering the baccalaureate, because of his capacity to take courses apart and put them together again.

Aparicio's primary task was to rally the conglomerate making up the SEU, which simply because it was a union with compulsory membership, represented a necessary step for aspirants to politics. Aparicio was to pursue his leadership as if it were a winding path, with darts to the right and the left, more consistent with the position of his body than with the political

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definition of the terms. Those who said that it was not a question of right or left, but quite the contrary, in other words the reign of confusion, were correct.

On the right, loaded with "pending revolutions" in nationalization, republicanism and violence, was the Twentieth Century, made up of the "pure" adherents to the thinking of Jose Antonio. On the left, if it could be called that, were the liberals who wanted to professionalize the SEU, to put its "imperial" and "star performer" aspects in the attic and to make it into a union which would resolve the primary problems, not just the cooperative and cafeteria aspects of student life. And finally, the neophytes of the Opus Dei had to be taken into account, anxious to do away with "Falangist fascism" and to launch a student era full of spirituality, short courses in Christianity and readings with comments by the clergy, so that the lambs would graze in the pastures of the Opus Dei.

And in the underlying stratum there were the clandestine democrats, trying to speed up the course of history, and agitating on all sides. The schemes of the right wing, left wing and center pertaining to the SEU were more than relative, perhaps equalled nowhere except in the regime. The veteran Falangist students in the Twentieth Century, punctilious experts in the thinking of "the Absent One," were closer to the clandestine party than the well-dressed apprentice technocrats of the Opus Dei, and yet the regime punished them more than its legitimate and radical sons in the University Falange.

From the very first, Aparicio joined the "Lerrouxist young boars" of the Twentieth Century and gave them responsible posts. Francisco Eguigaray, the most brilliant of all, was appointed chief inspector of the SEU. Eduardo Navarro, second in importance, was deputy national leader and Diego Marquez, secretary general. Others of less outstanding importance and personality were directed toward various posts in the "line of command."

The second faction in the SEU, the "professionalists," had as their leading exponent at that time a young man with a fierce gaze which would remain unchanged as he matured. His name was Rodolfo Martin Villa, head of the Madrid university district, with a team of colleagues who, in terms of their later political development, must be regarded as important: Juan Jose Roson, Rafael Orbe Cano, Eugenio Triana, Daniel Regalado, Jesus Sancho Rof, Rafael Conte, Alberich, and Orti Bordas.

The center of the "third force" affiliated with the Opus Dei was to be found at the University of Navarre, obviously, and the University of Seville, being for the purposes of our history, the only student "force" worth our laboring over. The governor there at that time was a member of Opus Dei and known supporter of Don Juan de Borbon, Hermenegildo Altozano Moraleda.

The triangular relation of forces developing under the rule of Aparicio Bernal had many fantastic aspects. The various factions emerged

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and developed independent of the guidelines of the secretariat general of the movement, the body serving as a framework and mother hen for the political-union activities in the country. As one very familiar with the subject, Jose Luis Alcocer, wrote: "The secretariat general of the movement functioned exactly like an anti-party. In fact, the desire of any political party is always to expand its organization and for it to grow organically. The secretariat general, on the contrary, gave the impression of wanting to prevent these things." Thus Aparicio Bernal was more a wall of containment than a channel. Nor was he in a position to do more: he was a pawn in a game dominated by bishops. He was handed the task of avoiding conflicts, mitigating them, pursuing the characteristics of the system, minimizing and concealing the clashes so that their echoes would not reach the ears of those in power. Up to the point of scandal, everything was acceptable.

There was candor on the part of the young people, and cynicism among the veterans, but they coexisted. There were valiant and consistent gestures. The Falangist Cepeda ordered the centurions of the Youth Front to turn their backs on Franco when he visited El Escorial and the tomb of Jose Antonio. Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta grew hysterical and pale, and revealed his proverbial timidity and lack of spirit. In an historic antithesis of the mess of the "bearer of eternal values," all he could think of to say was: "Steps will be taken, Excellency, steps will be taken," while Franco, astute and curious, corrected him. "What I want to know is what is going on with these boys." Franco was right. He had not changed at all but the young men had. And in the end he did not understand what was going on in their minds. Candor did not move Franco, but he suspected that there was always some dark reason, and probably he was right.

For underlying all was ignorance. Those very serious young men who could talk for more than half an hour giving a critical explanation of the slogan "Discipline, that is our pride" were beginning to question everything. Their doubt was not assuaged by the awkward inversion of the phrase about discipline, characteristic of the Jesuit traditions of muddled secondary-level classes harking back to past eras in which they had not even been born.

If it has been said that the youth of one era lived the life of champagne bubbles, the youth of this time was characterized by the mineral waters of Mondariz. Although unwittingly, some of those young men full of determination and honest beyond suspicion were battling for something which the deception of their grey-haired elders would not allow them to achieve. There were innumerable examples, for example that of the three young men who went into the secretariat general of the movement in the building at No 44 Alcala. They were perspiring because it was summer and they had spent the morning putting up anti-monarchic posters. Francisco Eguiagaray, Eduardo Navarro and Diego Marquez were mounting the imperial staircase when they saw the minister of the party, Fernandez Cuesta in the company of Murga, the lieutenant general of Franco's Guard.

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They did not wait for the gentlemen to descend, but proceeded up the stairs to where they were, full of the silent dedication of the "enfants terribles" of the regime. It was Eguiararay, with his resemblance to a provincial D'Annunzio--high boots, leather belt and carefully pressed shirt--who addressed Fernandez Cuesta.

"We want a revolution!" Paco Eguiararay shouted.

Cuesta was too accustomed to impertinent questions to allow beardless boys to give him a bad moment, and so he continued impassive down the staircase.

"And it will come!" he responded.

He did not hesitate for a moment before answering, nor did he smile at all. But he continued to descend the stairs, for the weather was very warm and he was impatient to get home.

"But how can it be if this is a kingdom?" Eguiararay insisted.

He spoke without thinking, as Murga took his arm lightly to draw him away from these idiots of bluish tint.

"A republican kingdom, obviously," was Cuesta's retort.

And he did not look back at them. The master of the liveried servants, the pending revolution, the bills of exchange and the white gloves for correcting letters went on his way. Cuesta lacked a sense of humor, and the three young men as yet knew nothing of Woody Allen. Thus each went home, and they only recalled the exchange which shamed them profoundly one day on a train bound for Santander, when the brother of Diego Marzuez said: "You know something? I spit on Franco!" None of the three smiled, because the clear image of Fernando Cuesta came to their minds.

The year 1961, that of the "quarter century of Poliorcetes," was also that which shaped the SEU generation. The battle among the various factions reached its virulent peak at that time. Seville was to be the scene of the battle which would open the doors to a period of internal struggle which would culminate in a meeting at Villacastin three years later, which was to put an end to the SEU, which had already become a phantom of unknown paternity.

In 1961, Altozano Moraleda was governor of Seville, and the Falangist Twentieth Century merged willingly with the SEU. The cadres of the union were beginning to move from the moderate Christianity of Aparicio Bernal to the agnosticism of the vehicles registered to the rotating fleet representing a man on the rise, Rodolfo Martin Villa. And the time had come when the Opus Dei would participate in the skirmishes of the student movement. Monseigneur Escriva had made matters very clear when he wrote:

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"Do not forget that one must do before teaching. Coepit facere et docere, the Jesus Christ of the holy scriptures said: He began to do and to teach. First, to do. So that you and I could learn."

For the edification of Monseigneur Escriva, there arrived in Seville in 1961 one Florencio Sanchez Bella, the brother of the man who was to become minister of information and tourism in October 1969. Among the interviews Florencio had in Seville, one was of particular importance. He talked with a student, Ramon Cercos, a promising young fellow in the Opus Dei, who had been asked to take over leadership of the SEU in Seville while he was in Colonia on a Humboldt scholarship. On his return from Germany in March of 1959, he visited Aparicio Bernal, the conciliator, in Madrid, and he encouraged him to take over the SEU operations in the district of Seville. He did not know what he was getting into until he arrived at the station and saw the welcoming banner: "Opus Dei, no; Falange, yes."

Florencio suggested to him that the time had come to wage the battle against Aparicio Bernal, because in his capacity as national head of the SEU he was incapable of cutting short the criticism of the sacrosanct University of Navarre. As they said farewell, Florencio revealed the goal of the moment: "You are in a better position than anyone to achieve it." And the promising young man neither agreed nor refused. He began to work, because the inversion of the phrase "Discipline, that is our pride" had been adapted to the language used by Monseigneur Escriva in verse 625 of his "Camino" (Path): "Your obedience is not worthy of the name if you are not prepared to abandon your most prosperous personal efforts, when those in authority so order."

In his capacity as head of the SEU in Seville, Cercos appointed Alejandro Rojas Marcos secretary general of the university district in October of 1969. He who was to become founder of the Socialist Party of Andalusia was then a Juanist monarchist, closely linked to Governor Altozano Moraleda. The SEU leadership in Madrid was never to give Rojas Marcos its approval, and he left the post some time later without ever being accredited. Cercos and Rojas were to wage the battle against the SEU "blues," as the governor of Seville waged it against those in the secretariat general of the movement.

Cercos imitated some of Altozano's moves. For example, when he went to the summer residence the SEU maintained in Bergondo, La Coruna, he took down the two flags--Carlist and Falangist--which flanked the red and gold. However, he was not brave enough to join in the battle against the two most active disciples of the legendary Christian democrat Jimenez Fernandez, who were active militants in the anti-Franco right wing, Marti Maqueda and Guillermo Medina, although they maintained good relations.

The first occasion Cercos was to find for the holy war against the Falangists in the SEU was to be the meeting of the national representative

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council at the Valle de los Caídos. For him it was not a matter of questioning who was being advised, who was being representative and what nation was involved, but a much simpler problem, in which he had supporters: demanding clarification of the SEU "accounts." The secretary general, Mariano Nicolas, got out of the difficulty as best he could, until Aparicio Bernal arrived with a bundle of blue shirts and the session was adjourned. The minister, Solis, was to deliver the closing address and a sea of blue garments was needed.

Cercos and Rojas Marcos, in their capacity as the highest representatives of the SEU in Seville, had a double front on which to fight, the local university Falanges and the national leadership. With Altozano's assistance they could keep their opponents in the city under control, but where Madrid was concerned they needed to seek support. And so the idea of cooperation with the other universities developed.

Four young men at the University of Seville came forth in the early months of 1961 prepared to carry the banner of SEU "democratization" to the various university districts. The group was headed by Alejandro Rojas Marcos, and he was accompanied by Diego Mir, Joaquin Caballero and Rafael Candau. They had the blessings of Cercos and a vehicle of their own.

The first place they visited was Salamanca. Taken by surprise, the authorities learned what was happening too late and the meetings were a success. The governor, Jose Luis Taboada, when he had to explain the incident to Franco, because ridiculous as it may seem, El Pardo did get involved in the matter, had to admit that it caught him away from the city, and he was not able to deal swiftly with it as he would have liked.

Then they went to Valladolid, where the leader of the SEU in the city, Javier Perez Pellon tried to boycott the meeting, putting up anti-Opus Dei and pro-Falange posters to pull the rug out from under the feet of the conspirators. The infamous alliance in the Opus Dei of men of monarchic inclination and independent democrats forced the young men of the SEU to strike at the most obvious aspect of the alliance, the nature of the Opus Dei maneuver.

It is possible that in his heart of hearts each of those involved knew that the Opus Dei was not particularly interested in bringing about the decline of the Falangists in the SEU. The clandestine democratic forces were also pursuing the same path, and they came together. If at that moment it proved that the dynamic young men of the Opus Dei were right, matters were turned about before long and the "clandestine" faction came to play the main role in the battle for the democratization of the SEU.

The third point of contact was Santiago de Compostela. The trip came to an unexpected end in Oviedo, where they were arrested and turned over to the General Directorate of Security in Madrid. It was then that the

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crowded assembly at the Faculty of Law in Seville decided to call a three-day strike in protest against the arrests, which soon took on an air of martyrdom.

Events had moved quickly and the SEU leaders in Madrid intervened in the affair, sending the chief inspector, Francisco Eguigaray, to Seville. He arrived at almost the moment of the return of Rojas Marcos and his comrades in their brief prison experience, at a time when the Andalusian university was aroused and the rector, Jose Hernandez Diaz, was living on the permanent brink of a heart attack.

Francisco Eguigaray was the most promising and brilliant of the young Falangists, and he had received a careful education within an extreme right-wing family. His aunt, Francisca Bohigas, forgotten today, was regarded in the parliament of the republic in which she served as a deputy as "the passion-flower of the right wing." His aunt had helped to educate him, and he had a certain passion for the theatre and gestures in the Mussolini style. He translated the founding address of Jose Antonio into Latin, and he liked to read Santa Teresa while pacing majestically with an oil lamp in his hand.

Eguigaray wore the belt and high boots until the Aparicio Bernal era, which said a great deal about the firmness of his fascist convictions. He had a prodigious memory and considerable intellectual capacity, as clearly evidenced by any one of his books, perhaps not very well written, but important in that environment so unfavorable to intellectual search.

He came to Seville to put things in order, and that, in his view, would inevitably involve the loss of influence in the university by the Opus Dei. The attitude of the Cercos-Rojas Marcos team merited a warning, and Eguigaray was there to give it. Almost the day after his arrival in Seville, the governor, Altozano Moraleda, summoned Cercos and the SEU inspector to the headquarters of the civil government.

When Cercos entered the room, Eguigaray had already been waiting quite a while. Altozano had summoned both of them to explain the university incidents. Eguigaray was beginning to be nervous, when Cercos was called into the governor's office before him. This was where the trouble began. He went to Altozano and told him straight out: "This is intolerable." Nothing further needed to be said. Altozano, who had perhaps been waiting for a gesture such as this, gave orders that he be dispatched immediately to the boundary of the province.

The relations between the central SEU and the province of Seville had been broken off. Some weeks later a new inspector, Rafael Conte, tried to reach an agreement with the Seville sector. He was in a better position than Eguigaray, for he had studied in Navarre and he was familiar with the Opus Dei, its methods and practices. For some time Conte was to

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reconcile the interests of the Cercos group with those of the Falange at the University of Seville. Little by little, Cercos became aware that his colleagues were abandoning him. Conte had offered them posts and some changed horses in the middle of the stream. Cercos was isolated and the time had come to provide the solution to the student rebellion. The April holidays would not mean an interruption.

Before the summer Cercos received news of his dismissal as head of the SEU in the university district. The way in which the communication reached him was unusual. Herrero Tejedor, vice secretary general of the movement, informed the governor, who informed him. The political line of command had dealt the blow and all had bowed.

As was customary in the Franco era, blows were dealt on both sides, and thus Eguiagaray was to be persecuted by Camilo Alonso, minister of interior, and taking advantage of a scholarship, he left for Munich, abandoning the papier-mache world of the Iberian peninsula and its political concepts. His later political development was to be of a different stamp from his past.

When this point was reached, the SEU was like a train on a siding. The debate was whether it should be dismantled or maintained as an historic object. It was thought in the secretariat general of the movement that it should be retained, eliminating the Falangist political element and making it more professional. Other forces, from the most right-wing Christians to the extreme left wing, believed that the time for its dissolution had come.

The vice secretary of the movement, Fernando Herrero, conceived the idea of removing Aparicio Bernal from the leadership of the SEU and replacing him with someone without a Falangist past to make the union more professional and functional. He would be a young man who could be remote-controlled easily and who could reduce the clashes which were increasing steadily. Three candidates stood out--Fernando Gil Nieto, Adolfo Suarez, or Ramon Cercos himself. The very mention of the name of the last of the three could cause a commotion, and the other two had served as secretaries of Fernando Herrero Tejedor.

There was no need for the maneuver contemplated by the vice secretary, for the young men of the SEU had already made their move and had succeeded in persuading Solis that the successor to Aparicio Bernal should be a young industrial engineer, well provided with experience in the Madrid district, who would bring with him a "new batch" of leaders in no way suspect, and a young man who prided himself on being more of a unionist than a Falangist. His name was Rodolfo Martin Villa. On 3 March 1962 he was appointed national head of the SEU.

A new political class was emerging. In the battle between the "pure" Falangists of the Twentieth Century, the unionists and the Opus Dei, the

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Francoists began to see those they had nurtured grow and begin to take over. For two years Martin Villa headed the SEU, solely concerned with the establishment of cooperatives, controlling the higher colleges and providing a categorical response to the "radicals" in the Twentieth Century, now in a state of decline.

The political advance of the generation to which Rodolfo Martin Villa belonged was remarkable. Little by little its members began to be added to the institutional rosters, beginning their unending trips in the government vehicle from which they were never to dismount. When Daniel Regalado was appointed to replace Rodolfo as head of the SEU in September 1964, the student union no longer had any representation in the secretariat general of the movement. The resolutions of the National Council meeting held in Cuenca had to be made into decrees to get out of the impasse, and to give free rein to a union more vulnerable than the old Falangist totem. Martin Villa resigned because he had reached the limit of his capacity to maneuver, and to continue would have meant a clash with the institution. Better to resign than to cut off the path of the future.

Thus Daniel Regalado, a young man who enjoyed great favor in the El Pardo circles because his father had been naval minister, and not unwelcome at the base level because he was very flexible, was to last two months.

Traditionally, the new head of the SEU gave the address to inaugurate the university year, which was read at all the universities. Regalado drafted his with the help of two aides, Jesus Sancho Rof and Francisco Guerrero. He was to read it in Oviedo, and it was an anthological piece, well-intended but of doubtful literary taste, with metaphors referring to truncated columns and postponed problems. But it had a lightning effect. His criticism of the role of the universities in that atrophied society provoked a violent reaction from the professors, who boycotted the reading of the address at some of the universities. At the University of San Bernardo in Madrid, the protest of the professors was more than symbolic. And those gentlemen who barring some honorable exceptions suffered double deception, like the end-of-the-month paychecks, grew angry and railed at the Ministry of Education to get rid of that tall, beardless young man with the rich boy's face. He lasted two months and no one said anything, not even he himself. Later he was to hold important provincial posts, with a healthy respect for Galician political influence.

In the two months Regalado headed the SEU occurred the beginning of a profound decline in the hegemony of the right-wing youth in the university movement. The rise of Jose Miguel Orti Bordas beginning then, in November of that decisive year, 1964, to national leadership was but the last nostalgic dance.

Orti Bordas had been discovered by Representative Orbe Cano in the Madrid Faculty of Law, where he headed the Traditionalist Students' Association.

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He established a relationship with Martin Villa and was put in charge of the periodical 24, one of the most radical student organs of that time. Since there was no censorship for the SEU periodicals, the articles were characterized by a compromising political attitude, with the exceptions provided by the socialist-fascist ideological stratum in which the most representative SEU men operated. The tone was so critical of the system that Fernando Herrero Tejedor negotiated a formula to control that publication level with the SEU leaders.

Orti was known as the ideologist of the periodical 24 (there were 23 vertical unions in Spain and 24 represented the SEU), and its name suggests his thinking and his concerns. The special issues of the periodical devoted to the University of Navarre or opposition to the attitude of the Church toward education, under the solicitous title "They Agree, But Do Not Keep Their Promises," made Orti an important figure in the SEU. He was to have the honor of being expelled from La Coruna by the governor, Evaristo Martin Freire, for as director of the Bergondo hostel, he gave a lecture defending Fidel Castro's experiments as a nationalist and anti-imperialist leader.

Orti's later development toward "Prussian" attitudes, linked with his very complicated personal nature, should not be allowed to obscure the hopes he awakened in the early 1960s. He was one of the most radical men in the new political class.

When the response of the SEU became known in the little town of Villacastin in 1964 and Orti Bordas was ousted, a new generation which was to provide substantial nourishment to the clandestine left began to emerge. In eight years alone, from 1956 to 1964, the SEU was to be the training ground for the politicians of the '60s: Aparicio Bernal, Martin Villa, Roson, Sancho Rof, Eduardo Navarro, to mention only those best known in the circles of power, were to begin their irresistible rise. The brilliant figures of the left wing began to emerge as of 1964.

But in the Youth Front as well something similar was occurring. Under the leadership of Lopez Cancio, such men as Amando de Miguel, who was about to become national leader of the SEU, Lopez Cepero, Gonzalez Seara, Adriano Gomez Molina, Antonio Sanchez Guigon, Fernando Albero, Francisco Orizo, Juan Jose Linz and Gomez Arbolea began to make their contributions, in tasks ranging from consulting on the volumes on the "formation of the national spirit" to surveys on the mental capacity of Spanish youth. The secondary-level texts for the early 1960s written by Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, Efren Borrajo, Velarde and Enrique Fuentes Quintana, for the subject called "politics" in the juvenile thinking of those years, were drafted by these men who were then a part of the team headed by the chief of the youth training department, Francisco Vigil, and the national youth leader, Lopez Cancio.

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The secretariat general of the movement nurtured all tastes, and it was the gymnasium in which the men who aspired to a role in the politics of the country practiced various exercises, from jumping the hurdles to balancing on the tightrope. The various processes of ideological development began logically in a single spot, the building at No 44 Alcala. The SEU generation of the period between 1956 and 1964 was prepared to fight every step of the way to the final one-on-one encounter, where there would not be room any longer for everyone.

Among them were those who would be crowned with the laurels of the future. They had just finished their political adolescence and were beginning the old age of government posts without ever having experienced the maturity of battle for political convictions. Many lost their virginity in the SEU and required that delicate operation for phimosis. As of then, they were in a position to take the world by the tail, if they could combine with caution the inestimable advantage of a stainless steel liver, capable of accomodating, without damage, the dregs of a regime which would segregate various essences from grapes of the same stock.

Their time had not yet come, but their careers had begun. As of then some were familiar with the official vehicle in which they would ride until this very day. The more aggressive they had appeared, the higher the price of the agreement was, and the higher the bureaucratic level on which they were accepted. It would be unjust to deny the capacity for honest political ambition in some cases. As there was no other means of political advancement within the system than the bureaucratic ladder and the iron discipline of command, one cannot presume dark intentions. Those who embarked upon this path were aware that there were no others which would allow them to win political posts.

To call this political group the "SEU generation" involves a terminological limitation, because it was also the Youth Front, as a source of values, or simply the movement, where groups of officials came together through the selective procedure of friendship with this or that leader, and which nonetheless must be considered as the "SEU generation," although their sole link with the university union was the compulsory membership in their student years.

Generations are like boxes of scraps into which unexceptional individuals are tossed. The "SEU generation" came from the middle class, and had passed through a stage of the purest devotion to Jose Antonio, lasting till puberty, bearing in mind that puberty sometimes lasts beyond the biological stage. And they then went on to an absolute political relativism allowing them to accept Laureano Lopez Rodo as their main guide, undervaluing Giron de Velasco because he had not been faithful to his principles. To say that they were eclectic would perhaps be excessive for the vast majority of the young men, who felt a total contempt for culture beginning with themselves. They were adaptable and disciplined, and the rest would come to them with time.

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Adolfo Suarez belonged to this generation, if not by his own right, at least in terms of his political career. He liked to say then that holding a political post was an act of service. In some cases more was needed, and those best situated said that it was a question of an act of service to Spain and the Caudillo. Without going into the fact that service inevitably begins with oneself, and that as the philosopher said, one is the servant first of all of one's own shortcomings. Adolfo was a faithful and disciplined servant to his respective chiefs, and in intellectual matters he never had any concerns. When he was preparing for the Ministry of Information and Tourism examinations he consulted a journalist, asking him to recommend a good general cultural volume. He recommended to him the very humble "History of the Modern World" by Professor Sanchez Barba. Some weeks later he returned it with the comment: "I couldn't read it. It is too heavy." He came from the provincial middle class and his political advancement began with the hierarchy of the movement and owed much to the sponsorship of Fernando Herrero Tejedor.

His relations with the most authentic representatives of the "SEU generation" were to be enduring and stable over the years, but were of special importance in 1964, because thanks to these relations he joined the Spanish television network. It was the month of November in the year 1964. He was working as secretary to Herrero Tejedor in the vice secretariat of the movement, while he was also working at the prime minister's office as assistant in public relations and head of the provincial planning inspectorate. When he had time he visited the offices of the Social Institute of the Navy on Genova Street, and the Youth Office, with a view to future work as a legal adviser.

But his friends believed he was experiencing a difficult economic situation. Some were unaware of this professional multiplicity and others were concerned about his father's financial ventures, which made it necessary for Adolfo to deal with unexpected obligations. What was certain was that three Murcians met, and agreed that Adolfo should have a post in television. They were Mariano Nicolas, Jaime Pascual, and Jesus Sancho Rof, who although he was not born in Murcia knew that region well since his father was a professor there.

Mariano Nicolas lived in the same building as Adolfo in Commandante Fortea, and had been a friend and close colleague of Aparicio Bernal during his term as national head of the SEU. Nicolas was in the ideal position to recommend him, and he did so with great success. On 19 November 1964, Adolfo entered the empty building on Prado del Rey, with its odor of fresh paint, for the first time. As one of its first tenants, he had the sensation of embarking on a phantom ship.

His post was that of secretary to the advisory commission, a consultative body at the television headquarters which included innumerable leading and less important personalities in cultural, social and political life, whose

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sole obligation was to attend a weekly meeting and decide what television programming should and should not be. There were a half-dozen advisory commissions, and although they had no continuing authority, they had to meet regularly and this activity required a secretary to convoke and draft the minutes of the meetings. The first secretary was Juan Jose Roson, but when he was appointed secretary general of the television network a new incumbent for the post was sought. He was to be Adolfo Suarez.

In 1964 the television system was headed by Aparicio Bernal and the assistant director was the legendary and incombustible Luis Ezcurra, a kind of moveable Egyptian pyramid which always retained its power to awe, and like any pyramid, contained in its depths the secrets of the pharaohs. But the strong man was Juan Jose Roson, a practicing Galician and an SEU figure affiliated with Rodolfo Martin Villa, with a tendency to speak in monosyllables, dark of skin and with Celtic taciturnity, in other words one of those who say nothing more than they want to say. His sad and melancholy aspect earned him the nickname "Coffin" in SEU circles. His activity as a legal colonel in the army and intelligence expert and his close relations with Martin Villa gave his person the somewhat less than pleasing aura of an individual always in the shadows, although he was forward-looking, courageous and did have friends.

Roson held the post of secretary general of the RTVE when Adolfo arrived at Prado del Rey, at a salary of 21,000 pesetas. The first task of the new employee was to reach agreement with a group of university students who came in the same day to ask that they be paid for the 11 days in the month of November which were not included on the December payroll. This was Adolfo's first effort and his first success.

He was not to be long in the bureaucratic post of secretary to the advisory commission. In the early months of 1965, the programs showed a scandalous decline in viewers, coinciding with an operation described as "speculative" on the part of the two agencies which had a monopoly on television advertising. The two agencies, headed by Linten and Joaquin Soler Serrano, emerged from these crises in very bad shape. Within the RTVE, these early months of 1965 brought the fall of the two program directors, Jose Luis Colinas and Enrique de las Casas, and their replacement by Adolfo Suarez.

The period from November 1964 to March of the following year allowed Adolfo to show his capacity for work and his skill in the art of winning allies. Thus the decision came as a surprise to no one, and in view of the paucity of capable leadership personnel, the promotion was a result of accidents, the program crisis and the lack of any alternative resource. In March he had an opportunity to show the extent of his capacity for excellent public relations. The only hindrance to him was Juan Jose Roson, who established and directed television policy in perfect coordination with Minister Fraga Iribarne, the only man who would not allow the small screen to escape his control.

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The conflict between Roson and Suarez was to have its ups and downs, with moments of great friendship and some of profound antipathy, but throughout the time Adolfo remained in the television post, prior to being appointed governor of Segovia in 1969, Roson set a strict standard for him. The two men represented different areas. While Roson was a faithful subordinate of Fraga, Adolfo, within the multiplicity of his functions, came within the sector of Laureano Lopez Rodo's young men, both in terms of his resident work and as a drudge at the Social Institute of the Navy.

Where the secretariat of Herrero Tejedor in the movement was concerned, he was on the point of losing that post because Herrero no longer had much to do with Minister Solis.

Adolfo's relations with the movement were not linked to Solis but to Herrero Tejedor, a convinced Opus Dei supporter, although he always denied to his superior that he belonged to it. For his part Roson was always a well-informed politician and he was well aware of the relations between Adolfo and the Opus Dei. One might well ask then why they allowed a wedge of Laureano's stamp to be driven into the television administration.

The answer is simple. In 1964 and 1965 things were not as clearly delimited as a couple of years later. Fraga felt strong in his position and Adolfo was no more than a modest job-seeker recommended by Aparicio Bernal and Mariano Nicolas, two men unsuspected of connivance with Laureano. It should also be said that Fraga, unlike his opponent, was not characterized by proselytizing furor and purges in the ministry he headed. He might insult a subordinate or fire him by telephone, but for temperamental reasons, not because he belonged to this or that political family in the Franco regime. Fraga never ascribed importance to his subordinates on the ladder of power. His pride prevented that.

Adolfo for his part took care to maintain good relations with all, without exception. He went to daily mass and communion and, as a fervent Opus Dei supporter, frequented the residential premises of the Opus Dei, but at the same time he did not lose sight of the fact that Roson was his hierarchic superior. In the summer of 1966 he went to live at No 8 Rodriguez Sampedro Street, where Roson was already established. It was one of Adolfo's characteristics to besiege fortresses by staying with them until they yielded. The effort in this case was to prove fruitless. It is curious that these two men born on the same day of the same month in the same year, destined in principle to understand each other, never achieved that. Roson always seemed to mistrust Adolfo, and this feeling was to have long-range consequences.

There are those who say that Roson hindered Adolfo's undertakings when he was first in the television post. While the one promised favors right and left, the other took care to block them by refusing authorization, and thus Adolfo began to develop a hatred, which in a person little given to forgetting the past and starting over leaves its mark.

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Adolfo's two years as the head of programming in Spanish television could not be regarded as idyllic, although he had no major political problems either. Politics transpired on the upper floors. Occasionally someone slipped and the staircase trembled, but by gripping the rails firmly one could keep his footing. Fraga's fury when someone dared create a problem for him was proverbial, and his adamant temperament made forgiveness difficult. This happened, for example, with the programming of Sternberg's film "Morocco" at a time when the Moroccans were especially sensitive, which led to a diplomatic protest. Fraga was not the kind of man who could explain to our neighbors in North Africa that the performances of Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper fully justified rerunning the film. In the halls of the Ministry of Information and Tourism it began to be said that Fraga had telephoned the programming head, a certain Suarez, and fired him for putting "Morocco" on the screen.

Another such incident occurred, again involving the Moroccans, with a humorous television film which parodied an Arab wedding, which was carried just prior to the inauguration of the Moroccan-Spanish television hookup. Once again floods of injurious epithets were destined for Adolfo's ears for his poor timing of this out-of-place humor. But except for such incidents, Adolfo's life was moving toward other outlets.

He had set as his goal the governorship of a province. While he was secretary to Herrero Tejedor in the movement, he took pains to maintain excellent relations with Minister Solis, to the point that the latter believed it was good to have a man on Lopez Rodo's team in the office of the prime minister, and he approved Adolfo's double employment. Had he known this, Laureano, little given to loud guffaws, might not have been able to contain himself.

If Solis had no objections to his appointment as governor, the best he could do would be to establish relations with the interior minister, Camilo Alonso Vega. It was known that the appointment of governors alternated between the ministers of the movement and interior. The strategy Adolfo planned to get close to Camilo was so bold as to verge on the ridiculous. As the circles in which they moved were very distinct, the only possibility seemed to be the vacation period. Don Camilo spent the summers in Dehes de Campoamor, Alitantse, as did other leaders in the regime, including Carrero Blanco himself, and also Nieto Antunez, Ibanez Martin, and Florencio Sanchez Bella, among others.

Adolfo applied to the Bernal Pareja Company, responsible for construction of the Dehes de Campoamor development, to obtain an apartment. He knew a public relations man there who would do exactly as he wished. He was Jose Maria Soler, and his professional zeal went so far as to put in Adolfo's hands the key to the apartment just next to that of Camilo Alonso Vega. The rest would be up to him.

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For three summers he besieged the minister of interior tirelessly. From morning mass to the last nightcap, Adolfo was to be the most accomodating of friends to the minister. The comment attributed to Mrs Pichot, Carrero Blanco's wife, to the effect that "Suarez did not leave my husband's side in sun or shade," dates from that time. Prodigal with these talents for excellent public relations and most intimate friendship, Adolfo was to establish a relationship which would put him on a first-name basis with Camilo and Admiral Carrero, a man who did not give this honor even to his military colleagues. The anecdotes from this era belong more to the long picaresque Spanish literary and political tradition than to history.

His finding of Jose Maria Soler was something more than a rarity, and Adolfo repaid him by recommending him for a post in television, which he obtained years later, in October 1971, becoming chief of program contracting. He was to be one of those controversial figures within the Spanish television system because of his passionate loves, his also rather impassioned manner of handling business affairs, and because his public relations services succeeded in getting six members of the Suarez family, along with their usual companions, to the Monte Carlo festival. Adolfo Suarez and his wife, his brothers Ricardo and Jose Maria (whom he brought into Spanish television) and his parents attended the festival as the guests of the television administration and Jose Maria Soler.

Soler's activities were to earn him the nickname "the Pirate," among his friends on Prado del Rey, and he was to leave his post under cloudy circumstances in 1974, when Juan Jose Roson himself, at the general television headquarters, requested his resignation, with no further discussion of certain payments to his personal checking account.

Adolfo's burning religious devotion went along with an intense passion for cards. An excellent poker player, according to his cronies, he had a rare ability to win and to absorb his infrequent losses. His most frequent partners were Gustavo Perez Puig and Carmelo Martinez, both well known at the Prado del Rey premises, one as a producer and the wife of Mara Recatero, also with the RTVE, and the other as editor of the periodical TELE-RADIO, the official house organ. On a more discreet level there were other friends, such as Luis Angel de la Viuda, who was to be his inseparable comrade, Juan Manuel Wolf, Jose Luis Graullera Mico, and his brother-in-law, Aurelio Delgado.

He moved from program head to director of the First Network without any hiatus, and it would be a mistake to try to divide the two phases. Thus there was no break in this first period for Adolfo in television. In 1967, when he was appointed director of the First Chain, very little change for him, although indeed the appointment could not be regarded as a promotion. When one director was placed in charge of both chains, Adolfo's authority, which was considerable, was reduced.

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Adolfo, heading the First Chain, and Salvador Pons heading the second, were competitors, while previously there had been only superiors in rank rather than adversaries on the same level. He was the first director of the First Chain, a post which did not exist until 1967, when a new table of organization, the efficiency of which can be seriously doubted, was established. Finally, the second chain had been removed from his jurisdiction, and in the hands of Salvador Pons it developed toward a higher level, leaving the huge and mediocre chain headed by Adolfo in a bad position on more than one occasion.

The change in the table of organization at the Spanish television headquarters was to affect Adolfo's morale and his plans. His thinking beginning then was oriented toward the election of Cortes representatives to be held in October of that year, while his ambitions continued to be oriented toward the governorship of a province. His efforts were focused on being elected a representative for Avila in the 1967 elections.

Adolfo oriented his work as director of the First Chain in the same direction as his political goal, and thus placed it at the disposal of his campaign. Beginning in July 1967, Avila ceased to be yet another province, forgotten by television except for natural catastrophes, and became the star province. Avila, the forgotten, became regular news, thanks to the election of representatives.

It can be said that Adolfo's campaign with his Avila constituency began on 19 July. The inauguration of the bullfight arena in Avila provided an opportunity for the news monopoly in that community--EL DIARIO DE AVILA-- to carry a first-page article on its illustrious citizen who was the director of the First Chain and had provided every assistance to the proposal to relay the bullfight.

As of that time things really began to move. On 26 July the DIARIO DE AVILA carried the headline "Prado del Rey in Avila," and the following quotation will spare us tendentious analysis: "It can well be said that the Prado del Rey has come to be a real and substantial factor in Avila. Our beautiful city has become a kind of daily fair for the Prado del Rey. Avila has now become television news, regularly and uninterruptedly. It is no exaggeration to state that Spanish television has focused on our capital city" (the newspaper underlined the word "focused").

Report followed report about the walled city, its people, its monuments, the activities during the Festivals of Spain, the festivals of song, even children's festivals--and all during quarter-hours of prime time and on Saturday evenings. Matters took on an economic aspect when Adolfo saw to it that the half-hour series entitled "The Martinez Family," televised every Friday at 4:00 in the afternoon, was filmed in the summertime in the province of Avila, because "the Martinez family" decided to spend their vacation in Valle del Tietar," in the province of Avila!

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Those unfamiliar with the provincial passions of Spaniards in those years, surviving to this very day, will not be able to understand the emotion of the residents of a province, excluded from the interest of the metropolis of Madrid, when they saw themselves mirrored again and again on that miraculous little screen.

The affair took on importance on 6 September when EL DIARIO DE AVILA published a kind of editorial entitled "As Citizens of Avila, We Thank You!" It did not go unnoticed. The angry counteroffensive of the other election candidate and the impudence of Adolfo's campaign forced the newspaper to publish the following, worthy of Jonathan Swift: "There can no longer be any doubt that there are two reasons for the special attention which Spanish television has been devoting to Avila for some time now. One, naturally, is the special love, the special friendly inclination which this region habitually arouses in those who come to know it . . . and the other, without a doubt, has to do with a desire to do us justice."

On 21 September Adolfo, in his desire to do justice to the province in which he was running for representative, dedicated the program "Today's Spain," broadcast in the evening, to the celebrations in Burgondo, Avila, a beautiful place where his brother-in-law or someone in his family had been mayor for decades. EL DIARIO DE AVILA followed the magic process of discovery of Avila with emotion: "For yet another week we have continued to enjoy the special attention Spanish television is continuing to devote to our region. In fact, the reports filmed in this connection reveal what a satisfaction this is." And it ended with a Freudian slip: "At least for us" (27 September).

The elections were to be held on Tuesday, 10 March. Until the very last moment, Spanish television pursued the same line. On Sunday the 8th, the after-dinner hour was made pleasanter for all Spaniards by a program devoted to the Sierra de Gredos. Nothing was left to chance.

The date 10 October 1967 went down in history as that of the death of Ernesto "Che" Guevara and the first elections in which Adolfo Suarez was a candidate. Much has been written about the death of Guevara, but Adolfo's candidacy was worth no more than a dozen lines in the newspaper.

The 1967 elections for Cortes representatives by the family ballot, as it was called then, involved a direct election from among candidates accepted by the secretariat general of the movement, in which only duly registered fathers of families could vote. It goes without saying that the level of abstention was as great as it was difficult to calculate, given the innumerable hands which had a legal or special right to handle the ballot. Neither the press nor the television carried full information on the elections, and it seemed more of a private affair of the political class of the regime than a popular consultation, limited though that was.

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Adolfo was the candidate with the most sponsorship out of the eight competing. Carrero Blanco informed Camilo Alonso that he was interested in Adolfo's success, and this was passed on by the minister of interior to the governor of Avila, Alberto Leyva. Herrero Tejedor, in his capacity as supreme court prosecutor, paid two visits to the province in support of his former secretary.

The leading competitors were Antonio Sanchez Gonzalez, mayor of Avila, and Jose Antonio Vaca de Osma, former governor of the province. The rest were lesser figures. There was Bautista Cardalliguet, a trade union man who was president of the Banking Workers Social Section and the Provincial Workers' Council, not likely to win many votes because he had 12 children, and people mistrusted those who had so many mouths to feed. Josualdo Dominguez, head of the legal staff of the National Union of Rural Cooperatives so that for election purposes he could then be called a "farmer." Then there was Faustino Cermeno, a doctor, and municipal council member and member of the Council of the Movement Felix Lanciego. The youngest candidate was Alberto Zamora, secretary of the local administration.

The battle was to be fought among Antonio Sanchez, Vaca de Osma and Adolfo Suarez. Adolfo had committed himself fully to the campaign. Outside the television headquarters he had the support of Rafael Anson, an expert on elections, wines and various transactions who was the public relations official in Laureano's team and closely linked with the Opus Dei, without ever having belonged to it, according to the experts.

Adolfo was resigned to the election of Antonio Sanchez as representative, but it was Vaca de Osma he wanted to defeat. With a diplomatic career as a background, and married to Zenaida Zunzunegui, Vaca de Osma had been governor of Avila at the end of the '50s. Politically he was not a Falangist, and had even visited the residence of Don Juan de Borbon in Estoril once, which made him suspect from the point of view of Solis and Herrero Tejedor. He was among the governors appointed at his whim by Camilo Alonso, and in this case, it was thanks to the friendship between the minister and Zenaida's father. Vaca de Osma came from Venezuela, where he was in the diplomatic corps, to become governor of Avila. He became known for his authoritarian manner and his contempt for the men of the movement. On balance, within the context of that era, he could be regarded as positive. After his return from Venezuela to Avila he was gradually to lose his wife, who would go down in the little history of the province of Avila as the first governor's wife to dare to wear trousers and to give charity teas.

Vaca de Osma had dared to clash with Herrero Tejedor by ousting his trusted agent in Avila, Garcia Chirveches, from his post as trade union representative. These things, when power is absolute, are not forgiven. When Vaca de Osma attempted to appoint Eduardo Ruiz Ayucar as president of the provincial council, Herrero Tejedor, from his post in the movement, vetoed it. A petty vengeance in a petty time.

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In 1967 the wounds had not yet healed, for politics is like sea water, which may assuage but never completely heals. Vaca de Osma had to lose in order for Adolfo to win, and though he did not give up but appealed to Fraga Iribarne, who did not receive the message, Lopez Rodo, who pretended he did not, and Silva Munoz, who when he heard of it said there was nothing he could do--in the end the game was lost, and only the truth of the polls was left.

At midnight on 10 October, the national radio carried electoral results from Avila. The two leaders were Antonio Sanchez and Juan Antonio Vaca de Osma. At 3:00 a.m. further results excluded Vaca de Osma. Adolfo Suarez had come in second and could claim a seat as representative in the Cortes in the ninth legislature. The pressure in favor of Adolfo through the movement, the trade unions and the Rural Brotherhoods had borne fruit. The secretary of the civil government in Avila, Manuel Abellan, and the provincial representative for the brotherhoods, Francisco Sanchez Giron, succeeded in converting Adolfo's defeat into a minor and laughable victory. The decision that these two men should effect another miracle along the lines of the bread and the fishes came from Fernando Herrero Tejedor, who spent the election night on a direct line to Adolfo Suarez for five hours, according to witnesses who were present. Fernando Herrero had two candidates who absolutely had to win: Adolfo Suarez, in Avila, and Alvaro de la Puerta y Quintero, a relative of Silva Munoz, in Logrono. The two won. If Herrero offered protection to two, Laureano Lopez Rodo did so for 20, the official at No 44 Alcalá who checked and channeled the voting results commented.

Officially, Adolfo ran third in Avila, rather well behind Antonio Sanchez (5,697 votes) and Vaca de Osma (5,420 votes). However, in the electoral results reported for the province he ranked second, with 34,003 votes, behind Mayor Antonio Sanchez (37,164), but considerably ahead of Vaca de Osma (26,587).

Vaca de Osma needed time to appeal the results. The council allowed this time, a rather unusual proceeding. The central electoral board admitted at the end of October that there had been various irregularities in the counting of the votes, but that "the election results are unchanged." Adolfo Suarez had succeeded in winning the first election in his life.

It can be said that the political career of Adolfo Suarez, his first emergence into the public life as a professional, began here. The 1967 election of representatives certainly had little importance, from a historical viewpoint, but it was a milestone where the public influence of the Laureano Lopez Rodo team was concerned, and there are those who regard that date as the beginning of the accelerated battle between Solis-Fraga and the men of the Opus Dei. Suarez was no longer just a pawn, too unimportant to consider apart from his friends or his benevolent protectors.

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Adolfo's parliamentary activity in the ninth legislature, especially the early months, was obviously cautious. At the urging of his superior in the Spanish television administration, Aparicio Bernal, he joined the commission on basic laws and the office of the prime minister on 8 January 1968 for the sole purpose of participating in the drafting of the official secrets act. This is simply an anecdotal fact, but one reflecting Adolfo's disciplined character.

Following the instructions of the director general of the RTVE, Adolfo pushed certain amendments to make the text more flexible. Fraga Iribarne was quite concerned because the press law would establish a permanent front in the regime for attacks on his person based on the abominable sin of liberalism. To cover this flank he conceived the official secrets law, the harsh counterpart to the press law. The Opus Dei battle about Fraga was waged in terms of charges about his liberalism, made to Franco and Herrero, and this forced him to give proof of harshness by sponsoring a law on official secrets which gave the executive branch discretionary power to decide what subjects "could not be discussed."

As happened to him on more than one occasion, Fraga had started something of which he lost mastery, and the law became so extreme that his hands were tied. For this reason he forced high officials in his department serving in the Cortes to pursue liberalizing amendments, and Adolfo was one of these. It was certainly ironic that a man who owed his seat as a representative more to the Laureano faction than to Fraga found himself obliged to defend the latter's interests in order to avoid enmity with the director general of the radio television administration.

To Carrero Blanco, young Adolfo appeared to merit congratulations, for otherwise it would be difficult to understand the step he took in asking the president of the Cortes, Iturmendi, to appoint Suarez to the fundamental laws commission. In the Cortes during the Franco era it was usual for each representative to apply for membership in one commission. The request had in fact very little weight, and in the end it was the minister of the branch who decided who would belong to the commissions pertaining to his department. Thus the representative for Leon, Fernando Suarez, was greatly surprised, after asking for the labor and health commission, to find that he had been appointed as a member of the most important of all the commissions, that on fundamental laws, of which only the "bigwigs" in the system were members. Wanting to clarify the mystery, he asked Iturmendi, who told him that the decision had been made by Carrero. What Iturmendi did not know was that there were two men named Suarez Gonzalez, and the admiral's protegee was not Fernando, but Adolfo. The latter had to be content with membership in the information and cultural activities commission, under the jurisdiction of the development plan commissariat. Although on one occasion, as we have seen, he did work with the fundamental laws commission to work on the official secrets bill.

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The ninth legislature was to last until 1971, i.e. four years, and Adolfo was not to play a relevant role of any sort. His name only appears three times in the legislative bulletin. At that time he was just a member of the chorus, and politics, including that in parliament, proceeded through other channels and had other names.

But he continued to besiege the fortress of Camilo Alonso Vega, the man who described himself as a cavalry officer who had left his horse at the door of the Ministry of the Interior, and who in June of 1968 was to offer Adolfo the opportunity for which he had yearned for so many years, to be a governor.

It was then that one of his friends voiced a prophecy which made the whole staff laugh: "Adolfo will be a minister." It was Gustavo Perez Puig who said that, in the Biarritz restaurant on Reina Victoria Avenue in Madrid, where the television administration employees were honoring Adolfo on learning of his appointment as governor of Segovia. It was there that they presented him with the governor's staff and he was to enjoy the first sweet taste of triumph. He had just taken the plunge, feet first, into professional politics.

#### Chapter VI. Segovia, Rest and Pleasure Stop for Those in Power

There are towns which come into history just once. Later everyone forgets that a certain someone once occupied an historic seat, and that a small town, the forgotten hamlet, was on the front page of the newspaper. The peasants waited for months dreaming of that day, and then, as in "Welcome, Mr Marshall," the carriage disappeared and everyone went back to the daily poverty. In the best of cases there remained a plaque, a ridiculous monumental column or simply a vague memory, of which the old men could tell their grandchildren.

The town was named Turrubuelo, and to reach it one had to make a turning, near Sepulveda, off the highway between Madrid and Burgos. Six kilometers from the main road, and about five from a few buildings known as Boceguillas, was Turrubuelo. There were four houses, a station and a desire to be Spain eternal. On 4 July 1968, with some Paris streets still smoking after two months of an orphan revolution, Francisco Franco Bahamonde arrived in Turrubuelo to inaugurate the Madrid-Burgos railroad line.

The civil governor, Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez, and other provincial authorities, awaited him. Although the day was warm and the site seemed more likely for a wartime interview than an official inauguration, Franco was beginning his vacation and was in good spirits. Thus he did not wait, as he had on other occasions, while everyone looked at him while he inspected the people and saluted, but moved directly to the governor, who, with a gesture of his shoulders, made as if to embrace him without daring to do so.

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He didn't even need to step forward, and there Franco was offering his hand, while he touched his elbow with the other in a gesture which meant an embrace but which was not one. And in a soft voice he asked him:

"Suarez, how are you?"

With the familiarity which Franco usually endowed his questions, including always the first name, saving the other for tense occasions or profound contempt. He had known him for some years in connection with the end-of-the-year speeches on television, and his was a face which was not easily forgotten. There was something in his demeanor which was attentive and concerned and not just servile. Therefore when the governor, with an innocent smile, gave him an unexpected answer, he was not surprised. Franco looked at his hands, because they always seemed to him the unmistakable indication of nervousness.

"I don't know what to tell you, Excellency," Adolfo responded, with a friendly smile.

Reserving judgment, because the governor's hands were very steady, Franco inquired:

"What do you mean?"

"That I don't know, Excellency, whether the people of Segovia feel like second-class citizens."

He said what he had been practicing for several days, in the tone he had tried out many times to be sure of its effect, so that it would have no special meaning other than the frankness and candor of a young and willing governor who needed the advice of a man with the Caudillo's experience. Therefore Franco was not perturbed, and merely made a vague gesture, while murmuring, "I'm very interested in that, very interested . . . Come to see me." The answer came like the answer to a long-cherished dream. Now all that was needed was a letter to El Pardo asking for an appointment and he would have the invitation in his pocket. He was not long in writing, and on 8 January he would visit El Pardo. Smiling, he would describe this to anyone who would listen.

Situations must be taken as they come. Adolfo had been governor in Segovia since 11 June, and 23 days after that a unique opportunity to meet Franco arose. To waste that chance was not his intention. He had learned to disdain no opportunity, however small, and this one would not likely be repeated.

There was a broad range of requests for interviews with Franco and in addition, the simple fact of requesting one was a gesture which might well be interpreted as ignoring the authority of the minister of interior,

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Camilo Alonso Vega, because bypassing someone in the administrative hierarchy was viewed askance, and created fear and suspicion. But in acting thus, Adolfo had succeeded in getting Franco himself to "offer" the interview, without intermediaries or favors, which would later have to be paid for, though he was nothing but the governor of a province where nothing ever happened.

This success with Franco confirmed his decision to obtain a province near Madrid. He had been offered other perhaps more important ones, but he had to be near the seat of power, and that was in Madrid and Madrid alone. Segovia offered features unmatched in the Spanish provinces and he would make use of them. His term as governor meant the optimal use of a post as subordinate as that of the highest authority in a third-rate province, which was to become a center of influence.

Everyone had to pass through Segovia. That is to say, everyone who was anyone. When he went on his vacation trips, Franco only stopped in the first province after leaving Madrid and the last before his destination. Obviously, Segovia enjoyed the privilege of a greeting from His Excellency on almost every occasion. But there were other things as well.

The same day Minister of Information Fraga Iribarne ordered the daily newspaper MADRID shut down for "abuse of liberty of the press," as was shamelessly announced to anyone who asked the reason, the BOLETIN OFICIAL appointed Adolfo governor of Segovia. When he took the oath of office on 11 June, all of Spain already had in hand the article by Rafael Calvo Serrer entitled "Retire in Time--Not Like General de Gaulle," which when published in MADRID had constituted the "abuse of freedom" punished by the shutdown. No one thought that in view of the limited prophetic talents of Professor Calvo Serrer the article would ensure Franco's continuation for many years. An ironical interpretation was possible, but Fraga lacked a sense of humor in June of 1968, if ever he had any. The events which were approaching in the war between Laureano Lopez Rodo and his pinkish authority would not allow him the luxury of making jokes. The more so since Calvo Serrer and MADRID were both practically Opus Dei institutions, and for Fraga to penalize them meant a double satisfaction.

When Adolfo went to Segovia in the middle of June, the time was favorable for young executives from the stable of Lopez Rodo, number-three man in the system, after the sole leader and his protege, Carrero Blanco. Thus the "Old Poncio," the name by which the outgoing governor was known in Segovia, gathered his things together and reflected that the white masonry of the Opus Dei was destroying the foundations of 18 July. He may have been mistaken, but since his name was Juan Morillo de Valdivia, he can be forgiven many things. He was an orthodox Falangist and his era had passed. While Morillo de Valdivia in his blue shirt took his leave of his staff on 21 June, a young man in a white shirt and a light-blue striped tie stood beside him to take over the post he was leaving.

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The likes of Morilla de Valdevia left historic Segovia so that the likes of Suarez Gonzalez could move in. Times were changing. Morillo was not even able to witness the completion of the grandiloquent civil government building he had planned, and which his successor was to inaugurate.

From the very first day, Adolfo maintained a certain distance from the men in the movement. It was a month before he met with the provincial apparatus, and throughout his term of office he was to make major changes, introducing men who had nothing to do with the old days and whose sole qualification was enjoying the personal sympathy of the new governor.

He devoted the last months of 1968 to preparing for his meeting with Franco, after spending the summer in Dehesa de Campoamor along with Camilo Alonso, as he had been doing for some years. In the first weeks of winter, when the season opened, he accompanied Laureano Lopez Rodo in his mainly fruitless efforts to become a good trout fisherman. It was all a multiple exercise in public relations.

On weekends Laureano usually went to the rivers in the province of Segovia. His relations with El Pardo had developed in him an increasingly impassioned enthusiasm for fishing not matched by success. He had not had much luck popularizing tennis among the veterans of the Franco regime, although among the young and aspiring the sport with its white trousers and immaculate pullovers was becoming wildly popular. The experts commented that Laureano lacked the sensitivity for trout fishing, because the nervous denizens of the rivers required calm and steady fishermen, and Laureano was too devious a man to fish for them successfully.

The month of January 1969 was packed with events for Adolfo. Segovia had become a point of confluence for personalities seeking to enjoy themselves in its beauty spots. Not only did Laureano like to fish there, but also royalty, Juan Carlos and Sofia, came to the province in the company of the royal family of Greece. This was not the first time nor the last that Juan Carlos would visit the Riofrio Palace. It was a tradition with him, because it was quiet, because there were deer nearby, and because one of his predecessors had regularly withdrawn to Riofrio when fate failed to smile upon him.

The beauty of the palace which had belonged to Isabel de Farnesio held no special appeal to the governor beyond the graceful scene the deer might offer and the tales of the years of plunder which in the end transformed it into a hunting museum. The Bourbons, much given to esthetic disproportion, ordered the building of this palace, which is a model of neoclassical good taste, except for the coffin-shaped balconies which spoil its style and charm. Riofrio, with its halls, its relics and its mounted heads, is proof that there was a time when the Bourbons knew how to display their power. On 6 January of that year of 1969, which was to be historic for one Bourbon, such illustrious visitors as the king and queen of Greece and their brother and sister-in-law, Juan Carlos and Sofia.

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Adolfo, in his role as provincial host, sensed that a countdown was beginning with regard to the successor to Franco. Five months before Franco's Cortes vowed to approve the succession decree designating Prince Juan Carlos, the governor of Segovia treated his guests as if the succession were signed, sealed and delivered by history. Adolfo, as governor, moved ahead in time, feeling instinctively that Juan Carlos and Sofia were the future.

The 6th of January, a day of gifts and homage to the monarchy, a day of dreams and hopes annually renewed, was not to go unnoticed by a nose as delicate as that of the governor of Segovia. An excellent host, agreeable conversationalist, and as compliant as an 18th-century duke, Adolfo would see to it that Segovia left a memory of a pleasant day. Guests, whoever they might be, must remember the days spent in the province as delightful, so that the memory would flourish and the individual would return.

It was to be his basic preoccupation throughout the 16 months of his term as governor--to be the amiable maitre d'hotel in a popular restaurant, to be the discreet master of a land placed in the service of those who had everything. To make a stop obligatory when passing through Segovia, and never to suggest anything not agreeable to the guests. To make Segovia into the rest and pleasure stop for those in power.

It is easy to observe the rules of hospitality in a province so near Madrid. It is on the route to the middle of Spain and also the backwater where Madrid citizens spend their weekends. One can keep one's commitments and attend the most urgent political meetings on short notice. For that reason he waited until the morning of the 8th to say farewell to his royal guests, leaving him only two hours to reach El Pardo and see Franco.

Adolfo's first interview with the general fully gratified his undeniable vanity. Members of his family, his friends and his colleagues would see and hear repeated every gesture, word and irony of the meeting. Franco awaited him near the legendary three-piece suite, his back to a window through which the clear Castilian light of January poured.

Adolfo was surprised by Franco's manner of offering his hand close to his body, thus forcing his interlocutor to bend to reach it. He was also surprised by his silence while he himself talked. He could not be sure if he was looking at him because the source of light prevented him from seeing the direction of the gaze. And then suddenly a quiet but clear murmur. Franco had asked a question. It had nothing to do with what Adolfo was saying, but it was reasonable and revealed some curiosity in a man who could do everything for the young governor, certain of his inferiority.

He answered the question but did not go further on the subject Franco, silent again, had raised. Someone had explained this to him and thus he was not surprised. Franco frequently interrupted persuasive

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explanations with personal questions. If his interlocutor did not go back to the thread of the earlier conversation but let himself be diverted by the question, this was an unmistakable sign that the problem involved was not important to anyone, and only a ploy for obtaining an interview and making conversation. For this reason Adolfo returned to a discussion of the situation in Segovia, the role it would play in relieving crowding in Madrid, and the need for priority attention.

The result was encouraging. Franco gave him a note of introduction to the number-three man in the regime, Laureano Lopez Rodo. Adolfo was experienced in the art of arrivals and waits in the outer offices of ministers and other high officials. With a note from Franco, no one waited longer than necessary. He bypassed ministers and undersecretaries, and Laureano, a minister and development plan commissioner, received the governor of Segovia, an old acquaintance of his from the provincial planning era, and a man with whom he was beginning to share ever more spiritual and sporting concerns.

Adolfo asked that Segovia be designated a "priority action" province in the Second Development Plan, and appealed for Laureano's support in obtaining an allocation from the provincial planning budget to make the expansion of the telephone network between towns possible.

The interview with Franco and that which El Pardo helped him obtain with Laureano, the old friendship, which was to increase, between the aspiring young official and the all-powerful Laureano, and finally, the fishing pole and the illusive trout of Navafria--all this together, mixed and interwoven, led to the fact that some months later, on 8 May, the General Provincial Planning Office allocated 10 million pesetas for rural telephones, and 4 days later, the Messianic Second Development Plan designated Segovia a "special action" province. It was not that the area would be a paradise, but one thing was clear: Adolfo Suarez knew where the taps in the system were located, and he turned them. Segovia lent itself to reflection. It was one of those few cities seemingly destined for creativity, for pleasure, not for noise or forcing anyone. It had horizons, and was not one of those Castilian cities bounded by nothingness or dry elms. It is possible that Adolfo's reasons for remaining in such a city were other than those of artistic creation. For him beauty was something which could be utilized to obtain other things, and therefore Segovia was the most beautiful phase of his life, perhaps because beauty is a limitation in the professional life of a politician.

For Amparo, his wife, this was the era she would remember most happily, and although it would be an exaggeration to say that Adolfo felt likewise, for all stages are transitory and difficult stairsteps for those ambitious for power, it can indeed be said it was a calm period, without upsets except for the fireworks which burst forth at the end and which almost ruined everything.

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Calm does not mean idyllic. From his arrival on, Adolfo wanted to make a political mark which would augur well for the future. It was his first responsibility for government and one of the characteristics which was to last until the present emerged then--the need to surround himself with people he sponsored and faithful to the end.

His earlier activities had not helped to promote this desire. His were posts of too little importance to provide advantages for the future. His arrival in Segovia placed him at the highest level of provincial administrative power, and he began to engage in political maneuvers. It was to be a general test of his style of pursuing politics. While he maintained his relations with the real power, that is Madrid, with care and devotion, he began to use the province as his maneuvering ground.

After he had visited El Pardo and skillfully negotiated Segovia's needs with Laureano, Adolfo was in a position to provide the province with people chosen to suit him. At the end of January, he turned his attention to the office of the president of the provincial council. Alongside him as governor, Adolfo needed a person he trusted in this post, who could represent him on trips and at important receptions, and who would not take advantage of his absence during his constant trips to Madrid. But he would have to deal with keen opposition opposing the removal of Angel Zamarron.

The highest representative of the provincial oligarchy in Segovia at that time was Andres Reguera Guajardo. It was he who headed this opposition. A representative in the Cortes and technical secretary general at the Ministry of Public Works, Andres Reguera, who was to become a minister, was an individual with specific weight in the province, both economic and political. A government attorney and valedictorian of his class, he was affiliated with the National Catholic Propaganda Association, a timid adversary of Laureano's Opus Dei at that time, in which Adolfo was an active militant. He never wasted an opportunity, with a religious zeal such that on occasions he took communion more than once on the same day, in order to carry out his commitment and the spiritual desires of the visitors to Segovia, of whom there were sometimes several in a given day.

In his capacity as representative for Segovia in the Cortes, Reguera was the genuine representative of the strong men of the province, the likes of Ibanez, Acosta and Concepcion, who were prepared to block the governor. Adolfo, shortly after his arrival, began to meet with the provincial representatives in the various ministries. When he reached the agriculture ministry, a tall and thin young man who expressed himself readily and seemed very secure in his work as chief engineer of rural planning caught his attention.

Of the three sectors into which the province of Segovia was divided for rural planning purposes, the young engineer was responsible for the Piron River district, regarded as a pilot project. This work was called

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farm organization earlier, but times had changed, and the farm engineer explained, quite confident of his subject, the experiments in the realm of cooperative organization and development. His name was Fernando Abril Martorell.

He was born in Valencia and was four years younger than Adolfo. He obviously had no understanding or any seeming interest in politics. His field was agriculture, and although he seemed very forthright, there was nothing but the governor's instinct to distinguish him from the other provincial technicians.

Not a month had passed before Adolfo asked him to join him for a weekend, and they found that they were destined to get along. Both were young, ambitious, and with a burning feeling for religion and their obligations. Also this young man was married to a woman of strong personality, who got along from the very first day with that timid introvert, Amparo Illama. The two couples made a perfect team. Each had what the other lacked, and the awareness of rank was clear from the very first. Adolfo had just found a president for the provincial council.

The battle was not to be easy and Adolfo was forced to push matters with the minister of interior, Camilo Alonso. The local oligarchy was not geared to tolerate the removal of Angel Zamarron, in favor of a total unknown with no background in the movement, and one mistrusted by all because he was an official coming to the post from the Ministry of Agriculture.

Adolfo managed to force his decision through and the "notables" threatened to refuse to elect him to the Cortes, as had been the custom previously. The appointment was made on 21 February. Camilo Alonso had yielded to Adolfo's pressure. A state of emergency had been declared a month earlier, and the interior minister had more important things to think about than the petty disputes of the notables in Segovia. The suicide of a student, Enrique Ruano, under suspicious circumstances, had rendered political tension in the country more acute and resulted in the shutdown of the universities, and to the state of emergency throughout Spain. It 24 January 1969, another dark day in the long calendar of the Franco era. Camilo Alonso had urgent concerns, while they were playing at politics in Segovia, as if Versailles were not a thing of the past and if matters in the country allowed a game of blind man's buff. A journalist described it as follows: "The annals of decline reached a critical point in 1969." The point at which it began was actually made clear during a Council of Ministers meeting, on Wednesday, 29 January, when Federico Silva passed a frightening note to Laureano Lopez Rodo: "1. He will go on for hours (Jose Luis Villar Palasi). Let us think what to do. 2. If the university opens, they will harrass us. 3. If we fail, everything will go to the bunker. And one needn't be a prophet to foresee the failure of repression" (Ricardo de la Cierva, "History of the Franco Era," Planeta, 1978, p 281).

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The situation in Segovia seemed far from critical. These were two different worlds, Madrid and Segovia, so close and yet so far. The governors still lived in the era of the viceroy, and under those circumstances they were omnipotent, while they guaranteed "social peace" in their realm.

Smiling and with a gesture of satisfaction indicative of the success of a vain individual, Adolfo installed Fernando Abril Martorell as head of the provincial council on 26 February, with a prophetic statement. "This is a young man belonging to the transition generation, which will indestructibly weld the foundations of our more recent experience with those of the hopeful future, socially, politically and economically, which can now be glimpsed in Spain."

There were those who said that Adolfo seemed to be speaking about himself as president of the provincial council, but everyone smiled and seemed to approve when it was Fernando's turn to discuss his appointment. "The desire of our civil governor, my good friend Adolfo Suarez, to serve has led him to divine some quality in me such as to take me from my regular technical work to entrust me with the great responsibility which leadership of the Segovia provincial council entails."

Governor Adolfo Suarez "divined" a number of things. His desire to serve, to use Fernando Abril's happy phrase, was to reach extremes difficult to imagine in that cold Segovia winter. EL ADELANTADO DE SEGOVIA devoted considerable space to the event which was to lead along unsuspected paths with a tempting future and eternal loyalty. The photograph shows two friends embracing against a plaster wall in the background showing portraits of the general in a thousand positions overseeing the sacred union and the eternal distribution of political power. Just as Franco was some time in finding his Carrero and de Gaulle his Pompidou, Adolfo, perhaps unwittingly, had finally found a protege in his image and likeness. History sometimes keeps personalities in proportion in order to avoid confusing the historians.

Adolfo knew well with whom he was dealing, as he liked to say, and he therefore delayed some time before asking that Fernando Abril be elected to the Cortes. He left that agronomical engineer in whom he had "divined some quality" to his work. And indeed he had such qualities. A month later, the moving forces in Segovia were amazed by this very cordial young man who could admirably summarize the interminable discussions with the council members and who knew his figures. This last quality made him very useful for negotiating provincial budgets in Madrid. In addition, it was a simple change of personality, nothing substantial need alter, and they could be reassured. Their conclusion was voiced by a regular client of the Candido Inn in Segovia, who, placing his cigar in the ashtray and easing his braces a bit, pronounced sonorously: "It is the young men who have the energy." And everyone smiled, thinking of other eras.

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For Adolfo it was those other eras. He was happy as he proved to himself every day how easy it was to be a governor. That year he was the youngest governor in Spain. The ABC Sunday supplement wrote about him in its pages, in the rotogravure section headed by journalist Luis Maria Anson, who owed an old and profound debt to the now-governor of Segovia. Years before Adolfo had helped the nervous Luis Maria when he was charged with "offenses against the chief of state," after he admitted the authorship of an unsigned article in the Luca de Tena newspaper empire. This was a gesture Luis Maria was not to forget.

Fortunately for the people of Segovia, Adolfo was not successful in achieving the goals mentioned in his ABC interview in March 1959--using Segovia to help relieve the congestion in Madrid. Obviously a province with 6,900 square kilometers and a population density of not even 26 persons per kilometer had major resources. But knowing how things were done, the Segovians were to stay free of the enslavement to urban development and industrialization, although they suffered the constant drain of immigration and abandonment of the rural sector. It was the leading province in resin production but had only enterprises offering work to 100 employees, one of them producing a whisky, Dyc, connected with the first drunken revels in the American style in a country which had little to learn in this realm.

Among Adolfo's projects the inauguration of the Domingo de Soto Higher University College was not the least. The people of Avila imagined they saw in the establishment of this institution in Segovia an old animosity Adolfo had retained since his student years. Possibly the traditional indolence with which the administrations had treated Avila had made them excessively sensitive. Adolfo sponsored the establishment of this facility in Segovia, at which law and philosophy courses would be taught, during his days as governor, thus depriving Avila of its most keenly felt desire.

The fact that Adolfo, a native of Avila, would punish that locality in this way should perhaps be ascribed more to the age-old rivalry between the neighboring provinces than any significant intention. The truth is that a provincial view, be it Avila or Segovia, was too narrow for a man, only 37 years of age and politically ambitious, whose gaze was fixed solely on Madrid.

As he usually did on the weekend, he was thinking, on Saturday, 14 June, of staying with friends in Madrid until Monday.

From time to time he liked to play cards with some old friends so as to maintain the thread of public relations with individuals who might be who knew where within a few years. Or simply to go to the cinema, or dine, or to join a group for conversation as the home of Joaquina Algar, the wife of Fernando Herrero Tejedor, now occupying the much-sought-after supreme court prosecutor's post.

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Adolfo did not like to get up early. On one occasion at an Opus Dei function he had commented that the only part of Monseigneur Escriva's thinking which needed revision was the part about the cold showers and early-morning rising, and this was taken as if he were making a joke.

On the morning of Sunday, 15 June, he rose late, having been late to bed. As his friend Gustavo Perez Puig said, summer nights are the best part of the year in Madrid. When he went out on the street, Madrid seemed almost deserted and the few passers-by looked like morsels of fish in a hot frying pan. People were gasping with the heat. A cool place must be found in which to eat. To whom would it have occurred to spend a Sunday, on the 15th of June, in deserted and torrid Madrid?

However, the idea of spending Sunday at Los Angeles de San Rafael intrigued Joaquina Garrido. It had cost her dear to build up a clientele in El Escorial, she never tired of saying, for in Spain the people had not become accustomed to supermarkets. They preferred the foreign shops, where the women went to choose, saying give me this or that. The supermarkets seemed to them to offer temptation, with everything in sight, to take home by only extending the hand. At the supermarket one always bought more than what was necessary.

She had never been to one of the Spar chain gatherings, and the truth is she was excited about her white dress, rather short, touching the knee, as was the style in Madrid, with a red belt matching the buttons on the shoulders, in short rows, as if they were epaulets. She had told her husband, Julio, that she did not intend to miss the gathering, and he responded with a gesture as if it were unimportant. However this was the only time they would close the shop during the summer and would go to Los Angeles de San Rafael. He was more interested in seeing the "residential complex" so much vaunted on the radio. It was 30 kilometers from Segovia, just a step from El Escorial.

They were beginning to take seats in the hall when Joaquina came through the door and paused against the wall to see if any friends were present with whom she might sit. There were more than 300 persons there and she was to stay there alone by the wall. Those seated at the speaker's table, somewhat separate from the rest, were beginning to gaze at those who had not taken seats in a seeming suggestion that they do so. It was already past 2:15 when Julio said to her: "Let's find seats," and moved away from the wall. She noticed that the humidity had made a greyish streak on his suit. As the steward was passing by and there was no one else to whom to comment, she said to him: "Obviously the painters just recently left!"

The steward continued on his way and on returning passed in front of her. He was carrying some bottles of a dark substance, like wine. "We were up until 2:30 last night to get everything ready," he said drily, in response to a comment which seemed to him unjust.

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Before taking her suit, Joaquina gazed at the lights and the garlands hanging from the ceiling and read the huge poster covering the far wall behind the speaker's table. "Spar. Segovia. Ninth convention." She bent to sit down but never reached the chair. Everything collapsed. She and the seat were falling in a vacuum, while things, objects, shouts and noises tumbled over her head. Then she felt nothing more. She was dead.

It was 2:20 p.m. when the great hall in the Los Angeles de San Rafael residential complex collapsed, burying 500 persons. The worst accident ever to occur in the province of Segovia took place on 15 June 1969. First reports on the news teletypes two hours later reported 52 dead and 300 injured.

Almost simultaneous with the wire reports of the tragic news, Adolfo was located and started for the disaster site. Hurry though he did, it took 40 minutes to drive from Madrid. He had time to recall the preceding 24 June, now almost a year ago, and pictured himself cutting the ribbons at Los Angeles de San Rafael. On his right was Leon Herrera, general director of tourist enterprises and activities, and on his left, Jesus Gil y Gil, the owner of the complex.

The three had exchanged embraces afterward, and with linked arms had gone to the cafeteria with the applause following them like a procession. Then, as president of the jury, Leon Herrera proceeded to inaugurate the competition for young ladies, and to assist in choosing the winner. As he proceeded toward San Rafael at all speed his vehicle could muster, he thought he recalled that the winner was not really the prettiest. The celebrations had lasted into the early hours of the morning and he had thought that that inauguration, 15 days after he was sworn in as governor of Segovia, was a good sign.

He had left Amparo in Madrid, fearful because of her sensitivity. She was very impressionable and what he was about to see in a matter of minutes he supposed was for stronger stomachs. Amparo herself had attended a charity celebration at Los Angeles de San Rafael for the cancer fund, and he recalled very clearly how she had sat beside him as the wife of the governor. He did not want her to see the place after the collapse. As he arrived in San Rafael a memory which was to plague his mind for several days flashed through his head like a spark: while he was governor, the provincial urban development commission approved the plans for Los Angeles de San Rafael. The date was fresh in his mind, for it had been on 28 June 1968, practically the same day as the May uprising in Paris came to an end.

On arrival, he got out of his car and began immediately to help clear debris. He did not want anyone to say anything to him, to ask anything of him, to reproach him with anything. A few days later this effort won him the praise of El Pardo, Herrero and Laureano. At his age, it would not have occurred to any of the three to move even one brick.

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In the offices of a Madrid newspaper someone stated categorically that the political career of Adolfo Suarez was ending. This belief spread as more information about the tragedy was collected. The arrest without bail of the owner Jesus Gil, agent Francisco Javier de Miguel Pol and contractor Eugenio Garcia Rodriguez was ordered.

The project, which the civil governor of Segovia, Adolfo Suarez, inaugurated on 24 June 1968, had neither architect nor supervisor. Four days after the catastrophe the secretary of the civil government in Segovia revealed that the owners of the premises had never requested the necessary permit from the provincial office of the Ministry of Information and tourism, nor had they applied for papers at the Office of Industry, nor the hotel-keepers' union, nor the general office of tourist enterprises and activities, nor had they a tax license or permission to open either from the general security office, the municipal council or the Ministry of Housing.

Under the headline "Joint Responsibility," the daily newspaper ARRIBA carried an editorial on the catastrophe on 19 June 1969 containing such surprising paragraphs as the following: "Possibly the apathy or the negligence of certain administrative branches made them the unwitting accomplices in this case of those who, through their disgraceful greed for profits, were directly responsible for the tragedy." And farther on: "What economic groups were concealed behind the brilliant and vast advertising campaign for the Los Angeles de San Rafael tourist complex?"

The daily newspaper ARRIBA, an organ of the movement, headed by Manuel Blanco Tobio, had not made a charge of that magnitude since 1939. What happened in that summer of 1969 to make those who had been so very gullible unsheath their weapons? The war between Jose Solis and Fraga Iribarne on the one hand and Laureano and his technocrats on the other had reached the point of the last battle, concerning Matesa, when the negligence of certain ministerial departments and the irresponsibility of a governor offered them a skirmish with victory guaranteed in Los Angeles de San Rafael.

The ARRIBA editorial, unusual in its boldness, was accompanied by a box framing an equally unusual photograph of Fernando Herrero Tejedor in his swallow-tailed coat, singing the praises of the supreme court prosecutor. The stick and the carrot. The stick for Laureano's supporters and affiliates such as Adolfo Suarez, and the carrot for the supreme court prosecutor, who although a member of the Opus Dei had been a man in the movement. All were Opus Dei: together but not intermingled.

That same 17 June, a group of prosecutors opposing Laureano, headed by Rafael Anzanga Padron, signed a petition addressed to the ministers of housing and interior demanding that the names of those responsible for the tragic San Rafael event be made public.

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The event led to some of the strangest comments: two hours after the collapse on Sunday 15 June a highly placed employee in the enterprise had told journalists: "Everything will proceed, for where there are young people there is a future." Only a man with more than adequate protection or a professional assassin could have been so sure.

Those who believed in the political advantage of taking up the San Rafael tragedy to pursue the Matesa battle did not read the signs correctly. The Supreme Court prosecutor, Fernando Herrero Tejedor, concerned himself with the case from the moment he learned of the occurrence. He went to Segovia and lived during the proceedings in the civil government building, as the guest of the man who had been his secretary and now held the post of governor of the province.

The matter pursued the slow and tortuous route of justice. The owner was sentenced to five years in prison in October of 1971, and a few months later was granted a "special pardon" by the chief of state. The architect of the Segovia housing office, Augustin Manzano, involved in the matter, was convicted and confessed to bribery and misfeasance, and Los Angeles de San Rafael, doing honor to its name, went to eternity with 58 dead and 147 injured as the final casualty list. Where there are young people, there is a future, and life pursued its animated course.

Therefore no one was overly agitated when on 18 July of that unhappy year, in accordance with a decree by the chief of state in connection with that important and significant anniversary, Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez was decorated for his exemplary behavior during the catastrophe with the Grand Cross of Civil Merit. For him, the nightmare of 15 June 1969 had ended. The ruins, the deaths and the personal injuries which would never heal were behind him. Before him lay a summer full of history, and history is like a great river which buries the evidence of our errors.

Just prior to 18 July, with its Grand Cross ceremonies, resonant editorials and commemorative gatherings, the news of the appointment of Prince Juan Carlos as the successor was released. "Operation Prince," which had begun some time back, would end on 22 July when the Cortes approved Franco's decision. One minister, Laureano Lopez Rodo, went so far as to compare it to the long march of that obese and contradictory Chinese known as Mao Tsetung. Laureano's metaphor was perverse proof that although close to the Father, one can lack the dove of inspiration. To Lopez Rodo, crossing Madrid from the development plan commissariat to the pleasant meadows of El Pardo, given his somewhat lethargic inclination, seemed like climbing the towering Yen-an Mountains; crossing the Manzanares at the French Bridge was like the difficult crossing of the Yellow River; and the thought of \$2,000 income per person was comparable to reviving a hundred flowers of every hue.

On that most significant date and notable occasion days prior to the vote in the Cortes to confirm Don Juan Carlos as the successor, the number-three

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man in the regime, Mr Lopez Rodo, wrote the following in his travel log: "On the night of the 18th of July I stayed in Segovia, the guest of the civil governor, Adolfo Suarez, a very cordial and sensible man. I spent the night at his home, and we talked at length of politics. It was a truly delightful day in terms of news. He informed me that one representative had suggested saying yes to Franco. Which in my judgment would mean not voting for the prince, and in addition, it would make the vote invalid."

These winds of discontent blew through Madrid. The men distinguished for their blind faith in the Caudillo suffered from weakness of will in the monarchic test. Franco, who had left the question of the succession in doubt to his own advantage for 39 years, decided finally to appoint a successor while he was alive. And he chose a Bourbon. The men of Falangist traditions remembered the pending revolution, which was now a dead issue on the desert sands, but they had doubts, and none made a worthy gesture before dying politically.

Meanwhile, Laureano Lopez Rodo wrote: "I spent the 19th in Navafria, fishing for trout with Adolfo Suarez, and then went to lunch at Herrero Tejedor's lodge. We had a very pleasant talk, fully agreeing on basic themes. I suggested to Herrero Tejedor that it would be well to draft a legal report supporting the thesis that the voting should not be secret. This was done and given to the minister of justice so that he could take it to the Council of Ministers on the 21st. Adolfo Suarez distributed it at the meeting of family representatives held in the Cortes on the afternoon of the 21st."

All preparations had been made so that Juan Carlos would be accepted by General Franco's Cortes on the 23rd. Adolfo participated in an important stage in the conspiracy process, because it was not easy to get Laureano Lopez Rodo and Herrero Tejedor to agree. It was not only a matter of the prince, but of the hot potato they both had in their mouths and wanted to spit out--Matesa.

Laureano was then in a position to promise many things and he promised Adolfo much more than he was to deliver. The governor's ready manner, making the stay of the conspirators agreeable and facilitating the operation by serving as a link with certain sectors of the Cortes, would be rewarded.

At that time, Adolfo was nurturing the idea of making a great leap, and he allowed himself illusions as he did few other times in his career. He wanted to be minister of information and tourism. At the end of August, having exposed the "Matesa affair," that loom on which so many frauds against the state were interwoven and undone, Adolfo was in on the secret of the developing crisis. He had a balcony seat over the stage on which a historic battle was to be waged: the heavyweight pair Lopez Rodo and Carrero, against the tireless Fraga-Solis team. It was a battle in which he had an interest because he had already bet on the heavyweights, but he would watch it because one always learns something from these fights.

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The Matesa affair, yet another scandal in the history of the Franco era, laid bare by the Fraga-Solis duo when the right moment came, was to be the battering ram used to bring down the fortress of Laureano's men, Opus Dei supporters by conviction but not by admission. It was a struggle between two groups in the system aspiring to hegemony and no longer able to coexist because with the approval of the successor to Franco in the person of Juan Carlos, the future had just begun.

What was discussed in the Council of Ministers meeting in San Sebastian in September under the heading "Matesa" was not just the swindle, considerable to be sure, but who would dominate the new emerging power, Juan Carlos de Borbon. And the Fraga-Solis team set the "press dogs" on Laureano's sun reign. If Franco "needed his brain furnished with ideas," as Rodo said, the decorator was named Carrero Blanco, and for Carrero the Matesa affair meant mistakes, not crimes. The admiral had a very loose concept of justice and a very strict concept of discipline. Battles produce a much more grandiose defeat when the losers believe they have won. Fraga and Solis lost by a knockout in the second round.

Then came the explanations and various justifications, the evidence to which they had not given importance enough at the proper time. Solis received a letter from Monseigneur Escriva de Balaguer months before his resignation which was really insulting to him personally, and a short while afterward another letter sent from a high Vatican figure to another equally high figure in the Spanish Church was to come into his hands. It was written in September of 1969, more than a month before the resolution of the crisis, and in it the Roman churchman, of Yugoslav origin, by way of yet better proof, described a meeting in Italy with two Spanish ministers affiliated with Opus Dei and the highest level of the movement, at which the crisis caused by Matesa and the imminent fall of Solis and Fraga were discussed, as well as the rise to power of Lopez Rodo, "who will in the long run replace Carrero Blanco." There was also talk of the role to be played by Ramon Esnaola, a Solis supporter, representative in the Cortes, and president of the Metal Workers' Vertical Trade Union, whose conversion to Laureano's side at the end of the 1969 had won him a more substantial presidency, that of the Industrial Credit Bank. This remarkable document bore the date 23 September 1969, and its incredible degree of foresight about events gave it premium value where the role the Opus Dei played from his central headquarters in Italy in the maneuvers in the year 1969 was concerned.

While the battle of the dog days of summer continued, the lists of future ministers were being drafted. Adolfo, the governor of Segovia, host to conspiracies and knowledgeable about the plot, had a certain list on which he placed all the names except his own. He was to inform all of his Segovian friends about the list. It was not a joke, for no one does such a thing knowing that the one deceived will be himself.

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Someone had promised him that his name would be among those chosen, for the post of information and tourism, but neither Laureano nor any of his assistants knew that Franco would insist on an appointment. Only Carrero knew that. Alfredo Sanchez Bella, the Latin American embassy man, assigned to the Plaza de Espana Palace in Rome as ambassador to the Quirinal, had sent a categorical letter to Carrero and to Franco. The foreign minister, Castiella, was pursuing difficult negotiations with the Vatican which neither Franco nor Carrero viewed very favorably. Sanchez Bella sent Carrero a letter denouncing his superior, Castiella, in an exercise in disloyalty with few precedents in diplomacy, but it won him a ministerial post in October of 1969. His relationship with an Opus Dei notable had little to do with it, as was said then. The main thing was that gesture of fidelity to Franco, from which Castiella emerged shorn, and Sanchez Bella won the grandiloquent office on Generalissimo Avenue, at the headquarters of the Ministry of Information and Tourism.

When they called Adolfo to tell him the bad news it was a Friday, and his answer reflected the dreams he had nurtured: "I am the scapegoat, then?" And he left Madrid for Segovia. For more than a month he had had in hand the paper on which his name was written. He had calculated 14 pool winners, and now it seemed that they were all correct except the most certain. He did not even want to listen to the offer of the post of director general of radio-television. For a governor to move to that post was a considerable advance, but he had already tasted other sweets and the new post struck him as bitter.

On Saturday Herrero Tejedor went to Segovia. He was his protector, his sponsor in the precise sense of the word, and he went to persuade him that politics works that way, that everyone offers much and delivers little, that there are many supplicants and few posts to fill. Herrero Tejedor explained it all except what he did not know: why Sanchez Bella was minister of information and tourism.

Herrero explained to him Carrero's doubts about the efficiency of Sanchez Bella as a minister, but the suggestion came from the Generalissimo and therefore could not be refused. Adolfo understood then that they needed him and that he could push, could set conditions, and he said so to Herrero. He wanted to be a director general with authority to deal with Carrero without going through the minister, and the same was true with regard to Prince Juan Carlos. His ambition suffered a blow when he failed to become minister, and he utilized the fact that he knew too much to extract advantages. If he had ever been a virgin, he ceased to be on that occasion. He was to suffer many defeats, but the first is always the most memorable wound.

His frustration coincided with a rainy autumn which turned the leaves in the park red as it did every year. For the ministerial crisis came in October, when the students began classes again, ripping the old pages

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from their notebooks, like a crust from recently baked bread. Possibly the rain helped to fill both the reservoirs and the library. There were so many people that no one would note the name or signature of that young apprentice historian who picked up a book, perhaps because it was autumn and the rain was tiresome, and began to read the prologue to "Tiberius" by Gregorio Maranon: "The only truly evil man is the evil-doer, and his possible hatred is lost in the shadow of his deeds. The man who feels hatred is not necessarily bad. He may even be good, if life favors him. Only disappointment and injustice provoke his hatred. He has a stubborn memory, unaffected by time. When it comes, this aggressive explosion of hatred is usually very late, and there is always a very long incubation period between the offense and the benefits. Almost all the great haters are well-endowed men."

On that autumn day in 1961 one had to be very young to read Maranon, and very naive to seek simple explanations for things. As it was raining and the libraries and the reservoirs had suddenly filled, the young read books to justify themselves.

Chapter VII. Fidelity to the Past, the Present and the Future--Four Years as Head of the RTVE

In 1969 Saturdays were still working days, and the civilized European work week ending on Friday had not yet come. The inaccurately named "monochromatic government" of October 1969 never tired of having its highest representatives say that the economy and income were the best springboards to happiness. On that Saturday, 6 November, the Ministry of Information and Tourism was crowded with impeccable business suits, short moustaches and handsome lapel insignia.

At 10 in the morning the installation of the new ministry officials began: Adolfo Suarez, as director general of the RTVE; Jose Maria Hernandez Sampelayo, undersecretary; Alejandro Fernandez Sordo, general press director; and Enrique Tomas de Carranza, director general of culture and performances. As it was a cold and disagreeable day, the atmosphere was heavy as if those present had been awakened too early and were still sleepy. Very little light filtered through the windows, and the fog had just cleared. That same fog had prevented the director general of tourist promotion, Esteban Bassols, from landing at the Barajas airport. He was late and missed the historic phrases of Minister Sanchez Bella, which affected him too. The new minister expressed regret that the outgoing officials had resigned, for "I have always liked, in the posts I have assumed, to work with the enterprise crew," and he defined the brand-new team as "development within continuity," and "fidelity to the past, the present and the future."

These ambitious intentions on the part of the minister did not lead to any immediate resignations, which in the proper logic might have been the reaction of some appointee frightened at the prospect of being a

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"developmental continuation" or of being so faithful to yesterday, today and tomorrow that he would end up in a psychiatric ward. The dauntless attitude of the new team was evidence of their determination and certainty that they could carry out this difficult plan.

Sanchez Bella was during his term as minister a constant cause of political puzzlement for large areas of the country. When he spoke no one knew very well if he was serious or was trying to imitate the Marx Brothers. His activities and his instructions he gave as minister enveloped him in a legend which has lasted to our day: Minister Sanchez Bella lacked a sense of the ridiculous.

But there were to be other more popular focuses of attention in November 1969. When all was said and done, Alfredo Sanchez Bella was still an unknown, and fame would come to him in time. To be a minister did not immediately mean popularity, and sometimes even was counterproductive. The highest officials of the state, Franco and Carrero, reacted negatively to the fondness of politicians for posturing and pretending. Authority should be strict but discreet, such as the legendary Castilian middle classes wanted it, if indeed it ever existed other than hypothetically.

On 15 November Spain was attentive to its television sets not out of interest in the new director general or the new minister, but desirous of seeing Maria Felix Santamaria Espinosa, known outside the courts and the family tree as "Massiel," a professional singer, who had created a sensation and an excess of Hispanicism by winning the Eurovision Festival in 1968 with a song heavy with content and expressively entitled "La, La, La."

Massiel gave a moving performance on the program "Saturday Gala," announcing the end of her single days, and making a most fitting statement revealing a strong personality quite in accord with those volcanic times. "I said nothing when I was reported engaged without rhyme or reason, but when I say I am getting married, I am." And so it was. The lucky fellow was a surgeon specializing in plastic and cosmetic operations named Recatero, first name Luis. The wedding would take place on 20 November and all of Spain would identify with that ugly young woman with a poor figure but great courage and somewhat featherbrained, as was said then. Official Spain liked women like these, provided always they were not their wives, and provided always that they settled down in the end. Massiel was the conduit linking the bold and impudent methods used by Minister Fraga with the more modest manner of Sanchez Bella. In Fraga's time the young woman had won victory at any cost, and with Sanchez Bella she won a moral victory.

While Massiel embodied all that was Spanish on Prado del Rey on that Saturday, 15 November 1969, the throat of a less visible Spain tightened on learning of the death of Ignacio Aldecoa, a writer who was more than

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promising, who was at the most fertile time in his career as a very precise narrator and creator of atmosphere, and who with his literary qualities had a natural goodness in a combination rarely found. A few days before his death he had told a journalist: "When one is young, and I regard myself as such, one always looks forward to the masterpiece. One can always fire up the dynamo of enthusiasm. Later, toward the end, one can evaluate what one has written." The end came to him too soon, and it is hard to evaluate the work of Aldecoa today because it ended when he had just got the dynamo going.

Somewhere between Massiel and Ignacio Aldecoa, Spain advanced in November 1969, with television and Alfredo Sanchez Bella in the middle. Names and personalities, even if not political, characterize a time, most frequently without the knowledge, and even against the will, of those involved. Probably this was the case with Aldecoa and Massiel, but Sanchez Bella was not of that stamp. He felt himself to be a very definite part of history, his huge body occupied a place in politics, perhaps smaller than he believed, but rather greater than those who knew him had imagined.

Sanchez Bella was regarded for some time as an intellectual because he had headed the Institute of Hispanic Culture and he had also worked in other bodies concerned with the ideological world of the Franco era. His fame came about in the exercise of diplomacy, particularly in Santo Domingo, in the final phase of the Leonidas Trujillo era. He was an ambassador of the "Sicilian school," halfway between methods in the Cosa Nostra style and the cunning of a courtier, although he was always courageous and on some occasions bold, not easy things to be in Trujillo's Santo Domingo.

His great moment came when he was appointed ambassador to Italy in the Plaza de Espana in Rome. His personality, his methods and his manners, in contact with the Italian world, produced an indescribable personality. He maintained contact with the leading intelligence services in the world, and everyone now knows the story of his recommendations to the CIA about the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, which, fortunately for world peace, the Americans chose to ignore. He paid Italian journalists farther to the right than Mussolini's Republic of Salo to defend Franco's Spain, and above all, he conspired repeatedly on behalf of the men of the Opus Dei, and thus against Fraga, Solis and the minister of foreign affairs, Fernando Maria Castiella, his superior, with whom he was underhanded and disloyal to the point of excess. His letters and reports to Carrero Blanco and to Franco himself denouncing any evidence of liberalism from his Roman balcony are well known. Sanchez Bella had an insatiable inquisitorial zeal. However, it was not to these reports and denunciations addressed to Franco and Carrero that he owed his ministerial appointment, but to a long letter sent to Carrero denouncing Castiella's "plan to negotiate" with the Vatican. He betrayed his minister by calling him a traitor, in the phrase of a musical-comedy villain.

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Franco felt a profound antipathy for Castiella, as can be seen from a simple reading of the memoirs of his cousin Salgado Araujo. Sanchez Bella's letter was received in that atmosphere as if it were a gift of Providence. It became a part of the file prepared by Carrero which would decisively bring about the fall of Castiella, Fraga and Solis. Castiella was somewhat remote from the daily battle between the blues and the Laureano faction, but Sanchez Bella contributed to putting him on the side of the barricade which was precisely that of the losers. The minister of foreign affairs was a moderate Christian democrat, with political concerns rather remote from those of his partners in disgrace.

Although he maintained excellent relations with Carrero and Laureano, the decisive factor in his appointment as minister of information and tourism nonetheless came from El Pardo. Both Carrero and Laureano were afraid of a figure as extreme as Alfredo. His nature and his methods led to fear of incidents of much greater concern than those involving Fraga and his supporters, with the difference that Alfredo could be a good informer, even a man who knew how to find the weak spot in individuals, but from that to heading a ministry with as many facets as information and tourism was a long way. But by dint of strength he had won it, and no one is willing to go backward.

With Sanchez Bella in the ministry, the admiral, assisted by Laureano's good offices, devoted himself to surrounding him with extremely faithful collaborators, men in Carrero's confidence, who would keep him perfectly informed at all times and who would tactfully and skillfully correct the excesses of a minister whose political training was in the Antilles school of the dictator Trujillo.

The minister's closest collaborators were to be Hernandez Sampelayo, Fernandez Sordo and Adolfo Suarez. Two belonged to the Opus Dei--Sampelayo and Suarez--and Sordo maintained excellent relations with it. Sampelayo and Suarez had known each other in the office of the prime minister, where Sampelayo had been an intimate of Lopez Rodo, and had replaced him in the technical secretariat general on Carrero's orders, while Adolfo had served in various posts close to the powerful Laureano, and in the circle of the young men with an Opus Dei background and a future.

The three had a common characteristic well worth taking into account. They frequented the Zarzuela Palace and were very careful to keep Prince Juan Carlos constantly informed. It can be said without exaggeration that their sole concerns were to serve Carrero and the prince, all the rest was secondary. In the case of Adolfo Suarez, since he was in the confidence of the admiral and had frustrated aspirations for a ministry, it had become very clear that the affairs in his general directorate would be taken up with the two personalities representing the present and the future, Carrero and Juan Carlos, not with the minister who came into the matter accidentally, and who moreover had tried to get a man to his liking, Alejandro Armesto, appointed to that office.

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In no other ministry had Carrero concerned himself so much that the directors general be consistent with the new situation created by the approval of Juan Carlos as heir apparent. The government in October of 1969, not so much a "monochromatic" government of an Opus Dei stamp, as it was then considered, had rather a powerful component linked with the figure of the prince, not only where the high posts in information and tourism were concerned, but in other departments as well, and, naturally, in the secretariat general of the movement, where Torcuato Fernandez Miranda was situated. The Opus Dei, which planned the campaign against the "blues," had won important battles, especially in transforming the Matesa swindle, in which they were implicated up to the hilt, into a political triumph unprecedented in history. The prince was beginning to see himself as the "other authority" and they were among the first visitors to render homage to him. Franco, always very stubborn where limitations on his omnipotence were concerned, still regarded the appointment of Juan Carlos as prince as "premature," and when there was nothing else he could do, he made the most subtle comments on the new situation to Ambassador Jimenez Arnau. "Looking out the window toward Zarzuela, he (Franco) told me: 'Arnau, within a few days this path will be much more heavily trod.'"

And it was. The Sampelayo-Sordo-Adolpho triangle followed that route with regularity. All three were more closely linked with the prince, Carrero and Laureano than with their superior, Sanchez Bello. Sampelayo was appointed undersecretary by Carrero personally, and his post in the admiral's office, which was to be occupied by Orbe Cano, was snatched from him at the last minute due to pressure from Lopez Rodo, whose star was then on the rise. Instead of him Meilan Gil, Laureano's favorite, a sinuous and urbane man and an excellent informer and member of the Opus Dei, with experience in law, was given the post.

As the three owed their posts to the admiral, their seige against Sanchez Bella sometimes put him in a ridiculous situation. It did not take them long to realize that Alfredo was little more than a constant "idea machine," 90 percent of them having to be rejected because they were absurd. Since he had come to anchor in Madrid he had revealed considerable lack of knowledge of how things worked in the administration. His first plan was to make Spanish television into a body similar to the RAI [Italian Radio Broadcasting and Television Company], its Italian counterpart, to do which he would have had to be successful in adding yet another surrealistic element to the media situation, because it came down to establishing separate compartments on Prado del Rey, over which a man of prestige, which in his view could be none other than a diplomat, would preside. He was not long in realizing that this undertaking verged on the improbable.

Sanchez Bella's stay at the ministry was regarded by the other officials as years divided between delirium and genius: everything was possible. From installing a chapel in a Prado del Rey studio to proposing a political solution to the color television problem. Why choose between the

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PAL and the SECAM [sequential memory color system]? Let us equip one network with one of them and another with the other."

This suggestion caused gusts of hilarity among the professionals, who could imagine the building of another Prado del Rey headquarters for the SECAM and who split their sides laughing about the ingenious idea of having two television sets in each house, one for each system. His colleagues forced him to drop the undertaking, although he assured them that it seemed all right to the Caudillo.

Day after day the Sampelayo-Sordo-Adolfo trio dealt with the genius in office. Sometimes he thought that Morocco would provide the ideal land bridge for television between the Canary Islands and the peninsula, and on another occasion he saw a crowd of Arabs on the sidewalk outside a station and proposed to his colleagues the ingenious notion of setting up some huge field tents to provide them with complete board and room for 150 pesetas. But that he had outrageous ideas should not be taken to mean he was unintelligent. On the contrary, few ministers had his shrewdness and ability for interfering where no one had asked his opinion. For him a man like Adolfo Suarez had no political importance and he therefore assigned him no future value.

The antipathy between the two was increasing. Very obviously Adolfo was dealing directly with Carrero and the prince, ignoring him completely, which reflected a continuing lack of recognition of the minister. But Sanchez Bella was not a man to be cowed. He cultivated his political and personal relations with Carrero, whom he invited regularly to dine at the ministry on Saturday in the company of his wife, and over dessert they watched the films which the ministry had not deemed it wise to show the rest of the citizens of Spain together.

If the ministerial appointment of Sanchez Bella was a surprise to the officials who had said farewell to Fraga Iribarne, the same could not be said of Adolfo. Among the majority of the professionals in television circles his appointment was seen as positive, for he had "in-house" experience, which in those days was regarded as an improvement on earlier epochs.

He replaced Aparicio Bernal, who had left the RTVE with a deficit of five billion, and who was as broad-minded as a Carthusian. He let his assistants do as they liked, for better or for worse, and he made the humorous gesture of asking the innumerable RTVE chiefs in a circular to refuse Christmas gifts. The reaction to this gesture was like that of reclusive monks attending Sunday mass--a benevolent smile with an ironic rictus, for whatever society may be, one observes the forms.

If he did not get along with the head of his ministry, on the departmental level Adolfo had a problem in his own department in the person of Roson, who continued as secretary general of the RTVE. This situation was not

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to last many months, for Roson left the department and went to the National Performance Union in May of 1970, where he was to continue with his clashes and conflicts with Suarez. The post of secretary general was eliminated from the table of organization when Roson left. In its place the post of assistant television director was established, and the first to hold it was Luis Angel de la Viuda.

With Roson gone, the field was now clear for him to show his capacity as director general. He was to do it in his own way, first of all, as was logical, by avoiding any clash with the government, and even making the television medium constantly available so that ministers and other officials could appear on the screen to enhance their popularity. Thus he pursued the ready inclination and willingness to be of service to his superiors which was Adolfo's main philosophy.

The care and detail with which he carried out Carrero Blanco's instructions and the "coddling" concern he devoted to his relations with Prince Juan Carlos should also be noted. This attitude confirmed the saying that Adolfo treated Juan Carlos like a king before he was one. In so doing he created another cause of constant friction with Sanchez Bella. While the minister had much closer links with El Pardo than the Zarzuela Palace, Adolfo served authority scrupulously, but the prince ranked first in priority for his homage, above the men of the moment.

Another factor to be borne in mind in the direction of Adolfo's activities as director general of the RTVE is that he wanted to serve as a bridge in order to introduce the men of the Opus Dei to the highest levels at the Prado del Rey headquarters. In this connection it must be presumed that he was very familiar with the balance of forces in favor of the Opus Dei at the time. His religious fervor was at its highest point, aided by the obsessive spiritual concerns of his wife and the constant advice of Sampelayo, who was regarded as the leading exponent of the Opus Dei at the Ministry of Information and Tourism.

In addition his relations with Laureano Lopez Rodo's men continued to be excellent, since on 1 December 1969 he became a freely designated member of the Interministerial Commission for Provincial Planning, alongside Emilio Sanchez Pintado. His correspondence with such representative members of the Opus Dei as Francisco Anson showed his receptiveness to the ideas of Monseigneur Escriva de Balaguer.

For a man like Adolfo television was a continuing source of political opportunities, contacts, in a word, intelligence. It mattered little that his power was delegated, because all power is always delegated. The television dream as it existed in Spain during the '60s and a good part of the '70s was seen in terms of prestige and popularity. The little screen provided a panacea for the thousand problems the public did not understand or wondered about. Half Pandora's box, half Aladdin's lamp, television was the only route to the masses the political class could allow itself without the General's permission.

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If Adolfo's traits were amiability, sympathy and enthusiastic servility, holding the post of RTVE director facilitated and provided a channel for the unlimited development of these aspects of his personality. On the various levels of administration, there are always some times when it is necessary to provide a public explanation, to predict how things will develop or simply promote oneself. And there was Adolfo, ready to take a hand.

His personality began to be less closed, and he more readily allowed familiarity and camaraderie. This was a time in his life filled with gatherings to play poker or to pursue the short courses of the Opus Dei, and also times of proselytizing furor with regard to religion which was to last until the early months of 1973. He was especially insistent that his family participate in the ceremony of "spiritual retreat" held at the Opus Dei establishment. Those who attended on his special recommendation were his uncle Francisco, from El Tiemblo, and his father, Hipolito, the agnostic, who would reiterate the grisly and vapid Opus Dei ritual in humorous fashion. For "Polo," this was yet another experience in a life full of them, one which gave him an occasion to joke with his son--whom he learned too late to take seriously, and to prove that this Opus Dei business was an institution with a future to be judged from the social level of those who attended the courses.

For Adolfo, any occasion was a good opportunity and could serve the goal he had set himself. He scrupulously cultivated his social relations, not only on the spiritual level but in leisure-time activities and recreation as well. Every afternoon, before returning to his home on Generalissimo Avenue, he went into the nearby church for a few minutes, nor did a weekend pass that he did not add one more chapter to his widespread reputation as an excellent card-player.

Television, the source of power and glory, was in his hands. He could not make exclusive use of it because this was beyond his reach, but he could manage. A telephone call to him was obligatory in order to gain entrance to the Prado del Rey premises and to appear on that crystal rectangle which entranced millions of Spaniards.

But he did not like to go to the Prado del Rey office because it was far from the ministry, from the power to be found in the corridors, where some useful meeting, some important hand to shake, some new friend to promise and provide with an important favor could always be found. After the return from Segovia the Suarez family lived on Generalissimo Avenue, very close to the ministry of information and tourism building. Every morning, but never before 11, he went to the General Yague entrance and went to his office. He was not one of those who rose early and took the cold shower compulsory for the young addicts of the Opus Dei. His character and style were such that the Prussian tradition held no attraction at all. He was industrious but cultivated sociability to excess and this always leads toward indolence, to long dinners and interminable evenings afterward.

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It was not until the radio building was inaugurated on Prado del Rey that the two offices became one and he went there some mornings.

But no doubts or conflicts ever arose. His place in the morning was always the Ministry of Information and Tourism, where in friendly chats he exchanged impressions with the other two in the "triangle." The three men responsible for the proper functioning of the ministry usually talked of politics. They were young, and they had the whole of life and the state before them.

Hernandez Sampelayo, Fernandez Sordo and Adolfo were to play a not inconsiderable joint role as a group in political activity. All three were convinced supporters of Juan Carlos and from their various departments they supported each of the trips made by the prince, giving them spectacular coverage. Adolfo accompanied him on some of them, such as the trip he made to Barcelona in February 1970 to inaugurate the Radio Youth-Voice of Barcelona facilities.

Adolfo was aware that here was where the future of Spain lay and this thought was to be a slogan which guided his actions. There was no royal trip which was not attentively followed by the television cameras nor any official ceremony at which the prince appeared but that Adolfo recorded it on film. He would take pains to go personally to present Juan Carlos with the videotapes of the various trips and other ceremonies. This was a task he carried out punctiliously, with a speed and rigor which other departments in the administration fell far short of emulating.

This readiness to serve which Fernando Herrero Tejedor's wife always spoke of, illustrating it with the story of the television set, was always present. Her simple request to Adolfo that he help persuade her husband to buy a television set resulted in the presentation just a few hours later of a personal gift of a set from him to the wife of the man who was at that time nothing less than a Supreme Court prosecutor. This aspect of his character was of special significance to Juan Carlos. Although he was Franco's successor, his personal situation of conflict with El Pardo and various groups in the regime was not exactly comfortable. While Sanchez Bella liked to answer first to the man who appointed him to the ministry and then to others, Adolfo's scale of values was different, and without detriment to his fervent fidelity to Franco and his family, he placed the person of Juan Carlos de Borbon in first place as the indisputable authority. If it was said of Adolfo that he treated Juan Carlos as the prince of Spain before Franco made him that, it must be said that once this was done, he began to treat him as if he were chief of state for five years before Franco died.

That permanent feature of the personality of Suarez, his political ability to sense which way the winds were blowing, was confirmed by categorical evidence bearing out the statement in his years in television. On 20 October 1972 the prince inaugurated the radio building, and Adolfo saw

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to it that the strict protocol left out nothing which would have been due a chief of state. The director of the national radio system, Manuel Gonzalez Riancho, in the presence of Alfredo Sanchez Bella and Adolfo, presented to Princess Sofia a piece of mahogany furniture of doubtful taste but with stereo equipment built in, and Prince Juan Carlos was presented with a Grundig transoceanic radio, which moved him particularly, since he was not much accustomed to such deference.

On that occasion the pompous minister of information, perhaps to avoid hurting feelings at El Pardo, said in his address that Prado del Rey was "an establishment of loyalty" and no one had any question about what loyalty Sanchez Bella meant. On 8 March of that year Alfonso de Borbon had married Franco's granddaughter, and a whole series of two-way political operations began. On the one hand, there were efforts to exert pressure on the general to grant Alfonso dynastic powers, even going so far as to suggest that he might replace the prince himself, and on the other hand, the advisers to Juan Carlos urged him to take a firm attitude toward the court at El Pardo, sometimes skirting the edge of conflict, in defense of his rights.

It was not unusual then that Sanchez Bella should speak of "loyalty" to El Pardo. Adolfo utilized this and one more factor in the erosion of the minister's reputation due to weak support of the prince. On more than one occasion Sanchez Bella asked Adolfo to film and transmit on the little screen events in which Alfonso de Borbon and his wife appeared, for the express reason that their royal highnesses were involved, pursuant to the suggestion made by Carmen Polo de Franco to the minister. It can be presumed that Prince Juan Carlos learned of these requests promptly.

Loyalties and politics are conjugated in the past tense. The Sampelayo-Sordo-Suarez triangle was concerned about its political future, which lay in the magnetic field surrounding the Zarzuela Palace. This unity of political intent led them to swear an oath. There is a Ministry of Information and Tourism document bearing witness to the pact made by the three political friends: he who rose first promised to aid the other two. It is not known what would have happened had Hernandez Sampelayo lived longer. Cancer prevented him from seeing the transition to democracy. Neither Fernandez Sordo nor Adolfo kept his promise. On 4 January 1974, a couple of weeks after the promotion and death of Carrero Blanco, Alejandro Fernandez Sordo became minister of syndical relations and the past agreements were forgotten. Adolfo would have to wait until Fernando Herrero Tejedor was appointed minister-secretary general of the movement before he would be given a political post. Later it was to be he who led the ostracism of his friend and colleague of the Ministry of Information and Tourism years. Loyalties in politics, it must be reiterated, are only conjugated in the past tense.

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But during the four years that the trio was to function together, the clear and categorical goal of their activity was to aid Prince Juan Carlos, and in Adolfo's case, to utilize this opportunity to develop a waterway which would in the end drown his superior, Alfredo Sanchez Bella. Perhaps it would be unjust to think that the minister of information did not favor the alternative represented by Juan Carlos. He was too closely linked to Admiral Carrero for him to nurture the slightest doubt. But things were not such in the early '70s as to allow the flexibility allowing things to change. Control over information was the responsibility of Sanchez Bella, and therefore it was located more in the environs of El Pardo than the Zarzuela Palace. The double authority was beginning to emerge in the person of Juan Carlos, and the minister did not see that. Adolfo Suarez did. The ambition of Sanchez Bella, which was to become a smooth channel between the two authorities was to prove a fiasco.

As early as 1970, less than a year after the approval of Juan Carlos as the successor, the situation was as follows: Don Juan Carlos de Borbon decided in early February 1970, the journalist Ricardo de la Cierva reported, to move away from the regime and toward the future. He made some statements to leading American newspapers (THE NEW YORK TIMES, THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE). ". . . (These) statements by the prince not only earned him a warning from Franco but also Lopez Rodo's wrath. 'Don't risk it, Your Highness! The only government is the one which exists, there must not be another phantom government.' Don Juan Carlos revealed his fears about his cousin (Alfonso de Borbon), who surely, he said, had more supporters than he. He admitted that he had not seen Franco since January, but he maintained his position adamantly. 'I am ready to stand aside, whatever happens. Naturally one cannot predict his state of mind if things go badly, but I have already spoken with the princess and we have decided to step aside, both ourselves and our children. This gives us security, they will not be able to kill any children.'"

It is difficult to find words harsh enough to describe the battle which began within the regime to direct the succession one way or another. And if this was the situation in 1970, what might have been jest became serious for Juan Carlos two years later, with Franco's granddaughter now married to Alfonso de Borbon, and the trouble had become a silent war, although sometimes the reports could be heard as soon as one stopped to listen.

Alfonso de Borbon tried in various ways to fit into the administration and to gain political experience and popularity which would allow him a better situation, adding to his important credentials as a Bourbon and the husband of the Generalissimo's granddaughter those of a skillful administrator and known politician. In both connections he thought to rely on Sanchez Bella in his capacity as a go-between and minister in control of the communications media. It was legendary that Sanchez Bella would ask the press representative, Fernandez Sordo, angrily: "How could you have allowed this to be published?" Failing to realize that the era of total censorship under Minister Arias Salgado was a thing of the past, and that

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newspapers, without representing the opposition, were not government organs either, operating in the sector bounded by the unofficial, the illegal and metaphor.

At the end of 1972, Sanchez Bella startled the athletic representative, Juan Gich, by telling him plainly, in the overwhelming setting of the Valle de los Caidos, that he should resign and yield the post to Alfonso de Borbon, because "El Pardo is very interested" in granting "the little grandson" this dream. Gich immediately reported this to his superior, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, minister of the movement and nothing less than the mentor of Juan Carlos. Torcuato thought too little of Sanchez Bella to ask him anything or to summon him, and in addition he regarded him as the El Pardo tale-bearer. Therefore Torcuato spoke to Carrero, who confirmed what he suspected: Franco wanted Alfonso to be the national athletic representative. As Carrero usually did when it was a matter of Torcuato's business, he let him take up the matter with Franco. Torcuato knew very well what he wanted, and with whom he was dealing. He took advantage of a visit to Franco's office and explained to him that as minister and secretary general of the movement he was displeased with the intrigues of certain persons who wanted Alfonso de Borbon appointed athletic representative. It was said that Franco did not even blink as he awaited the explanation for this opinion, and it was also said that the words of the Florentine Torcuato could be recorded in the gallery of ingenious political inventions of the political era. "Your Excellency, I rejected this suggestion because I cannot allow the grandchildren of the Caudillo to be my subordinates." This reached Franco where he was vulnerable, and he did not reply. But Alfonso de Borbon was not to be athletic representative.

For Juan Carlos, 1972 was perhaps the most difficult year prior to the death of Franco. At that time, according to Laureano Lopez Rodo, little given to exaggeration where he himself was not concerned, Princess Sofia, on learning that the work on the expansion of the Zarzuela Palace would last a year and a half, asked Don Carlos: "But will we still be in Spain by then?" This was a question in which there was humor and despair, and reflected the doubt in all political minds as to what direction to take. The two poles of political attraction, which years later were to offset each other, were at that time entirely out of balance.

This conflict prevailing in the relations between El Pardo and the Zarzuela Palace was reflected, on the proper scale, in the Ministry of Information and Tourism, between the minister and the director general of the RTVE. At the beginning the clash between Adolfo Suarez and Alfredo Sanchez Bella was a matter of political ambition. Adolfo wanted to be minister, and since he was not, he wanted to act as such in the area under his jurisdiction. Where Sanchez Bella was concerned, because of his somewhat melancholy personal nature and his constant meddling, he could see nothing around him but hindrances to his work. His colleagues

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had been forced upon him and, to his still greater ignominy, the director general of the RTVE stood between him and Carrero and the prince, depriving him of his most important political power base--television.

As time went on this conflict of personal ambitions acquired a political form. Adolfo nurtured his relations with Herrero and Juan Carlos, while Alfredo cultivated the El Pardo circles more actively and made enemies everywhere, not excluding the Council of Ministers itself, where his genial ideas were not exactly applauded.

However, there were a number of occasions on which Sanchez Bella came very close to getting Adolfo transferred to other political posts. In the minister's view, Adolfo was a meddler, and so long as he was director general of the RTVE he could never be at ease, for he was entirely unaware of what was happening on Prado del Rey and his suggestions were never adopted. Sanchez Bella took a number of opportunities to attempt to oust him, but none could be consummated. The first came about in September of 1970, when Adolfo had not yet been even one full year with RTVE, and the minister of syndical relations, Enrique Garcia Ramal suffered a heart attack which brought him close to death. Adolfo was among the substitutes Admiral Carrero considered. But on 14 October, Garcia Ramal began to recover surprisingly and, a month later, on 12 November, he was in his office again, crushing the opposing hosts of Adolfo and his minister.

As neither good or bad luck seemed to benefit Sanchez Bella, he gave destiny a push and persuaded interior Minister Tomas Garicano Goni to offer Adolfo the civil governorship of a province. The highest level Garicano could offer was Zaragoza, but Adolfo was not about to accept unless Barcelona was offered, which was in fact at that time the province of a great friend of his, Tomas Pelayo Ros. For many years Barcelona was Adolfo's obsessive dream. Its size and importance tempted him. It was a perfect bridge to lead him to a ministry. There were precedents.

But none of these efforts in which Sanchez Bella placed such hopes proved successful. There was nothing to it but to try to pull the rug out from under his feet by capitalizing on the director general's errors. Apart from taking advantage of funny stories such as that involving the Compostela Holy Year in 1972, when the speeches by Franco from Santiago and Pope Paul VI from Rome were to be televised in a most holy union, coordinated to resemble a dialog, when a technical error mutilated the statements and forced the general to wait in vain for the culmination--apart from these witty tales, there was one point on which Sanchez Bella was an expert. He denounced Adolfo's "deviationism."

If in the Compostela Holy Year affair Sanchez Bella, despite his efforts, failed to create ill feelings for him on the part of Franco, and if Carrero helped Adolfo to emerge unscathed from the technical mistake, where the deviation issue was concerned the dispute was to last longer, and although it failed, it serves to suggest that in this field Adolfo had little to learn from his minister.

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The period in which Adolfo was director general of radio-television coincided with what has been called the Carrero era, that is to say the time when the leading figure in political life, in his post as deputy prime minister, was Admiral Carrero Blanco, with Torcuato Fernandez Miranda as his right-hand man and Laureano Lopez Rodo on his left, with none of the connotations of political inclination given to the terms right and left on other occasions. The social center of that time was to be found at the Maite Restaurant in the Argentine Republic Square, the favored gathering-place of high officials, who still have, as a souvenir of those happy days, an animated photograph taken with the accomplished owner, Dona Maria Teresa Aguado de Castro. The restaurant had been launched at almost the same time as the October 1979 cabinet, and this coincidence was to be more symbolic than the "goose with raspberries" or the delicious "sweetbreads in champagne" or the "loin of pork with oregano," superb specialties of the house, which were to outlast Carrero or the very Franco regime itself. It is curious to reflect that cuisine and gourmet specialties are often like works of art: they survive their epoch and when one savors them, he does not yearn for times past.

These were times of confusion and doubt. Franco appeared like a transfer pasted on the political life of the country. The troops which participated in the 1972 victory parade did not notice that Franco was leaning slightly backward, supported by a shooting stick, like those hunters use. The politicians, unless their eyes were closed, saw. Lopez Rodo wrote about that year 1972 as follows: "I commented to Lopez Bravo about Franco's physical decline, that he no longer had anything to say in the Council of Ministers and sometimes dozed off. I added that we must compensate for his limitations, and that we could not continue to act each on our own account. There was no cabinet, just ministers trying to do the best they could and to gain prestige, but we had to set forth the political actions for 1973 for all the ministries. This required time and mature deliberation. It was necessary to sit down around a table and work with papers in front of us and follow an agenda. I told him that for many reasons (including his seniority in the cabinet and the protocol rank of his ministry) he could summon the other ministers. I made him see the contradiction in the fact that this cabinet was made up in its vast majority of those of us who wanted a more open approach, while it seemed like the most backward cabinet the regime had had. The two or three cabinet extremists were succeeding in their efforts. We needed to take a stand and set forth some points on which we were not prepared to deal."

Apart from Laureano's liberal statements, this from a man who said he did not believe in political conversion, making it the harder to imagine his own, the situation was one of transition, of search for solutions, of adopting positions for the immediate future, which was then thought to be just around the corner, but which was to be some years more in coming.

The relations between Carrero and his colleagues and the RTVE were not distinctive. They certainly must have included, in addition to the Prado

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del Rey methods and practices acquired from earlier years, certain new passions. For example, the admiral had a particular antipathy for the humor of the Marx Brothers, which led him to interrupt a cycle of four films by those sublime "Marxists" after the second. According to those who moved in his circle at that time, Carrero believed that the so-called humor of the Marx Brothers was not funny, and therefore their prestige was very suspicious. It appears that "Duck Soup" was the cause of the suspension of the series. Carrero did not understand the Marx Brothers, and that worried him. It must be suspected that subconsciously he understood their message perfectly, and that was why he banned them.

Adolfo was well aware of the importance of television, that reptile finding its way into homes, under the inquisitorial eyes of the provosts of the regime and their families, which exerted ineffable pressure. Therefore, and apart from Sanchez Bella's obsessive charge, there was no clear separation between Adolfo as censor and supervisor of the "mental health" of the viewers and his responsibility as head of programming, director of the First Chain, or director general. Although there were obviously shadings to be taken into account.

The censorship work in the television system became notorious in the time of Jose Francisco Mateu Canoves, a judge of the public order, who was to die years later in a terrorist attack, who spent several hours a day viewing various films, at a rate of pay of 250 pesetas per hour, a remuneration so unattractive as to make his role into a curious case of a passion for censorship. Another colleague in this censorship work was Mariano Palacios, head of the intelligence services of the movement, and there were also Francisco Anson Oliart, Mariano del Pozo, the Dominican Antonio Sanchez Vazquez, and others of less importance.

While Adolfo directed the First Chain programs in the '60s, the diligent men in television censorship, who worked directly under his instructions, flourished their scissors like the sword of the archangel Gabriel. It is worth reflecting about that phenomenon in which the most functional politics, psychiatry and sociology were blended.

The film "Phedre" could not be shown because of the "intimate aspects of this performance, typical though they may be." The Reverend Father Sanchez Vazquez added in a not very Greek or Latin furor. Another feature film, "Dinner for the Defendants," could be shown provided "the phrase 'gestapo pigs' in the last reel" was cut. Or the film by Francisco Rabal entitled "Ten Guns Are Waiting," from which it was necessary to cut "three kisses" from the first reel, an equal number from the fourth, and the phrase "shooting his sweetheart" from the fifth. Here the censor, in an excess of precision, added the comment: "This is the necessary end of a sentence, and therefore cannot be eliminated."

In other cases the lack of respect reached the point of insults to cinematographic intent. For example one should note the moving moment

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when Humphrey Bogart approached the prefect of police, Renaud, in "Casablanca," who was made to say "I am just an official," instead of "I am just a corrupt official." Or the interrogation of the police chief in the resistance from which such historic phrases as "Not even a Nazi can kill so quickly" were removed. One could go on ad infinitum. Films such as the excessively tedious "How to Marry a Millionaire" were shown on television on 17 October 1965 with cuts indicative of mental illness. First reel--"Cut the bathing suit in the foreground"; third reel--"Cut the foreground with the models in the fashion house"; fourth reel--Cut "the kiss after they fall in the snow"; and fifth reel--Cut "the kiss standing by the car" and "the kiss in the hotel room." The film was turned into something like "How to Marry a Timid Millionaire."

The paradigm for the work of censorship was a letter from Minister Fraga Iribarne's technical staff, signed by Gabriel Elorriaga and addressed to the chief of television programming, Adolfo Suarez, who with his ok sent it on to the department heads. It was dated 27 April 1966 and dealt with Robert Rossen's inspired film "All the King's Men," which the censors magically retitled "Deception" so that there would be no doubt of the negative nature of the tale. The full text of the letter read as follows:

"We have studied the American film 'All the King's Men' which has been given the new title 'Decepcion' in Spanish. The film is the story of the life of a self-made man, a man of the people, who beginning from a low social position and rudimentary education, succeeds in advancing himself by an admirable effort of will such as to become a popular leader (sic) in the field of politics and the governor of one of the United States. This film which, on the other hand, was superbly directed, cannot be faulted, in principle. But in describing the life of one seeking to become a political leader (sic) and later governor, the televiewer is shown the dark world of U.S. domestic politics. The blackmail, the blacklist, the reprisals and requirements made to very extreme points by the governor and his group are presented in very raw fashion. All of this, moreover, is accompanied by dialog which is a mockery of the most basic principles in the functioning of political institutions. The world of politics about which there is constant generalization in the film is shown as a world full of personal and egotistical ambition, in which the politicians are dedicated to self-interest. There are no general interests or common good, only the direct interests of persons or political groups.

"For all of these reasons, although the film is a model of direction and atmosphere and represents a very interesting work for an educated public, it should not be shown on television. The majority of the Spanish televiewers, counted today in the millions, have a limited educational level and the effect the film would produce would be damaging. For although the events and the persons belong to a society different from ours, because of the constant general references to political life, the actions of political

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persons and groups, in the majority of cases ignoring the most elementary principles of respect for the individual and personal life, are such that this film might as we have already said have negative effects on the audience.

"In view of the quality of the film, the possibility that it could be shown on the UHF channel might perhaps be considered. In this connection, this does not seem desirable, for there are today many television sets which have UHF reception, and therefore the number of viewers is very large. While allowing that this is a matter of opinion and that a categorical judgment cannot be issued, our decision is definitely to recommend that it not be carried on Spanish television."

The italics are those of Gabriel Elorriaga himself, and this film would have to wait years before the "mentally limited viewers" could see it. On reading this clear-sighted letter one might think that this Elorriaga was a timid, naive youth, unaware that internal politics in Spain involved more "blackmail, blacklists and reprisals" than American and West European politics put together. Probably he knew that very well. A Galician from El Ferrol, director of the SEU Studies Center, head of the Family Association Department, he had already served in 1966 as head of Fraga Iribarne's technical staff. He was repeatedly accused by the communists operating in clandestinity of printing false copies of EL MUNDO OBRERO and being affiliated with the state intelligence services. He was regarded as an expert in "information poisoning." Robert Rossen, the director of the unforgettable "Lilith" and "Mambo," with the provocative interpretation of Silvana Mangano, who won three Oscars with "All the King's Men," did not know that he might encounter the likes of Gabriel Elorriaga in his life, and that in Spain he would therefore reach the public masses only in still photographs.

The obsession with censorship proceeded through very precise modules in the decade of the '60s. Adolfo was to establish a "content evaluation" group, which defined itself as a "think tank" and was headed by Francisco Anson, an Opus Dei member, and Mariano del Pozo. Francisco Anson, a member of the well-known Anson family, and of the four children, if we make exception of the sister, he was the least known to the public, which was a curious characteristic since this was his profession. A poor student, he pursued his secondary studies in the Madrid El Pilar College, the training ground for future leaders. His determination to join the Opus Dei was so adamant that Andres de la Oliva, director of the National Public Administration School in Alcala de Henares, suggested and encouraged that he spend three months at the University of Louvain, from which he was to return a psychologist and join the Opus Dei. In that same school of administration where Andres de la Oliva was the director, Francisco won a staff professorship by means of competitive examinations. In July of 1969 he joined the RTVE as a psychologist assigned to the "advertising management" department.

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The eternal theme of politics, which weaves and unravels the lives of men, affected that of Francisco Anson in a particular way. In the summer of 1969 the odor and taste of the Matesa affair came through doors and windows. The crisis was about to crystallize and the battle by the Opus Dei against its opponents reached the point of struggle without quarter. In this heavy and fearful atmosphere in the summer of 1969 the general director of the RTVE, Jesus Aparicio Bernal and the president of the telephone company, Antonio Barrera de Trimo dined together. The discussion inevitably turned to the structures blessed by Monseigneur Escriva de Balaguer. While Aparicio was optimistic, Barrera dashed his hopes and assured him that the Opus Dei would emerge triumphant, and that it would not be greatly affected by the Matesa affair. He even went so far as to comment, with the chinaware and tablecloth as his only witnesses, that the organization of the Opus Dei was solid and that it had an excellent documentation department on Alberto Aguilera Street, headed by a not very well known member of the Anson family who was a professor at Alcala de Henares.

It is said that the following morning Aparicio Bernal summoned the television director, Luis Ezcurra, and ordered him to fire Francisco Anson. It was not to be so serious, for Ezcurra was familiar with Oriental verses, one of which says: "He who uses truthful and conciliatory language for a long time will have 40 handsome teeth in a good straight line." Which did not prevent him from making his life impossible. He earned less than had been agreed upon and he was relegated to a windowless office. This was to be a harsh but brief punishment, for the new director general, Adolfo Suarez, created a department of audience study and surveys and put him at the head of it. But this luck was not to last. At the end of 1972 his comrades forced him out of the department for doctoring audience surveys on television programs in order to please Adolfo Suarez. The evidence was so conclusive that he was sent to the limbo for television employees, known as the "ghost rock," from which he was to be rescued by his brother Rafael, on his appointment as general director of the RTVE in July of 1976.

But in 1970 Francisco Anson and his assistant Mariano del Pozo and the Reverend Father Antonio Sanchez had the whole of the Spanish countryside through which to gallop at will. On 23 February Father Antonio wrote the following on the sheet censoring the film "The Bigamist": "Eliminate the sentence reading 'Previously, the press always published the same thing, the same names, etc.' Presumably this refers to the fascist era." In "Anatomy of a Murder," the comment by the censor provides a key to the repressive atmosphere: "I should warn that influential persons might file suit."

The censor always begins with his own twisted mind to translate and judge for others. His bad conscience is a permanent state and is based on the concept that evil dominates everything. The censor is an individual who

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would be demonic if it were not for the fear of ridicule. The film "Saint Joan," based on the play written about Joan of Arc by the British dramatist Bernard Shaw is not a masterpiece, and reveals Shaw's congenital failing, allowing theory to prevail over the dramatic action. However the Freudian censor reached the peak of cynicism when he wrote the following: "The problem with this feature film lies in the personality of the Dauphin, who is presented to us as a cretin, unable to command obedience from his court or even the members of his family, and devoted to helping his mother the queen at her needlework. Moreover he himself admitted his lack of courage on a number of occasions and his unwillingness to do battle for his kingdom. Also, his lack of gratitude toward Joan when she was being persecuted, although historically accurate, nonetheless depicts an individual lacking the basic human virtues and unworthy to be a prince. For all these reasons, I believe that this feature film should not be televised at the present time (April 1971) in order to avoid useless speculation on the part of the viewers."

The censors had an obsession about "Gulliver's Travels," because "the dialog is entirely unacceptable because of the constant political allusions therein." "Aunt Tula" was a subject dealt with "realistically" and therefore could not be shown. "The Death of a Cyclist" would be better excluded from television because of its "bitter, critical attitude toward the national situation." "Duel in the Sun" was unacceptable because "the protagonist and his conduct were particularly ambiguous." "Sweet as a Vision," "although very elegantly handled as a whole, is full of ambiguity and double meanings, such that it is not a film for television." "The Grapes of Wrath," that magnificent panorama based on Steinbeck's novel, "gives a demagogic tone to some extreme labor situations." In those early 1960s, Adolfo's television administration did not allow ambiguity. It was not a question just of cutting, as in earlier eras, but of eliminating certain films from the program.

"Thirst for Evil," the extraordinary film by Orson Welles, was approved by a judge and a part-time censor, Mr Mateu, on the sole condition that it be shown while the students were on vacation! And nonetheless the day on which it was televised, Adolfo telephoned the man in charge of films, only 15 minutes into the program, to shout an angry accusation that he had put one over on him, and that it might cost him his job because "it coincided with an article by the intellectuals protesting police torture." The aging Orson Welles would be happy to know that the old film he had made with Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Cotten about a venal and paranoid policeman was still current news in Spain.

The censor, safe in the secrecy of his post, is always a bold man. Like state assassins, he has the support of the authorities and functions with the boldness lent by impunity. The dialog in Elia Kazan's film "Boomerang," entitled "The Harsh Administrator" in Spain, was "corrected" by the censor. With ineffable impudence, new dialog, authored by

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Brother Antonio Sanchez Vazquez, was inserted, to the greater glory of the art of cinematography. The same was done with "Judgment at Nuremburg," which was reworked rather than edited, with the censor making such indicative "corrections" as putting "chiefs" where the dialog said "ranking leaders," or shortening "Nazi movement" to "Nazism."

It was not a matter, in such an atmosphere, of fear of this or that important personage in the system, although this obviously existed, but rather the crushing pressure of the citizens in the infancy of the inquisition, who thought they had the right to decide what could not be allowed. It would be difficult to follow a specific case without all the documentation in the matter, but with papers at hand, the procedure becomes obvious and horrifying. An individual who signed himself as J. Luis Fernandez, identified only by the fact that he wrote from Valencia and dated his letter 3 April 1971, wrote the following to the "private secretary of his excellency the minister of information and tourism":

"Dear Sir: As a practicing teacher, I appeal to your just judgment and would beg you to pass the following on to the minister:

"Today, the third, during the afternoon television programming, on the segment "Cinema for All," a film on the pharaohs, which was a model of deceit, vengeance, hatred, death and betrayal, was shown. Since it is a Saturday, and therefore there is no school, obviously all of the children were, along with their parents, glued to the television set. Regrettable!

"Now we educators can put our all into our work, but an hour and a half of film of this kind (and unfortunately, this was not an isolated case, but something which proliferates even in some advertising) suffices to ruin the work of a year.

"I hope you will be able to understand my sadness. And I also hope that Mr Sanchez Bella will read this letter, to see if we can put a little order in something as delicate as the souls of our children. Thank you. Most sincerely, J. Luis Fernandez."

In a country where criticism is not readily accepted, and may even mean prison, a gentleman sends a letter, as he is entitled to do, and that letter proceeds through official channels! From the minister it went to the director general of the RTVE, who dispatched it as document No 849 dated 16 April 1971 to the official in charge of films, with the following note signed and sealed by Adolfo Suarez: "I attach a copy of a letter sent to the secretary of the minister pertaining to the programming of 'Cinema for All.' In fact, the criteria used for planning films for this slot have been too loose." This was the anonymous method of governing.

The charge of deviationism proved rather more effective than it appeared at first glance. Everyone feared that the other would outdo him in fidelity to the system and there was an obsession--to avoid being compromised. Risk

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means danger and in danger there are no guarantees. It was necessary to avoid possible risk, because if temptation is avoided, sin is avoided. When Spanish television undertook to produce, jointly with Italy, a life of Socrates, directed by the Catholic Roberto Rossellini, which was to be an international triumph, the deputy director for television, Luis Angel de la Viuda, drafted memo number 2315 to the head of film programming. "With regard to the situation on the joint production of Socrates, I must tell you that in my opinion no invitation should be extended to Rossellini."

The "opinion" set forth by de la Viuda on 24 September 1970 is not only an example of the bad manners of a film director under contract with Spanish television, but evidence of the arbitrary action of an official who knew about Rossellini only what the newspapers in that era carried, but who feared anyone who might compromise him.

The appointment of Adolfo Suarez to the RTVE office and the subsequent rise of some "technicians" in mass psychology affiliated with the Opus Dei, such as Francisco Anson, led to the drafting of very peculiar norms for all the activities involved in censorship. For example, a brief instruction entitled "Notes for the Censors" was drafted, setting forth in what purported to be a scientific fashion the savage aspect of the procedure. According to these techniques for censorship there should be "a normative synthesis covering four concepts: intention, content, form and effect. The intention should be honest and dignified, the content of a positive sort or, at the least, innocuous and unimportant. The form should be correct and clean, with no unnecessary concessions to bad taste or low instincts. The effect must never be harmful to the ordinary viewer."

The censors at Prado del Rey in the era when Adolfo Suarez was director general operated on the basis of these norms. As in a Thomist essay, they proceeded from the general to the specific, or vice versa, with the boldness inspired by total control. "Erotic excesses must be excluded" and "as a result, passionate kisses on the lips will not be allowed except when the dramatic action absolutely requires. In such case the camera should not focus at close range or at length on the lips. Nor will amorous gestures in bed or when the bodies are in a horizontal position be allowed." The erotic variations described in the Kama Sutra were fortunately unknown to these punctilious censors, and thus the specifications stopped with the horizontal position. This was perhaps the only reference to horizontal propriety in this text to which anyone desiring to film something for Spanish television must refer.

Adolfo was not always to act consistently. He became sophisticated and put the provocative tone of his communications in the early days behind him, turning to others drafted in the rigorous style of Francisco Anson. He sent some comments to the director of the First Chain in December of 1970, a masterly example of how to terrorize programmers. "The program 'Bold Is the Game' shown on 26 November did not achieve its goal in

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terms of the potential for using films as a vehicle for popular culture and developing aesthetic taste in this direction, and also the goal of demystification was not fulfilled by this telecast. Among the details noted in today's episode were:

"Confusion in the plot;

"An attitude of mistrust toward a policeman (not clarified until the very end) was encouraged;

"The stereotype of a broken American family, socially traumatized, was presented;

"As in other episodes, the myth of the journalist-detective who outdoes the police was encouraged."

It was not long before a conflict developed in connection with the joint European production entitled "Great Battles," which was to deal with the key events of World War II. At that time Adolfo attempted to satisfy the authorities and the television professionals, in due proportion. He did not eliminate chapters, but shortened them. The battle of Stalingrad was cut by almost 30 minutes. The text for the scenes in which the Blue Division appeared on the western front were altered, and a film sequence showing General Munoz Grandes was eliminated. But the Prado del Rey professionals regarded this as almost a triumph. In another era, there would have been still fewer World War II battles.

The world of censorship is not a partial and incidental aspect of those times. The exercise of censorship was perhaps the most political of the Prado del Rey operations, for within a television administration, what is used is as important as what is prohibited. The director of the television medium had to be concerned with the guidelines of the regime and had to provide others clearly marking the dividing line between what was allowed and what was not. The director general of the RTVE was a judge who sentenced millions of viewers, and that sentence was without appeal, for very few participated in the discussions and there was no channel of recourse. This is why it is worthwhile considering censorship in detail. It is a political manifestation of the first order and it is as a function of it that one must judge the administrator.

The obliging aspect of Adolfo's character was manifested in his efforts to avoid difficulties for the regime, among other things, and also the constant assistance he offered in ministerial or institutional activities. It was not a question of granting the favors asked, because this came within the daily practice of the regime and required no courage. Rather it was a matter of encouraging appearances on television, the suggestion to officials that a medium which could bring them major successes was within their reach.

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Only 30 days after his appointment as director general, the minister of agriculture, Allende y Garcia Baxter, appeared on television, and an editorial in TELE-RADIO, the official Prado del Rey organ, was devoted to it, explaining this programming in the clearest of language. "If the effectiveness of Mr Allende's method was obvious, it would be well to make fullest use of the unquestionable advantages of TV and to urge the ministers and those in responsible posts within the government to appear on the small screen to discuss their administration or to set forth norms to be followed."

The first to accept this offer was the minister of education, Villar Palasi. From then on, television was to be a governmental parade.

This development coincided with praise voiced by high officials for the television administration. It was like a mutual admiration society. Adolfo made his tool available to any "responsible post within the government" and they repaid him with the highest praise. The undersecretary of foreign affairs, Gonzalo Fernandez de la Mora, stated without apology that "Spanish television is among the best in Europe."

In the exercise of every important political post there are lines of work which are like the ribs of a fan. The dedication to helping the prince by improving his political image was one, and the censorship protecting the naivete of viewers with an iron hand was another. Adolfo had two more, which with the preceding ones firmly supported the strategy he had laid out: relations with the Opus Dei and close links with the army.

The relations between Adolfo and the Opus Dei dated back a long time. His protector, Fernando Herrero Tejedor, was a member, and his colleagues in his activities in the early 1960s were in large part Opus Dei activists, whether it be in provincial planning, the Workers' Forums, or the Social Institute of the Navy. The general headquarters was placed in the hands of men in the Opus Dei or related to it. Adolfo was one of the Monseigneur's most disciplined sheep. This era in television coincided with the most religious period of his life, publicly speaking--daily mass and communion, with regular visits to the chapel.

It is not surprising that he promoted or brought into the Spanish television administration men closely linked with the Opus Dei such as Jose Maria Carasona, Ramos Losada, Miguel Martin, Luis Angel de la Viuda, Francisco Bermeosolo, Juan Jose Bohigas, Fernando Bofill, Pablo Irazabal and Francisco Anson, who served at the beginning as adviser and a constant source of praise. In a letter dated 10 October 1970, Francisco Anson wrote to Adolfo Suarez:

"The subjects I want to take up with you are the following: 1. I was talking with Emilio Sanchez Pintado, who told me about the program of a political nature for television about which Lopez Rodo spoke with you, as

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well as other subjects, including the rise in prices, on which subject he himself will tell you about his thoughts on the matter, in the event that it might serve you, since it seemed good to him.

"2. Also, I want to tell you that it seems increasingly desirable to me that the program 'Debate' or 'Opposing Opinions' be included in the programming, because although I thank you for your concern that my brother Rafa not overdo, the fact is that appearing once a week for two months and a little more on television on such a program as 'Debate' does not at all require too much, and on the other hand it can be a very interesting task. I would say that in addition to the advancement and enlistment of men in the private sector in public life, this program should put forth the politicians of your generation, if only with a view to the coming elections of representatives.

"3. In this connection, Emilio is prepared and I imagine that others are too to putting in for example a half an hour a week, familiarizing themselves with television in order to establish a screen image of emotional and intellectual and political maturity, which is what the 'Debate' program would provide, contributing in some way to achieving one of the goals you have set for Spanish television--the possibility of stability within developmental continuity, guaranteed for the country by a series of young but mature politicians, who can take over in an atmosphere of confidence and security for Spanish citizens.

"4. I would also like to ask you what you think about the possibility of appointing Joaquin de Entrambasaguas as a new deputy television director or to a similar post. Perhaps this somewhat sudden request will surprise you, but I really believe that television greatly needs a man as organized and knowledgeable about administrative, economic and personnel matters as Joaquin, and on the other hand, he is already really desirous of joining television with this new team, so that I think that an offer of a post on this level in Spanish television would almost certainly be accepted.

"5. With regard to the 'Teamwork' competition, which I am following very closely, it seems to me preferable that it be produced at Prado del Rey, because, among other reasons, all the people who will be directly or indirectly involved are now in Madrid.

"6. Next Tuesday you will begin to receive the reports containing objective verification of the content of the First Chain programs. The reports and the summary are perfectly consistent, and I need only explain that the only abbreviations used are the following, using Likert's scale: fully approve (MA), approve (DA), do not approve or disapprove (neither A nor D), disapprove (D), seriously disapprove (MD). This will allow us to give you a quantitative assessment of the goal fulfillment and other points also of interest to Spanish television.

"7. I must tell you that I have an opportunity to take another training course on the 14th, like that I hold you of, and which I could not

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due to my work take advantage of because of this new programming beginning on the 12th. In this connection, if you approve and if I can arrange my work here in the office, I will go ahead with the course until the 20th, and will be back on the job again that morning.

"8. Finally, do you like the plan for the program we gave Miguel Martin for the 'Basic Laws' slot? Do you think the direction given the content compensation spot and the civic guidance campaign were all right?"

The letter sent to the director general of the RTVE by Francisco Anson Oliart merits an effort at explanation, however brief.

Point one refers to Emilio Sanchez Pintado as the practical intermediary in the talks with Lopez Rodo, then minister and secretary of the development plan. Sanchez Pintado held the post of technical secretary to Laureano, and in addition to being an Opus Dei supernumerary, he was regarded as the man closest to it, along with Meilan Gil. It was Adolfo's custom to call a weekly meeting with Sanchez Pintado to "coordinate the RTVE work," as was said officially, although basically it was a question of gathering the suggestions coming from Laureano and passed on to him by Sanchez Pintado. The program of a "political nature" was none other than "Chronicles of a People," which after passing through various levels of incompetence in television was, paradoxically, to be written by a militant communist, Antonio Abellan, acting head of the dramatic programs department.

Francisco Anson's recommendation about his brother, under point two, was to reach its culmination when Rafael was appointed director general of Spanish radio-television in 1976. Elections for representative in the Cortes were held in 1971, ending in a resounding triumph for the man affiliated with the Opus Dei. Both Francisco and Rafael served, among their multiple positions, as public relations officers for various candidates, for which they obviously received economic compensation. This makes the recommendation and the reference to "politicians of your generation" much clearer. Adolfo Suarez had been among the clients of Rafael Anson since he ran for the ninth legislature in 1967.

Joaquin de Entrambasaguas, whom Anson describes for us in such praiseworthy terms, was the nephew of the University of Madrid professor of the same name, who became famous in the 1960s for his extremist positions, and served as a censor during his term as deputy director general of editorial enterprises under the general popular culture office. The same could be said of Miguel Martin, who was to become Spanish television director, and who began by founding the Q-P Press news agency, a regular client of the periodical TELE-RADIO, also headed for some years by Mr Martin. Points five, six and seven hold no interest except as they reflect the shallow personality of the author.

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The letter from Anson to Suarez is indicative of various practices in common use at the time: first of all the obvious system of friendly sponsorship of Opus Dei members, and on the other hand the fraudulent use of television to launch the "young politicians" of the Opus Dei, and finally, absolute contempt for the desires of viewers.

To list in detail the steps in the process of appointment and advancement in their posts of the men affiliated with the Opus Dei by Adolfo while he was director general would be more like writing a telephone directory than a political biography, and would basically have to do more with the story of the RTVE than that of Adolfo Suarez. It was in the end a matter of adaptation to the times, and the director general appointed in the spiritual atmosphere of 1969 was able to do so skillfully. In these respects he was not obligated to the Opus Dei, and he even had some clashes with it, but he gave them what they wanted: control of the leading posts in the most important communications medium.

When the trio of men, Sampelayo, Sordo and Suarez, met to organize the coverage of the prince's travels, they reported on what they were doing to a man of singular importance. He was Alfonso Armada Comin, an artillery colonel and secretary to Juan Carlos de Borbon. This prolific officer, the father of 10, married to Francisca Diez de Rivera y Guillamas, the cousin of the man who would soon be Adolfo's secretary and close collaborator, Carmen Diez de Rivera, paid the director general of the RTVE frequent visits. Being a military officer and the secretary to the prince as he was, he met two conditions of primary importance in Adolfo's list of concerns. He was one of the men who would facilitate his permanent access to the Zarzuela Palace.

The army felt a logical attraction for the world of television. They were in galaxies so far apart that for the military, prestige and popularity with the citizenry depended on their better understanding of military activities. In this realm, television could play a worthy role. In the days when Aparicio Bernal was director general and Adolfo occupied important posts in the same establishment a program entitled "Land, Sea and Air" was conceived. Its title clearly characterizes its content: it was a program about the three armed branches which could hardly have been of interest to others than the families of those involved.

It was narrated by Angel Losada, and was telecast on Fridays at 7:30 in the evening, so that presumably children would be among the audience, and it lasted 25 minutes. Despite the direction by Adriano del Valle and the script by Manuel Summers, it was an idiotic program, for apart from the petty chatter of the protagonists, it meant nothing to the military, and the viewers were forced to abandon their sets, leaving only the children watching. Two minutes into the telecast they realized that this was not a story of "war," but rather doctrine, and they had already made that trip at school, and so they turned off their sets. This was a failure which no one dared take off the air, because in the theory of the state officials, it was better never to say anything, either good or bad, to the army.

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The program continued until 1970 and provided Adolfo with an opportunity to make the acquaintance of a large number of the Spanish military officers holding the leading posts in the branch eight years later. They were men such as Gutierrez Mellado and Martin de Pozuelo, the brother of the present lieutenant colonel of the same name, with extreme right-wing affiliations in Barcelona, then regarded as one of the most promising military officers, although his career was cut short by an airplane crash in La Coruna. This program was not to last long after Adolfo took over the RTVE, but what did indeed endure was the friendship and affiliation, and above all a knowledge of how to proceed which is notable still today. Adolfo dealt with the military commanders who advised on and collaborated in the preparation of the program which that magnificent capability of his to charm, to make people feel more important than in fact they were. He presented gifts of gold Dupont cigarette lighters bearing the initials RTVE, and the bouquets he sent the wives of these illustrious officers were legendary. The cards signed by Adolfo expressed gratitude which, however often repeated, was always moving: ". . . for your care of your husband in his off-duty hours."

By the time he became director general Adolfo had ambitions with the army going beyond the continuation of that archaic program. The idea of devoting 25 minutes of exclusive programming to military life each week obviously did not facilitate the penetration of civilian society by the military. Adolfo's idea was to take the 25 minutes from their Friday slot and to intersperse them in normal programming, particularly the news, which had the largest audience. Thus the echoes of military information were multiplied and the goal of carrying the military to ordinary mortals was achieved by a most interesting means, daily newscasts, which the viewers, always avid for news, would not turn off. The 25 minutes of "Land, Sea and Air" emerged from the Friday ghetto to become a part of the programs watched by millions of families, to the benefit of the army and the director general of the RTVE.

In 1970 the army did not have any specific political weight, but for one who aspired to high achievement, relations with the military were a form of working toward the future, of creating good information channels and establishing bridges between civilian and military life, and becoming a useful interlocutor.

This link between civilian society and military needs was felt by the commander of the logistics section of the general staff of the parachute division, Jose Casinello (Chino de Paraca). Voluntary recruits were needed to undertake that beautiful gesture of challenge to nature, parachuting from an airplane. As there was no military budget for these "civilian" matters such as advertising in the major media, Casinello remembered that tall young man who served under him in Melilla as a recruit and who now headed Spanish radio-television. He decided to make him a visit in the company of a young parachute captain, Restituto Valero, one of those men

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of whom it can be said without exaggeration that they were born into the army, and gave to it everything of themselves, until one day their civic responsibility took them one step further, resulting in imprisonment, expulsion from the military and incorporating their lives in the file marked UMD (Military Democratic Union).

That logistics section of the general staff of the parachute division, in the persons of Jose Casinello and Restituto Valero, paid a visit to Adolfo Suarez to ask his aid in their recruiting campaign. With his assistance they prepared two spots televised so many times that they ran up a bill of 52 million pesetas, which Adolfo included in the budget for "institutional publicity," and which was therefore free to the military, who did not know how to thank him.

This 52 million graciously provided to the much-moved parachute officers by Adolfo, for which they were grateful as if he had taken it from his own pocket, led the general commanding the parachute brigade, Jose Garcia Manuel, to pay homage to this young man who headed the RTVE "for God and for Spain." On the occasion of the administration of the oath to the parachute officers in Alcala de Henares on 2 May 1970, Adolfo Suarez had the great honor of being named "Parachute Knight Almogadar," a strange decoration invented in the manner of the Legion by General Garcia Manuel.

Adolfo's gesture was not to be just a matter of the vibrant words of the parachute commanders. A decree of the Ministry of Army published on 15 September 1970 awarded him the Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit, with white badge. The army, that institution which for 150 years had been the inevitable companion of any politician in Spain enjoying perennial favor, had in Adolfo a willing collaborator and a dedicated supporter.

What the officers of the parachute brigade in Alcala de Henares probably did not know was that their commander, Jose Casinello, had a double relationship with Adolfo Suarez--one historical, from the military service era, and another of burning actuality, because his brother Andres, also a commander serving in Admiral Carrero's intelligence services, served Spanish television as a behind-the-scenes "adviser" on matters of security and censorship.

The framework for Adolfo's military concern was now established, and all that remained was the major operation which would win him a leading place in the circles around Admiral Carrero and the general staff. This operation was called the "Mobilization Campaign" and was to develop throughout the years 1971 and 1972 with a secrecy matched only by its vapidness, for in the end it was to come to nothing.

The first indication of this great effort to manipulate viewers is provided by a letter from Francisco Anson Oliart to Adolfo Suarez dated 6 May 1971. Although it discussed various subjects, the main theme had to

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do with the "Civic Orientation Campaign," something like an introductory and decaffeinated sample of the campaign drafted by a group of colleagues of Adolfo Suarez and some members of the general staff to serve as a "plan for the general mobilization of all Spaniards for the purposes of national defense."

"Dear Adolfo:

"Although on this occasion I would have preferred to speak to you personally, I am writing because it seems to me more functional and speedy. Some of the points I want to take up with you are the following:

"1. I have just received your note after you saw the 'Civic Orientation Campaign' spots, and I am somewhat anxious, because its content tells me that you are not familiar with the reports, books, articles, book reviews, or at least reports on the perceptual and motivation analyses of images in connection with the development and formation of attitudes. Nor have you talked with an advertising technician, who would have told you that if indeed the advertising and propaganda on the basis of sketches reached a level of almost 60 percent at the beginning, the 'post-testing' of these spots showed that currently more than 80 percent are based on the royal image. For it seems you have changed criteria as to the goals to be achieved by this campaign, which on the other hand you yourself conceived, for you are not aware (not that you minimize) of the professional work or the reading and study in the earlier experiments in this connection, which may make it difficult for you to have real professionals working with you, on a regular basis (although this last point is worth our discussing personally, if you agree, because it has to do with the image of yourself you think you project to others and that which you really project, a subject on which I would like to comment to you to help you in your political activities.

"2. Despite what I have just written, perhaps you are right basically in what you say in your note, although not in your reasoning. Furthermore, I personally agree with you in part, since the campaign does not satisfy me for now (we have only seen a quarter of the spots). However, to return to campaigns such as 'Think of the Others' is like returning to spots like 'Queen for a Day,' which does not seem so bad to me, and in addition guarantees a certain type of success and achievement of certain goals related to but not coinciding with the campaign we are concerned with. In either case I think, for this is also true for myself, that when you see the campaign as a whole, with the spots grouped by chapters, classified on the basis of goals and balanced by the content, you--we--will be much better satisfied.

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"3. Ricardo Rodriguez,\* the director of the Delgado Parker foreign advertising department, is very interested in having this campaign carried on all the television channels in Latin America and the Spanish-speaking ones in North America, because it seems to him to be 'the most serious and purposeful contribution' of any he has seen on Spanish TV to date.

"4. With regard to the three tasks you entrusted to me yesterday afternoon, I have done the following:

"The Patino\*\* documentary film is being done directly with Perez Tabernero (a well-known Spanish film producer).

"The patriotic spot campaign is being developed as it goes along--which does not please me--and I entrusted it to Jose Maria Carcasona (at that time advertising manager of the RTVE), one of the most efficient persons I have met, who will do the script so that if all goes well you will have them today. As you will see, I am sending along 12 scripts which, if indeed they are uneven, include some usable ones.

"Personally I am not in favor of this campaign despite the direction I have tried to give it. In fact, the intensive launching in the course of a month of a campaign of this type--as the limited number of spots required if they are to be effective--will make it think that we are on the brink of a domestic revolution or, at least, and where certain social sectors are concerned, that a given attitude toward the army is being sought.

"This being the case, I have sought to offset these possible negative effects by placing these spots within the 'Civic Orientation Campaign,' which by stressing the positive aspects of the historic Spanish being, will avoid the criticisms of Spanish television and you personally which I foresee.

"To keep this letter short, I will discuss the Laureano Lopez Rodo image with you on another occasion, if you see fit.

"With warm greetings, I remain at your service.

"Francisco Anson."

Adolfo was to be kept currently informed of the advances and proposals of the team organizing the "Civic Orientation Campaign" as an introduction to

\*A member of the Opus Dei, he attempted, as representative of the Latin American producers Delgado Parker, to introduce the serial "Simply Maria" to Spanish television, which he joined as advertising manager thanks to Francisco Anson and Jose Maria Carcasona.

\*\*This refers to Basilio Martin Patino and his film "Songs for After a War," censored by Carrero Blanco.

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the "General Mobilization Plan," and from what Anson's letter says, gave his directions in turn, approving or rejecting what in the end would be carried on television. This was a happy occasion, for the plan necessitated use of the television network, which would play a decisive role if the mobilization operation was to be successful.

Five men who depended directly or indirectly on him, and who owed the posts they occupied to him, were assigned to the organization team: Francisco Anson, Rafael Anson, Luis Ignacio Seco, Joaquin de Entrambasaguas and Cutierrez Palasio.

The idea of promoting a general mobilization plan came from Admiral Carrero Blanco and his advisers in the domestic spy network, and had also been the cherished dream for some years of some members of the general staff. The political situation in 1971, two years after the formation of the cabinet headed by Carrero and Laureano Lopez Rodo, was serious.

It was beginning to be obvious that the regime was ending and that a solution had to be found, and that it must involve Prince Juan Carlos. However the introduction of a previously unforeseen element, the imminent marriage of Franco's granddaughter to Alfonso de Borbon, led to confusion and various plots. On 1 October, rallying to a slogan invented it was said by Rafael Anson, in a burst of creativity--"This Time, Yes"--thousands of persons gathered in the Plaza de Oriente to hear Franco, as they had done earlier in 1946 and 1970, in a pilgrimage which was to become ritual. With the homage to him personally disguising what was wanted, support of the government, Franco gave an address which was somewhat lugubrious. It was impossible to hear him, for his voice became a monochromatic whisper drowned out by the helicopters.

If anyone had thought of this gathering as a way to show the country that this man who promised "to govern while God gives me life and clear judgment" was not in a position to do so, the effect was splendidly achieved. The year 1971 was full of conflicts, with strikes in all sectors, and in Catalonia a united assembly had been established for the first time since the civil war. The process with which the year 1970 had ended in Burgos and its repercussions on all levels indicated that something had broken down. It was necessary to prepare for the unforeseen, and this was the purpose of the "general mobilization plan."

No great shrewdness was required to realize that the ship of state was shipping water at various points, and although not yet sinking for the moment, emergency measures needed to be taken to avoid the order to abandon ship.

With the aftermath of the Burgos affair still smouldering, Adolfo Suarez and his team, the most active spokesman of which was Francisco Anson, began to meet in the early months of 1971 to draft a plan and propose it to the general staff experts. Adolfo was overworked and delegated the

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subject matter of the meeting to the experts, demanding the strictest reporting to keep him informed, so that he could take the matter to a higher level than the defense experts.

The first meetings were held by Adolfo's men without much help from the military, which was to increase as the operation proceeded. The text of the plan, a well-kept secret outlining the campaign, read as follows:

"The basic mission of national defense is the safeguarding of public order, that is to say the guarantees and safety of the ordinary citizens, who must be aware that whatever happens the framework of his peaceful life will not change.

"In the new concept of the modern state (superorganization) and war (viewed practically as a cataclysm) the concept of passive defense has changed, and, logically, so has the concept of national mobilization as a preventive measure.

"In view of the complexity of modern life--economic development, mass concentration, development of superstructures--such a mobilization must be planned well in advance if the apparatus is to function when the need arises.

"In national mobilization as prescribed by law, ordinary resources of a government nature and a strictly military nature can be supplemented by the Council of Ministers at any time by extraordinary resources involving certain basic enterprises, whose personnel would be much more effective in their labor posts--within the general mobilization plan--than in the militia as such.

"The personnel in these enterprises thus by this token acquire certain rights and duties which would go into operation automatically when mobilization is ordered. Basically it can be said that the rights are such as to structure labor as military service, with the resulting advantages in terms of security and compensation, and that the duties--by the logic of the organization planned with a view to speed--involve the acceptance of military discipline.

"To this end the members of these enterprises will, without exception, have personal identification which in the event of mobilization will serve to assign them to their labor posts and to define them therein, from the point of view of organization, with the corresponding ranks and responsibilities.

"The issue now is to inform public opinion about this modern concept of mobilization, accepted by the more developed countries, with a view to avoiding surprise and misinterpretation when the time for the distribution of these documents comes."

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These documents, logically, were kept secret except for the very limited personnel involved in preparing them, and they provided the key to the goal: to prevent general strikes, by means of military mobilization. Later some literary changes were made in certain phrases which did not alter the meaning of the text.

The only problem with measures such as this under a dictatorial regime is to plan the campaign which will make the citizens aware of the need to be perfectly organized.

To that end, Adolfo's team, headed by Francisco Anson, drafted the following plan which, because of its detail, cannot be summarized:

"Dynamics of Steps to Be Taken for This Campaign

"The main purpose of the campaign is to avoid any alarm and rejection on the part of the population, and also to avoid negative repercussions in the international press and public opinion. It seems necessary to establish a civil structure for support and organization and to give the measures to be adopted a critical aspect enabling them to assimilate other measures and campaigns of this sort.

"By way of example, and by way of a framework available for discussion, the following basic model, by individual elements, is suggested:

"Basic Model

"1. Prior requirements: establishment of a civil service to direct, control and in the final analysis implement the measures. This department would take care of the correspondence, files, records, etc., centralizing such functions as prove necessary.

"This department could come under the jurisdiction of the office of the prime minister, in order to avoid a military affiliation which would unnecessarily alarm the public, and would be transferred to military control only at such time as a serious national emergency makes this necessary.

"2. Modification of identity documents, to adapt them to this new civic and citizens' approach. The explanation needed would have to be based on such values as cooperation, solidarity, civic duty, organization, prevention of catastrophes and emergencies, instead of the text carried on the back of the present document.

"3. Preparation of the campaign. Indirect preparation for the campaign must be undertaken through the mass communications media. These media can begin quietly and indirectly to approach the subject matter through their normal programming, showing the positive aspects of this and similar measures. By means of this covert campaign the preparation of the public mind would be sought, in order to ensure open cooperation and avoid possible rejection.

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"By way of example:

"Form. On Spanish television, for example, on the program 'The Viewer and the Language,' reference could be made to the word 'service' and related terms, with indirect justification of its historic and current usefulness, both civilian and military. A normal documentary program could deal with the subject of atomic defense in the U.S., making an indirect reference.

"The same for the British electrical strike. Some current news items could also be put to use, etc.

"At the same time, a discreet spot campaign could be launched within the framework of the Civic Orientation Campaign, applying to this measure in particular.

"For radio, similar methods, but without spots.

"Press: Newspapers and periodicals, in their regular articles and columns, would serve the same function insofar as possible.

"Simultaneously, and in general and never direct fashion, these media would attempt to strengthen the key concepts or basic content chosen for the campaign (for example: discipline-organization-collaboration-solidarity).

"4. Implementation would involve sending the proper questionnaire to each individual to be filled out, along with a letter and a stamped envelope.

"The letter should be drafted with great care and should include:

"1) An informative explanation.

"2) Individual motivation (to arouse the interest and response of the individual in question).

"3) All of this should be based on the key ideas or content chosen from among the concepts mentioned in the first part of this report as most effective and motivating (with specific respect to motivation, it would be well to establish a primary one, to be chosen from among those to be found in the social environment and known to be effective in society at present).

"5. Reinforcement Campaign and Prevention of Countercampaign

"A. Reinforcement campaign: In principle, the indirect campaign mentioned in number 3 should be pursued throughout the sending of letters, receipt of responses, and in general, the implementation of this measure.

"However, in the event that resistance develops or contrary opinions may perhaps be expressed in the press, plans should be laid for the gradual

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shift from an indirect campaign to a more direct impact on public opinion, mainly by means of:

"Commentaries by leading personalities on television news programs.

"Strengthening of the television spot campaign.

"Favorable articles, commentaries and interviews in the press.

"B. Prevention of Countercampaign. Along the same lines as the above, and to deal with possible expression of opposing opinions in the press, plans should be made in advance for some 10 interviews with leaders of public opinion which, when some are strategically published, or in some cases carried on television, will counteract these opposing opinions.

"C. Gratitude of the Government. In this phase of the campaign, it would be well for the government to make public its gratitude for the cooperation rendered in the adoption of this civic step."

When documents are quoted comment should be avoided, for they insult the reader's capacity to draw his own conclusions. Unamuna said that any underlining of a text shows contempt for the reader. But if anything became obvious it is the role television was to play in this plan. It could almost be said that everything was conceived as a function of the power of television, which is obvious, because it is an efficient mass communications media.

The department for the study and survey of Spanish television audiences headed by Francisco Anson and the other team members, Luis Ignacio Seco (of the Opus Dei), Rafael Anson, Entrambasaguas and Gutierrez Palacio, all Spanish television advisers, worked almost exclusively on the drafting of the mobilization plan. Other departments at Prado del Rey, on a higher level, watched the progress of the "brain trust" carefully. On 17 December 1971, the deputy director of television, Luis Angel de la Viuda, also at that time affiliated with Opus Dei, received another letter from Francisco Anson, which made the tension and the interest in the campaign obvious.

"Dear Luis Angel:

"I attach a note on the mobilization campaign you asked me about day before yesterday in the afternoon, and I sent a copy to Adolfo (Suarez) in case you want to discuss it with him. I am calling it the Civil Organization Campaign for the reasons set forth in the note. I hope you can use the ideas I am sending you as a framework for talks with the general staff.

"With greetings, I remain, yours,

"Francisco Anson."

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The RTVE office also had "talks" with the general staff on its own account and on a higher level. There were feverish planning meetings in the early months of 1972. In addition to five civilians, they were attended by General Jose Luis Tafur Ruiz, who in February had taken over as commander of the mobilization department, and the Infantry commander and general staff officer Martin Alenar Ginard. These meetings now produced suggestions for the implementation of what until then had been only theory.

The two decisions which launched the campaign were closely related, and were adopted in the month of March 1972. First of all it was agreed to hold a series of lectures at the CESEDEN [Highest National Defense Studies Center] in the early days of July (the possibility of holding them at the Higher Council for Scientific Research was also discussed), and to begin the television programs to introduce the subject in the month of April. At the beginning, the programs "Data for a Report" and "Chronicles of a People" were chosen to carry out the first part of the plan.

The second part was to be focused on the CESEDEN lectures, which would provide coverage for the television campaign to be organized in full detail in a number of programs, based on the following scheme.

"Spanish Television News Departments

"As of the beginning of the campaign, these departments will 'seek out' news--domestic and foreign--providing an indirect basis for discussion of the subjects. For example there might be two weekly references in 'News at Three' and another two in 'Daily Television News' beginning the process by making use of the CONEMRAD exercises.

"During the holding of the seminar, the three news slots, the two mentioned plus the 'Twenty-Four-Hour News,' will carry film clips on the development of the exercises. The first day the impact on 'Daily Television News' could be strengthened with an interview with the chief of the general staff which would serve to focus the theme technically.

"'Data for a Report'

"In this slot a broad and well-documented report will be carried on national defense, seen as a whole, in the most modern nations (United States, England, Japan, France, Sweden, Germany, Italy, etc.), with reference to Spain as well.

"'Chronicles of a People'

"Fifteen days after the holding of the seminar, an episode in this series will be televised discussing the subject of mobilization implicitly or explicitly.

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"In the 'Press Club'

"In this space, as a part of the program 'On the March,' the development of the theme will also be reinforced. It could be used for interviews with the general commander of the mobilization department of the central service and the head of the mobilization service at the Ministry of Agriculture.

"On a Special Program

"On the Saturday following the end of the seminar, Don Manuel Aznar could 'summarize' the situation in this regard with a speech some 10 minutes in length at the end of 'Daily Television News.'

"Subsequently:

"Spanish television could offer three major series of special programs: great catastrophes in the world of today; major threats to mankind (nuclear, epidemic, etc.); and great national undertakings (Interpol, WHO, national defense, mobilization, etc.)."

On 14 March 1972 a test of the efficiency of the organization and its multiple networks was made with the publication of a text in the Madrid daily INFORMACIONES, which developed some of the aspects worked out by the mixed Spanish television and general staff team under the title "Civil Protection."

In March of 1972 the political situation was complicated by an event which ended in a bloodbath: the El Ferrol general strike. Firing by the police left two dead--Amador Rey and Daniel Niebla, and many wounded. The most immediate result was the authorization for the naval ministry to "effect the military mobilization when necessary" of the 6,000 workers at the Bazan Shipyards.

The El Ferrol conflict, which then spread to other sectors of the country, urgently required what the "planners" in Madrid had been thinking of for some months. But the floodwaters returned to their channel, although they left marks which would not be erased, and the "mobilization" plans suffered a setback when they proved incapable in themselves of halting the strike, for they created new problems and alarmed and threatened sectors not directly involved in the conflict.

When the first two stages of Spanish television "participation" had already gone into operation, the plan moved to a phase which the organizers called "maintenance." There was no further advance. The reason had nothing to do with the protagonist. Admiral Carrero Blanco had just been appointed prime minister. It was 18 July 1973, and from that time on the concerns of the men surrounding the admiral were different, so that the "military mobilization campaigns" were left on the shelf. The same was to

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happen to those aspiring to major political posts. They had to correct their aim and undertake to predict what the intentions of the new prime minister would be.

Adolfo was in an excellent position with regard to Carrero Blanco. Politically he demonstrated his fidelity every week when he dealt with him, going over the head of the minister. Personally, as we have already said, he was one of the few to address him on intimate terms. For him then it was a moment of political euphoria.

This enthusiasm had begun when he was elected representative to the Cortes, as one of the third selected from heads of families in September 1971. Those elections would be the last of their sort to be held during Franco's lifetime, and the truth is that they revealed a decline paralleling the dictator's political health.

Adolfo ran again for Avila, and his experience in the earlier race indicated to him that this would be easier.

The announcement of the candidates came on 10 September, and there were four: Adolfo, Francisco Abella, Faustino Cermeno and Alberto Zamora. With the Carrero-Laureano cabinet in office in 1971 and a tremendously aggressive attitude toward those not affiliated with the Opus Dei, the prospects for candidates without sponsors were desolate. The maneuvers of 1967 were child's play compared to this.

This was what Cermeno and Zamora must have been thinking, for three days after the announcement Cermeno withdrew, and his colleague followed one day later. A shadow was passed over Adolfo's guaranteed electoral triumph by the withdrawal of his opponents. By virtue of Article 29 of the Electoral Law, plus the additional provision dated 20 July 1967, Adolfo Suarez and Francisco Abella, the only candidates, were proclaimed representatives without need to summon the heads of families to the polls to mark the ballots.

But the anger expressed by Adolfo, who wanted to be elected, not proclaimed, led the Provincial Electoral Census Board to annul the proclamation of the candidates and to declare the electoral campaign open again, to the amazement of the citizens of Avila, who could not understand the reason, if in any case the post would go to Messrs Abella and Suarez, because their appointment was guaranteed, and after the 1967 experience no one gave the official results the slightest credence. In addition, the petition by Adolfo Suarez seemed designed to provoke his opponent Francisco Abella, one of the "blue shirts," while everyone knew of the close relations between the RTVE director and the governor of the province, Ramon de la Riva y Lopez Doriga, an Opus Dei supernumerary and former secretary to Laureano Lopez Rodo.

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The communication from the Provincial Electoral Census Board correcting the earlier proclamation and announcing the need to come to the polls was dated 20 September. Nine days later, according to the official announcement, 68.5 percent of the electorate came to the polls. Avila was one of the provinces with the highest turnout. Adolfo Suarez won 68,671 votes, and Francisco Abella 38,126.

The monotony of these elections was yet another indication that the system was growing weaker, since not even the groups forming a part of it had the motivation to compete as they had on earlier occasions. The triumph of the representatives elected in September of 1971 was in almost all cases a simple certainty prior to the elections, but in the case of Adolfo this triumph in votes over Abella was a Pyrrhic victory, for the latter was to win a short time later when the two ran in National Council elections for representation of the heads of families.

This fiasco along his path toward the other chamber of the regime, regarded as that of greater glory, affected him greatly, for he was not to become a member of the National Council until he was appointed vice secretary general of the movement by Fernando Herrero Tejedor in 1974. Francisco Abella won his seat in 1971 and this was hard to swallow, for he was an influential man in Avila, a state attorney, and a man who had been governor of Oviedo and national provincial representative. His victory in seeking Council membership would have been a source of personal pride for one who had such bitter memories of Avila in the period in the early '50s when Abella was everything.

The manipulated aspect of these elections was mentioned by a person as discreet as Laureano Lopez Rodo, who wrote in his diary: "Carrero was logically concerned that the legislative elections in 1971 produce a Cortes with a monarchic majority. To this end, and since the decisive influence for electoral purposes of the posts of director general of domestic policy and national provincial representative was obvious, the former being in good hands since Fernando Linan took office at the end of 1969, tried to find an individual for the second post who could work 'in tandem' with Linan and facilitate the election of candidates loyal to the monarchy. Carrero had a very high opinion of Adolfo Suarez, director general of radio-television, and he tried to get him designated national provincial representative or vice secretary general of the movement when those posts became vacant. Linan spoke to the prince of the desirability of appointing Adolfo Suarez, with whom he expected to get along very well. The prince agreed to mention this to the minister and secretary general of the movement, Torquato Fernandez Miranda."

This passage is important not only where the elections are concerned but also because it confirms Adolfo's knowledge of the prince and the contempt Fernandez Miranda felt for the radio-television director.

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One of the aspects revealing the political professionalism which characterized Adolfo was his manner of dealing with defeat, when inevitable, never allowing it to prevent him from changing his luck the next day. He may have had moments of discouragement, but he used the internal machinery developed to reach the top, even if it required the defeat of his opponents. He would never forget either Abella or Fernandez Miranda but while his goal was not achieved it was necessary to move forward, and to conceal the defeats in the haze of memory, never to surface again except in the solitude of privacy.

He was to remember the year 1971, because he won in the election of representatives to the 10th Legislature. The rest did not exist, he would never recall it. However, the following year was to be full of ill omens, although his optimism was tremendous. On 30 August 1972, his father-in-law, Angel Illana Sanchez, died at the age of 90.

Relations between the two were not good. They did not get along. Illana was a colonel in the military legal corps, who did not like Adolfo's servile manner. He had been the editor of a number of pre-war publications, including SEMANA FINANCIERA, LA TRIBUNA and LA EPOCA. Later he had turned from journalism more to business, beginning with his post as secretary general to the Madrid Municipal Transport Enterprise, without however ceasing to serve as treasurer and auditor for the Press Association. He left two married daughters and a legacy which was to be very useful when Adolfo resigned as director general a year later.

Economically Suarez was not in a good situation because his style of life exceeded his income. Public relations is a line of work requiring not only certain personal qualities, but money as well. In this regard he had found himself forced to spend in a way such as to reach individuals on an income level much higher than his own. Although he had sold his apartment in Dehesa de Campoamor, since it no longer served its purpose, since Camilo Alonso had resigned and Carrero visited different spots during his summer vacations, he purchased a house on Generalissimo Avenue and arranged for a chalet in La Granja, Segovia, at which to spend leisure time. There he was to pursue important political contacts after leaving television. If to this we add the innumerable expenditures of a politician relying on a willingness to serve and charm, we will see the problematical picture.

He was to be rescued from these difficulties by a very special person, Victor Maria Tarruella de Lacour, known socially as "Totor." He was from Catalonia, a lawyer married to a daughter of Lucas Maria Oriol. Tarruella came to the Ministry of Information and Tourism in the entourage of Sanchez Bella, of whom he requested a secretariat, either tourism or films, since both posts attracted him, without success. He settled for being an adviser in the Spanish television administration and a member of the information, tourism and popular culture commission for the development plan. He had one "financial" experience so "adventurous" that he had to

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go to the Amazon region in Brazil for a period of time to be free of his enemies. Despite the fact that a friendship with Sanchez Bella was not exactly the best recommendation for Adolfo, they became friends, and later partners in a film production venture, in which Jose Maria Otero was another partner. He was a man from Avila who joined the television administration thanks to Adolfo, winning for the latter the latter the ironic comment that the corridors of Prado del Rey began to resemble the Great Market Square in Avila because of the number of the director general's countrymen working at the establishment.

The three together plunged into the world of business, in which Adolfo was a novice. "Tarruella taught me to earn money beginning with nothing," he was to comment to one of his colleagues. Their relations deteriorated a few years later, but in that era the world seemed to smile on him, despite the ominous clouds looming on the horizon.

The break with Laureano Lopez Rodo was one of these. The apparent reason was Jose Maria Carcasona, one of the most controversial individuals in television. Beginning in his early years as an extra in Berlanga's "Love at First Sight" films, he became director of the Carvis advertising agency in Barcelona. Affiliated with Opus Dei, he came to television as the commercial director of the advertising administration in September of 1959 when that body was established. When Abilio Bernaldo de Quiros resigned as head of that administration a couple of years later, Adolfo Suarez appointed him as the replacement. He had magnificent connections. Among his intimate friends were Emilio Sanchez Pintado and Laureano Lopez Rodo. An ambitious and unscrupulous man, to judge from the many economic incidents which marked his life, his secret ambition was to be governor of Barcelona, a hope he shared with Adolfo. Laureano encouraged his ambition, although he needed experience first, and he suggested that he leave television and take over the economic press administration, editing the weekly DESARROLLO and the NUEVO DIARIO, a periodical controlled by the Opus Dei, with a life so stormy that it went through credit like an Arab in Las Vegas. Carcasona accepted Lopez Rodo's offer, and an expert in news organization, Luis Ignacio Seco, went with him in transferring from television to management of the daily.

For reasons which are not very clear, Carcasona's resignation was a source of displeasure to Adolfo. This displeasure was to increase in intensity to the point of a break when Laureano asked for support of the NUEVO DIARIO by the all-powerful television administration. The distance was to increase as time passed and where Adolfo was concerned, to reach unusual extremes in harshness and contempt in the period when he was vice secretary general of the movement.

Another of the indications pointing toward the future in the last days of 1972 was the growing distance between Adolfo and the Opus Dei, at least in the realm of political and spiritual relations. He turned again to his

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passion for cards. His home never had a library, but it did indeed have a gaming table, which was to accompany him from the apartment on Generalissimo Avenue on his successive move to the Moncloa Palace.

His term as director general of radio-television was coming to an end. The cooling of his relations with Laureano and the Opus Dei was a bad symptom. But instead of concern, he felt euphoria. He had established a general radio-television council, at the suggestion of Carrero and Laureano, to avoid Cortes control over television. His suggestion that Fernando Herrero Tejedor head the council was approved, thus earning him the respect of his successor and a magnificent umbrella in the event of future problems.

But as the summer of 1973 approached, it was necessary to assess his accomplishments as head of the monster administration on Prado del Rey. He succeeded in doing this not in the political realm, nor that of high-level operations, or even the great affair of his magnificent relations with Prince Juan Carlos or the army, but instead, what had been provided to the viewers, those millions of citizens who stoically accepted that light-filled witchcraft called television.

He had difficult moments, for example when Eurovision cancelled the relay of the midnight mass during the Burgos trial, and it had to be televised from a church in Avila--always Avila, rescuing him from disgrace! Then there was the death of Jesus Alvarez, the announcer for the first daily newscast in the history of Spanish television. Was it a work-related accident? Were safety measures lacking? The medical report on 10 March 1970 was conclusive: "Global pancytopenia due to acute hematopoietic insufficiency, resulting finally in gaseous gangrene." The pancytopenia came down to poisoning causing the destruction of the spinal medulla, which could have been due to benzol, aminopyrine, or x-rays!

But there were also programs followed with interest by the public, such as that entitled "Investigation on the March," copied by Eduardo Zimmerman from another German, in which the cooperation of the audience was sought in reporting criminals. The protest of the illegal opposition was categorical, because they feared that a photograph would appear one day and someone would urge their arrest and imprisonment. But Zimmerman at least won the police merit gold medal, and this was before the televising of the series began. There was also "The Great Occasion," presented by Miguel de los Santos on Saturday in prime time, introducing new singers and offering some singing stars of international fame for special performances. It was a pity that one of his brothers was to be implicated in the case of obvious and repeated free publicity to the benefit of a restaurant, such that he was obliged to resign as "head of the musical programs department" to which he had been appointed.

Above and beyond the difficulties, a minister whom he disliked and ambitions he believed he would achieve, his personal accomplishments were positive.

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He had learned a great deal and had established the foundations for a future which would bear fruit one day. He had made himself known and there was no lack of those who said that the route to power was uphill. He was convinced that he would not stumble on a single step.

#### Chapter VIII. Money Makes Failure Less Painful

The summer of 1973 arrived uneventfully. There had been an excellent harvest and the fruit had the color of the best years. It seemed that nature wanted to contribute its elusive charms to history, in order thus to sweeten stormy times. There were some who suspected that this gesture of generosity on the part of the gods was due to the feeling that an era was ending. There was a harsh contrast between the turbulent months into which summer stretched and the magnificence of the spring as it reached its end. There was a sense of expectation in the air, as if the land could not resolve the tension which was building up. The year 1973 lacked the characteristic of summer insanity which defined other volcanic times. Something was brewing in the centers of political alchemy, but only the sorcerers had the right to sniff the mixture. Franco had shut himself away still further, showing obvious symptoms of such a drastic biological decline that it was necessary for a man to hold the reins of power. That man could be no other than Carrero Blanco.

In the early days of June 1973 the regime seemed ready for public auction. It seemed to be pursued on all fronts, from the right to the left, all coinciding to make those years the start of what Ricardo de la Cierva was to call, after the death of Franco, the years of decline and the final throes. A man with naval experience, Carrero Blanco, was designated the captain of the ship which seemed likely to run aground from one moment to the next, and which, due to abandonment or mutiny, was at the same time proceeding aimlessly, at the mercy of events. The regime tried to deal with its difficulties when they had already overwhelmed it. Never was there such a lack of capacity to predict the future as then.

How different that picture was from that Adolfo saw! The accumulation of problems plaguing the regime contrasted with his personal experience of the greatest streak of luck he had ever had. The spring of 1973 seemed to flower exclusively for him. His social relations reached a point he had never dreamed of reaching. The economy, that magic subject governing a political career, seemed settled for years to come, and he headed the radio-television with a feeling of winding up a clock which kept perfect time with his whims. There was little he could ask of life that he was not obtaining. In addition the horizon promised him a ministry as the most beautiful gift of the season.

Adolfo's friendship with Victor Maria Tarruella was becoming ever more fruitful, to the point that he could wonder if that native of Catalonia had gold hands, for he, like Midas, converted everything he touched into wealth, into profit. To his intimate friends Suarez boasted of reaching the

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20-million mark in annual profit, thanks to the most useful film production enterprise relying obviously on the two men so fortunately situated in television--its director general, and Jose Maria Otero, head of production. This was not exclusively an economic bond, because the social connections of "Totor" Tarruella enabled him to dine with various personages in the world of finance, a world which our man was just beginning to discover.

Getting into society, as they used to say, not only meant penetrating a higher social stratum but also making use of friendships, multiplying information and becoming known outside the political circles in which Adolfo had had his first skirmishes. Adolfo's talents as a "intimate friend" facilitated his accumulation of one new appointment after another. The spring of 1973 was the shining scene of the business negotiations of the Tarruella-Suarez team. They were fated to get along because each had what the other lacked. "Totor" lacked political passion, which did not mean he did not have some middle-level ambitions, while Adolfo regarded business as an excellent springboard to promote the very expensive political career he had undertaken.

Not many months previously, concerned about the existing imbalance between his expenditures and his income as director general of the RTVE, he had appealed to two old friends from his period with the movement, Garcia Carres and Jose Antonio Giron. Both were widely reputed to be men of unlimited resources, to the point that they were deemed above the humble need to earn a living in a permanent office. In those years, both Giron and Carres seemed to know the secret of succeeding in business without seemingly trying. And so it was that Suarez explained his difficulties to him, and so it was also that he made contact with Alberto Monreal Luque, the treasury minister, who after a lunch at the Corynto restaurant promised Adolfo a position on the board of one of the enterprises in the world of oil owned by the state.

Thanks to Tarruella, the minimal needs were being covered, with some income guaranteed to serve as a springboard for his bold undertakings. It had not been long that, having sold the apartment in Dehesa de Campoamor thanks to the accommodating Jose Maria Soler, the idea for an operation which seemed certain to be profitable came to him. Camilo Alonso Vega had resigned as minister, and Carrero Blanco was within his reach, for as the official in charge of television he had direct access to him personally, without intermediaries. In other words, the apartment in Dehesa de Campoamor no longer served any of the "social" purposes which in another time had seemed essential to him. While he was governor in Segovia he had noted the virtues of the beautiful little mountain town called La Granja. A gathering of all the politicians was held there every 18 July to commemorate the 1936 uprising.

He knew the area well and it was not difficult for him to arrange a beautiful chalet with a pool just a few steps from the La Granja Palace. It was in that palace that the commemoration was held every year, attended by all

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the authorities, from General Franco and the diplomatic corps down to modest administrative functionaries desirous of higher posts. The heat of July in Castille did not spare even representatives of the state, and for this reason Adolfo thought it would be useful to have a comfortable house in which certain illustrious guests could refresh themselves prior to the rigors of the eve of 18 July.

Exhausted with the heat after the 80-kilometer pilgrimage between Madrid and La Granja, hundreds of individuals filed quietly into the palace and took places indicated for them in the garden. As the celebration began at about 8:00, they had to travel earlier in vehicles hot from a sun which seemed most cruel and disrespectful to authority. Once in their places, they waited for the Caudillo to review the ranks, accompanied by Dona Carmen Polo. He looked straight ahead, concerned only with not stumbling, for his age could play him a mean trick. Dona Carmen, however, smiled in that typical manner of hers with her teeth clenched, nodding greetings to those present who, in return, respectfully inclined their heads, but only slightly, for they did not want to miss the spectacle of Franco proceeding like Charles Chaplin without his hat or stick.

At the signal that the inspection was finished, everyone raced for the tables previously agreed upon with friends, for except for those reserved for the dignitaries, the tables were first come, first served, and there was nothing for it but to hurry to get seats if one was not to be obliged to dine with unknown or disliked individuals. Once the banquet had begun, the service was not equal to the historic date, and while Franco consumed his legendary soup, proceeding rapidly toward dessert, the rest of the company had barely moistened their lips with the half-cold broth when His Excellency was on his feet, making it necessary for the others to rise also, and the meal was over. Then it was necessary to find seats elsewhere, to watch the performance which, for better or worse, the minister of information and tourism in office at the time had chosen. Then on the run again, in a Kafka-like race to find a vehicle and to escape from the labyrinth crowded with cars until, back on the highway, perspiration evaporating and bedecked in wrinkled tuxedos, it was possible to stop at some roadside inn which, accustomed to this influx every 18 July, showed no surprise at the arrival of the splendid ladies in their long dresses and their livid companions in black, looking more as if they had come from a funeral than a fiesta.

Every year, as midnight on 18 July approached, an idea occurred to the guests: next year they would rent a house in La Granja and thus avoid the return trip of 80 miles, like penguins crossing the desert, so that they could dine in comfort without the annually repeated inconvenience. It was this idea, something like thinking of the barn door after the horse has gone, which Adolfo Suarez determined to realize.

Beginning in the summer of 1973 and for years afterwards, Suarez rented the chalet called La Chavea, owned by the Cogen family. It was very near the

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La Granja Palace, where on 18 July the personalities would gather. Some of these he invited to swim in his pool, dress for the evening, and then they had but to cross the street to enter the palace. Afterward, Adolfo had prepared a meal for them, to which they could proceed promptly, without haste or crowding. It should be added that the prized invitations to the Suarez chalet were always most sought after. The future, as the sole qualification, rather limited the number of guests. The difference between the politicians of the 1960s and the following decade could be seen at Adolfo's two summer residences. From Dehesa de Campoamor to La Granja was half the distance between the splendor of Carrero and Camilo Alonso and the glories of the servant always ready to deal with the gentlemen obsequiously.

Possibly Suarez needed no living models from whom to learn the art of public relations, but if he needed some advice in this field, Victor Maria Tarruella would unhesitatingly provide it. Thanks to his social and economic relations, Adolfo, at Tarruella's suggestion, became president of the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) shortly before he left his post as director general of Spanish radio-television. In an era which was turbulent for him, he was discovering the new world of money and clutching at the opportunities offered him greedily and hastily. The only experience he had had in business had been made available to him by a Valencian, Jose Luis Graullera Mico, and although intensive, it seemed to him inadequate.

He had known Graullera for a couple of years, when the latter served as economic interventor for RTVE affairs, appointed by the then-interventor general of the Ministry of Information and Tourism, Joaquin Velasco, who assigned Graullera to what he regarded as the great confusion in television. Skillful, flattering and discreet in the extreme, he shortly became a man enjoying Adolfo's confidence not only in the Prado del Rey professional field, but also a confidence in his economic concern. He came of a prosperous family. His father owned the Valencia garment enterprise which had a monopoly on the production of army and police uniforms. In addition it supplied uniforms for other armies in the world, particularly that of Morocco, and it even dealt positively with the Iranian shah.

Graullera was the man responsible for one of the darkest episodes in Spanish radio-television during the time Suarez was director general--the contract with Jose Maria Maldonado Nausia. By virtue of a "domestic producer's" certificate, a kind of safe-conduct for obtaining all television contracts, this citizen and his enterprise, Nortrom, a fabulous contract was signed in 1972 pertaining to the long list of assorted stock required by the RTVE. Practically the whole UHF network in Spain, as well as the state frequency modulation and medium wave facilities, would be supplied from Maldonado's modest factory at the 2.6-kilometer mark on the highway between El Plantio and Majadahonda. Nortrom would have "exclusive" rights to supply everything the RTVE needed in the line of transmitters, repeaters, antennae, regulators and composition tables. Because of this little deal

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more than half of Spain today does not receive television channel 2. Four hundred million pesetas were turned over to Maldonado to put 15 UHF transmitters and 2 VHF transmitters into operation. They were to be broadcasting by 31 December 1974. However, as of the end of 1976, the first four had not yet begun operation. The reason is obvious: the plant lacked the capacity for the volume ordered. Mysteriously, on 1 April 1971, the head of the electrical and household appliances section at the Ministry of Industry acknowledged the multi-faceted catastrophe of Nortrom and Mr Maldonado Nausia, and this set everything in motion.

Although Graullera was to provide Suarez with important economic assistance over the next two years, regarding himself as of then as a "man in his confidence," they were just beginning in that era. And Graullera's introverted and provincial nature was eclipsed by the brilliant personality of Victor Tarruella, who had awakened in Adolfo an impassioned interest in easy dealings, those in which rapid profits are obtained without investment.

Spring of 1973 brought a new venture, brief but intense, to which Adolfo devoted his free time. He worked as a commission agent and middleman at No 20 O'Donnell Street, where his father and the other partners engaged in the sale of lots and apartments in the eastern outskirts of Madrid. The main partner in the office, apart from Hipolito Suarez, was Alfonso Gordillo Poveda, former mayor of San Fernando de Henares, the owner of substantial land in the area, zoned industrial in the era when he was mayor, and also the owner of the Gordillo Motels and gasoline stations on the highway between Madrid and Barcelona.

This activity, which he began before leaving Spanish radio-television, he continued later, taking advantage of the friendships he had developed in those years, and relying on his public relations talents in putting buyers in touch with the O'Donnell office, facilitating transactions or smoothing the difficulties developing in the course of operation. He and Gordillo already knew each other when Adolfo became governor of Segovia, and he had even been one of the guests at the inauguration ceremony, which because of the limited number invited says a great deal about their intimacy.

Few times in his life was he to feel as much master of himself, as certain of his future, as then. The radio-television administration was functioning smoothly and the possible difficulties did not destroy its rhythm, while at the same time he was pursuing feverish business activity. His rapid success satisfied rather than concerned him, because one of the aspects toward which he had felt a certain apprehension, fearing that it might divert him from his political goal, was not only advancing him toward that goal, but in addition he was entering a world essential to a politician with long-range ambitions. Time went by so easily that for the first time, a singular fact was notable: if in another era he was on the point of winning a ministry, now, with the confidence he enjoyed in such different spheres as society and politics, his success was guaranteed.

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This multiplicity of activities forced him to delegate a part of his responsibilities to the secretaries, and this made it necessary for him to select very conscientiously those who would share his frenetic obsession to win supporters in all fields, to win support with favors and with his irresistible charm. He appointed his brother Jose Maria first secretary in the RTVE. Obviously he was not ideal, given his limited intellectual gifts and his constant irresponsibility. But he was his brother and he believed he would cover his footsteps and hence shortcomings and would have that characteristic, so ardently sought by Adolfo, of secrecy above all. Everything that happened in the office, everything one knew as a function of the job, was not only a professional secret but should be locked up for life with multiple keys, even beyond alienation and banishment.

Jose Maria could be a loyal brother, but as a secretary he bordered on stupidity. In addition to giving out tickets to various banquet halls to young ladies whom he allowed to believe he was director general of the RTVE, which put his brother in some embarrassing situations with aspiring young stars, Jose Maria, blood brother though he was, brought about his own dismissal on 24 December 1970. The tension in the country and its institutions had not been so great since the end of the war. The Burgos War Council was being held, in opposition to a group of ETA [Basque Fatherland and Liberty Group] militants, and the radio-television alert reached the highest level, the director general in particular, who had been told that he would receive a telephone call from Franco about the handling to be given the event. Obviously, awaiting the instructions of the General meant blocking any other kind of call, and Adolfo informed his brother Jose Maria about this.

It was not long before the wait was interrupted by a citizen named Palacio Pardo, asking to be connected immediately to the director general. Twice Adolfo refused to take the call until, somewhat annoyed when this Palacio Pardo insisted for the third time, he realized that his brother had failed to comprehend that this was a call from the Pardo Palace. His dismissal was not just because of his irresponsibility, but because a repetition of this incident could have had drastic consequences. He sent him to another department. While his brother served as his private secretary, the lawyer Calvino served as head of the secretariat, to which was later added an individual who was to play a considerable role in his career --Carmen Diez de Rivera.

The daughter of Maria Sonsoles de Icaza, Marquise of Llanzol, Carmen brought to Adolfo another new world of great interest to an ambitious politician--the aristocracy. What more could Polo's son dream of than having as a secretary a woman who had rubbed elbows with elegant society and reflected the best image of a polished education? It might seem cruel to ascribe this thought to him had he not voiced it himself to his friends and colleagues.

The Marquise of Llanzol played an outstanding role in the high society of the 1940s. If the mother seemed to come from the pages of the Duke of

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St. Simon's "The Court of Louis XIV," her daughter had some similarity with Lawrence Durrell's Justine in the "Alexandria Quartet." Carmen Diez de Rivera did not introduce him into the aristocratic world in which she circulated, but she did teach him the rules, the etiquette, something of the style and a certain personal coquetry which was to increase as the years passed. Possibly Carmen was the cosmopolitan detail in the life of a man so provincial that he only aspired to be a minister. This would be very useful for him for she opened doors, facilitated contacts and taught him how to choose the color of a tie.

In many respects, these triumphs focussed in so short a time created in his personality a special vanity which was evidenced in his dealings with his colleagues. Someone dubbed it ironically the Mussolini syndrome. He liked to review his assistants on foot, circling them with long strides and an occasional long stare. This practice has lasted to the present, although like reserved seating, it does not always apply, for this would invalidate its very purpose.

The television administration taught Adolfo fear: not how to feel it, but how to use it, an important experience for someone aspiring to climb the ladder of state. It is a ridiculous, small-scale fear, but satisfactory to one who wields it. He was in a post of government responsibility, and the opportunity to manipulate the sources of power, the granting of privilege and imposing penalties, enabled him to nurture that authoritarian streak we have which comes to the surface when we are given power over others. Having control of television, although a delegated responsibility, enabled him to use it to benefit this or that faction, and this situation, which seen from a distance seems arrogantly ridiculous, is a constant source of satisfaction to a budding politician. That marvelous tool called television could achieve anything, by commission or omission. One needs only to appear on the screen and realize that millions of eyes are watching. For one who desires much, television provides an opportunity to see what it would be like to have it all.

Friends varying widely, ranging from Carrero Blanco to Victor Tarruella, not to forget Prince Juan Carlos; equally varied business transactions pursued from the crenelated tower of the general radio-television administration; political prestige won by dint of skill and balance, giving and taking; a family finally stabilized with a wife with a singular but tolerable character and a father who seemed to be settling down in the real estate world; the triangle of the political future, better oriented than ever toward the new paths, for the Sampelayo-Sordo-Suarez triangle seemed welded to the present, the past and the future--what more could he ask? A ministry. He smiled at the thought: no one could prevent him from having one.

The spring slipped into summer as it often does in Madrid, unnoticed and unheralded. Then the month of June came like a breath of heat, and Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco became prime minister. The decree thus

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confirming the rumors whispered about for so long was promulgated, and the plotting about the cabinet which would be formed in a few days began immediately.

Finally, Franco had decided to give up one of his prerogatives. Not one of the basic ones, naturally, but at least something was changing so that everything could continue the same.

The appointment was a cause for celebration for Adolfo. The awaited opportunity was knocking at the door. So many hours spent with the admiral, so many services of all kinds carried out with reverent devotion, so much personal dedication to the person of Prince Juan Carlos could not go unrewarded. The triumvirate in the Ministry of Information and Tourism had just sealed their secret pact. One of the three would soon advance, and like the three old musketeers, they promised all for one and one for all. No one left his office, while Minister Sanchez Bella was thinking that things were not going well for him. After the services rendered in praise of the admiral, the new prime minister seemed least likely to dismiss him. Everyone indulged in summer dreams, and the already established family plans were changed.

It could be foreseen that the new strong man in the government would be, in addition to the prime minister, the man on his left, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. Even the general public had heard rumors of a clash between Torcuato and Lopez Rodo, and in this Suarez saw a reflection of his foresightedness, his highly refined political nose, since for over a year now his relations with Laureano, practically nonexistent, had been deteriorating steadily.

On 11 June 1973 Prime Minister Carrero Blanco's new cabinet was announced. Adolfo Suarez was not a part of it. A kick in the stomach, a public rebuff, the loss of a child, the murder of a friend, bankruptcy, abandonment by his wife, the illness of his mother--all of those things which a man would feel and suffer in his heart could not have been as cruel as not being appointed minister. Too many years he had awaited it and now it was snatched from him. This was his logic! He was prepared to give everything to nurture this passion which was eating him alive. He lived for politics, for government, and he had just been cut off from it. It was his life! He had dreamed of it, or perhaps it was only an illusion, but he felt it to be so close, so deserved, that his vision was clouded simply by the thought. It was his life!

He was slow to react, the effect of the blow incapacitating him. He shut himself up for a number of hours and would see no one. He was going to astonish everyone with his achievements as minister and he ended up astonishing himself. Looking at himself in the mirror he saw himself in his prime, he had everything. And now that he had it they took it away. "I am not a minister because I do not live in Puerta de Hierro nor did I study

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at El Pilar," was the first thing he said in public after the disaster, to a few close friends. The Ministry of Information and Tourism was taken from him and given to Fernando de Linan y Zofio, a sinecure to a nobody, whom he had known well in his provincial planning days, a friend of the king who had certainly not rendered him the service he himself had. And yet there he was, in the Ministry of Information and Tourism. His ministry!

A journalist with an interest in the matter was later to create the myth that Adolfo Suarez had been appointed minister by Carrero Blanco, but that when Franco insisted on Carlos Arias Navarro for the interior post, Fernando de Linan, who was the royal choice for this post, had to be moved to Information and Tourism, putting Suarez out in the street. The myth is no more than that. Adolfo was not appointed to any ministry by Carrero Blanco in June of 1973, which does not gainsay either the esteem the admiral felt for our man or the effort he was to make to place him in the government as a subordinate. It was simply that Carrero Blanco did not have a place for a man who was qualified for only one of two ministries, information or the movement. Placing Linan in the Ministry of Interior would have been like hiring a barber to sell paintings.

As was his custom when fate turned its back on him, he left Madrid and went to the recently rented chalet in La Granja. His first use of the property could not be regarded as inappropriate. Although he was unaware of it, Adolfo had already found his Aventine Hill. He soon gave the impression that he had recovered. He invited friends and acquaintances, although not many, who came to console the patient. If their purpose was to cheer him up, they were surprised, for seeming very confident, he talked of future successes. His process was an internal one. Demoralized, he had to decide where to direct his steps, what new path he should undertake to achieve that which he would not give up.

The Carrero Blanco government looked likely to last, and no one could predict that it would only survive six months. In June of 1973, with defeat in his pocket, the government looked to Adolfo to be eternal. The political career he had pursued step by step suffered a blow which upset everything. His political apprenticeship suffered a second blow. Earlier he had been given the radio-television administration when he thought he would become a minister. Now what did they give him as a consolation prize? The difference was that the radio-television post represented a not-insubstantial advance then. He had gone from governor of a third-rate province to heading the most important communications medium in Spain. There was no similarity with the present situation. From the radio-television administration he either advanced to a ministry or went down several rungs on the high level when he had thought he was about to reach the top. His attitude toward politics made every alternative other than seizing the first opportunity to present itself impossible.

It could already be regarded as an undeniable fact that he had come to a halt. It was more of a catastrophe than an accident. But he could not

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stand still. React or die. He returned to Madrid and pursued his contacts to find something which would alleviate his situation. He called on the new minister, Fernando de Linan, and asked him for a few days to consider, alleging that an accident to one of his children had prevented him from concentrating as he would have liked. Then he paid a visit to the other members of the triumvirate, to consider opinions as to the real meaning of the new government composition.

Both Hernandez Sampelayo and Fernandez Sordo had been confirmed in their posts as soon as Linan was appointed. They were all old friends, affiliated to a greater or lesser extent with the Opus Dei and Prince Juan Carlos. Adolfo was not in the same position, because Linan did not belong to his circle of political and personal friendships. In addition he was aware that the new minister was already thinking of someone to replace him. Despite everything, his two colleagues insisted Adolfo should not resign, but continue as they were doing in the same posts, or perhaps to obtain a better one in another department. He had little time in which to find a solution, something which would allow him to jump from director general of the RTVE to some other official post without falling into the chasm between. He turned again to Carrero Blanco, who tried to place him as an undersecretary, first with Arias Navarro in the Ministry of Interior, and then with Fernandez Miranda, the new deputy prime minister, in the secretariat general of the movement. Things were very tight, and there was not room for other players. Arias Navarro had Rodriguez de Miguel, an old friend, experienced in the post as undersecretary, and he was not inclined to do any favors for Carrero, who on the other hand had been forced to appoint him as minister although he did not want to. In the final analysis, he would not give this post as director of interior policy to this young official named Adolfo Suarez either, because he had only seen him once or twice in his life and he had the desires of others to satisfy.

The inquiries with Torcuato Fernandez Miranda were pursued by Adolfo personally. He paid regular visits in those days to the new deputy prime minister and minister-secretary general of the movement, although the latter did not respond to the possibility of putting him in charge of the associations department. Neither was the offer firm nor was he enthusiastic about Adolfo's request. What he wanted of Torcuato was nothint less than the number-two post in the ministry, the post of vice-secretary. His efforts came up against the minister's lack of enthusiasm, and the time Linan had given him to decide whether to resign or offer himself body and soul to be placed where they wanted was drawing to a close. One last effort with the minister of labor, Licinio de la Fuente, was fruitless as well. He was trapped. There was no other alternative but to resign and beg Torcuato to make him vice secretary.

In two months his life had changed. The situation had turned around and dumped him as if he were a deadweight. Never had he felt so ridiculous, so deceived as then. He would have to begin again. His celebrated political nose had done him a bad turn, or perhaps it was only an excess of confidence.

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He did not foresee the appointment of Carrero as prime minister nor Torcuato's becoming the new strongman. It is possible that the many-sided economic activities he had pursued in his last months with radio-television caused him to lose contact with political circles, turning him toward matters economic so that his less keen sense of smell failed to note that something major was cooking in politics. With the likes of Tarruella, Graullera, Gordillo and other lesser figures, champagne-loving Catalans and sellers of real estate, he had spent a beautiful period in which he hardly cultivated Carrero, as he had previously. Nor had he concerned himself with Prince Juan Carlos, whom he did not visit with the old frequency, nor Torcuato, whom he viewed as unbearably pedantic, reminding him of the professors he saw once a year at the University of Salamanca, back in the '50s.

He presented his resignation as director general of the RTVE because he preferred to do that before they threw him out. Sordo and Sampelayo insisted that he remain, but he thought he knew Linan and he suspected that Rafael Orbe Cano had every likelihood of being his replacement at Prado del Rey. In addition to being a friend and colleague of Linan in provincial planning, under Lopez Rodo's supervision, Orbe was a member of the very small circle of Carrero Blanco's closest colleagues. He could not compete with him. He left his post and noted that Linan did not urge him to stay. The decision which had been made was the best, for there was no other possibility, and it avoided an unpleasant period waiting for dismissal or a transfer.

Before the month of June ended, Rafael Orbe Cano was the director of radio-television. Adolfo and Sanchez Villa attended the ceremony together, and there was nothing for it but to exchange compliments, as if misfortune had brought about what four years of work could not. In the end both left the government having been burned. They believed that they would continue and as happens in films, they only learned what had happened when it was all over. At least Sanchez Bella had been lucky in that he learned of it from Carrero in person, who told him privately. He even chose to go home, where guests had been invited to dine, and shout to his wife, "Dolly, they've fired us!" to the chagrin of those invited, who did not know whether to leave or to slide under the table.

Simultaneous with submitting his resignation to Fernando de Linan, Adolfo launched a desperate maneuver to get closer to Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. He called on him, or attempted to, at all hours. He waited patiently for him to emerge from the Cortes so as to exchange impressions. He called his home on the slightest pretext. He worked feverishly to win the post of vice secretary, occupied by a man as unimportant as Valdes Larranaga. The effort was not as illogical as it might seem at first glance. Torcuato seemed to have a congenital inability to choose his co-workers. Like his cars, they lasted him less than three years. First there had been Miguel Orti Bordas, a man of strong personality, adamant in purging "democrats" from the institutions of the movement, and a man much given to

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grandiloquent gestures and categorical statements. His speech in Valladolid will be remembered, in which he pronounced his historic "We will not be moved." Enunciated by the vice secretary of the movement, this phrase focussed attention as if it were a warning. Certainly Orti's megalomania would lead to his dismissal just as rivers lead to the sea. He had the cheek to give instructions to the editorial staff of ARRIBA, along the following lines: Each speech by Minister Torcuato Fernandez Miranda should be reflected in an editorial, with his own taking up the other five days. Between the two the week was covered. In addition military uniforms had a pathological attraction for him, and someone went to Torcuato with a story to the effect that his vice secretary had said something as explicit as "I will get rid of him" to some illustrious officers at the Jockey Restaurant. Probably this was not true, but Orti Bordas was on his way out. There was an underlying incompatibility between the minister and the vice secretary which was more important than petty differences of style. Orti was an ambitious man, with a will to win and ready to do anything in order to advance. Ten years had passed since his famous article against the private banks, and its echoes had not died away when he first went to the Urquijo Bank, and then to the Central Bank. Basically, Torcuato wanted faithful, patient and disciplined disciples. Orti met none of these conditions. In addition he came out in favor of the political association, a Loch Ness monster which appeared and disappeared with the changing seasons, and which Torcuato knew was doomed.

He was replaced in April of 1971 by Manuel Valdes Larranaga, a founder of the Falange and a man who made Orti Bordas seem like a 19th-century liberal. The best that can be said of him is that he maintained and increased the fame of Torcuato Fernandez Miranda as an erring searcher for collaborators. The subtle dialectical exercise of wearing the white shirt instead of the blue one, refraining from singing "Face to the Sun" and reluctance to raise the arm in salute forced Fernandez Miranda to search for Valdes Larranaga in the cemetery of available officials. He was a grim and sinister man who had distinguished himself as a pistol shot in the republican era and who confirmed his skills again in the postwar era and then in aiding Dominican dictator Leonidas Trujillo actively in getting rid of the opposition. If the time spent by Alfredo Sanchez Bella as Spanish ambassador to Santo Domingo was one of the most humanitarian periods Franco provided his rival, let it be said in honor of Alfredo, who was to play such dark roles later, that the period Valdes Larranaga was there (1960-61) is regarded as the bloodiest. During the years he headed the office of the vice secretary it seemed like a ship adrift, such that legend has it that Valdes Larranaga learned of what was happening in the secretariat from the official state gazette. Torcuato had appointed him as a function of his occupancy of the number-two post in the Falange, and to cover his right flank. The rest did not matter to him.

In the ministerial change of June 1973, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda dismissed his assistant. This was expected, and this was the moment Adolfo seized upon to try to convince him that he would be an exceptional vice

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secretary. The intensive seige with which he beset him provoked the most widely varied comments in the corridors of the Cortes. But it all went for naught when on one of those occasions no one likes to remember a zealous Adolfo insisted on addressing pleasantries to the minister of the movement. Following these efforts of Suarez to flatter him, Torcuato turned and looked at him and in his slow voice with its cracking timbre said: "However much you beg, Adolfo, I will not appoint you vice secretary." A few days later a modest lawyer was appointed to the desired post. His name was Julio Gutierrez Rubio, formerly governor of Palencia, Huelva and Cordoba, and devoted to Torcuato, with whom he had worked as national press and radio representative for the movement. To avoid problems, a faithful man, without brilliance or any ambition but to serve Professor Fernandez Miranda, was chosen.

It was then that Suarez realized that Torcuato had reached the top in politics, that his silhouette stood out surprisingly, and that until the last two weeks, he had not devoted the attention he merited to him. The barely noted fact that Fernando de Linan, who had snatched the Ministry of Information and Tourism he thought he merited from him, had moved from director of the national social aid service (under the Ministry of the Movement) and from the interior policy office to minister of information could not have been unknown to Torcuato. Perhaps this miscalculation had prevented his rise. Despite the disdain Torcuato had shown toward him, he was not prepared to accept the message. Now he would undertake to have matters corrected.

A happy thought, splendid idea, but thankless. Beyond the contempt and disdain, the political compass told him that that man who had such excellent connections with Prince Juan Carlos and with Carrero Blanco would have to be most useful to him. Beginning then he calmly besieged the fortress, undemanding and patient, ready to wait as long as necessary until it would yield. This was the only positive conclusion of that deception. Winning the confidence of Fernandez Miranda was at the heart of his concern. If he had focussed on political facets varied enough to win him the support of men such as Fernando Herrero Tejedor, Laureano Lopez Rodo, Luis Carrero Blanco and Camilo Alonso Vega, now came the turn of the man he thought would be an important factor in the future-- Fernandez Miranda. History would show that this was not only an appropriate decision, but essential to the achievement of high goals.

What could be done, Adolfo Suarez wondered when the summer was over and after the tidal wave of the recent Carrero Blanco government, the surface of political life returned to its usual dead calm. Economically no worries loomed on the horizon. His business was in good shape, thanks first of all to the widely varied and profitable transactions he had undertaken in his last months with radio-television. In addition, as was the custom in the Prado del Rey administration, he would continue to collect his salary as director general as if he had not resigned, carrying on a curious custom and system, at least in some departments, involving accumulating salaries as if they were medals won on the battle front.

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If recent events had proved him right in any way it was in that economic security represented the base of his political career, and as a corollary deriving from the frustration of not obtaining a ministry, there was another element to consider: a political career, his political career, moved more slowly than expected. It was necessary to gather strength, not only social and political, but above all economic, because in his long march he would need it. The comment he had made to the effect that he was not a minister because he neither lived in Puerta de Hierro nor had studied at the Pilar school, forced him to give priority to wealth over other forms of political influence. He needed money, a great deal of money, and he needed it as soon as possible. One could not remain a functionary for life. The last months in radio-television had taught him that.

The first thing he did after leaving his post was to make contact with Jose Luis Graullera and ask him for two things: a good car and an equally excellent house. Thanks to this undertaking, he was soon to have access to a white Mercedes 280, license plate 700,000, practically new and really a bargain, with an import license on which Graullera and Juan Gich, then physical education and sports representative, collaborated alternately. To answer surprised curiosity of many about the financial boldness of this man who, after resigning and without any visible means of support dared buy nothing less than a Mercedes, a luxury vehicle in those times, Adolfo had an explanation: his father-in-law's legacy. Against this there was no appeal, for no one ever knows the dark designs of the dead.

At the suggestion of Graullera, his key adviser in the world of business, he undertook to purchase an apartment in the very desirable Puerta de Hierro neighborhood. The first to buy there was Graullera himself, then Adolfo, and then an adjacent one was bought by a man who dogged his steps like a hound seeking crumbs--Luis Angel de la Viuda. They were not in the celebrated part of the neighborhood, where the likes of Peron lived, but the quiet part, San Martin de Porres Street. However it was Puerta de Hierro, in his mind little less than a compulsory requirement for the social relations of one seeking a ministry. He sold his house on Generalissimo Avenue and moved to the calm neighborhood which had caused such frustration.

A new idea had come to his mind. The world of business required a law office, a bureau to handle the important matters and profitable dividends. His experience in this field was nonexistent, for his career had been mere routine, but the finance game attracted him, was beginning to seduce him, and he had discovered that offices are not only essential for the proper advance of a business economy, but multiply the treasury and important friendships. To this end he sought out his study companion Juan Gomez Arjona, and the two undertook to launch the great venture of establishing an office. Gomez Arjona did have some experience and could provide help, while he himself had so many friends and partners that the two made a perfect team.

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Summer is never the best time for planning anything. Between the heat and the apathy thoughts evaporate with excessive speed and drift away in the autumn. That is what happened this time, for in the fall a new possibility developed which pushed the office plan onto the shelf. Before his very eyes a possible appointment as president of the National Tourism Corporation enterprise, better known as ENTURSA, developed.

Adolfo devoted the summer months to contemplating the path to take. He could plunge fully into private activity and devote himself simply to earning money, awaiting political opportunity he was certain would come. But temptations of this type were not his weakness--his was power. And political power is like a fascinating woman who allows only slight deviations, demanding full attention. He had to earn money, a great deal of it, in a short time, but bearing the magnetic pole of his life clearly in mind--politics. Therefore he did not consider the offer from Agustin Cotorruello, minister of commerce, that he join a bank group as a promoter, for not only was this not his field, it would remove him from the government. Any occupation which would consume his time should be related to the state, to the government, to the institution wherein he would little by little recover the rungs lost in the last ministerial change.

In this respect the four months between August and December of 1973, on which date his appointment as president of the ENTURSA was announced, were bad, because what good did it do to earn a great deal of money if he was excluded from the centers of power, including the administration itself, the real umbilical cord of political life. The National Tourism Enterprise, a dependency of the National Institute of Industry (INI), was engaged in planning and directing tourist enterprises most of which were state owned. To go from director general of radio-television to heading a corporation under the INI seemed like a tumble backwards, but it would depend on him to snatch a victory from this defeat, in at least two respects, the economic aspect and allowing time to multiply his political contacts. On 14 December he was added to the ENTURSA payroll, as announced in the BOLETIN OFICIAL. In fact, he joined the permanent commission guiding the destiny of the tourist enterprises under the INI on 31 October. With him were Jose Antonio Trillo, Javier de Carvajal, Tomas Maestre Aznar, Luis del Hoyo Arce, and an especially important guest, Fernando Fuertes de Villavicencio, the most genuine representative of the influential El Pardo circles, in his capacity as second in command and Intendant General of the Civil Household of Generalissimo Franco.

Six months after the official appointment there was an event which brought down plans and ambitions. Admiral Carrero Blanco, prime minister of the Franco regime cabinet, had just been murdered. This was an unforgettable 20 December 1973, and the country was paralyzed. Anything was possible on that day and yet nothing happened. It was as if one could simply say nothing to the physical elimination of the man who would serve as the bridge between the Franco era and the monarchy.

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Carrero's assassination turned everything upside down. For the first time the regime, and more particularly Franco, confronted something there was not time to deal with, since it occurred so suddenly. Never had the unexpected clashed so directly with the slow methods of the dictator. There was time to think what to do before the defeat of the Nazis; there was time to find a solution to the dynastic dilemma. There was also time to re-launch an economy which was poisoned by corruption and chaos, and there was even time to get out of the African ventures, although mistakes were made, but there was not time in view of the undeniable fact that Admiral Carrero Blanco must be replaced.

On 20 December, while Adolfo was organizing the papers in his ENTURSA office, history underwent another turn of the screw in Spain. He was in the position of a spectator and so he continued for more than a year. It is well to remember this. The 15 decisive months in the crisis in the dictatorship between the death of Carrero and the appointment of Fernando Herrero Tejedor as minister-secretary general of the movement had for Adolfo the same importance as for any other individual on the army lists, be he footsoldier or simple sergeant. He stepped up his visits, losing no opportunity to see Prince Juan Carlos, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda or Fernando Herrero Tejedor, but what he knew, what he learned, was hearsay. He was in practical terms in comfortable banishment, but frustrated because life was passing by unperceived by him. While he earned money politics shunned him. His efforts to gain a foothold, to obtain a post in the regime, were in vain.

He was to profit from these 15 months, bitter politically, by plunging into finance. Had he known it would be only 15 months it is possible he would not have been so nervous. but this impatience led him to reconsider. He needed a great deal of money to reach the goal he had set himself.

In the early days of February 1974 Adolfo Suarez was one of the first to visit the office of the president of the Local Credit Bank. There, among gloomy pictures and portraits of Franco and Juan Carlos, he found the banished Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. His sense of smell had told him that this weak type, with a nose like a beak and ears so large they seemed to reach out for voices and whispers, not only was not finished, but would be a decisive factor in the transition. With Carrero Blanco dead, Prince Juan Carlos would not have anyone at his side but him. He had no doubt. No visit to La Zarzuela was necessary to know this.

His failure with El Pardo persuaded him that the future lay there. No one could function as Torcuato did in the hundred hours following the death of Carrero without some specific support behind him. First of all he forced the head of the civil guard, General Iniesta, to cancel his telegraphed orders mobilizing his forces. Then he delayed excessively before informing Franco of the decisions adopted, and he even wrote his strange and bucolic speech before the television cameras without consulting him. Adolfo knew

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that when Torcuato saw Franco, he was welcomed with a reproach by way of greeting. "You canceled the orders of a general." This indicated contempt for Torcuato and approval of Iniesta's attitude, which led him to say: "Your Excellency, he disobeyed the cabinet." The balance of the conversation was a long monologue by the acting prime minister, while Franco pounded regularly on the arm of his chair, blows which beat out the rhythm of the funeral music for Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. From that time on he knew he was finished, and that his name would not be included on any list of three. While Franco lived he would not again savor the sweet taste of power.

And so it was. For in the ritual dance of names being considered in the midst of the tension of that sad Christmas of 1973, it first occurred to Franco that the new prime minister should be Jose Antonio Giron de Velasco, and he even asked a member of the Council of the Realm to sound him out. To which Giron responded: "They are crazy, they are crazy!" Then he added: "Certainly I am a negative prime minister!" At that time the veteran Falange member was in a wheelchair because of joint ailments. The curious thing was that one of the reasons he put forth could be included in an anthology of the statesman's reflections. "In my position, how could I review the troops!" Franco then became closer to Admiral Nieto Antunez. He was 75 years old, only 6 years younger than the dictator. They could perfectly well have played together as children. For one night Nieto Antunez was the new prime minister and functioned in practice as such, until the Council of the Realm could meet. In an unprecedented move, it expressed the view that its gullibility was not such as to appoint an old man prime minister, and it sent the president of the council, Alejandro Rodriguez de Valcarcel to ask the Caudillo not to place them in such an embarrassing position and to suggest someone at least minimally acceptable. Valcarcel took with him a list of various names. Meanwhile El Pardo had already taken action, and significantly, there was agreement on one of the names on the list the members of the Council of the Realm had drafted: Carlos Arias Navarro. The minister of the interior, directly responsible, due to his incompetence, to say the very least, for the death of Carrero Blanco.

When the list of three men including the name of Carlos Arias was taken to Franco, just a few hours of the 10-day period established by the organic law remained. It was then that, showing a streak of dictatorial consistency, Franco gazed at Valcarcel at length and asked him: "Listen, Valcarcel, couldn't we wait a few days more?" To which the other responded, "Excellency, to delay the appointment legally we would need a referendum." Franco said nothing. Perhaps he was thinking.

It was possible to tell these tales without the passion and the simplicity this record requires because it was the most precise possible documentary of the situation of the regime--a documentary so malleable and exact that to describe the ups and downs of the politicians in the regime in those days is, like biology, an exciting and mysterious cycle.

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The man lacking from the story was seated opposite Adolfo Suarez in the main office of the Local Credit Bank. During the 10 days he presided in government functions he watched the clock and used the telephone to find out who would replace him. There was nothing else he could do. With Arias Navarro appointed to head the cabinet he was made president of the Local Credit Bank. Adolfo, on that February day when he visited him, dared to offer him advice: "You did wrong, I would have reached an agreement with Rodriguez de Valcarcel." Torcuato would not look at him or answer. Time would prove him right or wrong. It would have done him little good to reach agreement with Valcarcel. First of all the two had long been at odds and belonged to separate groups, and secondly, the political privileges for which Torcuato hoped in the future would have been canceled out by such a pact. While Franco was alive, Fernandez Miranda would use no official seal but that on the letterhead of the Local Credit Bank. Adolfo, who had useful experience in the public relations field, boasted that with pacts one could achieve what one wanted. He thought that agreements, like eggs, were destined to be broken one day.

In the long months of ostracism in 1974 Suarez did not cease to visit Torcuato. Although unfamiliar with the view of Cesare Mori, the anti-Mafia prefect of the Mussolini era, to the effect that a man's value can be measured by the void which forms around him in times of adversity--without knowing this, Adolfo told Torcuato that the future held much for him. Apart from their situation, the two had points in common, and on visiting the president of the Local Credit Bank Adolfo took pride in the comparison. If his had been a tumble backward, what could be said about that of Torcuato? Therefore he nurtured no dreams of finding a place in the new cabinet Arias Navarro would form. He simply accepted his fate as something temporary, which might possibly last several years, but which would not thereby weaken him. He would devote this time to accumulating capital and maintaining close contacts with his protector Fernando Herrero Tejedor, and with Fernandez Miranda. With them lay the future, although it pained him that the future was far off, and that it did not depend on him.

February of 1974 was a disagreeable time for Adolfo. The Arias government made Pio Cabanillas minister of information and tourism, and he in turn put Juan Jose Roson at the head of Spanish radio-television. The old quarrels between Roson and Adolfo were given a reason for developing again, for in reviewing the payroll, Roson came across the curious fact that Adolfo Suarez, who had ceased to be director general in June of 1973, was continuing to collect his salary, like many other major and minor personages. Then Suarez received a telephone call from Roson, in his capacity as brand-new director general, during which he informed him with a kind of Galician malice that he knew that Adolfo didn't like to take money without earning it and that he had decided to tell him that as of the next month he would no longer be plagued by that embarrassment.

From the time he went to ENTURSA, he was obsessed with earning to the point that he enrolled in the Madrid faculty and was even on the point of taking

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the beginning course in economics. The world of business fascinated him particularly by the speed with which one could make money. In this realm he had as his teacher Victor Tarruella and an individual he had known for some time, but whom he had not thus far related to his concerns-- Antonio Van de Walle.

At that time this important business figure was 52, with a pleasing physique and a boldness in financial operations which always kept him a few steps short of success and the courts. He had dealt with the late Admiral Carrero Blanco and was the father of the concept of urban development in the Spanish Sahara. This was a more brilliant idea than that of one of his brothers who applied for a baronetcy. The Saharan coast, at least in the admiral's day, provided a perfect setting, as was said then, for millionaires' vacations. He had been born in Santa Cruz de Tenerife, and moved to Barcelona in the early '40s, where he remains to this day, although his innumerable operations in tourism and finance have taken him all over the world. The biography of this friend of Adolfo Suarez involves real estate construction, illegal building, and murky accounting practices which helped Suarez to learn about the world of cosmopolitan finance.

Possibly, as happened with Tarruella, Adolfo was fascinated by Van de Walle as a personality, and much more so still when he saw him in action. In addition he came recommended by Claudio Boada, who was president of the National Institute of Industry at that time, which provided Van de Walle with carte blanche for his bold undertakings. For this man there were no more limits. He could equally well obtain a yacht or a submarine, a restaurant in the United States or some Hawaiian girl. He lived on a grand scale, and that life, as the Italians say, is sometimes beautiful but problematical, although the problems come later and were not to affect precisely the protagonist in this story.

The first information on the tourism financier Van de Walle was provided by newsman Jose Maria Alegre in some excellent articles published in the now-defunct periodical OPINION. The general reaction was silence and neglect, which is of no little significance in the little world of journalism in which we all know everything but almost never say it.

The activities of Suarez as president of ENTURSA and his relations with Van de Walle had their culmination in the "purchase" of the Ifa-Sarria hotel in Barcelona, owned by the Canary Islands financier. What on the surface seemed to be administrative delay became, when one looked more closely at the hotel affair, more like one of the tales in "A Thousand and One Nights." After Van de Walle obtained credit in the amount of 600 million pesetas, some peculiar payments of hundreds of millions in the form of loans began. Instead of going into the construction and completion of the Ifa-Sarria hotel, they went to a firm called IPLASA, established by Coca Bank board members. The vast sum which made the Sarria hotel legend included 100 million from the Condal Bank, 200 million from the Mortgage Bank and 100 more from the Mercantile Bank.

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Apart from the fact that this hotel resembled a bottomless well, the very planning of it seemed unlikely to be profitable. At that time four other five-star hotels were being built in Barcelona or were about to be begun: the Princess Sofia, Melia, Sheraton and Hilton hotels, making Van de Walle's plan to build a luxury hotel extremely risky. The surprise was to come when the ENTURSA, headed by Adolfo Suarez, gave Ifa-Sarria a mortgage loan of 400 million, later increased to 750, with a 10-year amortization period, at an annual interest rate of 8.25. The irregularities were so scandalous that the mortgage on the land carried three mortgages, that is to say it had already been mortgaged twice, and the others had priority. The ENTURSA assessed the property at 1 billion 200 million, whereas 2 months earlier, according to the Mortgage Bank, the value was 375 million.

The fascinating story of the Ifa-Sarria hotel became clearer when on 19 June 1975, the permanent commission of the ENTURSA unanimously approved "the rental by the National Tourism Enterprise, Incorporated, of the Ifa-Sarria hotel, against the payment of a fixed sum of 5 million, supplemented by some 20 percent rates on the room rental income and 8 percent on the income coming from the food services department." In other words, after obtaining loans and mortgages from third parties, the ENTURSA obtained the hotel "against payment of a fixed sum."

The permanent commission of the ENTURSA which agreed to this illegal transaction had suffered some losses a few days prior to the signing of the document authorizing the operation. Javier Carvajal and Jose Antonio Trillo Lopez Mancisidor left the permanent commission on 24 June, and two months or so later they were followed by Tomas Maestre Aznar. Those who signed the document, in addition to the president of ENTURSA, Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez, included board members Juan Gich (national sports representative), Jose Luis Perona, Miguel Angel Garcia Lomas and Fernando Fuertes de Villavicencio. ENTURSA took over the Ifa-Sarria hotel from Van de Walle even before the construction work had been finished.

The discovery of how easy it was to make money seemed to have no limits. Adolfo became Van de Walle's adviser for the Valdelaguila Club, a tourism company which years later would attempt to endorse the secretary general of the movement, and which had as its manager Benito Castejon, a man in the athletic field like Juan Gich. The boldness of the president of the ENTURSA led him also to represent Van de Walle in the negotiations for the urban development in a part of the city of Granada, declared an artistic preserve, and even another of his companies, called Alas Motel, Incorporated.

In practice he could do what he wanted except justify that chaos. The 1972 fiscal period for ENTURSA ended, for the first time since it was established in February of 1964, with a surplus of half a million pesetas. By 1973 the debt exceeded 30 million. When Adolfo left the presidency, the debt had climbed to 1 billion 83 million pesetas. These were truly difficult years for tourism. A decline in the number of businesses had begun, although not sufficient to justify a debt of that size.

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Other investments, for example the Iberia hotel, in Las Palmas, and the Alfonso XIII in Seville, had been planned before he took over, and he had only to commission them. To offset the Ifa-Sarria affair, the supporters of Suarez regarded a catering service at the airport as the happiest effort to establish departments under state jurisdiction. This was an interesting idea which came from the director general, Luis Garcia. Adolfo had approved it, as on other occasions, only this time it was a project which did not threaten ruin and which would not remedy the confused accounts of his friends.

The departure of Claudio Boada as head of the National Institute of Industry and his replacement by Francisco Fernandez Ordonez did not change anything at ENTURSA. Suarez continued to be convinced that business was like chewing gum, and could be stretched and compressed at will. His relations with Van de Walle, which had begun when ENTURSA took over the urban development of La Parra in Almeira, remained unaffected by charges and denunciations. The financier's home in Bagur, Gerona, would accomodate a new guest, in the person of the president of ENTURSA, the vice secretary general of the movement, the minister or the prime minister. The friendships made in business transactions, if these latter go well, last throughout life.

Suarez remained a member of the permanent commission of the ENTURSA until 4 June 1975, a few days before he resigned as vice secretary general of the movement. Throughout the period between these dates he continued as president of the company along with two other involvements, in PROGRESA and the YMCA. Although of different types, they both had, in the eyes of an economic expert, the singular characteristic of rapid, profitable and risky undertakings, not to overlook the fact that whenever these characteristics come together they are accompanied by a combination of concealment, favoritism and privilege as a means of improving fortunes.

PROGRESA, a name derived from Gredos Promotions, Inc., was established by 16 partners on 29 June 1974, and its goal could be nothing other than "urban development and real estate operations" in the Gredos Mountains. The leading figures among the promoters were Adolfo's brother-in-law and secretary, Aurelio Delgado, Luis Angel de la Viuda (a member of the administrative board) and Adolfo Suarez, who held 200 stocks worth 2 million pesetas. Suarez served a double function as stockholder and representing, as a lawyer, Dona Pilar Roldan, the wife of the inevitable Juan Gich. Just as Luis Angel de la Viuda represented Miguel Juste, and Francisco Perez Ontiveros the Society of Jesus.

The first PROGRESA project was to begin in January 1976, with the urban development of the mountain area of Hoyos de Espino. At that time, Adolfo was already in the Ministry of the Movement, Franco had died and things were not as easy as before. The opposition of the ecology interests and the residents of the zone was so great that the project had to be adjourned sine die, although the corporation remained in existence.

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Adolfo's experience when young in Avila perhaps encouraged him to accept leadership of the Young Men's Christian Association, an organization established in London in 1844 and later extended throughout the world, with the goal of "physical education of young men within a context of Christian morality." As the Spanish version of the affair was to end up in a murky swindle passed from court to court, we should examine it if only to the extent of a few lines.

The Spanish branch of the YMCA was established in 1969, and it is said that Admiral Carrero Blanco suggested that faithful Christians affiliated with the Opus Dei should gain control of it in order to avoid Protestant infiltration. The office of youth and physical education and sports under the jurisdiction of the secretariat general of the movement helped to establish it. Manuel Valentin Gamazo and Juan Gich, the respective representatives for the new departments, cooperated in uniting the Christian faith with athletics.

Suarez did not come to the YMCA through the movement exactly, but thanks to Victor Tarruella, who in addition to assisting him to become president, offered him a splendid business opportunity. The European Marketing Corporation (COMAR), which Tarruella controlled, served as the intermediary in the collection of the monthly dues of the YMCA members. If we bear in mind that there were 3,299 members paying a fee of 30,000 pesetas to join in 1974 (the following year it increased to 60,000), it is clear that the earnings were not inconsiderable.

The board was made up of Adolfo Suarez, as president, along with Victor Tarruella, Fernando de Linan, who was minister of information and tourism, J. S. Sobrino, a Jesuit priest who worked in Spanish television, and Aurelio Delgado, the brother-in-law of the president. Every month the European Marketing Corporation negotiated the three thousand and some bills worth the 1,500 pesetas paid for by the members.

The story came out when the following incident happened to a certain citizen. "I went to the YMCA persuaded by its literature. They promised us, in addition to athletic facilities, a healthy and civic atmosphere for our children, an environment, some friendships. One day I decided to take my wife and children to the Intrepicos Club, but they would not let me in. When the doorman learned that I belonged to the YMCA he turned me away brutally, saying that these people had never paid a single peseta. After this humiliation, I telephoned the YMCA on Velazquez Street, but I could not reach anyone since that number had been terminated for failure to pay the bill. I made an effort to use the facilities at the Don Quixote Hotel and there they told me that the contract with the YMCA had been cancelled." (Periodical DOBLON, No 74, 13 March 1976.)

After members had paid 60,000 pesetas to join and monthly dues, it seemed that the scandal could not be stopped. No one knew how the YMCA deficit

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had reached more than 200 million. It was astonishing in every way because income in excess of 200 million in property titles (the membership fee of 60,000) had been purchased and international subsidies of \$10 million obtained! Obviously the members could not understand how it was possible that the annual expenditures on personnel came to 16 million pesetas in 1974. Nor could they understand why the European Marketing Corporation held 43.5 percent of the stock, the equivalent of some 71 million pesetas. While matters were developing thus in the YMCA, Adolfo Suarez sent a number of letters, personally signed, to the members.

"Madrid, 21 December 1974

"Dear Friend and Associate:

"Since November 1972, when the YMCA purchased its present premises at the 16-kilometer mark on the Andalusia highway, the administration of the YMCA of Spain, through its national leadership council, has pursued a policy of not collecting maintenance fees for these facilities and the others offered our members in Madrid. (This decision was amended in August of 1974, and since then all new members have been regularly paying a monthly sum to cover these costs.)

"But in the course of these past two years developments of an economic nature known to us all have occurred throughout the world, and have basically affected the structure of the Western countries.

"As the YMCA cannot but be affected by these problems, our financial difficulties have grown more acute this year, to the point that currently we must deal with a very delicate situation.

"In the past six months, the administrative board of the YMCA south, in all of its meetings, has found that it is absolutely essential, both to improve our economic situation and to achieve the local autonomy to which we all aspire, to establish a maintenance rate to cover the general costs resulting from the operation of our facility. The decision was adopted at an extraordinary meeting held last 17 December, and was subsequently confirmed by the national leadership council at its meeting on 20 December, in accordance with the authority conferred upon it by the bylaws of our association, to establish a maintenance rate of 600 pesetas per month per family beginning 1 January 1975.

"It is important to note that the payment of the 600 pesetas per month will provide an income of about 15 million pesetas per year, a sum which to date has had a negative effect on the increase of our assets and facilities, since it had to be deducted from the income collected from family memberships and applied to general expenditures, which from the economic point of view is harmful to our own interests as the family members we are.

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"So that this measure can take effect on the date mentioned, I would ask you to return the attached form I am sending to you along with a stamped envelope to our banking facility with payment of this fee by return mail.

"We are confident that you will understand and support us so that the YMCA can continue to develop its program for the benefit of our families and to improve and expand the facilities we have.

"With thanks in advance and greetings from your friends and colleagues,

"Alberto Sancho Sanchez, president  
of the board of directors of the YMCA  
south

"Signed and approved:

"Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez, president of  
the national leadership council."

The world economic crisis does not seem a convincing choice as an explanation for the disappearance of the YMCA millions. However, another letter was forthcoming a couple of months later.

"Madrid, 3 February 1975

"Dear Friend and Associate:

"Above all we want to thank you for the large number of positive responses we received to our letter of 21 December 1974, asking for the urgently needed application of a maintenance fee.

"However it would be well to clarify some points with a view to a better understanding about the matter in question by the members of the Madrid YMCA:

"1. In 1974, the national leadership council considered the implementation of this necessary measure a number of times because of two entirely unpredictable situations resulting from the serious world economic developments: a) the high and constant increase in living costs; b) the almost total elimination of the credit lines on which we have been operating, as a result of the restrictive policy in this sector. In view of this serious situation, the national leadership council found itself faced with the alternatives of either eliminating or reducing improvements, projects, expansions and new facilities, to the detriment of our assets (and more necessary moreover because of our increasing social mass), or urgently and immediately imposing a maintenance fee to make it possible to continue with the established policy of expansion.

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"2. We must bear in mind that the decision adopted by the council at its meeting on 20 December 1974, although because of the importance of the content it required submissions for confirmation to the general stockholders' meeting in Madrid, was basic to our financial situation, and that the members immediately supported it. It is important to note that the view adopted by the council makes it possible to face the future with realistic optimism, paying off the deficit of 14 million pesetas per year required for the maintenance of our premises in Madrid, without loss to the company capital, with the maintenance fee.

"We would also like to inform all the members that for a more accurate understanding of the reasons underlying this step, we are preparing a report giving the history, activities, figures, etc. for the YMCA of Spain from its founding to 31 December 1974, including in addition the economic and financial statements of the association. This report, which will be distributed to all the members, will, we believe, contribute to better documentation with the coming general stockholders' meeting specifically in mind.

"Motivated precisely by a desire for understanding and as a result responsibility on the part of our members for the need to add facilities allowing the various premises to serve larger numbers, we now have the great pleasure of announcing that as of the present, a new facility has been leased for the use of the members by the YMCA of Madrid.

"YMCA north--located on the Burgos highway at the 30.5-kilometer marker. It has 15,000 square meters with an Olympic-sized pool, extensive green areas, children's sector, a restaurant operated by our own concessionaires, parking and a motel with a capacity of 30.

"All of this is being offered without any alteration in the services offered by the YMCA of Spain to its members in Madrid in the YMCA south and YMCA Maudes facilities, as well as those of the Canoe and Entripicos Clubs, with which we have special agreements.

"Congratulations, then, to the whole of the great YMCA family!

"With cordial greetings,

"Signed, Adolfo Suarez, president."

Twenty-seven days after signing this letter, Adolfo Suarez returned to the headquarters of the movement at No 44 Alcala to become vice secretary general. He left the YMCA in the hands of his friend Luis Angel de la Viuda, assisted by his brother-in-law, Aurelio Delgado. The statements of the victims who tried to save what they could from the fire, so that their children, although lacking "Christian civilization," could have a swimming pool and athletic field, are still languishing today in some courtroom.

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James Joyce, the errant Irish author of "Ulysses," described the situation in some brutal and precise verses, which served as an epilog to the work "Ghosts" by the Norwegian dramatist Ibsen:

"The sailing Vikings like myself  
Cared little who was to blame,  
Be it the YMCA, VD, TB  
or the doctor in Port Said.

Blame all and no one and think  
of the shrewdness of the strumpet and the desire of the swine.  
Cure them but never ask  
If this man sinned or it was his father."

(This translation is by Andres Bosch, James Joyce, "Critical Writings," Alianza Editorial, 1975. YMCA stands for Young Men's Christian Association; VD for venereal diseases, and TB for tuberculosis.)

#### Chapter IX. The Year in Which Franco Died

Gazing at the flag-covered coffin, he could not believe that so many illusions were being buried there. A hundred days as vice secretary of the movement had not given him time enough to understand what his job entailed. The more he thought about it the more emotional he became. Under that solid slab of wood which could hardly be glimpsed because the superimposed flags of Spain, the Falange and the Traditionalists covered everything, there, cruel fate, lay the body of Fernando Herrero Tejedor, the victim of the most idiotic of traffic accidents. The dark wood with its ironwork enclosed a political ambition which had begun to be fulfilled shortly before his death. One of the men best placed for the future, who had just entered the final stretch, about to win first place, would no longer disturb the dreams of anyone except his family.

The events of that dark 12 June 1975 developed as in a crazy sequence. It was a sad coincidence which placed them all together there at the charity bullfight at the ring in Las Ventas, including his wife, Joaquina Algar, and Adolfo Suarez, while Pablo Fernandez Cobo, the veteran driver of the secretary general of the movement, approached the Adanero intersection, between National 403 and the RN-VI highway in the government Dodge bearing license plate SDM-0232. It was then that Fernando Herrero, half asleep in the back seat, said, "I would like to stop for coffee." Pablo turned his head to agree, in the certainty that he knew every inch of the sector. "There is a cafe just past the island." And then everything was a vast void. A Pegaso truck with Caceres plates, driven by German Corral Gomez, plowed, incomprehensibly, into the minister of the movement's car.

And so there, 650 meters past the 108-kilometer marker, lay the vehicle which was traveling at excessive speed, according to the central traffic

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police headquarters itself. Mysteriously, it was overtaken by a loaded truck which could not do more than 60 kilometers per hour. Someday a Newton will be born to discover the law of gravity pertaining to mysteries such as these. But now this mattered little. The driver was soon exonerated and no trial was ever held. The insurance company, in view of the importance of the deceased, saw fit to provide the widow with eight million pesetas, in view of "the brilliant political future of the deceased," and yet one more enigma was added to the tale. It is of little importance to note that death overtook him in Villacastin, so close to that hall where he had celebrated the last mass for the SEU, as it is unimportant that he was the first minister in the whole history of the regime to die in an automobile accident.

A film of those hours would not show in detail what an irreparable loss in terms of Adolfo's career this meant. The bullfight was about to end when he was informed of the catastrophe, and he, taking Joaquina by the arm, told her of the accident. It served no purpose to say that he was seriously injured, for her intuition was a factor and she knew that he was already dead. While those around her had no idea what to do, what to say, where to go, she calmed them, saying, "God wanted it thus," and sadly, but without a tear, she went to view an unrecognizable corpse. There were few husbands such as he. They had been together since childhood, undaunted by crises, children and political catastrophe, just as on their first day. And now she had only the memory of him.

The same was true of Adolfo. The day he received the news which brought him running to see him was clear in his memory. Fernando Herrero had just been appointed minister and secretary general of the movement. On that unforgettable 4 March he left everything--the ENTURSA, YMCA, PROGRESO, Gordillo, and even Tarruella, with whom he had quarreled after the misadventures of the European Marketing Corporation, to see Fernando and ask to be appointed vice secretary. This was not easy for him to arrange because first of all, he did not want to dismiss the man in the post, Antonio Jose Garcia y Rodriguez Acosta, and secondly, another member of the bar and disciple of Herrero, Tomas Pelayo Ros, was an important rival.

He was not much concerned about the crisis in the month of March. For him the only important thing was that Fernando Herrero was minister. He was somewhat removed from political life, for business absorbed him excessively. Fernando Suarez in labor, Sanchez Ventura in justice, Alvarez Miranda in industry, and Ceron in commerce. The main thing was that Herrero was back in the secretariat general of the movement, this time as minister. They said that Arias Navarro had had enough of Utrera Molina, as minister of the movement. After having served as the lever for ousting Pio Cabanillas in October of 1974, for the sin of excessive liberality in the Ministry of Information, with the minister of treasury, Barrera de Irimo, going along with him willingly and honorably, Utrera saw himself as so important that, encouraged by the extremists "who manipulated him" and with the backing of Jose Antonio Giron, he undertook the political elimination of the prime

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minister. He had even gone so far as to give Franco the choice: either Arias or me. Poor man, that was as far as he got. He overestimated his strength. He allowed himself the luxury of attacking his superior in the medium he controlled, and when Arias Navarro reacted he was out in the street.

No one suspected that the replacement for Utrera Molina in the office of the movement would be Herrero Tejedor. Few knew how excellent an impression the report drafted by Herrero as supreme court prosecutor on the crime which cost Admiral Carrero his life had made on Franco. The report had great impact on him, particularly the part which stated categorically that "the one certain thing is that they spent six months preparing for the attack," and naturally no one gave credence to the names of those presumably involved provided by the police. In addition, Herrero had taken part in the meetings of small groups called by Carrero Blanco to discuss the "secret" subjects, such as the intelligence services, and few remembered that at the last meeting of that group the admiral had asked that the various spy services be unified, a suggestion which was opposed by the minister of interior, Arias Navarro. Herrero remained neutral then and abstained from supporting either of the two. For many reasons Franco regarded him as the ideal man to work with Arias Navarro, without supporting or opposing him. For Franco feared everyone, and the more power they had the more he feared them. Arias could be no exception.

He was so insistent with Fernando Herrero Tejedor that he was forced to appoint him vice secretary. He was not much pleased by the comment made to some friends to justify his choice: "Without disappointment I am dead." Although his pressure on Herrero the protector was irresistible, deep down he knew that failure in this effort would not have killed him. He was so certain of success that he made no plans in the event that he was mistaken. He importuned Joaquina and her husband until he read of the appointment in the BOLETIN OFICIAL. This time he wanted to leave nothing to chance, and thus he planned it all carefully. He had even insisted on speaking in the Cortes, for the second time since he first entered the building in 1967, on the subject of the book law. He specifically asked the members of the reporting commission--Orti Bordas, Rumeu de Armas, Ramon Diez and Viola Sauret --to allow him to defend the government position. On 11 March, a week after the decree appointing Herrero Tejedor minister, Adolfo devoted a flowery speech drafted by the experts at the Ministry of Information and Tourism to the book law, in which he spoke of Sieyes, the French canon who was the theoretician of the revolutionary "third state," and of Fouquet, the author of "The Cult of Incompetence." What an irony to defend a book which no one had ever read. But he could not let slip the opportunity to demonstrate publicly that he was an energetic politician. His exhibitions were directed toward Herrero, who was called upon to play an historic role. For if Franco had been the channel for his political re-emergence, Prince Juan Carlos had to do with it too. Fernandez Miranda and Herrero Tejedor were situated in the front rank of the men of the future king, and this was why they

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feared one another. Torcuato had no competitor basically other than Herrero, and vice versa.

Therefore it was painful to accept the idea that what he was contemplating, with his lost gaze, was the coffin of his protector. He had been sitting by the body, surrounded by the dusty papers in the national council hall, for a couple of hours, and the images of the past were so clear that he could recall them down to the slightest detail. His installation as vice secretary was a success. This occurred three days after the signing of the appointment decree by Franco, on 22 March, at 11 in the morning, with Fernando Herrero's office "filled to bursting," as ARRIBA said. "The men in the movement know me, for I have not been affiliated with this establishment for 17 years and working within its walls for 8 for nothing." Perhaps he began his speech thus to avoid misunderstanding, because Herrero had told him categorically to wear the blue shirt. According to him there were people who did not like him much. He already knew that he was regarded as a plotter and too fawning in his corridor dealings. And for this very reason he reminded them of his long service in the movement. "I am a man of solid beliefs, and therefore the whole reality of my life--in personal, family and political matters--goes deep into the roots of my fidelity to Spain and its people, and my loyalty to a regime born in the need to recover the national identity of the country and its legitimacy as a state, which, headed by Generalissimo Franco, has been able to respond in changing circumstances, and, not without difficulty naturally, to the challenge of keeping its destiny as a country united, accelerating its progress and making its democratic life possible." Perhaps he had gone a bit far, but these things were always said under such circumstances. "I beg you, Mr Secretary, to convey to the national head of the movement (Franco) my gratitude for his generous appointment and, in particular, the pledged loyalty of this Spanish citizen who learned in the rigors of his native Avila to be faithful to the word given and strict in fulfillment of obligations." As the gathering was one of loyal government supporters, no one applauded, but his words had great effect.

The journalist Ana Baselga, who was present, reported on the installation in the daily ARRIBA, under the heading "A Cordial Ceremony," and in emotional terms. "Among the blue shirts we saw at the ceremony, in addition to the outgoing vice secretary and the newly appointed one, we noted that of the actor Sancho Gracia. After the speeches came the congratulations. All of Avila filed by. We saw our national representative, Emilio Romero, Fernando Lopez, Juan Gomez Malaga, Juan Gich, Valentin Gamazo, Garcia Rebull, Francisco Abella, and also Pilar Primo de Rivera, Lula de Lara, and Belen Landaburu."

No one of any importance was missing. They may have been dissembling, but many of those who believed that after the ENTURSA affair he was finished were there. Time would tell how he would be able to deal with them. He had risen from the ashes and from the frustrations which he had felt during 1974, the most complicated year of his life, for although it was profitable,

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it had left him with a sense of unease and nervousness. When he left the presidency of ENTURSA on 7 April, he did not want anyone to remind him of that phase. It happened that the same day he left ENTURSA was the day the MATESA trial began. An unfortunate coincidence which augured no good.

Perhaps it all came together now, beside Fernando's coffin, as he recalled the 100 days full of promises, or were there more? Mightn't this unfortunate accident open up new prospects for his political career? After all, the "ideological rearmament" which the deceased had proposed for the system might work for him, if not in the ideological field, which was not exactly his strong point, at least by seeking out groups with some likelihood of winning. He was in no position to ideologically rearm anything, but few could explain and specify it as he could. That others would regard what he would do as a reality seemed essential to him, but he needed to decide who was best able to advise him. Torcuato Fernandez Miranda was perhaps the most likely of the candidates.

As serving as vice secretary went along with membership in the national council of the movement and the council of state, he got in touch with Torcuato to seek his aid in drafting his speech for the council of state installation. Although it was the most useless of the state bodies, because of its vague and sporadic advisory authority, it was good to belong to it. It was 24 April, and his sponsors--so that they will not be forgotten!--were two immoderate extremists, Jose Ignacio Escobar Kirkpatrick, Marquess of Valdeiglesias, and Miguel Vizcaino Marquez, somewhat less extreme than the former. But Adolfo believed that it was good to be an extremist then and to abandon scruples. The speech by Antonio Maria de Oriol, president of the council of state, went down well in that papier-mache atmosphere. What was more notable, from the point of view that some smiled, was his speech. The real scoundrels realized that there was a scent here which was familiar to them.

Possibly Torcuato had been making fun of him when he suggested the sentences he did not know how to pronounce and the meaning of which was not too clear to him. "We have often been told that we live in a period of transition, full of risk for all of society, and therefore full of tremendous responsibility for the present political leadership. In this difficult situation, in this time of transition for the state shaping itself to the social reality, it should not be forgotten that along with the functional duties of the administration with regard to the aid, the undertakings and the services designed to improve society, it is necessary to maintain that respect for the modernized norms which will guarantee, through the presence of the law, the objective justice of these actions. For this reason the functions of this council of state seem to me of great importance." He noted that they gazed at him as if fatigued. The regime had not known a pen like that of Torcuato Fernandez Miranda since the inspired circumlocutions of Jesus Fueyo y Munoz Alonso, although in this case he had delegated the duty of crafting the speech to some scribbler, on the basis of some ideas he had tossed off in his habitually graceless style.

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The following day a state of emergency was declared in Guipuzcoa and Biscay. The temperature of political life in the country was increasing degree by degree, striving toward the combustion point. He had the direct experience of the situation in the Basque country a few days later, on 12 May, when he was assigned to go to Bilbao to attend the funeral of two of the ETA's victims, a civil guardsman and a policeman. He was accompanied by the undersecretary of interior, Luis Peralta Espana, who gave a moving speech against terrorism and the passive acceptance of an collaboration with Basque terrorism by the French state. Moments later, Adolfo, moved by his words, embraced him, saying, "Luis, I am proud to have been with you." So that it would be clear that although he had not spoken, he shared the sentiment in his address.

When he recalled Fernando Herrero he always thought of him as his superior. He could not get this out of his head. He had helped him on all occasions, first in Avila, then in Madrid, excusing his waverings and his ambitions, and later putting him in provincial planning and linking him with the Opus Dei. To tell the truth, he had been in this respect the most conscientious of all the men he had known. Then, in Segovia, he had proved understanding in the Los Angeles de San Rafael muddle, and now it had been 100 days since he put him in orbit once again as vice secretary of the movement. He had taught him many things, but three above all: patience, never to quarrel in public, and to wait several days before making a decision. All were indispensable for achieving ambitious goals.

He still clearly recalled the occasion on which Fernando had proposed to leave the secretariat general of the movement to devote himself solely to the Spanish People's Union, lacking support and totally defenseless. This was the sole occasion on which his protector's patience and moderation failed him. It was Joaquina who made him face up to reality. Burdened with children and with no personal resources other than what he earned, politics meant nothing other than playing roulette, betting on one number and waiting to see what would come up.

He came to himself in time and only his intimates knew of that bold whim by the man who thought over everything, but he saw that his political time had not come. Basically Herrero Tejedor aspired to head the cabinet under the monarchy. No one could doubt that. The memories which came to Adolfo then created an image of what his future would have been as the closest colleague of the future prime minister. Now he remembered those transactions in which he had helped him, carrying out functions far beyond his responsibility. For example, in the dealings Fernando Herrero had with the illegal opposition, with such men as Antonio Garcia Lopez, the financier who claimed to be a social democrat and who had such good contacts in the United States and in the military circles of the West, and who despite having the same name as the man as the man in the movement, was unrelated to him. Or the dealings with the PSOE [Spanish Socialist Workers Party] (historic), in which the brother of Fernando, his good friend Jose Luis Herrero Tejedor, who was employed in the Spanish embassy in

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Lisbon, was useful. Or those bolder dealings with persons far outside the system, such as Raul Morodo, to whom he had paid a visit as the special delegate of the minister.

These contacts filled with dreams of pursuing politics for the future demanded that he not ignore his relations with Andres Casinello, the man working under the orders of Colonel San Martin in Carrero Blanco's intelligence services, now working in the intelligence department of the civil guard, with whom he had begun to develop an intimate and very useful friendship. The vice secretary of the movement had among his other duties the management of the tottering intelligence service of the movement, to which Casinello offered advice and useful suggestions.

Sitting with fixed gaze in the funeral chamber which emptied and filled by turns, he recalled the greatest gift the defunct Fernando Herrero had given him: the Spanish People's Union, an association with 130 sponsors, including the leading figures of the regime. It must be borne in mind that this was the period of the associations mania, and some were even on the point of acceptance, such as the Spanish Social Reform, headed by Cantarero del Castillo, or the Proverista, mounted by that knight errant of other-worldly bearing, Manuel Maisounave.

The Spanish People's Union had in its favor a genuine involvement with the state. From his ministerial office, Herrero not only belonged to it but sponsored it, and boasted publicly that therein lay the embryo of the future group which would make possible the transition from Franco's regime to the monarchy. With the minister dead, the time had come to take it in hand and to challenge the Francoist "old guard."

He could not vacillate longer. His term as vice secretary had ended and, a curious thing, on this occasion he had no hope that he would be appointed to replace the deceased. Possibly someone would propose his name, but the regime was too involved in internal struggles for a young man of 40 to aspire to compete with the fathers of the country, who even while they kept vigil beside the body of Herrero Tejedor, had already begun to divide up the spoils of the movement.

He had just lost his most loyal protector, who had left him just at the moment he needed him most. Possibly the loss would have not been so cruel a few months later, or of such importance to his political career. In 100 days he had not had time to become known nor to undertake bolder relations which would serve as a springboard for the immediate future. When one has spent a number of years trying to elbow his way forward and something goes wrong, one never begins again at zero. There is at least the accumulation of experience and the tales carefully guarded in the strongbox of memory.

Fate had not smiled on him, and he could see from the glances in his direction that everyone was thinking the same. Again they were saying that his political future was cut off. Some of them went farther and, behind

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his back, said that he was bad luck. Luis Angel de la Viuda, for example, one of his closest friends, said to anyone who would listen that "Adolfo's career is over." He lacked confidence in him, and in his skill at finding new resources to offset the abandonment he felt. Under the Franco regime, although there were no parties, there were however some families which helped each other, which plotted together, which joined and then separated but in the end, gregariously, came back together again and planned their advance. All that was needed to get ahead was firm supporters, which he still lacked. Prince Juan Carlos was one such, and Fernandez Miranda another, supplementing the former. Of all the paths to be chosen this seemed not only possible, but the most profitable.

The funeral of Fernando Herrero was marked by one curious aspect. Many approached Adolfo to extend their condolences, uncertain as to whether this was for his dead protector or for the end of his driving ambition. Two individuals caught his attention at the end of the ceremony. They were Laureano Lopez Rodo and Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. Laureano, serving as ambassador in Vienna, had come to Madrid for various reasons, one of which was certainly to attend Fernando Herrero's funeral. Two days prior to the accident which cost the minister his life, Adolfo had called him at the embassy, urgently soliciting membership in the Spanish People's Union, which was in the star position among the associations. Laureano rejected this proposition disdainfully. Twenty-four hours later, that is to say a day before the catastrophe, Herrero reached Lopez Rodo personally. Although they belonged to such similar spiritual worlds as activism in the Opus Dei, they were made of very different stuff. The personal honesty of Herrero Tejedor has never to date been challenged. Laureano reiterated to him his refusal concerning the UDPE [Union of the Spanish People], although in a tone rather different from that he had used with Adolfo. That this young fellow would call him to propose something political to him offended Laureano's sensibilities. And in the final analysis, it was one of his employees, of very low rank.

When the funeral was over, Laureano moved toward Adolfo and extended his hand in a friendly gesture, apparently affected. He was willing to put in the past the bitterness born first of the radio-television era and then involving membership in the Spanish People's Union. For the first time in his political life, Adolfo continued to talk with his previous interlocutor, while Laureano held out his hand in a gesture of peace and forgiveness. When he realized that the gesture would not be accepted he left. Relations between the two were definitively ruined. Suarez must have accumulated a fantastic hatred to allow himself to show contempt for the gesture of a man as silent and expectant as Lopez Rodo. That moment said it all. Possibly he had waited a long time for this opportunity. For Suarez did not forget: old ghosts of resentment made their appearance at times when he believed they would not threaten his career. He was not wrong. Few men in political life in the past 40 years have brought down upon their persons such a volume of dark hatred as Lopez Rodo.

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Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, for his part, limited himself to a comment, difficult for those surrounding Suarez at that moment to understand. He reminded him of a visit to be paid to the Local Credit Bank, and with an ambiguous gesture, indicated it had not been a good idea to make a pact with Valcarcel. It seemed like a charade, but he understood perfectly. Events sometimes show that our measuring tape should not be visible at all times, but only when there is yardage to be bought.

The death of the minister of the movement had immediate repercussions in the corridors of the national council. The bunker [hard-core Francoist] veterans looked at the young lions and had only one thing to say: "You've lost the game." At the beginning the secret was hard to fathom. To what did they refer? The basis of the comment was soon known. When Arias Navarro went to El Pardo to propose various candidates for the vacancy, Franco listened without interrupting. There were a number of new personalities, including Adolfo Suarez. When he finished, the old general, babbling and timid, added only one comment: "That's fine, very fine. But Pepe Solis is the best man for this post." Like a sailor caught in an error, Arias hauled in his sails and recognized the genius of the suggestion, which was indeed not on his list, but regarding which at that time he put on a cheerful and obedient face.

The corridors of the national council already had the news that Franco favored Solis to replace Herrero Tejedor. It even could be said that a community of interests had developed between El Pardo and the national council, coming together in the figure of the veteran magician Jose Solis Ruiz. He would go to the secretariat of the movement for the second time, confirming something which practice was already suggesting-- that the regime was turning in upon itself, going back to its origins, seeking from the veterans the safety which the younger generation of politicians was not providing.

It was presumed that as Solis entered the building at 44 Alcala, Adolfo would be departing at more or less precisely the same time by the service entrance. Thus he submitted his resignation and awaited the categorical rejection he was sure would come. He underrated the imaginative capacity of the new minister. For several weeks Solis gave no sign of knowing his subordinate existed. While Suarez demanded an interview to clarify the situation, Solis gave no answer and continued with his political style as if Adolfo Suarez were not alive.

On 3 July, our man learned, like a thunderbolt, that a substitute for him had already been appointed in the somewhat archaic person of Antonio Chozas Bermudez, the father of a large family and equally prolific as an official at the Ministry of Labor and Syndical Relations. He was completely out of work, for on that same day he was also dismissed as president of the tourism commission for the fourth development plan on the recommendation of the minister of planning, Gutierrez Cano, who appointed Tomas Maestre Aznar, one of Adolfo's adversaries in the tourist business

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field, to that post. By way of compensation, Generalissimo Franco awarded him the Imperial Order of the Yoke and Arrows two days later.

These had been three months full of projects which left a bittersweet taste in the mouth. The death of Fernando Herrero Tejedor had eliminated one of the politicians who was a potential helmsman for the transition, and Adolfo was out in the street once again, with his head full of dreams and a greater desire to achieve the goal than ever. If at the first moment the blow left him crushed, he then, thanks to experience, and possibly also because his economic situation had changed, adapted to the blow without nervousness or tearing his garments. He was without a protector but that very fact was a goad to plunging forward in all directions. In his three months as vice secretary he had established relationships with some individuals, just a few, who in the long run might be useful to him. In addition, he left the post of vice secretary with the image of a martyr, which was a thousand times better than that of a loser. The elements, not the enemy, had vanquished him. Although the elements had taken the form of a Pegaso truck, history deals such blows.

More important than the Imperial Order of the Yoke and Arrows was the award which came from the editor of the periodical BLANCO Y NEGRO, Luis Maria Anson. On 2 July 1975, Adolfo Suarez, shown in a full-figure photo like the president of the United States, was announced as the "politician of the month of June," a distinction which the skillful Luis Maria concocted, for better or for worse, month after month. The editorial column which accompanied the photo stated among other things that "his term as vice secretary general of the movement won him (Adolfo Suarez) great prestige for his excellent political achievement." Then began the myth, which was later to be corrected to place it some months earlier. "Luis Carrero Blanco," Luis Maria Anson wrote, "was preparing for a government crisis in early 1974. Adolfo Suarez would have been a minister now if Admiral Carrero Blanco had not been the victim of a brutal assassination."

The legend was to continue to grow subsequently, but this few days after the death of Herrero Tejedor one could not expect miracles. "One can expect of Adolfo Suarez," the adulation in BLANCO Y NEGRO continued, "new and important services to the country, above all in the most serious transition period, for he is a man who has been able to link what the prince and the succession mean with an open and stable future."

The clarity and the suggestive aspect of the last paragraph, in the light of later events, provoke reflection. Anson in his boldness suggests to us that Suarez will be the man of the transition period. The simple fact of timing homage to the ousted vice secretary general of the movement in and of itself shows an intention not common where dismissals are concerned. More usually a dinner is given at the home of a friend in honor of the happy times past and never to return. This was precisely the reverse. Among the possible hypotheses about this there are two we should note.

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The first, not too likely from the historical point of view, is happenstance. As more than once the experts on the future have pointed to this or that due solely to chance or luck, it should be mentioned in order to dismiss the prophets and the miracle-mongers, who only tell us about the day they were right, and not the 999 when they were wrong.

The protagonist of the other hypothesis is Luis Maria Anson, who was the most active of the advisers to Don Juan de Borbon, if only for reasons of age. In the months preceding the swearing-in of Juan Carlos as Franco's successor, the advisers to his father, Don Juan de Borbon, meeting in Estoril, argued fruitlessly that the prince should not swear to the so-called Principles of the National Movement, an effort which can be regarded as yet another attempt to square the circle, for if he was to succeed Franco, who recognized no principles but those of the movement --if we take the term in its loosest sense--he could but submit unwillingly.

Following that date the dilemma of converting the monarchy of Juan Carlos into a democratic regime appeared thus: either the king, succeeding Franco, would commit perjury and break with the spider web of the Principles of the Movement, or he would find a prime minister with experience in the secretariat general, that is to say in the structure of the single party, to effect a reform of the old law into the new, as in the testaments. The brains at Estoril drafted a list of five candidates for the role of the "man of transition." It included Fernando Herrero Tejedor, Jose Miguel Orti Bordas, Eduardo Navarro, Rodolfo Martin Villa and Adolfo Suarez Gonzalez. All five were veterans of the movement.

There was nothing unusual then in the fact that in the first half of July a ceremony was held at the Ifa Hotel in Madrid to honor the "politician of the month," Adolfo Suarez. It was organized by Luis Maria Anson and the periodical BLANCO Y NEGRO. Among those present were Juan Manuel Fanjul, minister Jose Solis, Antonio Chozas Bermudez, Eduardo Navarro, Tomas Pelayo Ros, and men as close to the guest of honor as his brother-in-law Aurelio Delgado and Luis Angel de la Viuda. After dinner, the "politician of the month," with the poise of a man appointed for the future, said: "I am a politician who wants to continue the battle to promote the common good, common sense in the Spanish political leadership (sic), which must bear the great responsibility of serving 35 million Spanish citizens. I believe that it is in the final analysis a matter of a serious effort to make a rich historical calculation to which the reflections of origin, the sense of preservation and talent for change contribute in equal parts. In the final analysis"--Adolfo repeated himself, creating an extemporaneous political cocktail--"it is a matter of gathering together facilities to serve the Spain of today and the Spain of the future, this Spain which Don Juan Carlos de Borbon will embody."

Two weeks had not yet passed since the resignation of the vice secretary when Jose Garcia Hernandez, minister of interior, and an old friend from

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the radio-television days, offered him a job as government representative with the telephone company. There are those who say that Prince Juan Carlos was not opposed to the offer. For a politician eager to advance, the government representation with the telephone company offered innumerable opportunities and advantages. First of all the post entailed a generous salary, there was no fixed schedule and responsibilities were minimal, although in some respects there were tempting details.

The council of ministers appointed Adolfo Suarez government representative with the National Telephone Company of Spain on 24 July 1975. The press release was accompanied by a brief curriculum vitae, from which some of the speeches Adolfo had included in what he wrote in March on becoming vice secretary were omitted. The official biography of Adolfo carried in the press at that time said that "he took his degree at the University of Madrid, where he also earned a doctorate with outstanding marks in all subjects," which can only be termed "slander." For he neither had a doctorate nor did he obtain outstanding marks in his course of study except for one early one, and that by accident.

In his post at the telephone administration he was replaced by his friend, a disciple of Herrero Tejedor, Tomas Pelayo Ros. Although not a sinecure, this post was given to men in favor with the regime, because of a special duty--clandestine wiretapping had to have their endorsement. It was mandatory to inform the government representative with the company of the names of persons who were being monitored and the reasons, based on the theory of the right of veto, which was obviously never used by any of the individuals who passed, one after another, through the building on Gran Villa.

In the morning Suarez went to his office, although rather late, and the balance of the day he devoted to his political relations, in particular those pursued through the UDPE. To facilitate matters there he had as his secretary a lady who took care of the daily work--Carmen Diez de Rivera. It could be said that except for the documents he had to sign, he devoted all his time to the association which was the legacy of Fernando Herrero Tejedor.

What was the UDPE? The best definition was provided by Ricardo de la Cierva in his "History of the Franco Regime." "In an agonizing effort, the regime gave birth to a political association for clearly continuous purposes, seeking to take up the heritage of sociological Francoism: the Spanish People's Union, initially known as the UPDE, which was changed because of the obvious resemblance to Primo de Rivera's Patriotic Union, to UDPE."

The first organization meetings of the association were held in the home of the journalist Emilio Romero at the end of 1974. In February of the following year a visit to Prime Minister Arias was planned, to present the

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goals of the association to him. Thirteen prominent individuals in the regime called upon him. Jesus Fueyo, Carlos Pinilla, Herrero Tejedor, Labadie Otermin and Emilio Romero were among them. The man making the presentation pointed out to the prime minister that it was "a bad omen that there are 13 of us, Mr Prime Minister." To which Arias Navarro answered smiling. "There are 14 of us." Which, in addition to a pleasantry, confirmed the official blessing of the Spanish People's Union, a name created out of Falangist boldness and the lack of a sense of the ridiculous which characterized some of the supposed political leaders.

As occurs in any recently established pro-government association, there was an inclination to emulate the Mexican Institutional Revolutionary Party, the famous PRI, which seemed to be the goal of every politician, from the UDPE to the similarly organized UCD, with a desire to win power secured through regular elections.

When Herrero Tejedor was in the Ministry of the Movement, he attempted unsuccessfully to get Adolfo Suarez appointed secretary to coordinate the provinces and visit them regularly. This proposal was subsequently rejected, since it was claimed that the candidate lacked the prestige to be able to rally the notables in the system in the various regions. However, with Herrero Tejedor dead and his vice secretary resigned, it was Solis himself who proposed that he serve as coordinating president, an appointment so flexible that some referred to it simply as "coordinator," while the interested party gradually and soberly transformed it into "president."

Basically it was a matter of rallying the Franco elements most closely affiliated with the movement so that they could function in the transition and become a political party, one which would utilize the networks the regime had been establishing throughout the state over 40 years. Franco's last months were characterized by some aspects so special it is worthwhile mentioning them in connection with the UDPE. The regime at that time was not dead, but in agony, in a curious delirium which led it to turn in upon itself. Like a disarmed bully, it shouted to the four winds that no one would best them while Franco lived, and many believed that someone would have to be the first to live eternally. While the General still breathed there was no choice but to continue pumping the handle, drawing from the wellspring of the association. In this ridiculous structure indicative of the political capacity of the majority of the politicians in the regime, the UDPE appeared to be the favorite association. Of the 24 Geyper structures, the UDPE was that of the OCA, the most sought-after.

In addition to the numerous delegation which visited Prime Minister Arias, made up of the senators of the association, there were others, who having moved in Opus Dei circles hastened to jump on the "blue bandwagon," because together they could better guarantee their survival. Such men as

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Fernando de Linan, who had resigned as minister on the death of Admiral Carrero, and Agustin Cotorruelo Sendagorta were leading members of the Union of the People circle.

After Solis appointed Suarez president and coordinator of the UDPE--a decision also approved by the Zarzuela Palace, which wanted to be well informed about the advance of the main Francoist group--Adolfo surrounded himself with a group of unconditional supporters at an "assembly" held on 17 July 1975, at which the minister's suggestion was unanimously approved. These men were subsequently to go over bag and baggage to the Democratic Center Union: Eduardo Ameijide, Fernando Abril Martorell, Manuel Ortiz, Rafael Anson and Juan Gomez Arjona. The board of directors, in the months when Adolfo served as president and coordinator, was made up of Carlos Pinilla, Labadie, Alberto Ballarin, Javier de Carvajal (an ENTURSA man, who served as vice president of the UDPE), Fernando Ibarra, Lample Opere and Francisco Escriva de Romani. Some of the old potentates, such as Jesus Fueyo and Emilio Romero, had been left by the wayside.

The opportunity to appear before the public as a mass organization came on 1 October 1975, in Oriente Square. The mayor of Madrid had summoned the citizenry to show the Caudillo yet once again that the regime was not isolated. A few days earlier five anti-Franco elements had been executed. This was the last legal crime of the dictatorship, and the domestic and international campaign was important. Like the experiment with Pavlov's dogs, the apparatus was set up to provide Franco with a breath of air and encouragement which was truly needed, for 12 days later his interminable death agony began.

Adolfo Suarez attended the gathering at Oriente Square in charge of the group which spent the morning shouting: "UDPE! UDPE!" and distributing leaflets carrying the statement drafted by Adolfo Suarez and his colleagues. It said: "In these difficult hours we must reiterate that we are not waging the battle of the West alone. Beyond our frontiers, the security forces of various countries, sometimes heroically, have succeeded in safeguarding our official representation. Innumerable individuals have suffered senselessly as the victims of aggression and harm at the hands of the enemies of what Spain represents, and an infinite number of persons have watched with indignant horror as the terror manipulated by the communist minority, protected by fear and lies, advances.

"Once again Spain is the touchstone, a goal and a barrier. But once again as well, no one can prevent our unity and calm, our determination and our firm desire for peace from making it possible to pursue orderly development toward the future Spanish life, in accordance with the development governed by our laws."

A few days before Franco entered upon the final segment of his life, Adolfo Suarez and the leadership of the Union of the People called upon him. This was to be the last visit to the living patriarch. Then came

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the 17 October Council of Ministers meeting, where like a character in science fiction, the dictator guided the council by means of some electrode which kept him in constant contact with the doctors. The inevitable was beginning to happen, while Adolfo Suarez and the UDPE continued to be plunged in "association life." Consciously or otherwise, it did not seem possible to see politically beyond the point at which destiny would carry the General off.

When he died on 20 November 1975, the association drafted a confused and servile communique. "The example of Francisco Franco, an example of heroic grandeur, of dedication, effort, service, faith in the collective destiny of a people, of firmness against pressure and violence of all kinds, represents a challenge and a lesson which the Spanish People's Union adopts as its own in this solemn hour, knowing that this choice entails rigor and seriousness, effort and sacrifice."

Adolfo was to be the next to the last to pay his respects to the king at the funeral of the "example of historic grandeur," and he hastened to express an idiotic view when asked his opinion of His Majesty's message. "I must read it carefully. It seemed to me extraordinary both in content and in form. It was the address address anticipated because of my absolute confidence and certainty in his background, and I would say in the profound interrelation which exists between the king and the Spanish people."

Ten days earlier, one of his secretaries, Aurelio Sanchez Tadeo, visited the home of an old rival of Adolfo's in the 1967 representatives' elections. His mother, with a trace of irony, asked if his "boss" was concerned about Franco's illness. "What do you mean? Nothing has changed, he is an intimate of the prince now. They go to the trial matches together. He often goes to La Zarzuela."

#### Chapter X. The Symphony of the Prime Minister

##### First Movement (Adagio)--The Past Conditions But Does Not Bind

What horror, what vast horror it entails to review now the words, the gestures, the statements and the erroneous steps in those early days of July 1976, when the political body of Arias Navarro was still warm and Adolfo Suarez had just been appointed prime minister! And yet, how few there are today who recognize what was done yesterday as a hasty judgment, a wise decision, or simply a failure to understand the complicated operations planned by Torcuato Fernandez Miranda and the king.

The library would have to burn the July issues of the newspapers and periodicals if the memory of the politicians were to be kept pure, minus the horrors of a recollection which no one wants to call to mind. On more than 100 occasions I began my interviews with major interlocutors by asking a purposeful question: Were you surprised when Suarez was appointed prime minister? And the responses were so shameless that in the end I

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excluded them from my questioning. By the time 1979 rolled around, the political leaders of greater or lesser importance claimed no surprise at all. They had known about Adolfo's appointment in advance. In their politicians' conscience they converted the ignorance and exclusion which characterized their lives then into something known and foreseen. They lie today just as readily as they tore their hair in the past. Only a few, very few, will admit that they were in difficulty then and have not ceased to be to this day. They are those who did not jump on the winner's bandwagon.

In June of 1976 there was an impression that roles had been reversed. The leader of the strongarm faction, right-wing extremist Mariano Sanchez Cobisa, was overjoyed. "I was delighted that Mr Areilza was not appointed, and I breathed a sigh of relief on learning that Adolfo Suarez was the choice." The old Falangist blueshirt Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta added: "Given the intelligence, youth and political activity Adolfo Suarez has to offer, his appointment seems to me an excellent thing." In the view of Admiral Nieto Antunez, he was a "very intelligent young man, who had in Fernando Herrero Tejedor a great mentor."

The men of the Opus Dei, according to their most worthy spokesmen, were all sweetness and light. Gregorio Lopez Bravo said that "the appointment of Adolfo Suarez is an excellent thing." Laureano Lopez Rodo went even farther, saying that we had here "a man of excellent political qualifications, as he has shown throughout the whole of his career. He is a young man, dynamic, serene and communicative and with a great rallying capacity." For their part, such politicians as Joaquín Garrigues and Ignacio Camunas, who would later join his cabinet, seemed discontent.

As soon as the appointment of Suarez was known, the three Spanish stock markets (Madrid, Barcelona and Bilbao) began to drop steadily, showing that finance is so sensitive to appointments that opinions can change in a manner of hours. And so what had been a steady climb on the departure of Arias Navarro became a worrisome drop with the announcement of his successor.

The brutal surgical operation of removing Arias Navarro, who was weakening the lungs which gave breath to the old regime, went along with the concept of adding to the new government a considerable number of the personalities from the preceding one. Fraga Iribarne was regarded as a leper at that time because of his adamant position, which on occasion had outdone even the hardly liberal Arias. However, other leaders such as Areilza and Antonio Garrigues were viewed by the crown with approval and could contribute to a better image and a more balanced transition process.

On Sunday, 4 July, Adolfo Suarez telephoned the Count of Motrico to exchange ideas and prepare for a meeting the following day. Areilza's attitude could be expected to be somewhat haughty, or in the best of cases

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reserved, so that the meeting did not take place. However, on Monday the journalist Luis Maria Anson called upon him, suggesting the desirability of his joining the new government. Anson's gesture was unsuccessful, and it is said that Areilza profited from the opportunity to vent a whole list of insults the crown had dealt him after so many years of service. For a man who knew five languages, and whose fortune was secure, and who dealt with those in the international "who's who" as equals, and who had nurtured great dreams since his appointment as minister of foreign affairs by Arias, Adolfo's appointment by the king was not just a political error but a gesture of contempt toward himself. There was no need to convey Areilza's vituperation, recorded accurately by Anson's practiced ears, to the higher national levels because before very long an envoy of the king, former Minister Perez de Bricio, was to repeat the gesture of urging Areilza to join the new government in vain. There are those who say that 48 hours after these visits, the Count of Motrico tried to reach Suarez, perhaps to make amends and perhaps to set conditions. The same sources say that the prime minister would not take his call. Areilza understood too late that Suarez was much happier without him. Garrigues for his part made not the slightest follow-up effort. Adolfo began his government surrounded by the mistrust and suspicion of almost all the politicians of the country.

One voice cried out in the desert. Luis Maria Anson, now editor of LA GACETA ILUSTRADA, was nothing but consistent with the numerous undertakings he had sponsored. His next sally was an anthological editorial entitled "Suarez--The New Generation in Power." Some of its confused metaphors should be noted. "We want to applaud the serene wisdom of the king in appointing Don Adolfo Suarez prime minister. Suarez was three years old when the civil war began. He belongs to what an illustrious writer has called the "generation of silence." He is not an aristocrat nor a financier. He has no commitment to capitalism nor to the pressure groups. He has done exceptional work as a minister and he is not one of those stars brought forth by the technocracy a few years ago lacking any political background." And he concluded with the only praise which may possibly have been sincere: "He is an expert and a hardened veteran . . . after 25 years of struggle in the harshest political terrain."

These lines written by one of those involved in the "Suarez operation," as Luis Maria Anson was, coincide with those in an article by a man who in those days had detoured from the path of power, although he would not be long in finding it again. Ricardo de la Cierva wrote one of his best articles under the well-chosen title "What a Mistake, What a Terrible Mistake." In a tone worthy of the best political journalism of the last century he wrote: "Those who now want to launch a campaign against the youthful minister should recall in the abstract the judgment of the Count of Mayalde concerning the young politicians in the preceding regime. He said that they have all of our defects and none of our virtues. This, friends, was a blunder, and only a miracle could correct it." In fact a miracle happened, for Ricardo de la Cierva was soon to join the party of Prime Minister Suarez.

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The aspect of youth was noted as the most outstanding characteristic of the first cabinet appointed by Adolfo. Properly speaking one should refer to the cabinet formed by Alfonso Osorio, for it was he who pulled the strings. Adolfo's appointment had left the political circles not involved in the operation in any way astonished, and their first reaction was to wait for events to develop, believing that what had happened could not basically be regarded as other than an interim situation.

Among the most notable phrases, because of its boldness, used by Laureano Lopez Rodo in celebrating the appointment of Suarez was that about his "great rallying capacity." It had to be Osorio who manipulated the creation of the cabinet, because Suarez was not in a position to do so. As happens in these cases, the organizers always seek out men of less importance than the number-one man representing 10 on the scale, and so a cabinet which some thought paralleled the lowly teaching assistants who pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the professors. And so it was.

The strong men in the 7 July 1976 cabinet were limited to the prime minister and his right-hand man, the second deputy and minister of the office of prime minister, Alfonso Osorio. Of the others, three belonged to the Union of the Spanish People: Fernando Abril (agriculture), Ignacio Garcia Lopez (movement) and Jose Llado Fernandez Urrutia (commerce). The last-mentioned was located at the 11th hour, or rather 9:30 in the evening, as he was dining with Luis Ortiz. When he had accepted the offer by telephone, it was possible to send the copy to the BOLETIN OFICIAL DEL ESTADO, which had been holding up the presses for hours. This was a feature which was to be repeated with a later cabinet.

Three others, excluding Osorio, were grouped around the figure of Federico Silva in the Spanish Democratic Union (UDE), from which, playing the "Mater et Magistra" role, he was to resign shortly thereafter, with a notary making an official record of the remarkable event. Three disciples had abandoned him: Eduardo Carriles (treasury), Enrique de la Mata Gorostizaga (syndical relations), who owed his appointment, among other things, to the secrecy surrounding the discussions in the Council of the Realm, thanks to which it was not known that he had not voted for Adolfo, and Andres Reguera Guajardo (information and tourism), an old acquaintance of the prime minister from his days as governor of Segovia, who began his work as minister with a statement which stopped journalists in their tracks: "We are a transition cabinet with a very short time in which to do what we want."

The inevitable juvenile Christian democrats were there, under the banner of the historic Tacitus: Landelino Lavilla (justice), Francisco Lozano (housing), and Marcelino Oreja (foreign affairs), who, given this opportunity, abandoned his friend and protector Jose Maria de Areilza. The cabinet was completed with a Democratic Reform figure, Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo (public works), who it is said went weeping to Osorio, begging not to be left without a post in the new cabinet. Then

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there was Carlos Perez de Bricio (industry), one of the stockholders in the political corporation known as FEDISA [Federation of Independent Studies, Inc.], Rodolfo Martin Villa (interior) of the Independent Parliamentary Group, and two men unknown outside their working and family circles--Alvaro Rengifo (labor) and Aurelio Menendez (education). The military representatives remained the same as in the Arias Navarro cabinet.

The general keynote situated the inclinations of the new cabinet in the Christian democratic sector, to which nine of the ministers belonged, in one way or another. Suarez had found a way out of the impasse thanks to the help rendered by Osorio and the hosts of the thickened Christian democratic ranks. As no one had any confidence in the government, every political action took on special importance, because what no one expects makes a greater mark. It could be said that what happened with this cabinet was the opposite of what happened with that of Arias. Many expected so much of that cabinet that there then seemed to be nothing. Of this one, born under a certain ill omen, much beyond what was dreamed by the protagonists themselves, although differently, came to pass.

On 16 July the government program was made public. The king would be asked to grant amnesty for crimes of politics and opinion. General elections would be held prior to 30 June 1977, there would be dialog with the opposition, and vague goals of national reconciliation and recognition of the diversity of the people "making up the indissoluble unity of Spain" were set. Two days later the GRAPO [First of October Armed Revolutionary Group] appeared on the central scene, exploding a number of bombs and thus launching a dark and bloody celebration like a witches' sabbath which has lasted to this day.

Torcuato Fernandez Miranda scanned the horizon in the hope that the tempests would abate. Since his success in the Council of the Realm, he had not made any public use of the dominant role in which the situation put him. He hoped that conditions would be right for launching the third part of his plan. First had been the appointment of the minister of the movement. Then came getting him on the list of three candidates. Now remained the most delicate of the undertakings--transition from dictatorial legislation to democracy without a break with anyone or anything. If anyone fell by the wayside or put his feet on the table, it would be his doing, not because Torcuato wanted it.

Any political activity undertaken from then on must have two targets, under two flags: the old regime and the opposition. There would no longer be any advantage but that derived from being in power. Torcuato was not much pleased by the Christian democratic monopoly in the cabinet. He regarded it as yet another weakness of the new prime minister, inexperienced and without the grasp needed for high-level maneuvers. Adolfo's fears and hesitations when it came to boldly including some neglected leaders confirmed his belief that Adolfo still had a long way to go to become his best disciple.

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He was wrong. What seemed undesirable to the one was a matter of advantage for the other. Seeking men in his likeness and image to govern was not a constant challenge but a convenient action in which the prime minister had all the levers of command within reach of his hand. The limitation of the cabinet members was a test of his skill. Without a partner it would have been very difficult to head the cabinet. Suarez had seen a clear and obvious example during his service as a minister under Arias.

A specter hovered over the political situation the mere appearance of which interfered with the proposals--the army. Torcuato Fernandez Miranda was very familiar with it: for many years he had been listening to its yelps, and the time had come to stop them. He had not been able to get anywhere with it, because Franco had made it as powerful as an elephant. It was not possible to attack it, because if enraged, it could get out of control, and it was necessary to keep it in its natural preserve, neither limiting nor expanding it. Simply no one should forget it, because when all was said and done it was the king of the forest. Without it, the operation might be transformed into a hunting party.

At 9:30 in the morning on 8 September, 29 new vehicles, black and chrome, bearing the insignia of generals of various rank and commanders, were parked outside the prime minister's office at No 3 Castellana. The prime minister had summoned to Madrid the 29 most important militia commanders, to explain to them the content and stages in the reform. The idea had come from Fernandez Miranda, with all of the blessings of the king, and Adolfo made it his own and gave it his style.

For three and a half hours, speaking extemporaneously from an outline, Suarez gave them a show of sympathy, imagination, talent and comradeship. He seemed like one of them, receptive to their concerns and inflexible on principle. Never had they been treated with such deference. No one could doubt his loyalty and love for the old regime. It had to change, and if they did not do this now, the country would embark upon a path without a known destination. Everything had been planned. All of the political parties would be legalized, and he could guarantee, for his technicians had made a detailed study, that there was no danger at all of losing the election. The advance would be made slowly, without haste, step by step, with careful attention to the reactions of the Spanish people. There would be a limit to the legalization--the communist party. "For reasons that you will understand very well, we cannot do this, because of our dead and our patriotism."

At 2:30 the waiters at the Jose Luis Restaurant served a somber and speedy meal to the 29 officers. Adolfo continued to play the host. When the time came for questions no one had the slightest doubt any longer: the king had chosen the best man to advance the destiny of Spain. Some muttered, but only in private, with their comrades of a thousand campaigns. The prime minister had achieved something which had frustrated

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a much more intelligent man than he--Manuel Azana. He gave them confidence. There were some expressions of military enthusiasm and each went home thinking that he was in on the secrets of the reform. Adolfo, as one illustrious and bemedaled officer commented, had explained what he thought had to be done, "and woe betide him who does not agree." The elephant returned to the preserve, which was its territory.

Two days later, the prime minister gave a television address to explain the scope of the political reform proposal. At 9:30 in the evening, to a waiting country, he said: "We are beginning to transform into a reality what I explained on an earlier occasion: to raise to the normal political level what is simply routine on the street level, removing dramatics and fiction from politics by means of elections." He had added a phrase to the expression invented on the day he spoke before the Cortes to defend the associations law. Four months filled with events had passed, but the music continued at a slow rhythm.

A basic factor served to complicate or facilitate the development of the reform plan. Two officers categorically situated in reactionary positions, De Santiago and Carlos Iniesta, were transferred to the reserves. If in the case of Iniesta the move embarrassed no one, because his political opinions were well known, the matter seemed more delicate when it came to General De Santiago. He had been first deputy prime minister and his weight with his colleagues was not inconsiderable. He was regarded as a man rather close to Arias Navarro, politically, but his transfer to the reserves gave rise to thoughts of a substantial crisis on the military command level. A decision had been made which could only be interpreted as an unwitting or provocative action, after his interview with members of the Chilean military junta. What provoked thought in more than one individual was the newspaper article written by Federico Quintero, an intelligence service expert, who was anything but naive. That article related in extreme detail the meeting the prime minister had with the high-ranking military commanders on 16 June. The resignation of General De Santiago was reported along with the appointment of his replacement, General Gutierrez Mellado, a man with such an eventful past that the likes of Eric Ambler or Le Carre would be needed to describe it.

It was then that Adolfo's passion for telephone monitoring developed to an extent difficult to imagine. Everyone affiliated with the old regime was a target, and their telephone conversations, including the most banal, were carefully transcribed. Those whose telephones were tapped were in some cases, in a surrealist act, presented with the transcripts of their conversations, which was more in the nature of a threat or blackmail than historic curiosity. Things were carried to the point of such sophistication as fountain-pen transmitters, microphones disguised as brooches and other American technological trinkets made available to him by Juan de la Cierva, and whether their use was as toys or for torture is not very clear. The expertise of Juan de la Cierva had been made available to Adolfo thanks to King Juan Carlos, for there were eras in which this

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figure in the electronics business, who later fled to the paradise of his profession, the United States, besieged the Zarzuela Palace with visits, taking advantage of the family relationship with Alfonso Diez de Rivera y de Hocés, Marquess of Huetor de Santillan, a man in the circle closest to the king, as in another time he was close to Franco. Juan de la Cierva, whose second name was Hocés, as well as being the nephew of the inventor of the helicopter, is listed in the Spanish who's who as the recipient of an Oscar from the Hollywood Academy of Sciences and Arts, without mention, regrettably, of why. This individual was closely linked with this anguishing phase in the life of Adolfo Suarez for it was he who supplied the technology the prime minister needed in his early obsessions as government leader. Wiretapping is in the personality of any government leader a kind of unhealthy hobby. There are those who drop it early and those for whom it lasts throughout life.

Within Torcuato's concept that the reform should move along from law to law, without gaps or interruptions, the time was approaching to negotiate the reefs represented by the national council and the Cortes. The first step came on 8 October, which was to mark the last meeting of that Francoist House of Lords. The decisions adopted by the national council were not binding, which added still further to the celestial music aspect of this noble assembly.

There was only one important absence, and the man involved did not even take the trouble to make excuses. Torcuato Fernandez Miranda did not attend because he did not want to, or perhaps because he was not inclined to listen to peevish protests which would not affect the advance of the reform at all. The national council was undone, and following Adolfo's instructions, its members would depart one by one, the last to leave turning out the lights.

An effort was made to explain to these worthy fathers of the Franco regime that their mission had ended. The full cabinet attended, and left the hall as soon as the dull address by Adolfo Suarez was ended. Although he made some concessions in it to the public, it won no more applause than did those of his ministers and council member Garitano Goni, a strange kind of liberal politician who had served in the Ministry of Interior during Franco's lifetime and who had never changed his aspect. The rest of the hall maintained a tense silence, broken by the prime minister when he explained that "routine duties" required that he leave. As he left he was followed, as in the poem El Cid, by a number of his colleagues, with only three ministers remaining behind. They were Marcelino Oreja, Rodolfo Martin Villa, and Admiral Pita da Veiga. Presiding over the meeting was Ignacio Garcia Lopez, with the impassivity of a politician accustomed to difficult situations.

The first soloist in the program which followed the withdrawal of Suarez had, in his most productive ideological years, written a book on the twilight of ideology, and he was known in society as

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Gonzalo Fernandez de la Mora. This individual had in combination a number of qualities not often seen to such an extent. Affiliated with the Opus Dei, he devoured books at Torquemada devoured the heathen, and he was so reactionary that he won from Fernandez Miranda the comment: "It appears to be untrue that you have read Zubiri, but I see that you understand him, you are so Carlist."

Fernandez de la Mora launched a furious diatribe against the reform, democracy, elections and other democratic-liberal nonsense, to conclude with the statement that he would vote against it because "my objections are so great that I cannot vote for it." Later, he was to succeed in introducing in the list of suggestions to the cabinet some proposals as idiotic as reserving some of the seats in the senate for the personally appointed representatives, as a function of their posts, which in view of his status as one of the "40" council members and the democratic inclinations of those present there, was approved by a broad majority.

The government report was approved, after lengthy discussion and innumerable sallies against it, by a vote of 80 for, with 6 abstentions, and 13 against (including the votes, in addition to Fernandez de la Mora, of Giron, Mariano Calvino, Iniesta, Perez Vineta, Blas Pinar, Salas Pombo and Jesus Suevos). As it was a matter of getting the draft reform passed under the noses of the council members and sending them home, the meeting ended as a categorical success. It must be recognized, in all historical honesty, that this collective hara-kiri was carried out quietly and without fuss, with dignity and without loss of composure at any time. Although it is not a term used often to describe such outrages, it could be said that they behaved patriotically.

The battle called the political reform law took place in the Cortes inherited from General Franco in the month of November 1976. It lasted two and a half days and the victor, as usual, was the government. It began at 5:00 in the afternoon on 16 November, in a cold atmosphere, inside and outside the chamber. Things warmed up as the president of the Cortes, Fernandez Miranda, explained the procedure, with a multiplication of that rather collective form of protest known as muttering.

The clashes brought together brilliant contenders in the persons of Miguel Primo de Rivera and Fernando Suarez, on the government side, and Blas Pinar in the opposition camp. Representative Pinar was giving his first parliamentary address, of which there were to be many subsequently, for he had never before spoken before the full Cortes. The sincerity and the warmth of Primo de Rivera in his defense of the reform merit note, along with the intelligent use by Fernando Suarez of the theoretical resources of the old regime to dismantle the reactionary theses. The fanciful culmination was achieved by representative and president of the livestock breeders' union Jose Maria Fernandez de la Vega, who in addition to making an excursion into the 19th century, confused a billion with

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a hundred million, and ended his diatribe against the reform by calling the proposal "hackneyed, anti-social, reactionary, divisive, anti-historical and anti-national." The first polemic skirmishes on 17 November were summarized by the journalist Bonifacio de la Cuadra: "Outstanding among the parliamentary protagonists in the afternoon were Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, with his self-mastery, Blas Pinar with his brilliance, sometimes with Biblical overtones, Escudero with his brevity, Fernando Suarez with his forcefulness, Fernandez de la Vega with his confusion and Miguel Primo de Rivera with his precision."

Fernandez Miranda, in his role as president of the Cortes, paid homage to the murdered representative Araluze Villar on inaugurating the session, reading some verses by Antonio Machado. Which forces us to consider the sober master and illustrious exile as the poetic mentor of the reform. At two key moments in the process, both Adolfo Suarez and Torcuato referred to him so calmly that it was not very clear if this was a gesture of national reconciliation or simply a cultivated quotation.

The battle continued with speeches by various representatives, with no dearth of humor, as in the case of the family representative for Tenerife, Arteaga, spokesman for the unknown "labor-democratic group," who attacked the proposal on the grounds that because of the cost of electoral campaigns, 90 percent of the deputies were capitalists. It is possible that he was right, but he was in a very bad position to make the statement.

The maneuvers of the Torcuato-Suarez duo to win a broad majority bore fruit: 425 votes in favor, 59 against, with 13 abstentions. The tasks undertaken by the two were directed mainly toward breaking up the union bloc, which had a forceful leader in Luis Alvarez Molina, and in winning over the recently named Popular Alliance group, which challenged the proportional aspect of the elections, defending the majority system. Both maneuvers proved successful and the political reform law, a necessary springboard for the political transition, was approved. Franco's Cortes had just committed suicide by a majority vote. There were a few grandiloquent gestures and some other ridiculous ones, such as that of representative Fernando de Linan, who recalled past eras by shouting "Yes, for Franco," failing to realize that what under the dictatorship had been a brave gesture had by then become mere buffoonery.

Not everyone went to the gallows willingly. As Torcuato had demanded a roll-call vote, claiming that thus "the people will know the attitudes of their representatives," a phrase translated as "thus each will pay his dues with his vote, and no one will hide in the anonymity of the ballot box," we know the names of those uninclined to suicide. Among those who cast negative votes were Generals Barroso, Castanon de Tena, Galera Paniagua, Iniesta Cano, Lacalle Larraga and Perez Vineta, civilians Agustin Aznar, Escobar Kirkpatrick, Eugenio Lostau, Mateu de Ros, Pinar, Utrera Molina, Valdes Larranaga and Zamanillo, along with former combatants such as

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Giron, Garcia Ribes, Fernandez Cuesta (former prisoner), Jimenez Millas and Salas Pombo. There were also those plagued by doubts, who were not willing to accept martyrdom and who abstained. Too much was at stake to take sides. These included such well-known names as Jesus Fueyo, Emilio Romero, Antonio Rodriguez Acosta and Pilar Primo de Rivera.

The political reform law cleared the path legally toward democracy. It established electoral procedures for the formation of the chamber of deputies and the senate, and put an end to such bodies as the national council and the movement. It is not easy to find a precedent in history in which a group of politicians voted approval of their liquidation. In more than one case out of ignorance and in others with the thought that this matter would not be taken seriously. But this is undeniably what happened. The representatives got to their feet and enthusiastically applauded the end of their sinecures, while Adolfo Suarez, his face crumpling because he was on the point of crying, surveyed the room as he clapped. The chroniclers described the atmosphere as that of a celebration, and some of those present embraced each other, as if it were a triumph combined with a brave group farewell in the student manner.

For Adolfo it was the most moving moment in his career. He was thinking that this achievement would have been difficult without the aid of Fernandez Miranda, but he had succeeded, thanks to his patience, his unblemished Francoist past and the maneuvering skill both he and the president of the Cortes had demonstrated. Few, very few, knew the ins and outs of the affair, the concessions which were required and the promises which were made. Some of those who applauded at the last minute probably believed that they were the only ones solicited to undertake this or that action. It must be admitted and recognized that they lacked political experience. The Cortes of the Franco era was a body without parliamentary experience. Its disputes and discussions more nearly resembled an 18th-century club than a volcanic assembly.

The main reef had been avoided so successfully that the protagonists were surprised. One periodical even nicknamed Suarez "Suarez-man," in imitation of the journalist Federico Ysart, who had the clever and profitable idea of presenting Adolfo with a Superman comic book after his address to the Cortes defending the associations law. The Torcuato plan for reform was proceeding strictly on schedule, and Adolfo took up the banner of leadership handed to him by the president of the Cortes.

And so the referendum on the reform, scheduled for 15 December 1976, when the Spanish people were to express their will, was approaching. There was nothing the opposition forces could do, after a series of obvious fast and loose maneuvers with the regime, but abstain. It was still unclear, some of them thought, who was playing the hegemonic role in this operation, who was the motive force in the political transition--the government or the illegal opposition.

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The results of the referendum on political reform surprised the government again. Although the official figures were unreliable to the extent that the channels remained the same as in the past, the calculations showed a victory as explosive as that in the Cortes, possibly greater, for the government lacked experience in mass consultation. Officially 77.6 percent of the voters turned out, with the number abstaining being slightly in excess of 22 percent. Votes in favor accounted for 94 percent, as in the best days of the Franco era, and those against only 2.5 percent. Unmarked and null and void ballots slightly exceeded 3 percent.

In addition to some large-scale undertakings by the opposition to offset the state efforts to win the referendum at any price, an event occurred to disturb political life. Antonio Maria de Oriol y Urquijo, a member of the Council of the Realm and an important leader in business circles and the regime, had been kidnapped by the GRAPO three days prior to the referendum.

Despite everything, the final results left no doubt. Spanish society supported the reforms, and as happens in any referendum, it indirectly approved the undertakings of the government which had held it. That date, 15 December 1976, marked a clear change in the development of the reform. Until then the direction of the political steps, the detours and maneuvers, had been focused on the president of the Cortes and the Council of the Realm, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. After 15 December 1976 the responsibility fell to Adolfo Suarez.

The resounding referendum victory, which he had not expected to be so overwhelming, filled Adolfo with satisfaction and placed him in the role of a political leader. Until that time he had felt secondary to Torcuato's tactical and strategic maneuvers, and the results of the referendum gave him a sense of security and self-confidence. He believed that Fernandez Miranda should treat him as an equal. His apprenticeship had ended.

A curious circumstance developed because of the referendum. On the one hand, Torcuato believed that his plans had been so well adapted to success that his privileged status as the great father of the reform could not be challenged by anyone. Adolfo Suarez, on the other hand, regarded the 94 percent of the votes in favor as support of his actions as head of the cabinet. It is always difficult to distribute the shares of victory, and the two came to different personal conclusions. No change in the behavior of Torcuato was seen, for to a great extent he had foreseen events. However, in Adolfo a singular metamorphosis occurred. He seemed to swell, and even began to devote unprecedented care to his personal appearance, with suits carefully chosen to flatter his image and finicky personal grooming. His person began to be surrounded by an aura which, as no one around him noticed, he imposed. He began to use unaccustomed authoritarian phrases with frequency. "One does not speak thus to the prime minister!" "Have you forgotten that I am the prime minister?" These banal incidents were

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attempts to give greater importance to his personality, minimized by the annoying leadership abilities of Torcuato, who lost no opportunity to demonstrate to him how matters of state should be handled.

While for Fernandez Miranda the referendum facilitated the better exercise of state powers and his authority, which would enable him to advance toward the final stages in completing the reform, it was for Adolfo the gong signaling the time to rid himself of the constant tutelage of Torcuato. The disciple now wanted to sit in the master's chair. The referendum had been his limited opposition. In addition he regarded the success as a personal one because Professor Fernandez Miranda, at the beginning, had not wanted a referendum but a plebiscite, for he saw greater resistance in the Cortes to the political reform law he had drafted, which would prevent winning a favorable vote by two-thirds of the chamber. The plebiscite plan seemed to him an act of unchallenged authority endorsed by the people, which would give the government tremendous strength in defeating the efforts to strangle the reform. Professor Mandelino Lavilla did not see it thus, and the facts proved him right. The Cortes proved malleable and the referendum was an unmitigated success. The polemics pitting referendum against plebiscite rang in Adolfo's ears like celestial music. The triumph was for him like a reviving draught. Neither the state nor popular endorsement served any purpose other than to govern better and longer. The rest was all vague professorial concern.

What until the referendum had proved positive for the prime minister became after that an intolerable burden. Torcuato's advice had to cease. The time had come to solo. The referendum had been his work and the success belonged to him. Torcuato remained in the shadows, and it is very easy to ignore a shadow. When he wanted to make it a visible reality it had disappeared.

The month of January 1977 was full of drama. Everything seemed to happen at the same time. The opposition grew bolder than on other occasions, the cabinet was experiencing difficulty and problems loomed on the horizon, Oriol was still in the hands of the kidnapers and General Villaescusa would accompany him in the forced withdrawal of the GRAPO. The police had shot down a young man in the street, the extreme right wing murdered some lawyers in Atocha Street with impunity, and the terrorists were knocking down agents of the public order services as if they were playing a game at a fair. Someone called it the "week of the plot," but the period covered more than a week. It was a dramatic month which put the political nerves of the entire country to the test.

Adolfo Suarez then made the decision to move. He took his family from the house in the Puerta de Hierro quarter to live in La Moncloa Palace. Everyone was in danger, and the prime minister wanted to guarantee their safety.

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The king then had a period of serious doubt about the effectiveness of Adolfo Suarez as the head of the cabinet. The metamorphosis he had undergone since the referendum had led him to avoid consulting with Juan Carlos about any decision, even keeping the most obvious information from him. In the process of gradual isolation from Fernandez Miranda, Adolfo had taken a false step in isolating the king as well. There were moments verging on provocation, for the prime minister took the liberty of unnecessary tardiness when he was summoned to the Zarzuela Palace.

The coolness between the two leading state personalities was developing. While the king felt that his prime minister was not fulfilling his duties, the latter commented publicly, saying "The king wants to Bourbonize me." The branch bent before it broke. At the end of the month, with the country oppressed by its events, King Juan Carlos asked a question which rang in Adolfo's ears like a shot. "If they killed you, whom should I make prime minister?" He was frozen, could not even respond, stammering only a fearful "Why do you say that?" There would have been no point in explaining that a prime minister can order armored cars and secure the palaces, but a king must always think of his replacement.

Adolfo's very fine nose had just picked up an unpleasant whiff called aversion. He would not be appointed again. From then on he was to attend to his responsibilities as prime minister faithfully, arriving punctually for royal interviews and reporting on the government's measures. He cultivated the bonzal of his relations with His Majesty like a Japanese gardener. And the balancing role played by Fernandez Miranda in this crisis forced him to undertake a subtle maneuver to alienate him from the king and leave himself as the only rich source of information and undertaking.

Torcuato was to be the great loser in the post-referendum period. The desire to fly only led the prime minister to allow no royal eagles other than himself. The detailed and sibylline style of Fernandez Miranda, always obsessed with the authority of the state, the prestige of the state, brought him troublesome doctoral warnings.

In the course of 1977 two political factors served to widen still further the chasm which was opening up between Suarez and Fernandez Miranda. The prime minister and the president of the Cortes were faced with two developments, not so much in terms of their importance but the way they were effected. The rigorous aspect of Fernandez Miranda's personality could not accept the form of legalizing the communist party, which Adolfo pushed ahead step by step, nor the amnesty.

In the view of the president of the Cortes, the legalization of the PCE [Spanish Communist Party] prior to the elections was an unquestioned necessity, provided the void left in the armed forces was filled. There was no option but to rally the high military commanders again and explain

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to them the need for legalizing the PCE, provided it would go along with such important issues as acceptance of the monarchy and the red and gold flag. Both references were not matters of symbolism, but of content for the army. If this were not done the credibility of the prime minister would have been destroyed for the military hierarchy. Obviously there was a risk, but otherwise the risk would be multiplied, for it would affect the prestige of the reform state.

In Fernandez Miranda's view, the amnesty should be granted within a set period, for the minor concessions as the months went on, which was how it was being done, gave the impression that the state was retreating due to the pressure against it. Finally, Torcuato, trained in the authoritarian theories of the first 30 years of the 20th century, those especially of Carl Schmidt, believed that any deterioration in the image of the state affected the political future irreparably. He did not need Schmidt to reach an understanding of this, although one can reflect that it is impossible to give an impression of strength when the state is weak.

The opinions Fernandez Miranda voiced at the Zarzuela Palace contrasted with and disparaged Adolfo's manner of government. For if he had little reason to fear the president of the Cortes as the wizard who had effected transition, now those fears increased because his arguments were solidly based. The simple fact of stating them showed how inexperienced Suarez was as a statesman.

One Saturday in the month of April 1977 two couples were dining at Zarzuela Palace, in addition to Their Majesties, the hosts. They were Adolfo Suarez and Torcuato Fernandez Miranda and their wives. As history becomes legend and legend passes from mouth to mouth, distortions occur. But it was there that the link which bound the two men who loved unlimited power was broken. During the dinner the conversation became increasingly tense, for Torcuato was insisting on the errors and Adolfo insisted on dismissing them. An ideal opportunity for Torcuato to display his list of complaints. The rebuffs dealt him since, the referendum won, he called Suarez and was told for the first time that he was busy. This had been preceded by months of servile acquiescence to make sure that the professor would not feel irritated or disappointed. This duplicity, which at one time had been of political value to him, had turned against him. Now he was paying the price.

Before the last course had been served, when it was almost time for dessert, the Zuritas arrived. The Infanta Margarita and her husband Carlos Zurita were a couple distinguished for notable discretion. Carlos had singular access to information, and it can be said without exaggeration that because of his lack of belligerence toward anyone he was the person best informed about the secrets of state. He was to be an extraordinary witness in this case.

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As soon as the coffee was served the four couples went to another room to view a film. It was "The Eagle Has Landed," directed by John Sturges, a director who won fame with the "OK Corral," and the subject was a most interesting one, involving the planning of an attack on Prime Minister Churchill in the middle of the war by a Nazi commando group disguised as British soldiers. After landing successfully and with the plans ready for execution, a child falls into the water and one of the disguised Nazis tears his disguise in the course of rescuing the child, revealing his German naval uniform. Following various plot involvements the attack is attempted and they assassinate Churchill. But it was all for naught, for the British already knew of the plot and had exposed a decoy to the assassin. The murdered man was not Churchill but a double, so both the deception and the effort were in vain. The role of the protagonist was played by Michael Caine, along with the unique Donald Sutherland.

The film was produced by United Artists, in other words, any symbolism was only coincidental. The fact is that Adolfo Suarez, grieved by the talk at the table, seated himself gloomily to view the film featuring such bold ventures. There was a silence as they waited for the first reel to begin. The lights had not yet been extinguished when Adolfo's voice could be clearly heard: "How could I not be grateful to Torcuato? If I were not I would indeed be ill-bred!" As the lights went out immediately, neither expressions, nor gestures, nor even grimaces could be noted.

Only 10 days had passed. Torcuato Fernandez Miranda was summoned to Zarzuela Palace and relieved of his double responsibility as president of the Cortes and the Council of the Realm. The news was made public on 1 July 1977, along with the announcement that Fernandez Miranda had been made a duke and awarded the Golden Fleece. The crafty old man of the Franco era, astute of temper and difficult of phrase, went home for the second time with a letter thanking him for services rendered and with the imperturbable mien of an old feudal vassal: faithful and taciturn. The state is always cruel to those who father it. It is an implacable child.

#### Second Movement (Andantino)--The Pavane of the Party

The summer heat of the July days did not prevent unaccustomed activity on the part of the right-wing politicians in an effort to establish a great party. Two undertakings ran parallel throughout the second half of the summer of 1976. The surprise caused by the appointment of Suarez as prime minister served as a goad to rally the forces which could take over. For some it was a matter of preparing to harvest the mature fruit of the disaster they foresaw in a few weeks' time. The new prime minister seemed to them like a flower which blooms for one day, and which must then be discarded. The leading political figures in the Arias cabinet--Areilza and Fraga, plus some of those ousted such as Pio Cabanillas, did not waste time. They had to prepare for what might soon happen. A tale like that of Adolfo Suarez lacks the authority to head a united right-wing party.

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Others, meanwhile, rallied around the prime minister in the hope that he would be the source of an undertaking to establish that great right-wing party, with the advantage of state support, which always yields such good results in the economic and electoral fields. Political supporters are much more faithful and enthusiastic when the authority of the state encourages them. Not too many days passed before Suarez and Osorio undertook the organization of the prime minister's party, a concept which developed in the time of Arias Navarro, and to which theoretical body was given by one of his colleagues, Antonio Carro, who wrote an article in ABC expressively entitled "The Party of the Prime Minister." With Arias in that post, a number of meetings were held along the lines of establishing the foundations of a party which would support the policy of the cabinet head, meetings which were attended by such men as Areilza, Osorio and the minister of the movement Adolfo Suarez, in addition to Carro. Except for the latter, none of the others had any special interest in the advance of this project, and only when the new prime minister was appointed did the experts recall this background.

As Arias had been the father of the concept, it seemed suitable to summon the man who had been his technical secretary, Luis Jaudenes, to launch this great party of the prime minister. Jaudenes too clearly remembered the low maneuvers which had undercut Arias Navarro, for whom he had respect and a certain political sympathy, and he did not take kindly to the assignment. As Adolfo explained it, it was a question of forming a party to compete in the elections and win them. This was the facile picture painted in July of 1976, only two weeks after his appointment as prime minister. The planners had the offer to Jaudenes so well worked out in their heads that they guaranteed him the presidency of the Industrial Credit Bank, so that thus he would have his economic needs provided for and could devote himself fully to the organization of the party.

The rejection of this tempting offer by Jaudenes did not discourage the Suarez-Osorio team. On 30 August they held another meeting in Madrid, pursuing another path to establish this great party, which would bring together various groups in the most conservative Christian democratic sector. Five ministers attended--Osorio, Oreja, Lavilla, Reguera and De la Mata, representing the government, along with various politicians on the fringes of the regime, such as Fernando Alvarez de Miranda, Jose Luis Alvarez, Juan Antonio Ortega and Diaz Ambrona, Jose Pedro Perez Llorca, Alberto Monreal Luque and Jose Manuel Mellado. Silva Munoz, who was invited, gave several reasons preventing his attending.

These were second-rank leaders at that time, and they were members of somewhat languishing groups, such as the Popular Party or the Spanish Democratic Union, which, in the heat of events, had revived. Where Adolfo was concerned, having put Osorio in the forefront to avoid compromising himself, the sole purpose was to scout the ground and choose the first organizational bloc to serve as a starter for the electoral

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future. In addition, these efforts served to sound out the availability of certain elements, and to lay the groundwork for the blocking of other projects which in the long run might weaken this great governmental party.

The prime minister's office had always had excellent sources of information, particularly when such careful men as Adolfo Suarez and Alfonso Osorio were involved. The meeting held on 30 August in Madrid appeared to be the logical consequence of a discreet luncheon held at the Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos, an inn in Santiago de Compostela, attended by Fraga Iribarne, Pio Cabanillas, Jose Maria Areilza, Gabriel Canadas, and Antonio de Senillosa. In contrast with the varied menu, there was a single theme: the creation of a great party which would cover the social spectrum regarded as center-right.

The five politicians felt very optimistic about the political future, especially their own, because they believed that the government needed outstanding political figures to give confidence to the confused social classes which had made the transition from dictatorship to rarefied democracy almost without feeling it. Their refusal to join in the "Prime Minister Suarez" operation gave them strength and inevitably placed them in the illustrious camp of opposition to His Majesty. How could a Suarez Gonzalez, an Osorio Garcia or a Lavilla provide political assurance to the fearful Spanish right wing?

The three heavyweights--Fraga, Areilza and Cabanillas--were in agreement on the basic characteristics of the party. The meeting in Santiago de Compostela proceeded with enthusiasm and frankness. It seemed that they had set aside their historic differences and were eager to work together, as if power were within reach of their hands. They said farewell until after the vacation period, agreeing on another meeting for the month of September in Madrid.

The two undertakings were in progress. That of the government proceeded with difficulty and was devoted mainly to making contact with the second ranks. The other, in every way more forceful, boasted unconditional supporters. A political photograph of that summer would include two very different scenes: the young ministers with expressions of surprise and timidity as they spied on their colleagues in the right wing, pompous and sure of themselves, with broad political experience and capacity to command tested in practice on more than one occasion.

No one could suspect that a month later that picture would be reversed, as if in a mirror, with the images changing places. On 13 September 1976, only 30 days after the meeting in Santiago de Compostela, the three potentates of the great party--Manuel Fraga, Jose Maria de Areilza and Pio Cabanillas--sat down in the El Bodegon restaurant on Pinar Street in Madrid, just a few meters from the old Students' Residence. Just these three irresistible personalities, with their multiple interests and limitless vanity, alone, without witnesses or assistants.

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Fraga was not an adept of aperitif, preferring to go direct to the essence of the menu. Thus he surprised his colleagues when he raised his glass of sherry in a toast. He had decided on the establishment of a party to be called the Popular Alliance, which would rally the entire Franco right wing, moving in the direction, he said without blinking and pausing only long enough to take a breath, toward democratic positions. It could already be said, he went on, that the six most important leaders in the old regime agreed with him: Laureano Lopez Rodo, Gonzalo Fernandez de la Mora, Licinio de la Fuente, Federico Silva Munoz, Cruz Martinez Esteruellas and Enrique Thomas de Carranza. No one recalled what the menu offered because the surprise was so great that Areilza and Pio, who were very familiar with Fraga's stormy tempests, could not even say a word. Nor would they have had a chance, for Don Manuel took out of his briefcase two copies of the bylaws of the new party, asked the others to study them and to give him a speedy response as to whether he had their support or not. Finally, he attempted to persuade them that the political model of the Popular Alliance could be none other than the British Conservative Party.

At the El Bordegon restaurant on 13 September, Manuel Fraga Iribarne launched a political boomerang without realizing it. He destroyed the possibility for the creation of a democratic opposition party within the right wing and provided Prime Minister Suarez with the crevice from which the option of change was dynamited. If there were not numerous reasons for thinking that Fraga Iribarne and politics had always gone together and yet had never had an understanding, this occurrence alone would discredit a politician and force a statesman to undertake the writing of his memoirs far from the sounds of the world. On 13 September Fraga undertook self-immolation once again. A man of fixed ideas and sudden decisions, an excellent analyst of events after they happened, and the seductive suitor of the renegade right-wing forces in the country, which first resisted and then reflected, Fraga Iribarne destroyed the right-wing front opposing Suarez. Suarez was handed a beautiful bouquet which he had not expected, and proceeded to distribute it flower by flower to those whom he chose. To use a metaphor borrowed from a right-wing leader, as of that time Adolfo set forth on the highway in a bus which bore a sign "Reserved Seating" on the front, and he distributed the seats one by one to those who wanted to taste the honey of triumph, to sniff the sickly-sweet smell of power.

It was on 10 October that a public announcement was made of the group of the "magnificent seven," also known as the Popular Alliance. It involved men who historically had always hated each other, such as Lopez Rodo, Silva, and Fraga, united solely by their status as former ministers under the dictatorship, and the fact that they had looked each other in the eye before beginning to gnash their teeth. It seemed more like a national historic archive than a political party. They all represented the past, none was oriented toward the future. Fraga had fallen into a trap which revealed his lack of political reflection, his brutal directness. Areilza

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and Cabanillas, at his side, represented doubt and indecision, but they were not so nervous as to plunge into the vacuum, into the tunnels in time proposed by Fraga.

Matters became unexpectedly easy for Prime Minister Suarez. A competitor for hegemony for whom everyone predicted a great future, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, withdrew from the contest of his own will, no effort being required. All that remained was to achieve the same with Areilza, for Pio Cabanillas could become an adversary, but over so long a period of time that for the moment all that was needed was to block him.

On 23 October Cabanillas and Areilza decided to establish the Popular Party, after making contact with young Christian democrats known as the "Tacitus" group, who had registered that name. The party was formed more out of the obvious need of the groups exerting pressure on the leaders than the expressed will of the two politicians. The electoral race had begun and faced with a left wing with historic traditions, the right wing logically bore a burden of guilt on which a group such as the Popular Party was bound to capitalize. Pio and Areilza did not agree on the tactics to be pursued. While Areilza favored independence from the Suarez cabinet, Cabanillas believed that the most profitable approach politically would be to support him.

Nonetheless the two undertook a series of efforts in an effort to gain a march on the future party of the prime minister, rallying around them various factions which needed a place in which to nurture the modest forces they had amassed. In this respect the month of February 1977 was decisive. In the early days of the month a congress of the Popular Party was held, and shortly afterward the great coalition they were to call the Democratic Center began to take shape, as a result of the fact that the Popular Alliance monopolized the classic right wing.

The congress of the Popular Party meant nothing other than its emergence on the scene. In a country in which the right wing had monopolized power in recent years and in which it did not need to be presented, because one had only to turn on the television set to have a clear image of it, the introduction of the Popular Party aroused interest. Some gentlemen who said they had nothing, or almost nothing, to do with the government were urging the right wing to join in democratic elections with a civilized program. Obviously this was compulsory fare for the press and the communications media. However, the congress in and of itself would have no place in the story except that it represented an important landmark in the process of Areilza's political exclusion.

If the participants in it believed on entering the hall that their party would be independent of the government, no one with the slightest political knowledge could any longer doubt on leaving that this was not the case. Among Areilza's limitations were a sense of insecurity and fear. In this

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respect he was a genuine representative of a known social sector, and he was also incapable of operating machinery, as if he were afraid of the gears, the concern of the worker and proletarian par excellence. Although in this case it was a matter of the gears of his party, his attitude was similar: when he came to give an account of himself he had been left behind in the march toward the presidency of the party. He still had the option of fighting, but a fearful and insecure man fights only when he is certain to win, that is to say when it is unnecessary. This was what happened.

Minister of Justice Landelino Lavilla was for his part plotting and with palpable success. He was the political leader of the Christian democratic faction in the cabinet and this gave him a greater capacity to influence those in that faction in the Popular Party. On 6 November the congress ended with the election of the party officers, including Pio Cabanillas as president, Areilza and Emilio Attard as vice presidents, Jose Luis Alvarez as secretary general, and Ortega y Diaz Ambrona and Juan Pedro Perez Llorca as secretary for political affairs and coordination secretary, respectively. Areilza had not only been ousted but flanked by men inclined toward agreement with the government.

A few days later the great coalition was formed including various groups-- the Popular Party, the Tacitus group, the Spanish Democratic Union, the democrats supporting Joaquín Garrigues and Camunas, the social democratic followers of Fernandez Ordonez and Larroque's liberals. It was a mixture especially conceived for direction by a bold captain, for all of the leaders of the groups had to console themselves with secondary roles. The leading role would be assumed by Osorio Lavilla and Calvo Sotelo. The three among them had held the new group at bay, allowing no possibility other than compulsory dealing with the government. An independent, journalist Abel Hernandez, well supplied with information and money as a faithful servant of La Moncloa, published the official opinions in INFORMACIONES with a boldness rare in the profession of journalism, sowing mistrust among those leaders in the collegiate band.

On 19 March, St Joseph's day, an important dinner was held at the home of a Christian democrat, Jose Luis Ruiz Navarro, little known outside political circles. The political life of the country, since the "political dinners" had been invented in the Carrero Blanco era, was bound up with gastronomy. It is a fact that there were illustrious precedents in the 19th century, but in those months preceding the June elections dining had greatly to do with party politics. The axiom to the effect that with nothing to eat there were no political customers was being strengthened. The dinner at the home of Ruiz Navarro would have gone unnoticed, although there were such important people among the guests as Calvo Sotelo, Alvarez de Miranda, Lavilla and Pio, had it not been for the statement, which was moreover anticipated, by the minister of the office of the prime minister, Alfonso Osorio, who spoke his mind forcefully to Areilza, posing a despotic dilemma: either the count of Motrico left the Democratic Center or he could not rely on the cabinet in the next elections.

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The threat was effective. After the dinner, everyone went to their telephones to communicate the news. Areilza's head had become that of John the Baptist, and no one was prepared to defend him. On 21 March the interested party learned of Osorio's statement. The place was the Ondarreta restaurant, and the time was 3:30 in the afternoon. Those present were Pio Cabanillas, Jose Luis Alvarez, Jose Luis Navarro and the scapegoat. It is said that Areilza, perhaps unwillingly or perhaps out of vanity, suggested that if they wanted his head, the best thing would be to get the best price for it. Only three months remained before the elections, and the Democratic Center, or more specifically the Popular Party, needed to demand a very high compensation. With an ingenuity hard to understand in a man of his age and literary background, he presumed that those present, indignant at the statement which meant such infamy to honor and political ethics, would be moved to shout: "Never that, Your Excellency!" The first to speak was Jose Luis Alvarez, who said categorically that this seemed quite suitable to him.

No one other than he himself can know for certain if Areilza hung his head as he left the Ondarreta. What everyone does know is that at the public auction his name no longer merited any high bid. He had been placed with the house stock to be offered to the customers at some much later date. However, the nighttime dreams of the beheaded victim and of Pio Cabanillas cannot have been very calm on that night of 21 March, for at about midnight a telephone call from La Moncloa informed them that the prime minister would see them the following day.

At 11:00 in the morning on Tuesday, 22 March, Cabanillas and Areilza entered Moncloa Palace. It resembled a scene from "Gone With the Wind," before the confederates declared war. Had the color scheme been more harmonious, the palace would have resembled the mansion of a southern estate owner. The furnishings were expensive, but that is all that can be said for them, and the estate owner, named Suarez Gonzalez, welcomed them with that old affectionate amiability of an individual who makes one laugh, looking into the horse's mouth in order to know its age.

As soon as he had welcomed them, he addressed himself to Areilza to say that he was tremendously disgusted by what Lavilla had told him and he wanted to hear it again. It appears that Osorio had said some untoward things at the home of Ruiz Navarro, unjust to Motrico, comparing him senselessly with Areilza. "I make my apologies, and I assure you, Jose Maria, that you will have them if you wish." And he ended his heartfelt statement with the comment: "It is not good for you (Areilza) and me to seem to be battling for power." Then in a firm, crafty tone, almost as if he would whisper in his ear, he murmured: "You are better qualified than I to head the cabinet."

In classic works, after the first act, in which the plot is always set forth, the second serves to complicate the argument. Referring both to Pio and to Areilza, he told them that it was not advisable to hold meetings

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by provinces (the Popular Party had held some in the Levant), because this tended to diminish the image of the leaders. Then, making his voice mellifluous and friendly, without ceasing to show concern, he spoke a warning about the brutal nature the electoral campaign would have, with personal files on the opponents and (staring hard at one of those present) said, "You ought not run for office and tarnish your image." He then went on to reflect aloud about the Democratic Center, proposing that the ideal men to organize it and transform it into the great party of the government were Manuel Ortiz, Mayor Zaragoza and Salazar Simpson, "who has a chain of gasoline stations," he added as a favorable point, noting the energetic abilities of one who could win important posts in state security. When everything was well organized and planned, the Democratic Center "will ask you to take the lead and use my popularity to help them."

He noted a certain tendency of those facing him to glance away, for he added that according to reliable surveys assessed by such trustworthy men as Rafael Anson and Manuel Ortiz, he personally and his representatives controlled more than 70 percent of the popular votes in Catalonia. "The bankers are awaiting my decision in order to join the group I support." This was a forceful argument directed at those who knew the weight of the pocketbook so well. As of his joining the Democratic Center he wanted an undivided party, "a bloc headed by myself." And giving his voice the affectionate tone one uses with old comrades in carousing and card games, he suggested that it would be well for both to continue in the Center, for thus while they were in the chambers "others of us can devote ourselves to governing the country."

The third act, insofar as neoclassic comedy sets the standard, should bring the resolution, always clear and manifest, understandable both to the servant and to the master. Then he asked them where they were going to run. Pio, irritated, spat out three words: "Orense, for me." "No problem," commented the prime minister. "Madrid, for me," snapped Areilza, like one firing a blank. The prime minister continued to smile, but he stated firmly: "You will lose."

Forty-eight hours later Areilza threw in the towel. He would not run in the 15 June elections.

What to do about the opposition? On 26 March 1976, practically all of the democratic opposition was rallied under the name Democratic Coordination. Two years had passed in which the efforts were divided between two groups, the Democratic Junta and the Platform of Democratic Convergence. This division had some inconsistencies on both sides. While along with the communists in the Junta there were the few ideological comrades of Opus Dei member Calvo Serer, the Maoists of the Revolutionary Organization of Workers and the communist movement were seated beside the Christian democrats of the Basque Nationalist Party (in the Convergence). The March union did not eliminate the inconsistencies, because the very name adopted, "Coordination," left the limits and the scope of the agreement very clear.

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Once again, for Prime Minister Suarez, it was a question of destroying the opposition bloc, and getting the factions to proceed separately, so as to negotiate individually with each of the forces. The process of reform involved the integration of the leftist opposition in the plans, either consciously or by neutralizing it. Therefore the task of ensuring an attitude which would not be belligerent in action was undertaken, respecting the fact that each would have to derive from its supporters and that it would be destructive to attack it.

On 10 August 1976, a month after his appointment, the brand-new prime minister had his first meeting with the secretary general of the PSOE [Spanish Socialist Workers Party], Felipe Gonzalez. During the subsequent days the minister of interior, Martin Villa, the dark guardian of the Catalan failings, since he had been governor of Barcelona, met with the nationalist leader Jordi Pujol. The results of the two interviews gave rise to more substantial reactions in the extreme groups than among the rest of the democratic partners. After his talk with Felipe Gonzalez, Adolfo Suarez ceased to push the contacts with the opposition. The thunder and lightning from the establishment reached so far at that point in the new regime that it was necessary to slow the rate of efforts to penetrate to the other side of the barricade.

On 4 September a great gathering of the united opposition was held. The only possible path was to break with the regime, although dialectical precision required a new term, seemingly taken from the coffers of scholasticism: a break by agreement. In other words, a break with the old regime agreed upon by the various factions, what was to be called by the other side, and with much greater precision, reform agreed upon with the opposition forces. The outcome of the 4 September meeting in Madrid, which brought together more than 30 parties on the state and regional levels, was the drafting of "a political program for a democratic break to launch a constituent period." This meeting, held in the Eurobuilding Hotel, forced Suarez to abandon his reticence. Shortly afterward he met at the home of the social democrat Raul Morodo with one of the key figures in the opposition agreement, Enrique Tierno Galvan. The following day he met again with Felipe Gonzalez, with two unusual witnesses present-- Luis Yanez (PSOE) and Martin Villa (minister of interior). This was just prior to the meeting Adolfo Suarez had with the representatives of the military establishment to explain to them the political reform process.

The opposition arrived at these decisive moments in the negotiations with the regime in a curious situation. It was more than historically justified, for Suarez had been doing by small steps what they had been urging long since. But it lacked any united experience, giving precedence at all times to secret maneuvers and pacts with verbal clauses known only to the leading surgeons. The assistants and the nurses continued to treat the patient without noticing that another individual was now on the operating table. The harshness of illegality strengthened the morale and the spirit of the group, but made political tactics difficult, forcing concentration

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in the hands of a very few to avoid affecting this morale and this spirit in the group, which might still be much needed.

The referendum scheduled for 15 December hung over them, and the illegal political parties were becoming increasingly enmired in a swamp, where it was as difficult to move forward as to retreat. On 6 November the newspapers published the conditions set by the opposition for participation in the referendum: legalization of the parties and central trade unions, amnesty, freedom of expression, assembly and affiliation, dissolution of the Court of Public Order, equal opportunity in the RTVE, elimination of the movement and party control over the consultation of the people. These seven points had little to do with the referendum but a great deal to do with the polemics concerning reform or a break, or more precisely about who was manipulating whom, the government the opposition or vice versa. Although the date was not made official until 24 November, it had already been known for some time in the corridors of politics that the referendum would be held on 15 December. The reason for the delay in the announcement involved only the requirement that the reform law be passed by the Cortes, and this debate was held in the middle of the month of November.

The talks Adolfo Suarez had with opposition political leaders served two needs--to destroy the common front, rather unstable by its own nature, and to exclude the communist party, promising the greatest advantages if his plan to legalize it in a second stage were accepted. As was later evident, the prime minister had planned for that legalization prior to the June elections, but he profited from the phantom of communism to divide and create mistrust in the opposition bloc. It is always cruel to ask a party to sacrifice its own advantage to another. In the end, everyone agreed to do this, and bad conscience made it necessary to search for justification in the past or in recent disputes and misunderstandings.

So matters stood at the time of the Aravaca meeting on 28 November 1976. Areilza, who at that time still had great hopes of being the Karamanlis of the transition period, for his Popular Party was sailing before the wind, summoned the opposition leaders to his home. They were Enrique Tierno Galvan, Santiago Carrillo, Felipe Gonzalez and Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez. Night was already falling, and the guests arrived one by one. The last to come was Carrillo, who knew he was the star of that meeting. Arriving surreptitiously and wearing a horrible wig which made him look like an old-fashioned surrey, he provided an opportunity for breaking the tension with various jokes and jests. Each of them tried on the wig and it is hard to imagine what they must have looked like. It would most likely have best suited Tierno Galvan, with his small toupee, but the count, or Ruiz Jimenez, in a wig, would have looked like Fellini characters.

Lacking any prior agreement, the agenda for the meeting was hazy, involving the conduct to be pursued by the opposition in negotiations with Adolfo Suarez. The host, Areilza, began the meeting by pointing out its

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historic nature, saying that the proof that the Spanish political factions were civilized was demonstrated by the fact that such widely different personalities had come together in his home. Somehow he suggested that it was the regime, which would not allow them to work together publicly, which was not civilized.

When Carrillo took the floor, he launched into a lengthy analysis of the political situation, leading to two conclusions. The country needed a social pact among all the forces of the right, left and center, and this pact could not be achieved if the communist party were left out. Therefore, Felipe Gonzalez started at that point. In his view, to summarize as briefly as possible, matters came down to accepting that the legalization urged by Carrillo was an essential condition for participation in the new game which was beginning, or forging ahead without it, in order to force things from within, and thus agreeing with the government. The secretary general of the PSOE set forth the two options with great clarity: demanding the legalization of the PEC then, or else waiting for a better situation in which that legalization would be possible. "Things are as they are," Felipe concluded, saying that there was thus no option but to choose the second possibility "because Adolfo Suarez will not accept the communists."

Tierno Galvan, who was then the highest leader of the People's Socialist Party (PSP), agreed in a general way with the analysis (much abbreviated here) by Felipe Gonzalez, and added that it was necessary to make contact with Adolfo Suarez and to invite him to a future meeting. There is no need obviously to stress that such a meeting would have had to take place without Carrillo. No one could imagine Adolfo Suarez driving to Areilza's house to negotiate jointly with the opposition. They did not believe such an obvious proof of weakness possible, and those present hardly even considered it. Ruiz Jimenez, for his part, spoke generally about the reform of political life and the need for decisions to be made by a majority. He did not get into the basic problem. Areilza, playing his role as host, had already won a political triumph, and he did not set forth his position clearly either.

Carrillo's sentence, then, had been pronounced. It was then that in a calm voice, with long pauses between his words, the leader of the PCE said the following: "For two months, I have been holding regular talks with Prime Minister Suarez." A smile came to the lips of all those present. The old fox of politics, caught between Scylla and Charybdis, was attempting a ruse to make the others seem ridiculous. No one gave it any importance, and it all ended as it had begun. They agreed on their willingness to continue joint consideration and decided to meet again on another occasion.

Felipe Gonzalez had a number of reasons for thinking as he did. The PSOE felt its status to be inferior to that of the PCE, and as some of its leaders had reiterated, it needed a lead of several months over the

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communists to get its gears properly meshed after years of clandestinity. This lead began to develop when a month later, in December 1976, the 27th Congress of the PSOE was inaugurated in Madrid. Felipe was prepared to "sell out" to the PCE, because it was necessary. Something similar must have been in the mind of Tierno Galvan, whose miniscule party, with no one to the left of it, needed means to win a base, time and resources. For that same reason, but in reverse, Carrillo had sold them out two months earlier.

From the month of September 1976 on, Adolfo Suarez and Santiago Carrillo had been meeting regularly thanks to a singular interlocutor, Jose Mario Arnero, president of the Europa Press news agency, who served as an intermediary between the two. Jose Mario Arnero, a much more important individual than his journalistic post would suggest, was the apex of a curious triangle made up of the Suarez cabinet, the communist party and the U.S. State Department, with which Arnero had always enjoyed considerable prestige as an analyst and accurate forecaster.

While Arnero served as a courier, the public, guided by certain well-advised informers, fixed its accusing eyes on Carmen Diez de Rivera, the personal secretary to Prime Minister Suarez, believing that the amusing story of acceptance of an invitation from Carrillo was obvious proof of pro-communist collusion. The intelligence department of the general staff provided Adolfo Suarez with a file of charges against his secretary, delivered to him by Manuel Ortiz, secretary of state for information, coinciding with Adolfo's trip to Lisbon (November 1976). It led to the dismissal of this worker. Apparently there were contacts between the PCE and Carmen Diez de Rivera, although later than those reported by Arnero. The first of them took place when Carrillo was arrested (22 December 1976) and a group of PCE leaders sought an interview with the prime minister. At that time the secretary general urged Suarez to substitute Carmen for the Arnero contact, for reasons which can readily be understood, and finally Carrillo did have one interview, during the clandestine epoch, with the secretary of the prime minister, in an effort again to remove Arnero from his role as ever-present intermediary.

This role played by Jose Mario Arnero as intermediary would reach its culmination in the month of February 1977. Carrillo had held a secret press conference in Madrid on 10 December, and was arrested 12 days later. He was released after the chief of police, Pastor, gave him a choice between imprisonment or exile. When the answer was imprisonment, the commissioner paid no heed, but said: "You have just chosen freedom." This happened when there were only 24 hours left in the year 1976. Politics in that period resembled a Chaplin film, for the scenes ran by so speedily as to be laughable. The opposition, meanwhile, had organized a negotiating commission representing all of the forces with some weight, to deal directly with Suarez. The elections were a few months away.

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It was within this context that preparations were made for the meeting between the prime minister of the government and the leader of the illegal communist party, Santiago Carrillo. The meeting was held on the evening of 27 February, at the home of Jose Mario Arnero. This was the period just prior to the decision of the when and how of legalizing the communist party.

The decision to meet with Carrillo had been discussed by the king, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda and Adolfo Suarez, although no agreement had been reached as to how it should be done. In the opinion of Torcuato, always obsessed with the image of the state, the interview should be held outside of Spain, thus forcing Carrillo to leave the country, thus keeping the "existing legality" in effect, that same legality applied with speedy rigor by Suarez to the ambassador in Paris, Jose Maria de Lojendio, in August of 1976, when he dismissed him for meeting officially with Carrillo when the latter applied for his Spanish passport. Adolfo believed that to view the matter thus was to confuse the issue.

What was basically in question was which of the two was negotiating. If a meeting were held in Paris, as Torcuato suggested, the prime minister could not attend. Even if the greatest discretion were employed it would not go unnoticed by the foreign intelligence services, always aware of such movements. Torcuato, who wanted to be the individual to conclude the second phase of the transition by legalizing and domesticating the PCE, wanted to meet with Carrillo himself. The two, when all was said and done, had been born in the same place, Gijon, and in approximately the same year.

Adolfo saw the challenge and refused this very legalistic complication of Torcuato's, persuading the king and undertaking to guarantee that no knowledge of the meeting at all would leak out, and even, if all the precautions against indiscretion failed, he would prepare a cover story which would prove to the public that he was not in Madrid on that day. For some days prior to 23 February, the Valencia newspapers reported on the impending visit of Suarez to that city to attend the presentation of his daughter Sonsoles as princess of the fiesta there. At a given moment, the prime minister dropped out of sight and set out for Madrid, where Santiago Carrillo was waiting for him at the home of Jose Mario Arnero.

The meeting lasted about eight hours, and it must be said that the two understood each other perfectly. Each knew what the other needed, and it was easy to exchange merchandise. The legalization required acceptance of the flag and the monarchy, and both things were already underway. In addition, there must be an agreement on social peace, none of these general actions, whatever happened. Carrillo played one of his most skillful hands here, for he demanded that any conflict be communicated so that he could attempt to alleviate it, before any effort was made to settle it otherwise, which in any case gave him a role as the inevitable negotiator of clashes in which he was not a participant and had no interest.

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Adolfo emerged from the talk very satisfied. He was irritated by Carrillo's constant references to God, "if God so desires," "may God assist us," etc., which had shocked him in a man trained in the demonic concept of atheistic and destructive communism.

Carrillo's commitment was a rigid one: he would undertake to control movements which might agitate the life of the country, in exchange for legalization. In the eight hours there had been time even to recount his gallant adventures. Ten days later the communist party was legalized. The majority of the cabinet members learned of the fact from the press, and the naval minister, Admiral Pita da Viega, from the television. He was the only one to resign for this. The legalization, ironically, coincided with the Saturday of Holy Week. Twenty-four hours earlier, on Good Friday, the yoke and the arrows were removed from the facade of the headquarters of the movement at 44 Alcala.

On 15 April elections were announced for a date two months away. The field was cleared of obstacles, and negotiations with the opposition had been concluded successfully. The negotiating commission played a relatively active role during the early months of 1977, although always with the understanding that Prime Minister Suarez was in the foreground.

All that remained now was to guarantee the establishment of a solid government party so that the electoral triumph would be a long-range one. This task was basically the concern of Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, who controlled the Democratic Center strictly with excellent results. On the night of 3 May, Suarez announced that he would run as a candidate in the elections, ending a ridiculous suspense, which had allowed him to enjoy a great capacity to maneuver. "I believe that I should not resign," he said on this occasion, "and I will run without any organizational privilege, without the support of government bodies, and naturally, without any support from the crown." The cynicism of this statement, which some justified on an electoral basis, could not conceal the fact that the group of parties on which he relied at the beginning had no ambition other than portals of the state. Its slow process of taking shape as a political party confirmed this statement. Innumerable evidences of collusion between the state and the UCD were provided throughout the campaign, with such definite failings as that of the secretary of state for information, Manuel Ortiz, who went so far as to pay 650,000 pesetas for a printing bill, under the seal of his department, for UCD propaganda.

The period for the establishment of electoral coalitions was already coming to an end when the UCD presented itself, almost simultaneous with the announcement of the electoral candidacy of the prime minister. It was logical that it should be thus. Suarez and the Center Union shared the same goals of enduring in government and wiping out the traces of the past. The substance of the UCD contained a little of everything, from the Christian Democratic Party of Alvarez de Miranda to the Independent Galician Party of Opus Dei member Meilan Gil, through Garcia Madariaga's liberal

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progressives, the social democrats of Fernandez Ordonez, who in the recent past had been a kind of Trojan horse in the opposition, the Popular Party of Cabanillas, free of any charges, Casado's independent social democrats, probably made up of his family and other professional colleagues, Clavero Arevalo's social liberals, and the Murcia regionalists headed by Perez Crespo, the Canary Island supporters of Olarte and the supporters of Sanchez de Leon in Estremadura.

A few days before the endorsement of both candidacies--that of the party as a coalition and that of the prime minister, a major newspaper carried the front-page headline "Suarez Confirms Candidacy as an Independent for Madrid." Until the last moment the tension was maintained to extract profit from it and, as he had already done on another occasion, to turn his prestige to the benefit of the party coalition.

It was important to him not to have any adversary other than the Popular Alliance to his right, and that the candidates in his party cluster around him. For this reason he called Jose Maria de Areilza on 7 May, at 2:30 in that afternoon, to ask him if he would run. On being told no, he urged him to run for senator for Madrid, tempting the Count of Motrico's ambitions with hints at the presidency of the senate. Some hours still remained, and the matter was left to be dealt with later. Among the various offers, as in the sales offered at large shops, Suarez suggested that he head the slate of deputies for Barcelona.

The afternoon of 7 May was full of surprises for Areilza. Not two hours had passed after the unexpected communication from the prime minister, full of the offer of gifts, as if he were an electoral Father Christmas, when his son Miguel called him from Guipuzcoa to say that the number-three post on the provincial slate of the UCD had been eliminated at a suggestion from Madrid. This surprised him, but at exactly 5:00 in the afternoon, Antonio Senillosa called him in high excitement to say that a certain Espinet, former director general of the urbanism department, had told him that, on instructions from the civil government in Barcelona, he had withdrawn his candidacy voluntarily to avoid being expelled. Senillosa demanded an explanation, and it was given: he was regarded as a "rebel," a "personal friend of Areilza." If he behaved himself they might place him in the senate.

Areilza's boldness was never excessive, and he always prided himself on being a realist. It is possible that, confused by the contradictory information from the calls on that turbulent day in May, he picked up the telephone and called the prime minister again. He could not understand that while Adolfo was urging him to run in Madrid, he would expel his men from other candidacies, unless the offer he made him was nothing but a decoy with a view to eliminating him definitively. When the prime minister answered he could not believe him: "It is not possible that the civil government in Barcelona gave those instructions . . . I will find out about it and call you back immediately." It is said that the next time they spoke by telephone was to exchange holiday greetings.

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The prime minister's confidence that Catalonia would respond to his party favorably was based on the success of the negotiations with Tarradellas. The president of the Generalidad in exile maintained an attitude of expectation and questioning toward Adolfo Suarez, while the man in his confidence in Madrid, Manuel Ortinez, who was the representative in Spain of the Union of Swiss Banks, made contact with Alfonso Osorio. Ortinez and Osorio had known each other in the past when the Catalan was director of the Foreign Currency Institute and Osorio was undersecretary of commerce. They were linked by political ambition and separated by everything else, for while Ortinez was an authentic representative of the Catalan bourgeoisie, Osorio was much closer to men such as his father-in-law, Manuel Arburua, a paradigm of the plateau oligarchy.

Overcoming the resistance of Prime Minister Suarez, Ortinez explained the Catalan situation and how the inclusion of Tarradellas might be a decisive element in tipping the balance to the side of the government and center. This was a surprise to Suarez, because he did not know who Tarradellas was and what he represented, but the certainty and the vigor with which he "sold" the Manuel Ortinez product caught his attention. Adolfo's fears lay more with the reactions his contact with Tarradellas might provoke than the fact in itself. He was particularly concerned about the reaction of the army, always very susceptible where nationalist phenomena were concerned.

It was decided that two experts from the general staff intelligence services would accompany Ortinez to Saint-Martin-le-Beau to talk with Tarradellas in that little French town, and that they would then draft a report for the army. The interview took place in the home of the honorable Tarradellas on 26 November 1976. But the veteran Catalan politician would allow only one of the two representatives of the intelligence service into his home, perhaps taking precautions against the danger of double witnesses. Basically, he regarded himself as an institution and he set conditions. Therefore the decisive meeting between the Spanish state and the Generalidad of Catalonia was attended only by Manuel Ortinez and an officer representing the general staff, trained in the United States and an expert in operations of all kinds. His name was Andres Casinello. He had served Carrero Blanco well and would do the same for Prime Minister Suarez. The man whose actions were decisive in the sudden downfall of Arias Navarro was now serving as intermediary with the Generalidad of Catalonia. In the report he was to draft on his return to Madrid, he included a personal comment worthy of note, in view of its source. "It is a pity that for many years Spain squandered talents such as this."

Months later, Tarradellas traveled to Madrid and met with Suarez. The first meeting was disastrous. The stubbornness of both men was so evident that there was nothing further to say. They rose and ended the meeting. At the gate of the Moncloa Palace, the journalists, avid for information, questioned His Excellency, who told them impassively that "the exchange of views was extremely satisfactory . . . excellent."

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While Tarradellas was speaking these words, Rodolfo Martin Villa was hastening to the office of Suarez, impatient to learn of the results. Adolfo was categorical: "With that stubborn old man nothing can be done." Martin Villa had no option but to go home. As he emerged into the street, the journalists hovering about the gate awaiting some official statement or further opinions approached him with the following words: "Tarradellas has already told us that the interview was satisfactory and that you got along very well. What have you to add?" He did not even answer with his usual mutter. He turned on his heel and went back to the prime minister's office to state: "We are dealing with a man of political stature." He told him about what had happened with the press.

His Excellency paid a visit to the king 24 hours later than the scheduled time because the commander-in-chief of Catalonia, Coloma Gallegos, had voiced an energetic protest and it was necessary to persuade him that nothing had changed. The king then arranged another meeting between Suarez and the president of the Generalidad. When they sat down together again, they understood each other perfectly. The problems Tarradella set forth were formal ones, not matters of content, and Adolfo had never worried very much about form.

The 16 June elections appeared in Adolfo's eyes like a dream so long awaited. He would be prime minister thanks to the popular vote. The path to triumph was clear.

Third Movement (Allegro)--An Instinct, a Nose, an Ambition

He was two months short of 44 years of age when he was appointed prime minister. A reason to feel proud of his career. Franco, who was regarded as the yardstick for all things, had become head of state when he was 18 days older than Suarez was when he became prime minister, if one can speak of age in these early years.

He was 1 meter 77 centimeters tall and weighed 73 kilograms when his time came. Physically he was in good condition, without any ailment worthy of note, although he had had a tendency toward fainting spells when he exercised excessively throughout his career, as well as minor circumstantial pain. Like almost everyone else. He could not be regarded as a man of ideal physical proportions, for his diet in infancy had not been very balanced. Until he underwent a hernia operation he did not begin to grow, and from that time on his stature did not correspond with the interior structure of his body. This gave him a somewhat shrunken appearance which he had to try to correct by means of suits with padded shoulders and height added to the heels of his shoes to make him seem taller. His tailor, Pajares, always took these needs into account.

With time, his face was to become firmer, with some odd lip-compression movements and eye sockets too pronounced for so lean a face. Sometimes his nerves seemed to concentrate in his tongue, forcing him to touch the

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left incisor, as if he felt aggressive impulses and were restraining himself. In his speeches to the Cortes or on television he used the pauses to make that characteristic gesture of pushing out his lower lip with his tongue. Only his eyes betray him, for, needing glasses, he cannot readily distinguish the slighter gestures of his interlocutor, and so maintains a fixed gaze, as if he were drinking in the other's words. The unobservant might not note that one of his eyes is more active than the other while he maintains a fixed stare as if he wanted to make an impression with his attention. This vanity of not wearing spectacles causes his eyebrows to move unevenly while he stares in this seemingly fascinated fashion, and sometimes they expand and contract as if in a yawn.

He does not like to face photographers because he cannot control his eyes and makes seemingly cold and challenging gestures as if to provoke them. The pictures of Suarez looking into the camera are like those of a somewhat timid boy seeking to cover it with boldness. He cannot dissimulate unless his eyes are in the background and other parts of his body take the lead. His nose and his chest are the most disproportionate features in his appearance, appearing as a challenge to moderation and a blemish in a person with such an agreeable physiognomy, undistinguished however for any particular detail, except for his eyes, his weakest and most human aspect.

The lower part of his face is always dark in color, with a heavy beard which his electric razor never fully masters, for he lacks the patience needed to persist for more than three minutes. His hair is the most immobile feature--short, combed sidewise, retaining the same appearance as it had when he was a student in the provinces. Perhaps his hairstyle is somewhat over-prim and fussy, as if he still needed frequent visits to his barber. Before his interviews with Carrero Blanco he always stopped at the barbershop.

His strong features are his mouth and hands. It is they which best respond to his intentions. Adolfo's desires are manifested by a wide range of gestures with these tools. This characteristic limits his capacity to persuade to some extent, for he can only utilize these resources in private, or with a small circle of individuals. Thus he is bewitching in personal contact, face to face and without witnesses, in those places where he can sit just a few meters from his hearers and can use his hands, with the movements of his mouth dominating the rest of his face.

Adolfo's smile always goes along with an open laugh, unless he is nervous. His is no quiet smile, always the lips parted and a gesture of understanding. No, either he laughs or he is uncomfortable. Seriousness, however, gives certain characteristics to his compassionate mouth, as if he were excusing himself and felt the need to pity himself. His laugh was always with him in the Youth Front. Open, confident, sure of himself, in the full knowledge that everything had been said and that agreements needed neither signatures nor pacts. Adolfo makes himself clear more by

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gesture than by anything else. When reflection comes his interlocutor is already at home, convinced that he has won the prime minister's confidence.

His hands always need to be touching something, to move. If he kept them quiet he would have palpitations. He likes to link arms or put his arm across another's shoulders, and even to give imperceptible nudges to indicate agreement. His hands respond to the stimulus of his mouth, while he gazes fixedly or simply while his eyes are elsewhere, betraying him. Because his hands are the most communicative part of his body, no one can carry off an embrace as he can, no one shakes hands in greeting with his vigor, or can even offer a cigarette or a light with that air of intimacy and importance. He is a great actor, an old trait, but very effective.

He has no personal passions outside politics. He lives for, in and with politics from morning till night, but he does not do this with a concept of a professional in public affairs, always interested in social influence or because he is endowed with certain gifts as a leader, but because political power for him is like a roller coaster which picks up speed as one goes along, so that one becomes giddy from the simple fact of going faster. He is not a man with a political calling, but a man with a desire for power.

The purpose of the political parties is to win power, which is not inconsistent with the role played in the leadership of government without directly heading it by various groups and parties. A personality such as that of Adolfo Suarez can never tolerate a party under such conditions. First comes political power and then the interplay of parties, influence or coalitions. In his own words, being a professional politician, a man who began on the lowest levels of the ladder, necessitates regarding power as the measure of all things. Everything is subordinate to that power, and therefore that which helps one to exercise it without hindrance is positive and that which gets in the way must be eliminated. What moves a politician such as this to act? The attraction of power, which like sexuality, produces orgasm. During the early part of his life he had no goal other than to reach the top, and in the second, there could be none other than maintaining and increasing that power. The capacity of the state may be infinite, without limit, except in the equivocal realm of ethics or that of resources. In scholastic thinking the state was a perfect society because it allowed everything and made everything possible. Adolfo pursued his early studies with such texts and intuitively continues to think in this way. Events have proved him right.

What conditions does a career of this sort demand? First of all one must consider what possibilities existed for a man like Adolfo to break into political life in Franco's Spain. For a young man who did not participate in the war, lacking any brilliant professional career, lacking economic means or family relations, it was not easy to penetrate the system under the old regime. The only available path lay in seeking political sponsors:

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Herrero Tejedor, Camilo Alonso Vega, Laureano Lopez Rodo, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda. The curious thing is that as he made progress thanks to this effort to win patronage, none of his limitations was altered. If we except the economic sector, in which obviously he advanced spasmodically as soon as he realized that a political career required a healthy dowry, he made no effort in the other fields. As a lawyer, he pursued some doctoral studies in Madrid (more precisely, "advanced courses," because he did not even bother to transfer his transcript from Salamanca to Madrid, a necessary requirement in order to obtain a doctorate at Alcala de Henares), given by the holder of the chair of labor law, Mr Bayon. But he did this in 1963, and did not make further efforts in this field until his amusing effort to pursue the economics course in 1974. And where family relations were concerned, he married a prudent and honest lady from a level like his own, hardly able to serve as a crutch for a man who aspired to go as far as Adolfo. It was in cultivating his "godfathers" and personal friendships that he scored truly skillful shots. If not beautiful, at least effective.

His contempt for culture and for learning things which might later serve him in the pursuit of politics was so notorious that one must wonder if it was one of his concerns to avoid arousing suspicion by never rising above his very basic cultural level. He never read a book from the first page to the last. On one occasion he was well along in "Papillon" by Henri Charriere, but he tired of it before finishing. His disdain for music was aggravated by a tin ear, as revealed by his inherent inability to learn a language other than Spanish. Although this did not displease or worry him. A little over a year ago he took a subscription to the opera, which he attended with his wife along with another music-loving couple--Fernando Abril and his spouse. They arrived at the Zarzuela theater, took their seats, and the two political personalities left their box five minutes later. He trumpeted the tale to any colleague who would listen: "We left the ladies there, and Fernando and I came to Moncloa to watch the soccer game on the television." His universal ignorance was such that he did not know who Federica Montseny was, and some time ago now he asked one of his colleagues to draft a three-page summary about Gabriel Garcia Marquez and his novel "One Hundred Years of Solitude." His lack of cultivation was such as to surprise an individual as little given to intellectual pretention as the British prime minister Margaret Thatcher when she visited Spain.

However this did not limit his vanity as a politician. A month after his appointment as prime minister he made the famous statement to the periodical PARIS-MATCH, in which he raved on on the subject of Catalan, nuclear physics and cultural problems. Truly it became such a scandal that he denied having said what he did, and has not involved himself in cultural matters since. (Recently a journalist asked what books of Henry Miller's he liked best and he answered impassively: "All of them!")

In order to triumph, a person with such characteristics must have, in addition to personal charm--to which he owes perhaps 60 percent of his

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career--a great sensitivity as to where power lies and how to reach it. As a corollary he must have no scruples or taboos limiting his understanding of the adversary's weak points, or the goal worthy of conflict. It is slow and conscientious work, in which Adolfo's stubborn vanity and capacity for involvement were interlinked. When the goal has been achieved the time has come to present the bill.

In any dictatorial system like that of Franco, there are no promotions except for services to the cause and the individuals who represent it. Thus he climbed step by step as a function of the service he rendered to those he selected as useful to his political career. In the middle of the 1960s his delicate sense of smell guided him towards service, above anything else, to a man who then had no future, but who might one day: Juan Carlos de Borbon. This political choice which, it bears repeating, very few understood at the time, must be regarded as a decision of political foresight and scope, in the light of how events later developed.

To move upward through the process of patronage inevitably required servility and fidelity, if only temporary, to some gentlemen who regarded him as only a servant. And this position as a servant, and therefore harmless, would have to be a disguise worn for as long as is necessary to achieve the goal. In many cases the goal involved being director general, in others minister, but when he wanted to become prime minister, a post which could not be shared with anyone, it should come as no surprise that recourse to adulation, unfulfilled promises, deceit and cunning were not only common currency but the inevitable procedure.

There was but one source of power, and winning it demanded a detailed and consistent plan of work, repeated until it became irreversible. The experts say that a political factor called resentment develops in these processes of political advancement. Professor Maranon studied this subject in connection with the Roman Emperor Tiberius, and he put in writing some reflections which it is worthwhile to summarize. "Resentment is incurable. The only medicine is generosity. And this most noble passion is born of the soul and can therefore increase or decline in one who has it. Generosity cannot be given or administered like a medicine obtained from outside. At first glance it would seem that the resentful man is always a failure--in terms of his own ambition--and triumph should cure him. But in reality, triumph, when it comes, may calm the resentful man but will never cure him. On the contrary, it very often happens that with triumph, the resentful man, far from being cured, grows worse. For triumph appears to him to be the solemn confirmation that his resentment was justified, and that justification increases his old bitterness. This is another of the reasons for the vengeful violence of the resentful when they win power, and the tremendous importance this passion has therefore had to history."

This long quotation casts no light on the nature of the ambition for power, although it does on some of its results. Adolfo Suarez, who came to be

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prime minister due to a coincidence of interests in which he played a subsidiary role, then reversed the role, and in the end his political time came. The long years of patience and service had their reward. When it costs so dear to advance one retains the memory of an elephant, and little by little he proceeded to collect the debts of the past. And yet the memory of them is displeasing. The desire is to begin afresh upon a new life, cruelly punishing yesterday's phantoms appearing in the form of this or that individual, who at this or that time gave assistance, accepted a favor, or smiled disagreeably at one's offering.

The long and torturous path of his life allowed no very stable friends or social relations. He retained some friends from Avila, for example Fernando Alcon, and his brother-in-law, Aurelio Delgado, but these were always relations of need, never of personal intimacy, although on more than one occasion they helped him economically. He was the leader and the others were his modest economic partners.

From the time he was aware of his desire for power, his "intimates" had always been his superiors. First it was Herrero Tejedor, then Camilo Alonso or Carrero Blanco himself, and so developments led him to Torcuato Fernandez Miranda and the king. One needed singular qualities of skill and boldness to maintain these relations, for any false step could lead to the cruel comment that he was nothing but a climber, an upstart, a nothing tacked onto the very long list of those aspiring to public office.

It is a fact that on some occasions men of lesser historical stature shared his social hours and comradeship with him, for example Gustavo Perez Puig or Luis Angel de la Viuda, but they were always occasional, circumstantial, useful colleagues with whom to associate. His world was another world and he sought it zealously. For to begin like him from nothing without plunging into the absolute chasm, as Groucho Marx said, required a patient task of stalking first, encirclement next, until the place was won, never to be surrendered until there was something else available.

Throughout his career his colleagues have maintained a Sicilian sense of honor toward him, based more on the fear of the wrath of power than respect or affection due to the difficult moments shared. His financial "friends" such as Tarruella, Van de Walle, or Graullera have had different fates. Tarruella lost the favor formerly enjoyed, Van de Walle is maintaining the relations which were once established and it does not seem likely they will be broken. The doors of the Moncloa Palace were closed to Graullera, the man of the seven veils and the murky incidents, after certain articles appeared charging him with peculiar transfers of funds in which Aurelio Delgado was also involved, and Graullera has had to beg for audiences with his old friend. If Graullera were to talk, the experts say. But Graullera will never do that because this Sicilian sense of honor, if not reciprocal, must be respected to the end.

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Then there were his colleagues in power. Astride between the family and his personal secretariat was Aurelio Delgado Martin, his brother-in-law and secretary, a man of rough appearance who could make everything seem like a rural fair, knowing the value of a cow, a lamb, a ranch or strong currency. He is the famous "Lito," who fired Suarez with adrenalin every morning, the only one to receive from him aggressive and seemingly inconsiderate treatment, although he was faithfulness personified, and when all was said and done he was not impressed by words, for he bore on his shoulders things which could do harm to the interests of the prime minister. Aurelio was a country fellow, from Bergohondo, and he turned up his nose at nothing, particularly business, money, buying and selling goods of all kinds. More than a personal secretary, he has been the multi-faceted treasurer, amanuensis, accountant, telephone receptionist, organizer of trips and leisure time. For a man with Adolfo's political characteristics, his brother-in-law has the most precious quality anyone could have--he is family. Blood ties are the only guarantee of permanence.

His assistants in second rank include Julita Martinez de la Fuente, a veteran secretary who has been with him since the '60s at the secretariat general of the movement. He inherited her from Fernando Herrero Tejedor. And then there are three new men, without a past--Alberto Aza, Jose Coderch and Bregulart, strict diplomatic professionals who correct the daily ventures of the prime minister as best they can. Recently Recorte, of similar background, joined them.

Adolfo does not like to be reminded of the past. The only existing biography, a kind of photograph album with commentary, was organized by some clever fellows who succeeded in placing with the French publishing house Hachette an unsaleable product, which, in an unusual omission, is not included in its catalog. The idea came from the man who was then technical secretary general of the Ministry of Information and Tourism, Jaime de Urzaiz, an expert in public relations. It was to be a collection which would include the biographies of Jimmy Carter, Valery Giscard d'Estaing and other world leaders. The vanity of the politician is more potent than reason, and there emerged a strange publication worthy of incorporation in the annals of historical mystification.

Adolfo's vanity is not only the omnipotence of the man in government, but something more abstruse, on occasion evidenced by the cultural references he makes in his speeches or the ridiculing of his team or the setting of goals which demand attributes above his level. Another man in public relations, a veteran servant of Suarez, Rafael Anson, was the operator of one of those bold enterprises into which the vain plunge.

In the middle of the year 1978 an announcement surprised all both near and far. The Norwegian parliament was to give the Nobel Peace Prize to Prime Minister Suarez. It was then in fact given to Sadat and Begin, but for several weeks the attention of the country was focused on Suarez, a certain candidate for the 1978 Nobel Peace Prize. The invention was as

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simple as a child's game, although obviously more costly. Rafael Anson got in touch with Norwegian financier Trygve Brudevold, the representative of one of the largest fortunes in the Nordic countries, and he sent to all the newspapers in his country an article singing the praises of Prime Minister Suarez and all of the Spaniards who had made possible democratic reform. This was the official nomination of Prime Minister Suarez for the Nobel Prize, in eager competition with Sadat and Begin.

Had Adolfo's dream become a reality, the official announcement of the news might have caused him difficulties, for the king, who embodied the political reform, might have felt left out. The triumph of Suarez would create an unnecessary misunderstanding. As the Greek Cypriot refrain has it, "While he still has a tooth, the fox will not be merciful." In his capacity as a skillful peddler of promises, always different and always the same, Adolfo had greater ambitions, and dreamed of projecting himself farther.

When his projects are completed and life smiles upon him he becomes charming and seems to grow and express himself. If things do not go well he turns in upon himself, tends to complain and to sicken and needs to be cared for. It is then that Amparo Illana, his wife, plays her role. She is a timid woman with some mental problems, especially since her fifth confinement, after which she could have no more children. She is a woman more sensitive to the outer world than her husband, inconsistent in character and obsessed with religion in an irrational, fanatic fashion which led to a quarrel when the prime minister legalized the communist party. She will not tolerate separated or divorced persons in her presence.

In his darkest moments Adolfo likes to repeat a favorite phrase. "It's always possible they will give me work on the last floor of the British court," because he has no doubt that above everything else he is a "salesman." When he has had enough of this exhausting business function he turns to his children. He feels for them, especially his daughter Amparo, the typical passion of a father whose childhood was difficult and who tries in every way to make that of his children smooth. They have been educated at the Retamar school, affiliated with the Opus Dei, and he not infrequently spends time with them, playing with them and recovering strength for the constant battle which heading the cabinet represents.

Despite his political coldness he is an emotional man. In fact, he lets himself go when he cries and is much inclined to fits of weeping. Adolfo is one of those men who needs to weep from time to time to regain balance, but cannot do so because his vanity and his image prevent it. When he dedicated his chalet in the outskirts of Avila he could not restrain himself, and burst into tears. This home was too full of symbols for him to easily avoid emotion. He had just built the house on a privileged site, against the great ramparts, relying thereupon and utilizing that city legend as a part of his home. This was the symbolic gesture of the winner

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returning to the city which rejected him in his adolescence, returning to take his stand in the best site in Avila, so that no one could doubt his triumph. Basically, it is likely that the fit of weeping ending one of the moments of greatest significance to him was but an emotional discharge, inevitable for the great actor who knows his resources and how to use them at the proper time. There are two superimposed roles on the surface for every politician: the seller of cloth who vaunts his goods and the actor who plays the role of a simple man, as natural as ourselves. Adolfo Suarez is what we want him to be.

Fourth Movement (Andante Cantabile)--Power Has a Sickly-Sweet Smell

2 March 1979 (Friday)

"Congratulations, Mr Prime Minister! We owe it all to you, Mr Prime Minister! Thank you, Mr Prime Minister! Yes, it is true, I am much moved, Mr Prime Minister . . . Congratulations, Mr Prime Minister!" He replaced the telephone and looked at the clock, for moments such as these require precision. Five-thirty a.m. An historic date. The Democratic Center Union had just won the first elections under the constitutional democracy. He felt within himself a statesman's longing. He had always wondered what strength inspired a Churchill when he said the words "blood, sweat and tears" or Napoleon himself, twisting slightly, with his hand at his brow and a brilliance which flashed from the jewel in his ring as he gazed at the pyramids: "Soldiers, the eyes of 40 centuries are upon us!" And now he was experiencing it for himself, his heart in his mouth, giving him a strange sensation of strength, as if history were focused in the body of a single being, and he was emerging revived. When he put down the telephone and looked at the clock, his movements were cold and majestic, for he felt himself to be an inseparable part of the epic, seeing the expectant faces observing him from the commonplace status of daily life. Journalists. Poor scribblers of what others would consume. Thus he gazed at them without smiling, for the moment was sublime, one of those which makes an impression, and did not address himself to anyone in particular, but to all, the vast journalistic horde gathered there with their ridiculous microphones and pocket tape recorders. "The Democratic Center Union will govern alone!"

Then indeed he smiled. Just a rictus, so that they could see the superiority conferred by knowing oneself to be a part of the history of Spain. They had just talked with the prime minister, no one had the slightest doubt. The halls of the Eurobuilding, vaguely elegant although lacking in style, were the focus of his distant gaze, while the humble servants of the microphones and tape recorders dared to ask if any political party was seeking to maintain stable relations with the winners. He did not even look at them, for on earlier occasions he had already noticed that in general all these young fellows looked so much alike that it was hard to tell one from the other. He responded without moving his lips, as

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important men do. "If we open the ticket window there will be a long line." And with a gesture of finality he obliged them to open a path so that he could leave the group.

The man in question was Rafael Arias Salgado, the highest official of the Democratic Center Union, with the support of the prime minister--a young man of 37, secretary general of the party, of the great party which had just won the elections. He had studied at the Pilar School, the virginal source of future leaders in public affairs. And under the sign of a pure vocation, he had gone into the diplomatic service, the Christian democratic youth groups of Jimenez Fernandez, and marriage with a daughter of Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez. He wore his hair like Adolfo Suarez and sometimes attempted to be charming like Adolfo Suarez. His task was made more difficult by being in all ways too small: eyes, mouth, stature, and ears somewhat out of proportion to so small a face. He surpassed the prime minister in a certain kind of excellence and a distant tone obtained through and thanks to his calling, particularly diplomacy.

Someone mentioned, as he proceeded in the direction of Fernandez Ordonez, who had just entered the hall, something about what Felipe Gonzalez had said about the closeness of the results between the socialists and themselves. Poor people, how could they aspire to govern if they did not in these early-morning hours know who had really won? He ascribed no importance to it, irrelevancy from an ill-informed young man. Who could now remove one iota of his satisfaction, the smallest particle of his awareness of being launched into the great universe of history. For this reason he decided to withdraw and abandon that atmosphere loaded with resentment, the frustration of so many who were defeated and wanted to dampen his enthusiasm, his liberating impulse. No one knows what happens in the heart of a secretary general when his party has won. No one has described anything like it, because the intellectuals, those who write, always lose.

He spent a good part of the day between his bed and the telephone. In his home his habits were well enough known to know who should be allowed to awaken him and who should abandon the attempt to talk to him, which always gave him the impression of detracting from the natural grandeur of the victory. In addition there are always those ridiculous beings who believe that congratulations are like a visiting card. They are those who try to steal, or more miserably still to collect, the scraps of the great laurel wreaths of the winners.

When the afternoon was well along they awakened him to tell him a very funny story. "At the meeting, you know, of the important fellows, the minister of interior, you know? The one who always likes to boast that he knows everything--Martin Villa had said, unsmiling, of course, that we, the Democratic Center Union, would lose the municipal elections in the main cities, and so, and you are hearing it just as it happened--no one dared laugh, because it would have seemed like a personal insult to the

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minister, but I can assure you that the prime minister looked at him in a way--well, in a word, I don't think he was at all certain of anything, you see what I mean, don't you?"

14 March 1979 (Wednesday)

The airplane landed at 8:50 in the morning, and the group of ministers milled about the VIP lounge at the airport clustered about Fernando Abril Martorell and General Gutierrez Mellado, who were talking some distance away from the others. Prime Minister Suarez was arriving after four days in Venezuela, where he had been a guest at the inauguration of the president of that republic, Luis Herrera Campins.

This was a bad business, a bad business. The two men who had close relations with Venezuela, Rafael Anson and Augustin Rodriguez Sahagun, both somewhat less than authentic representatives of the Democratic Center Union, had supported the defeated candidate Luis Pineruela. Rarely could Adolfo recall such substantial meddling. Venezuela meant financing, energy, a political and economic bridge with the Americas. Rafael Anson had done nothing more nor less than to commit himself to public relations for Pineruela, which, as Adolfo learned through diplomatic channels, won him an ironic telegram in the Bolivar style from Herrera Campins thanking him for directing the campaign of his adversary, since otherwise victory would have been more difficult.

In any other situation, without this background, any minister with minimal qualifications could perfectly well have represented the Spanish government, but the talent of Rafael Anson and the negotiations of Rodriguez Sahagun, minister of industry, made a higher-level diplomatic effort necessary. As the trip had not exactly been of the unforgettable type, as is said in the circumstantial slang of mutual praise, Adolfo Suarez got off the plane rather anxious to return to domestic politics. He greeted everyone effusively, and taking the arm of Abril Martorell, asked him to be at the Moncloa Palace three hours later without fail. He did not need to add anything further because they were surrounded by ministers and as they were all hollow-eyed because of having been up with the chickens, he merely stressed his impression of the success of the "American venture."

Adolfo noted that they seemed very nervous, perhaps because of the early hour, and because they gazed at him with gestures revealing fear and a certain fright at the idea that they might not be necessary. The overwhelming success of the legislative elections had them more concerned than before they were won. On turning the corner, on 3 April to be precise, the victory in the municipalities was certain, but possibly the greatest concern in the minds of these men, Suarez thought, had more to do with their continuity as cabinet members than their militant passion.

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When Abril Martorell sat down in Adolfo's office at La Moncloa, he was telling him in that merciless tone characteristic of him of the personal foibles of his colleagues in the cabinet. While Adolfo paced the room as if measuring the distance between the walls, Abril brought him up to date on the various rumors in the Madrid court. The main items were already familiar to him, for it was for this reason he maintained constant contact with the departments in his office, but the details never appeared in the departmental reports. The government crisis was at hand and the ministers, according to Fernando, were afraid to ask Adolfo whether he was happy with them or not. More than one had asked Abril, imagine that, if the prime minister viewed them favorably. He answered that they would know that when the appointments came out in the BOLETIN OFICIAL DEL ESTADO.

Adolfo ceased his pacing and came to a halt in front of Fernando, while he was telling him of the statements by Rodolfo Martin Villa. He had told a newspaper in Leon that his "personal, professional and family desire" was not to be included in the new cabinet. After he told him that, Fernando noted that Adolfo resumed his striding, but more slowly and without seeming concern with the rest of what he had to say.

If Rodolfo made such a statement it was a return to his old ambition. He wanted to wage the battle against Abril Martorell, aspiring to a post as deputy prime minister, Adolfo was thinking. He did not make the comment aloud, for Fernando would have willingly launched an attack on the minister of the interior, making, as was his custom, a whole list of charges against the sinister minister. Adolfo knew him very well. No one was as faithful as Martin Villa in words, but in deeds he did what he wanted, although he always appeared to accept the prime minister's suggestions.

Abril realized that the prime minister considered their talk ended when he reminded him that they had an appointment with the king in the afternoon. They knew each other too well to need to be more explicit. "I'll just say hello to Amparo," he said. Then he withdrew and set off down the hall, and when he found her, Marisa, his own wife, was there. Truly they were very close, with the enthusiasm both felt for the Opus Dei. They were like a married couple in their understanding. Marisa was to Amparo what he was to Adolfo.

21 March 1979 (Wednesday)

At 9:00 in the evening the executive committee of the Democratic Center Union met. It could have been a council of ministers meeting had it not been for a pair of new faces seen among the cabinet veterans, and because, as compared to the great piles of papers at the council meetings, there were only a few sheets in front of each person present at this one.

The meeting began when the prime minister arrived. He made them wait more than half an hour and their patience revealed a certain anxiety, as if they had fallen into disgrace and the prime minister wanted to bring it

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home to them. There was one who commented, in a clearly audible voice, that he felt ashamed at meetings such as this because they added to the prime minister's work, about which he really felt badly. The others agreed with nods, not too certain whether they should say "Of course, of course" out loud or whether it was better to leave things as they were and avoid making too much of it.

Something was wrong that day, for the prime minister, although he greeted everyone with one of the comradely gestures so typical of him, did not, as he had on other occasions, joke with those present. Night had already fallen, and the day must have been too tense for the president to anticipate gazing again at the same old everyday faces. Someone once commented that the most tiresome thing for a man such as Adolfo was seeing the same faces all through the year. Except for his brother-in-law Aurelio Delgado, who sometimes served as a lightning rod for his vexation, the rest needed to be alternated in order to facilitate his digestion.

The absence of General Gutierrez Mellado from the party meeting caused those present to relax a little. At the council of ministers meetings, when someone insisted on his argument and became self-important, the general's gaze would begin to stray to the pictures, the walls and the chandeliers, an unmistakable sign of the buildup of adrenalin, which would make itself felt when the time came for him to take coffee with the prime minister. At such times almost everyone pulled in his horns and cut his speech short. In this matter Gutierrez Mellado got the better of Fernando Abril, because the latter sometimes failed to restrain himself or interrupted with some untimely or ridiculous question. He lacked military experience.

The subjects which the prime minister brought up, directly and harshly, involved the inauguration and appointments of the president of the Cortes and the senate. As he did not merely set forth the questions, but continued to speak and provided the answers, those present hastened to add arguments to the weighty and lucid considerations voiced. The occasion of the inauguration should be utilized to show that the recent electoral triumph of the Democratic Center Union was not merely a party success, and that the other political groups in the chamber should accept without discussion the fact that the prime minister was the leader the country needed for the coming year. The regional candidates had won their seats, yet another reason for these groups to add their support to the views of the Center Union. The prime minister wanted to make it very clear that the overwhelming socialist defeat, the greater because they had candidly admitted the defeat after weeks of favoring hypothetical democratic triumphs, would become Biblical, he said, when the UCD won the support of certain natural allies, such as the Catalans in the Convergence and some peevish so-called social democrats. And he knew very well that his words were, as that poet so often quoted on the television these days said, double-edged swords. It would be necessary to force the socialists to throw their lot in with the communist camp, which would weaken them in the public view, and thus, he

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commented in conclusion while staring fixedly at Rodolfo Martin Villa, we could render a most effective service to our campaign for the municipalities. As Rodolfo never looked up, he did not realize that this was a reference to those who doubted the overwhelming victory awaiting the UCD in the imminent municipal elections. Or he acted as if he did not realize.

Landelino Lavilla and Cecilio Valverde would be the presidents of the congress and the senate, a proposal which seemed fine to everyone, and which had it been known a few hours earlier might have averted one unorthodox comment by one of those present who dared, before the prime minister arrived, naturally, to suggest that possibly Alvarez de Miranda, "with the experience accumulated in almost a whole disastrous year, would still be better." And the speaker did not say this due to any special attraction to the figure of Fernandez Alvarez de Miranda, a Christian democrat all his life, but because he had noted that Adolfo Suarez had asked Alvarez de Miranda to call upon him the preceding Saturday, which was interpreted as an indication that he would keep him in his post as president of the Cortes, while exactly the opposite was the case. Adolfo had thanked him for the services rendered.

The aggressive and provocative tone adopted by the prime minister when he spoke of unity among the party leaders surprised everyone. He dismissed the prospect of any threat with a phrase. The argument might have been regarded as ill-intended, but it was effective. No one was to serve as a Trojan horse for the defeated socialists with untimely public criticism.

24 March 1979 (Saturday)

The king began to hold interviews with a view to the appointment of the prime minister. He could be no other than Adolfo Suarez, but the new democratic habits required that he summon all group heads, from the greatest to the smallest, to the Zarzuela Palace. There were even party heads whose parliamentary representation was limited to themselves.

Adolfo arrived at a rather early hour, and he was very pleased that morning because in the past few days he had made some decisions. Although he planned to keep them secret until they became inevitable, the king had to know about them. With regard to the opposition, which was demanding a debate prior to the investiture, he thought that the victory belonged to the Democratic Center Union alone, and that not an iota of it should be surrendered to those defeated. This he believed and this he had then demonstrated legally to the new president of the Cortes, Landelino Lavilla.

The king was soliciting his opinion, and then he could not resist the temptation to tell His Majesty the anecdote going around, which would probably remain with Landelino throughout his career. The legislature had begun its session the preceding day and the oldest deputy, PSOE worker Maximo Rodriguez Valverde, when reading the name of the man elected to

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serve as president of the Cortes, said "Ladilla" [louse] instead of Lavilla, showing that the workers always have the same evil thoughts, and that with this gesture in bad taste he sought to dim his day of splendor. But now as he told the story, he could imagine Landelino's hawklike gaze resting on the offender as if he would like to strip his hide. Such a statement to a man of the Catholic Propagandists Association nearly split Adolfo's sides. The bad thing was that the joke threatened to attach a nickname to a man who had done him so many good services, and there is no way to maintain authority if one becomes the butt of ridicule.

As he proceeded to his car, Adolfo met Felipe Gonzalez, who was on his way to see the king. He joked with him about the youth and time necessary to win power, and Felipe, as always, took it in the Seville fashion with a half-smile and a comment that old age is a bad adviser.

Adolfo liked the leader of the Socialist Party, for he was a straightforward, sympathetic young man who had had more time than he to enjoy living. Adolfo reflected that he had fallen upon easier times than he himself. But he had doubts. From some questions the king had asked him he concluded that he liked the young man. He lacked his skill, but he was learning. He reminded him of his own early days, although he had always wondered how this young fellow could tolerate a man with such menopausal problems as Alfonso Guerra beside him. If his Fernando Abril had allowed himself one-tenth of Guerra's impertinences, he would now be back in land reorganization.

Felipe asked him for news of the illness of Joaquin Garrigues, and this surprised him, for the truth was that it had been several days since he had thought about his minister of transportation. An obscure illness with probably irreversible effects, some doctors said, had put Joaquin Garrigues in the Concepcion Clinic. Although he had commented to Felipe that the electoral triumph of the UCD had the capacity to cure all ailments, an irony the sense of which the young Gonzalez failed to grasp, Adolfo had to admit that when he visited his minister he found him so sharp in his questions that it seemed as if his illness had given him understanding about many things. He had even ventured some comments to which Adolfo responded cheerfully, for with a sick man one must not be harsh. But they were noteworthy for their indifference, as if none of it mattered to him and he lacked the respect to which a prime minister was entitled. Garrigues liked to say that he was like the protagonist in "I, Claudius," and Suarez supposed that he must be referring to a television series which Amparo had mentioned to him. He had always seemed to him a man not to be trusted too much, for if indeed in his activities as minister he measured up to what the members of his cabinet expected of him, there was something that suggested a man who had not suffered in life, for whom everything had always gone as he wanted. He had never liked well-behaved children, and Joaquin Garrigues prided himself on being that. In addition, he had a perfect understanding with Fernandez Ordonez, and they sat together in the council meetings, nudging each other and laughing without any respect for

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the place and the posts they held. For example, he was not at all pleased that time they interrupted a speech by Rodriguez Sahagun to wonder, in a voice which could be heard by everyone present, who Sahagun's barber might be. To tell the truth, Sahagun resembled a crazy bird. Probably he himself did not hear, but the prime minister never missed a gesture by those present, and he thought that if today they made fun of Sahagun, tomorrow he might be the victim. At the time, appointing a Garrigues minister seemed to him a personal triumph. The Garrigues family gave the same tone to the new era in Spain as the Oriols had in the days of Franco. They were a family treasure.

25 March 1979 (Sunday)

He had been told it would come out in the Sunday edition. Martin Villa picked up the daily ABC before breakfast. Since he was minister of interior, no one should be surprised that he was informed in advance of things which would appear in the newspapers. There are few pleasures like picking up a newspaper and seeing what one expects to see. This time the pleasure was orgiastic, because it dealt with the pages of a book by Pedro J. Ramirez entitled "How the 1979 Elections Were Won," on the subject of the negotiations between the Socialist Party and the treasury minister, Francisco Fernandez Ordonez.

The revelations in the book were nothing new to Rodolfo. He had followed them from the very first with interest and a certain mistrust, but he believed that publishing them would do nothing but exaggerate the government party crisis before the elections, and thus do harm to the government's image. He did not like Fernandez Ordonez as a person. He had never trusted him if indeed he ever trusted anyone other than his wife, Maripl.

According to Pedro J. Ramirez, the treasury minister had dined on a most important occasion, along with one of his ministerial colleagues, Garcia Diez, with Felipe Gonzalez and other Socialist Party leaders. The famous dinners at the home of the socialist Helga Soto had attracted the attention of the minister of interior for a time, but each time they seemed to become more like the affairs at the Jockey Restaurant in the Arias Navarro epoch than state conspiracies.

The duplicity of Fernandez Ordonez seemed to Rodolfo to lie in an argument of much greater importance than anything else. He, who could not boast of being a brave man, had been tested on occasion. First of all there was his activity during the period of the Commission of the Nine, that united opposition group which negotiated the political transition with the prime minister. Initially he was surprised when the prime minister prided himself on being better informed than the minister of interior himself on the steps and decisions of that successful commission. It was not difficult to find out which of the nine kept Suarez up to date on the smallest details, putting in his hands the tool of which he himself as minister of security and the interior should basically have had the use.

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It was as simple as picking up the telephone, as innocent as dialing the number of the office of the prime minister, as human as a pact between political leaders with unlimited ambition--thus the false dilemma could be resolved. Fernandez Ordonez talked to Adolfo Suarez before and after each meeting of the Nine, and all the participants in both groups turned a blind eye.

Martin Villa, who regarded himself as an authentic living archive, thought that what had given Fernandez Ordonez his stature and his much-vaunted democratic importance had been nothing other than the incidents in Malaga. In the month of December 1977, a young man had been killed by police bullets during a demonstration for Andalusian autonomy. The matter appeared to be an obscure and delicate one because the behavior of the police forces on that occasion could not be justified in any way. Rodolfo regarded this conduct as the perquisites of office, nor did he worry excessively about "incidents" such as these, as he liked to say on such occasions. It was not long before the governor of the province called him to give him a report on the situation. All of the leftist political forces had organized a massive funeral for the dead young man, and the atmosphere was too explosive for the planned visit of the minister of treasury to the province, where he was to inaugurate some secondary projects. The concern of the governor at that time was solely to guarantee order before and after the funeral, at which large crowds were expected, and for this reason he suggested to his superior, Rodolfo Martin Villa, that as a colleague of the minister of the treasury, he inform him of his situation and suggest that he postpone his visit to Malaga.

Martin Villa did so. When the delicate situation in Malaga was explained to him, Fernandez Ordonez proved understanding, and agreed to the "suggestion of the governor," because Martin Villa did not want to have the finger pointed at him as the source of the idea. The treasury minister willingly canceled his visit. Rodolfo, full of satisfaction, conveyed the news to Malaga and everyone settled back to await the course of events. The following day, Martin Villa could not get over his astonishment on reading the statement given out by the Ministry of Treasury describing the suspension of his visit to Malaga by the minister as a gesture of homage to the young man killed.

He could not conceal the fact that the article in the ABC by Pedro J. Ramirez filled him with satisfaction. That evening he dined with a group of colleagues, and refused to express any view on the subject, for the battle had been launched and the best thing was to stay on the sidelines. The other problem which obsessed him was the investiture. He let them all talk until finally everyone turned to him, confident that he would indicate the direction in which things would move. But Rodolfo, aware that his words would have an echo reaching as far as the Moncloa Palace, said impassively: "Whether there is discussion prior to the investiture or not, the prime minister will prove right." No one said anything until the dessert was served.

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30 March 1979 (Friday)

It was just past noon when the president of the Cortes, Landelino Lavilla, stated in the dry voice of a priest during introit: "Having resolved that matter . . ." after all the parliamentary groups, except that of the government, had signed an agreement asking for parliamentary debate.

He did not have time to complete his sentence because he was prevented by the stamping in the chamber. Half of those present had taken offense at his words. That the discretionary powers of the president of the Cortes could be used to squelch the petition by the various parliamentary groups might be understood, but extending a blessing to those present as if they were all in agreement seemed to them too much.

At that point Suarez realized that a mistake had been made in the planning of the investiture. A difficult period was approaching, when what he had prepared was a speech full of homely references. His parliamentary euphoria had dealt him a bad turn. The mistake in tactics brought about something unprecedented in the Cortes: all of the parliamentary groups formed a bloc against the Democratic Center Union. Apart from what a dangerous example might mean, the decline in the public image might affect the coming municipal elections, exactly the opposite of what had been planned. The effort to wrest the lead from the other parties had overshot. Shutting their mouths forced them to create a greater disturbance.

He had dreamed of a canopied investiture, as a journalist dubbed it, and in the end he had to leave the church through the sacristy. He was aware of it as, impassive, he heard of the stamping of the swollen ranks of those defeated on 1 March. While he climbed the steps to give his address, dozens of newspapers were opened up on his left as evidence of indifference to his words.

For more than an hour he read, without much enthusiasm, the text prepared for him by Rafael Arias Salgado, that young man who ran the Democratic Center Union as if it were an English pub. He thought he remembered that it was Rodolfo Martin Villa, who always supplied the details from his unassailable memory, who had told him that this same Rafael Arias had drafted the editorial in the periodical CUADERNOS PARA EL DIALOGO on another equally memorable occasion, his appointment by the king as prime minister of the government. Only on that occasion he was "against" while now he was "for." But life brings these changes, and the young man had fully repented for his intrigues in other eras. His fidelity today had the weight of gold.

The fact that the Socialist Party of Andalusia supported Suarez in creating this nutritious stew, an independent parliamentary group, did not conceal their lack of enthusiasm. Each of the minutes his enemies used to attack his conduct and his programs were like sword thrusts. These damnable people were trying to besmirch the most magnificent day of his life, the

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first time he had appeared as prime minister owing nothing to anyone except the leaden weight of the votes. And they were succeeding. The municipal elections were now the least of it. It was a question of his prestige as leader, for the words of his enemies rang in his head as if they were blows.

At 11:00 that night, after the cold shower administered by the chamber, Adolfo spoke again, answering the spokesmen of the various groups. "You do not seem to have realized that the program I have presented is the electoral program of the UDC, which won the majority of votes in the past election." He was indignant to have to remind them of it. It mattered little that 183 deputies voted in support of his candidacy as prime minister. The 149 negative votes would achieve their purpose, leaving him wounded when it came to the parliament.

What hurt him most was the recollection of the socialists in his past. He thought he had made a pact with them so that this subject would never come up again and they had produced it at the most awkward moment. Tired and pained by the error in planning, which was his own, although in his heart he pushed the responsibility on Landelino Lavilla, who had not foreseen this confusion, for the first and only time he summarized his life as a hunter describes the times he practiced deception. "I continue to be proud of my political history. I do not feel in any way dishonest. I have sought to achieve a transition to democracy and I have done so by relying on the laws." This phrase he had heard so often from Fernandez Miranda that he had it by heart. "I do not take offense. I have been vice secretary general of the movement, director general of the RTVE, civil governor and provincial chief, section chief and department head." After saying that he regretted it, but he could not correct it, for that would have been worse. "I have worked hard, and now I am prime minister of the government." His experience as representative in the Cortes in the old days had done him a bad turn. He promised himself that more than one of those laughing now would pay for it, swallowing to the dregs some of the things which had come to light now. At that moment he made a decision. The next cabinet would have no cracks, would be monolithic.

31 March 1979 (Saturday)

The first to enter the Moncloa Palace, summoned by Adolfo to begin the discussions about the new cabinet, was Rodolfo Martin Villa. If we bear in mind that both Fernando Abril and Gutierrez Mellado, above him on the ladder, were frequent visitors there, there is nothing abnormal in the fact that the minister of interior was the first on the list. Joaquin Garrigues, for his part, already knew, for the prime minister had told him so, that he would remain in the cabinet. To remove him from his post now that he was ill would not only have been a cruel gesture viewed askance by all, but also unnecessary, for after his medical operations Joaquin would not be the same fully aggressive man, eager to conspire, who had signed into the clinic.

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Rodolfo and Suarez understood each other rather well, if an understanding of the priorities in their respective ambitions can be called understanding. Martin Villa might go far, but becoming prime minister of the government was in the realm of the miraculous, and Adolfo knew that after his own, another miracle was not likely. Fatima does not appear twice in the same place. The two understood that life had dictated that they proceed parallel. Adolfo recalled the admiration he felt for Rodolfo in the Carrero Blanco years, when Martin Villa was secretary general of the vertical trade union. On one occasion, a group of young men of the regime, the majority of them opposed to the Opus Dei, signed a letter protesting against the admiral's backward statements. Although the message was full of Franco's phrases, it outraged Carrero, and so, to an even greater extent, did its publication in ABC, headed by Luis Maria Anson. This letter went down in the little history of the Franco era improperly identified as the "letter of the 40," because there were supposedly that many signatories. It was inaccurate because in fact there were only 39. Rodolfo Martin Villa, who had summoned the organizers to his office on the Paseo del Prado, neither appeared nor signed his name. This incident had held the attention of Suarez, because of the cunning and contempt for a promise it revealed.

In Martin Villa Adolfo saw an incredible flexibility, especially when it came to deceiving his colleagues about the basis of the positions he adopted, when once in awhile he did. In October of 1974 he still prided himself on always having on display a photograph of Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, dominating his office and his coy living room at home. What had not pleased Adolfo, for which reason he kept him somewhat removed from his circle of friends for some time, had been the meeting Rodolfo held with his team on 2 July 1976 at the main trade union building, where he let slip the statement "Nothing can be done with Suarez," at that time just recently appointed prime minister. He was meeting with his closest colleagues, and no one had any doubt that Suarez did not represent a step forward for them. Those present, apart from Rodolfo's private secretary, could only have been Jesus Sancho Rof, Socis Humbert (former mayor of Barcelona), Francisco Guerrero (director general of foreign relations for the trade union organizations) and Fabian Marquez (director of the trade union education centers). In those days news of stands taken spread like wildfire and the matter reached the ears of the prime minister, who was not long in causing them to change their views, without forgetting the earlier thrust. Adolfo was too harrassed to let the wound dominate his actions, but the time would come for cauterizing it.

Another category was added to the list of charges against Martin Villa when he dismissed his friend Luis Angel de la Viuda as head of the trade union periodical PUEBLO, replacing him with the contradictory Fernandez Figueroa, who had in his favor only the recommendation given him by the Augustinian Father Honorio. Although the matter did not concern him greatly, he regarded it as a gesture inconsiderate to himself, as he had always been the protector of Luis Angel de la Viuda.

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As Rodolfo had already made his desire to retire from the cabinet public, the conversation was not long. Suarez offered him the public works post, to "help him" regain an image which had deteriorated sadly. It is a curious fact that it was again Rafael Anson who was responsible, for pay, naturally, for the public image of Martin Villa as minister of the interior. Where a failure occurred, one could look for Rafael Anson in the background.

Rodolfo for his part again repeated his arguments in favor of retirement, although he suggested that only a post as deputy prime minister could serve as an antidote for so many months of bad times. Obviously he was suited for such a post, either political or military, but the exchange of views did not move in that direction. Suarez was testing the ground and Martin Villa felt strong enough to take his time. At the back of his devious mind lay a notion that perhaps a period of ostracism would vindicate him better than returning to the cabinet. Excellent rebound player that he was, he reflected that whoever replaced him in the cabinet, there would be many who would wish that he were back.

1 April 1979 (Sunday)

That splendid Sunday morning turned cloudy after he read the newspapers. Some of them listed the contributors to the treasury in great detail. If someone had said that the report in the ABC in the preceding Sunday's issue on the relations between Fernandez Ordonez and the PSOE passed the death sentence on the minister of treasury, the publication of these lists could only be the willing execution of the sentence.

Ordonez had played strong cards boldly, a fact made public on the last day of the preceding month. Twenty-four hours later the news spread without interfering with his Sunday calm. On reading the newspapers his surprise yielded to laughter and then he could do nothing but reflect amazed on our ignorance of the world of the rich. Men such as Eulogio Gomez Franqueira, the great Galician electoral "godfather," a member naturally of the Democratic Center Union, had assets of a little over 20 million pesetas, and his annual income was about 2,700,000 pesetas --less than any advertising agency executive.

The surprises did not stop there. Men with links with the government party such as Juan Gich Bech de Careda, the friend of the prime minister, lived modestly thanks to an income of 1,700,000 pesetas. The same was the case with the brother-in-law of Adolfo Suarez, Aurelio Delgado, who in addition to having no inheritance did not even have an income of 1,500,000 pesetas a year, a figure which led one to suspect some typographical error, for Aurelio had been a majority stockholder in the Carnavilla undertakings since June 1976. This company had capital in excess of 10 million pesetas, and was regarded as a prosperous business within the "fresh, frozen and refrigerated meat trade" sector, not forgetting that the wages received as personal secretary to the prime minister had no reason for being prior to the Moncloa Pacts.

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The modesty of some men we naively thought managed their finances very soundly inevitably leads us to think either of the form of treasury statements, which would lead us headlong to the courts of justice, or else to the notion that we must be unaware of the works of charity of our leaders. Thus for example the banking mammoths such as Rafael Termes and Pablo Garnica do not even reach the gross annual income level of 10 million, and their assets are so limited that to call them multi-millionaires would be slander (Garnica, 15.6 million, and Termes, 62.5). Or Claudio Boada, the supermanager of the country, receives an annual income of 8 million, a sum which some soccer players exceeded years ago.

Another two intimate friends of Prime Minister Suarez, Manuel Prado y Colon de Carvajal and Luis Alberto Salazar Simpson, according to the list of contributors, were in an economic situation which was no better. Prado y Colon de Carvajal, an ambassador in Latin America and former president of the Iberia Company, as well as lacking any personal inheritance, did not report even 3.5 million a year, while Salazar Simpson, the gasoline station man, although he had an inheritance of more than 51 million, found it difficult to earn more than 1,700,000 pesetas by the end of any year.

The publication of the treasury lists did not create a scandal because this is difficult to do in our society. We are an old people, proud of our shortcomings, and no one likes to have what he knows repeated to him. If the head of Fernandez Ordonez was for sale the bids were not very high. No one would give him even an undersecretariat, which moreover he would not have accepted.

The friends and relatives of the prime minister were included, although one newspaper found a way to exploit the gesture, denouncing the publication of the lists as an encouragement to terrorists, who could now choose their victims. It could be concluded without a trace of irony that the terrorists must have been as confused as the citizens themselves or more so. If any hired assassin operated on the basis of the treasury lists, it is probable that terrorism would have come to a standstill.

The political environment on that first day of April suffered considerable losses in the support of economic sectors of the awkward government municipal campaigns. Too accustomed to delicacy and formal arrangements, these groups regarded the publication of the lists as a provocation to their financial intimacy.

This coincided with a silent battle waged by the various sectors in the Democratic Center Union, struggling to win better positions in the municipal elections. In Madrid, Jose Luis Alvarez, a Christian democratic notary halfway between the most reactionary faction and Martin Villa's men, noted that many ministers viewed his defeat with a suicidal smugness. At the last moment, the governor of Madrid, Juan Jose Roson, provided important organizational and financial aid, but it was not enough to prevent

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defeat. For the UCD, the municipal elections came to as little as the organization of the investiture. Nor could it go to the elections under a canopy, certain that the state and its resources would pay the bill for its neglect.

2 April 1979 (Monday)

Antonio Fontan Perez, a native of Seville, a bachelor, an employee of the Opus Dei and former president of the senate, was waiting impatiently for Adolfo Suarez to call. Nor was he unconcerned that it was Fernando Abril who put him in touch with him. The formation of the new cabinet was making him nervous, although naturally he prided himself on being objective and smiling distantly at some mundane events. The Opus Dei had given Fontan calm, peace of mind and a not very demanding political ambition.

When they first spoke to him about being a member of the new cabinet he was hesitant and did not yield readily. He was offered the Ministry of Education and he thought it well to note that perhaps this was not the post where he could best aid Spain, a phrase which all politicians had come to use so often that it had become a useless appendage. Without formally rejecting the proposal, he made bold to add that the Ministry of Culture, in view of his experience in the journalistic world--he was editor of the daily newspaper MADRID, as well as the university sector--he held the post of dean of the faculty of philosophy and letters at the University of Navarre--would fit him like a glove.

He spent the night reflecting on the decisions he had made. He would have preferred not to give the impression that he was refusing, for after abandoning the presidency of the senate and becoming number three on the government slate for the congress of deputies from Madrid, he might be left with nothing but his seat in the Cortes, fidgeting angrily in the third or fourth row of seats. He had gone too far in raising objections to the posts they offered him.

He was considerably calmed on reflecting on the great potential offered by the Ministry of Education, and he sat by the telephone waiting for the promised telephone call so that he could accept. Either education, or culture, or wherever Prime Minister Suarez wanted to put him, for in the final analysis Spain and democracy demanded effort, and he did not intend to avoid it.

The call came when he had almost lost hope that the telephone would ever ring. He was so anxious that when they offered him the territorial administration post, with ill-defined authority, he accepted like one snatching a ticket for the last train.

The Moncloa Palace truly resembled an outlying station. A variety of trains went by at full speed. Not all of them stopped. Foreign ambassadors paced the platforms, waiting to join the first convoy which was going

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their way. The Ministry of Defense was the focus of attention from a number of quarters. Since Gutierrez Mellado had suggested dividing military affairs into two departments, it was clear that a part of the pie was available to new aspirants.

It was then that a list of candidates with priorities marked was placed on the prime minister's desk. Although its source would be difficult to prove, it seemed to have come from the highest state level. The suggestions for the new defense posts began with Mr Perez de Bricio, followed on a secondary level by Fernando Abril, Rodolfo Martin Villa and Lopez Bravo, who had even publicly suggested himself. On a third level were some illustrious military commanders.

With his passion for secrecy and unexpected maneuvers, Adolfo took the paper and after dating it, sent it to the file. He already had a candidate and he was not about to reveal the name ahead of time. He had always dreamed of those legendary ministerial maneuvers by General Franco in which, belying all the prognoses, he chose in the end the individual with apparently the least chance. Now he was in a position to create such surprise with one of those maneuvers which reveal a leader to be discerning. Originally he was going to offer the post to Martin Villa. He was a loyal man who had given proof of knowing how to deal with the military cadres. However something told him that Rodolfo would not accept. He wanted to be deputy prime minister and the situation did not allow adding another such post, much less for a man whose power in the party apparatus bordered on the dangerous.

If the opportunity to offer it to Rodolfo were lacking, Suarez had a candidate for the post: Agustin Rodriguez Sahagun. A man much more in his confidence than any other. He was born in Avila, and his father, like "Polo," had been an active militant on the republican side. In addition they were almost related, for the brother of Rodriguez Sahagun had married a sister of Aurelio Delgado, the secretary and brother-in-law of the prime minister. Family relations always provide a closer bond than those derived from business, not to mention politics. Fidelity is then guaranteed by blood ties. Although those ties were four times removed, they would always be firmer than party interests.

3 April 1979 (Tuesday)

The municipal elections developed in full normalcy. Suarez was very certain of triumph, and in his head was planning the new cabinet. Martin Villa's attitude had concerned him, for he wanted to keep him at all costs, although without making concessions which would increase his power. So that he would understand the state of affairs perfectly, he assigned the task of negotiating with him to Fernando Abril, so as to evaluate the new atmosphere prevailing at the Moncloa Palace.

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For Rodolfo, negotiating his future in the cabinet with the likes of Martin Villa meant trying to swallow a walnut without drinking. If at first he was doubtful as to whether or not to abandon official duties, the negotiations with Abril decided him. Although he dealt with him amicably, a question hung in the air: who was Abril to set conditions for him, who felt himself above this upstart? This attitude, which for Rodolfo was another reason for dislike of the talks, gave Fernando Abril an opportunity to put someone challenging him as future favorite of the prime minister in his place.

The negotiations between the two began with the Ministry of Public Works, which Martin Villa, by way of implicit rejection of it, recommended be given to his good friend Jesus Sancho Rof. The dialog, although it remained calm, came to a difficult moment when Abril offered to give him whatever post he wanted, except minister of the office of the prime minister, which had already been promised to Perez Llorca, the silver fox who had wrested this promise from the prime minister with his good services.

Martin Villa preferred to let the matter lie and not to make a decision. He opted to gain time to talk to the prime minister directly, which faced Suarez with the dilemma of doing without his services or offering him something tempting, which would encourage him to participate in the next cabinet. His disdain reaching a peak, Abril suggested to him that if he did not continue in the cabinet, there was the possibility that he could head the National Institute of Industry or go as ambassador to Argentina. Rodolfo picked up the glove, and as he tossed it back, he reflected to himself that Argentina would not be bad for someone completing a phase as minister of interior. At least it was a secure post.

When Prime Minister Suarez learned of the results of the interview with Rodolfo, he saw a gap which had to be filled as soon as possible, if only provisionally--the Ministry of Interior. Sancho Rof, the undersecretary who sometimes served as minister so that Rodolfo could run in the elections, had made it clear from the very first moment that he did not want the post. That only left Juan Jose Roson, the civil governor of Madrid.

When Adolfo summoned Roson to his office, the polls had already closed for the municipal elections. There was too much at stake for Suarez to allow his worry and his historic dislike of Roson to be glimpsed. He could not forget the series of consecutive evidences of disdain of which he had been the victim. Despite everything, he asked him to take the post of minister of the interior. He felt harrassed and he had no alternative left but his historic adversary. Even when Rodolfo had proposed him as governor of Madrid, he had been reluctant to appoint him. And only the certainty of Martin Villa, who had made this a personal issue, enabled Suarez to do it. Now he was faced with a similar situation.

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Juan Jose Roson responded in the affirmative. In addition to the hopes aroused by this promotion, Adolfo's offer was of greater value to him than would have been apparent at first glance. It would heal an old wound. Roson thought that things must be going very badly indeed for Suarez to offer him a ministry. But he said yes. Ambition won out over reason. The prime minister assured him that he would be in touch with him to confirm the appointment.

Roson sensed something in the prime minister's manner of dealing which left him dissatisfied. They had been associated for too many years not to know one another. But Adolfo's persuasion and certainty prevailed over his hesitation. Basically, perhaps, he thought that this time he might be sincere.

The prime minister, with Roson as the joker in the pocket of his jacket, saw Sancho Rof shortly after 10:15 that night. He could not believe it: except for the results in the Madrid and Gandia belt, the leftists controlled the most important municipal governments in the country. In Pamplona, for example, the first results coming in at 9:00 and 10:00 in the evening indicated a victory for the Herri Batasuna nationalists which could not be correct--the governor of the province refused to acknowledge it. Martin Villa, for his part, had called, meanwhile, pointing out the danger that the left wing, emulating past eras, would take over the municipal councils. Suarez was doubly surprised at what he was told. Not only had the left won the municipalities, but the governors had gone to bed, as if nothing had happened.

4 April 1979 (Wednesday)

Little by little the leadership of the UCD arrived at La Moncloa. They were euphoric, happy, aware that once again victory had proved them right. Some even brought champagne, as a sign of triumph or nostalgia. In the end the Democratic Center Union had won more councillorships than any other party. They were not the most important, but hadn't it always been said that in a democracy quantity prevailed over quality?

Meanwhile, Rodolfo Martin Villa, at the Congress and Exhibits Palace, after a night during which he had made barbarous decisions about the emotional leftist militants celebrating victory in the streets, felt like a defeated man. When he was told that an armed policeman had been murdered he burst forth with some brutal phrases and tears in his eyes, which of course were surprising in a man capable of maintaining his grip despite everything. In the final analysis, he took the results as a personal defeat. He had foreseen that the left would win if the opposition front were not destroyed, and no one in the leadership of the UCD believed him.

A curious situation. Martin Villa, upset by the defeat, visible to journalists from all over the world, who did not know whom to believe, while at La Moncloa they were uncorking champagne to celebrate the victory.

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Each could choose either side of the coin. Rarely had the difference between the electoral reality and the reality of power been revealed to the eyes of the people in such an obvious way. Rodolfo had issued a warning hours after the results of the legislative elections became known. One did not need to be a genius to realize that it was necessary to work fast and destroy the leftist front in the municipalities.

It was not very clear if those who passed through La Moncloa congratulating the prime minister on his victory were impressed by the numbers, or were interested in the government posts now being finalized. The words spoken by the deputy for La Coruna, Jose Luis Meilan Gil, for example, attracted attention. Addressing himself to the wife of Suarez, he said with a show of emotion: "Excuse us for taking up all your husband's time, but we cannot do without him." He was outdoing himself to say beautiful things, which might go down in history.

With the morning well along and the results in hand, in all their bloody detail, no one dared congratulate the prime minister any further. As the majority of the leaders of the governmental party were sleeping off the emotional excesses of the early morning, it was easier to go unnoticed. Nor was there any time, for those occupying ministerial posts were awakened from their sleep by a summons to a council meeting at 9:00 in the morning. It lasted 1 hour and 10 minutes. The atmosphere in which it developed was tense and urgent.

The prime minister merely reported the results to them, as if they had all resigned and there was no point in hearing their comments. They were surprised that the only thing Suarez seemed interested in was approval of the division of the Ministry of Education into two departments--education, properly speaking, and universities and research. At the same time, they also approved the establishment of a new ministry, for territorial administration, to provide the structure for which some authority was transferred from the Ministry of Interior.

They left La Moncloa like students released from classes and free until the next term, but with the sensation that they had all been suspended. Not a word, not an idea of the path events would follow. Each of them went to bed thinking that there was a similarity between the Holy Spirit and the prime minister. Both required nights of meditation of true believers. The slates of ministerial candidates were passed from hand to hand as in the days of Carrero Blanco.

5 April 1979 (Thursday)

In the middle of the morning the prime minister went to the Zarzuela Palace. He was to deliver to His Majesty the King the names of the new cabinet members. It would not take long. He had arrived a little late, thinking that Juan Carlos was departing for Majorca immediately, and there would not be time for him to ask about many details. The president

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of the Federal Republic of Germany, Walter Scheel, was landing at the Son San Juan airport at 4:00 in the afternoon, and the king was scheduled to be there to welcome him. His Majesty was displeased by the delay in appointing the cabinet, and in addition Suarez had made it coincide with his stay in Majorca, and it would probably break up some days in which he had planned to take a vacation.

The prime minister was concerned because the list he had delivered to the king was of little use. It included appointments of such doubtful certainty as to make it useless. Martin Villa had not yet made his decision. The most recent offer was the defense post, and he had not yet given his answer. Probably, as he knew that there were difficulties, he was holding out on purpose.

Finally, at 8:00 in the evening, Rodolfo rejected the offer. He did so somewhat uncertainly, for he feared that, flanked by Gutierrez Mellado and Fernando Abril, he would be diminished. The lack of boldness characteristic of the minister of interior revealed itself clearly once again. After telephoning Suarez, Martin Villa called his close friends, and, a thing rare for him, ended his explanation of his decision with a question which he himself had not been able to answer: "Do you think I did the right thing?"

The members of the cabinet who served on the executive committee of the Democratic Center Union had been asked to be at La Moncloa at 8:30. Suarez brought them up to date on the changes he planned to make in the cabinet. He was not very explicit, although obviously he mentioned names. The Ministry of Interior remained in doubt. He gave some people the impression that it would probably be Roson, but the most perspicacious saw that the prime minister was avidly looking for someone. Things would have to be very bad indeed for Roson to be appointed, as bad as they appeared to him to be on the third, providing him with a warning.

Nor did he deem it wise to summon the executive committee of the UCD in plenary session. He only invited those who, as a function of the posts offered to them, might take offense. The UCD functioned like the secretariat general of the movement, by decree, and he who did not like his horse could dismount and depart. Fernandez Ordonez, as was known, was already on foot, and a number of members of his faction had not hesitated to let him depart to occupy his time with his reading and his dog, while they directed the affairs of commerce (Juan Antonio Garcia Diez) or industry (Carlos Bustelo).

Pio Cabanillas, for his part, was so accustomed to closing doors carefully that his departure was not noticed. On this occasion he had the honor of being accompanied by ladies-in-waiting as splendid as Ordonez and Martin Villa, and he could ask no more. He would return, because for him politics was an eternal return. A man of carefully maintained silences, as well as a well-managed economy, he never broke with anyone. The state, the eternal provider, had already made available to him a new vessel for

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the crossing. An experienced Galician, he knew that historically emigration is basically the evocation of what one is abandoning.

Abril Martorell, in his seat at the prime minister's side, contemplated the farewell without joy, because he was quite averse to surrendering certain privileges. He was the favorite of the prime minister and without being fully aware of it, knew that in the long run the account would be paid with considerable interest. His activities in dealing with adversaries made him seem more of an executioner than a politician, but the slaughterhouse is a school where one learns by practice. He was thinking that, if the opportunity were offered, he would have more experience next time and would do his job more skillfully.

When the UCD members of the cabinet left the palace, Gutierrez Mellado, who had not attended the meeting but who was well informed on what was happening, and Fernando Abril, whose obsession was the BOLETIN OFICIAL DEL ESTADO, which, to the alarm of the public, was awaiting the arrival of the copy so as to print the list of new cabinet members, reviewed the candidates for the leprous post of minister of interior. They came up with the name of the captain general of Catalonia, Antonio Ibanez Freire.

Ibanez Freire had already rendered considerable service to the prime minister and was regarded, favor for favor, as a loyal man. He negotiated with the military ministers, Franco Iribarnegaray and Alvarez Arenas, who were not to go along with Pita da Veiga in his resignation. He had fought the Russian campaign with the Blue Division, and had been awarded the Individual Military Medal, the Italian War Cross of Merit and the Nazi Iron Cross and the German Eagle Order of Merit, with crossed swords. He was in the intelligence service with Gutierrez Mellado. He had experience in the administrative field, for in addition to heading the civil government in Santander, Bilbao and Barcelona under difficult circumstances, he was undersecretary of labor with Romeo Gorria as minister, and headed the government office for the Isabel II channel. He was a man of the past by conviction, for he had collaborated brilliantly with Camilo Alonso Vega in the Victoria uprising on 18 July 1936. Now he was indebted in a way unusual in the military. He had been promoted, skipping ranks, to the post of commander of the Fourth Military Region (Catalonia), one of those gestures which is not forgotten.

At 11:45 that night the deal was struck between the prime minister and Antonio Ibanez Freire. Now there was a minister of interior, and Roson needed to light a votive candle to the Virgin of the Abandoned.

It was 12:15 when the copy reached the office of the BOLETIN OFICIAL DEL ESTADO. There was now a cabinet. Adolfo sat and smoked a cigarette. He felt indispensable.

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Fifth Movement (Largo)--History Does Not Worry Politicians

It had been three years since that July month of surprise and deception. Adolfo Suarez was still prime minister and no changes were foreseen, unless we can introduce catastrophe as an urgent element. No one had expected so much when he was appointed. The nicknames given him then ranged from "the miracle of St Teresa" (Emilio Romero) to "the statesman from Cebreros" (Calvo Serer) and the contemptuous "Sandokan" (Areilza). In all three forms there was either disdain, resentment or simply a lack of consideration for a man about whom very little was known, and whose role in history, if he had had any, could only be assessed in terms of services rendered to the great, in a word a modest and efficient lackey's career, if that term can have any honorable meaning.

Three years made it possible to assess a style of pursuing government, for since it was not easy, the leaders were forced into activity which was in no way hesitant, but constant and public. Since July 1976 the prime minister had lived day by day, to the point that this was perhaps one of his greatest shortcomings.

The three years had been marked by various milestones, various goals characterizing the government activity and requiring a better adjustment of the means of exercising power, the characteristics of the direction of the life of the country and the dominant traits of Adolfo's political character. A transition was made from an agonizing dictatorship to a weak and in many ways defenseless democracy. This long historical path, condensed into just three years, had involved different stages with different tactics. First there was political reform, the process of transition from an autocratic legality to free elections, which made necessary a referendum for popular endorsement of the new choices. Later two events of overwhelming importance marked a new stage: the Constitutional and Moncloa economic and social pacts, and finally, the phase, just begun, of consolidation for the new democratic regime.

There were no lines of conduction through this intricate maze but the king and Adolfo Suarez, for both Spanish society and the political parties participated in some of the process but not all of it, although the simple attitude of neutrality is already in itself a form of contributing to the development of events. Even some political personalities, playing undeniably antagonistic roles on some occasions, then retreated to a secondary level if not to ostracism. By commission or omission, Prime Minister Suarez is the axis on the basis of which one must understand or judge the decisive last three years of Spanish life.

As 16 December 1976 dawned, and the results of the referendum were learned, the first phase in the cycle which was to end after the elections on 15 June of the following year came to a close. The so-called "Torcuato Plan" (Fernandez Miranda) for political transition, characterized by the conscientious use of the legislation of the Franco era to move by small

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steps and without any legal break toward a new legislation allowing democratic elections, and thus the interplay of the political parties, lasted until that date.

This sinuous and complicated procedure of moving from the old legislation to the new without a gap or vacuum required that a number of things coincide. First of all no one, except for those directly involved, could know of the final goal of the operation (dismantling of the old regime and its men and institutions), and there must be neutrality, or more precisely non-belligerence, on the part of both extremes. The maneuvering capacity of those pursuing the policy had a basis no less firm than the crown which had to be committed for its own survival to facilitating the operation and supporting it when danger threatened.

From the time of Franco's death there were plans for launching the movement toward democracy. The personality of Arias Navarro, whose gaze was directed backward more than forward, hindered and slowed this process. Both the king and his advisers believed that Arias would resign, facilitating matters. But this was not to be. The greatest concern then involved the exasperation which the policy of Arias Navarro and his cabinet provoked in the democratic forces. This exacerbation was on the increase and if Arias Navarro hung on too long the plan for secret understanding with the opposition forces would be threatened. Every week (or we should say more precisely every 15 days) that Arias did not resign increased the risk. The morale of the old regime, which believed that nothing had changed and that its privileges would last until the great flood, was strengthened. The opposition forces, anxious for democracy, for their part, not only yearned for this goal cherished over so many years, but were challenging the monarchy as incompatible with freedom.

Arias Navarro, in his months as prime minister of the monarchy, played a contradictory role, obviously unaware of its final outcome. In forming a cabinet of leading personalities--Areilza, Fraga, Garrigues--he was offering the indispensable conditions for the plans he had drafted to Torcuato on a platter. The explosives which would wreck it were included in the composition of this cabinet. Arias could not because of his past and his political limitations control that structure full of potential prime ministers who had contempt for him and were counting the days until they could corner him. But his presence in the cabinet also weakened them politically, and he let them waste their efforts in a cabinet in which they thought they were stars while they were simply performers. In that cabinet, and from the point of view of the plans of Fernandez Miranda, the best was the enemy of the good. It was necessary to go unnoticed and let the public opinion become confused.

Now then, this was the "positive" side of a policy, that of Arias, which led to disaster. If it survived for three months that was already good, but over any longer period it would become dynamite waiting to be lit. From their behavior, one would think that the talented ministers in the

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Arias cabinet were not aware of this problem, or at least they did not seem to be.

The choice of Adolfo Suarez to replace Arias Navarro was a decision in which it is difficult to separate what was due to royal suggestion and to the clinical eye of Fernandez Miranda. Let us say, not to overstate the case, that it was a coincidence in which probably each saw what he wanted, or what was of interest to him, in Suarez. Rarely in history has there been a politician target in such a pure state as Adolfo was for Fernandez Miranda. He was recruited to do strictly what he was told, and so it was until the December 1976 referendum. His assignment to control Arias Navarro surreptitiously, with the self-serving cooperation of Alfonso Osorio, plus the rigorous penetration of the various sectors which in the long run would be necessary to consolidate his mandate did not come from him, but from those remote-controlling him, although he was distinguished by some interpretive gifts far greater than those for which Torcuato gave him credit. As the second phase of the relations between the president of the Cortes and his excellent student Adolfo Suarez would reveal, the prophecy of Pygmalion would be fulfilled once again and a disciple would rebel against the teacher.

There could then be two variants. Either the student would learn from the teacher very rapidly and announce that the short course was finished, or he could believe that there was no longer any need to continue to pretend, and stop going to classes. Or perhaps both at the same time. After the December 1976 referendum, the results of which surprised even those who arranged it, Adolfo reformed to such an extent that he acted differently. He became more sure of himself and also haughtier, to the point of endangering his own relations with the crown. He saw his error, and realized that there are limits which it is well not to exceed. This was a typical error of one who had waited so long. He believed that success should give him the right to exploit his triumph to the full, and that victory grants the privilege of respecting no one. He would not make this mistake again. Without abandoning either the arrogance or his capacity to exploit success, he had learned to direct it toward those who had no option but to accept it: his colleagues, his ministers or his adversaries.

The reform operation as it was conceived required a man like Suarez. A malleable man, disciplined, with a fabulous capacity for concealing his feelings and therefore for duplicity, bold and above all good at public relations, one who would not readily create enemies because he would be considered of no great importance, and capable of promising all that was necessary with as straight a face as if he planned to grant it.

His appointment to head the cabinet provoked no fear in the old regime, although it did cause surprise. It would be with the passage of time that the realization would come that it had been the victim of a deception as legal as it was ridiculous and effective. The time between June of 1976

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and the eve of the elections the following year, Adolfo was to pursue a difficult course with a double interpretation, dealing at the same time with the old regime and with the opposition, promising each what it wanted, and explaining to each side the dangers the other might pose, and performing a difficult balancing act with the mutual fears, which to judge from its results was done extremely successfully, especially for himself, although in the short run for the country as well.

The old regime came to the December referendum in political exhaustion. The veterans, reduced to their little Francoist chattels, left the political weight for major strategic movements, and their public image, with some exceptions, had deteriorated greatly. Forty years of sinuous power had trained them well in the capacity to pressure, to exert influence and control little groups, but in the open field it was very rare to find anyone capable of managing the political situation overall. Franco had castrated them, requiring that they deal with partial aspects of the administration, while he dealt with the larger structure. Franco was not a strategist but he was master of one single trait of the many which make a statesman: he always knew how to distinguish the most important point in a situation. The rest did not concern him for a minute: he left it to his ministers. He was neither a statesman nor a strategist. Very simply, this well-utilized capacity along with an exasperating slowness could keep him afloat like a cork, old and useless, but always on the surface.

The political class lacks dignity in any dictatorship. The options are so limited that if one wants to prosper one must seize any means. The Franco regime could be no different. If the lack of personal dignity was evident in the veterans, who had rendered the cause such great services, it was manifested in the younger men in an impudence and a dosage of vulgarity and servility difficult to imagine. When Adolfo Suarez came to head the cabinet, these young men, after a moment of reflection, cast their lot with one who simply appeared to be *primum inter pares*. It was necessary to join the new game which began with him, for they could derive nothing from the past and where the opposition was concerned, they felt a mutual repugnance.

This picture was seen rather clearly in the voting in the Cortes on the political reform law. The magician of this operation, Torcuato Fernandez Miranda, was endowed with the qualities very necessary for success: he had a profound knowledge of the various generations in the regime, their weak points, their shortcomings and their limitations, and he had participated so intensively in the negotiation of the laws under the dictatorship that the situation was like a suit made to measure for him. In addition, in terms of human characteristics, he was at the same time feared and hated, which helped him, for on some occasions he made use of the fear and on others the hatred. While he had no ambition to be prime minister, he could do everything. For this reason his goodwill was confused with his lack of personalism. He knew how to remote-control the transition through an intermediary, and he did so with success.

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There was also the problem of the opposition. If the game always had to be played with two sides, non-belligerence on the part of the opposition in the first stage and its incorporation in the second were necessary conditions in order to stabilize the crown and carry out the plan conceived. The opposition came to the referendum after suffering, against its will, great damage to its credibility. For years it struggled against Franco with more determination than results, and he came to the end of his omnipotent power when biology ~~so decreed~~--indeed without easing matters much. He died in bed and in power, although the system was crumbling bit by bit with each blow dealt it. Had it not been for this critical situation no one--least of all Fernandez Miranda and Adolfo Suarez--would have thought it necessary to carry out the "transition operation."

This lack of political credibility affected the opposition in the worst way. The regime died with the dictator and the balance of political forces did not allow his death to correct the course of events. It could be said without exaggeration that the death of Franco produced a curious balance of forces (speaking in historical terms), but that neither could the post-Franco regime maintain the system for very long nor was the opposition in a position to impose another. Agreement became inevitable. With regard to the left wing this was particularly serious because it had not foreseen this eventuality, while a pact was becoming obvious on the basis of the development of events. They were proceeding at a gallop and one had to hang on tight, or he risked being thrown in the ditch. This was the final significance of the political results just preceding the referendum. Everyone was huddling close to the natural ally of yesterday. The leftist sector, the basic nucleus of the opposition, came to the referendum without a political strategy. It was necessary to improvise one to get anywhere, and it must be admitted that one was drafted, clumsily but with commendable speed.

The political tactics, the short-term movement, was so perverse as to have the showiness of fireworks and the fragility of a hasty creation. History is sometimes buried by the present. The phenomenon of transition, for which there was no precedent, also demanded talents which were not to be found. To create further difficulty, the division of the opposition forces could not be corrected by weak bodies for unity poisoned by the incidents of the past. Negotiation was done "in coordination" with the government, while each faction had already tried this before on its own account and at its own risk. The price the left wing was to pay in this transition would not be only in votes but in the morality of triumph. What it gained was in time, in particular, to cauterize wounds which had remained open since the civil war.

In the early months of 1977, Prime Minister Suarez believed that he was ready to govern alone. He had had no doubts in this regard earlier either, but he maintained the obligatory fiction that the director was Fernandez Miranda, the true planner of the reform process. Without the contribution of the opposition and in particular the left wing, the

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transition would have been effected otherwise, and it is even possible that there would have been none. Therefore the development in the early months of 1977 marked a division between two men who effected the reform, Suarez and Fernandez Miranda, pushing them apart because they had different concepts not only of the goals but also of the steps to be taken. For the left wing, the political isolation would have been greater had the tactics of Torcuato prospered. Obsessed by the authority of the state, and by the maintenance of the hegemony of those within the regime who had made the process of transition possible, this policy of Torcuato's could have been cruel to the left, but it carried within it the more rapid stabilization of the new state, if what was simply a nominal change, which in time would be filled with content, can be called new. The strong state can be a danger when it emerges from a dictatorship, but this may possibly be even more true of a weak state which leads the insecure citizens to yearn for past regimes.

The greatest responsibility of a political leader like Torcuato Fernandez Miranda is to be found in the very reasons which cause his fall. He put into circulation an individual of the likes of Adolfo Suarez to effect a transition based on maneuvering, deception and the devious use of the resources provided by the state. This worked so long as the public had sufficient perspective to judge this process, to congratulate its authors on their skill, but as of that moment the credibility of these leaders for future operations suffered. As of then, many citizens had no further doubt that Adolfo Suarez was the lesser evil, and therefore should continue, but without the slightest confidence. The relation of society to the cabinet head, a key element in a stable democracy, was replaced by the policy of the lesser evil, what in popular terms has been summarized in one of the most cynical of Spanish refrains: Better the known evil than the good yet to be known.

Since Adolfo Suarez took over the leadership of the state (without going into doctoral discussions, the consolidated structure of the Spanish state is so weak that a cabinet head is a basic construction element in it) under the obviously neutral gaze of the king, he has surrounded himself with a circle of advisers on a level below his own: Fernando Abril, Otero Novas, Arias Salgado. He made it very clear that as of that time he was the only drafter of the national policy. Instead of correcting the discredit created by a reputation as a "political joker," and a method of becoming prime minister for which "prodigious" would be a benevolent description, such as to expand the leadership structure, give it greater body and launch statesmanlike proceedings, he profited from Torcuato's lessons in manipulation, converting them into personal petty deals and patchwork, very effective because of his ability to persuade and disturb-- and because of the limitations of his adversaries. Politics was personalized to such an extent that no major decisions could be made without having first checked with the miracle-working office in La Moncloa.

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With the first elections in June 1977 in the past, the two choices available to a man such as Adolfo Suarez came down to the undertaking of a difficult exercise as a statesman, or else the development of his innate capacity to deal with daily problems, and to provide solutions to them as they came up.

The problems which the country had inevitably to face were its constitution, the economic crisis, terrorism (lack of security), the campaigns for autonomy, and underlying it all, the sedimentation of the political groups. There were two methods for each of these problems, depending on whether one opted for consolidating the democratic state or for group political survival. If we exclude the constitution, the manner of taking up the other problems was characterized by a lack of future perspective. Or to be more precise, it is not the future perspective which has dictated the guidelines of the prime minister, but the daily prospects. And yet each round of negotiations has resulted in multiple success for the prime minister, although then as the months have passed, matters have settled at a point near where they were left.

To go into detail about the method of dealing with the economic crisis, terrorism (lack of security), the autonomy question and the sedimentation of the political groups in the country lies outside the framework of this book. Now then, it would be well to touch on it lightly. Such successes for Prime Minister Suarez as the Moncloa Pacts, the autonomy negotiations, and the failure of every effort to decrease his electoral support from the right can be reviewed from another point of view. The obvious goodwill of all the major political groups to deal with the economic problem--as evidenced by the Moncloa Pacts--did not prevent the government from going ahead with the conception of a state plan drafted collectively. The same can be said about terrorism and the autonomy question, where the steps taken to date reveal an almost fraudulent interest in personalism and electoral profit, to the detriment of the political groups and the open and democratic functioning of society. Is the lack of any stable political group to the right of the Democratic Center Union perhaps facilitating the parliamentary game and the electoral stratification of the country? Obviously it benefits the UCD, which thus has greater maneuvering capacity, but in the long run it is yet another factor in confusion in the electoral spectrum.

The obvious result of this last reflection is implicit in the government party. There are some phantoms lurking in the Democratic Center Union and dreaming of making it ever more like the Mexican PRI. Furthermore, at the time of its creation, that party was taken as a model. Any similarity between the reasons underlying the establishment of the Institutional Revolutionary Party and the organization of the conglomerate of personalities called the UCD is pure coincidence. Although it is possible that the great dream of some would be strictly to guarantee the UCD the same repeated success as the PRI, the "single party" of the Mexican republic has won. At the basis of this position so beloved of Prime Minister Suarez

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is the dream of the old National Movement, of which the Center Union is almost the true although illegitimate child.

If someone has said, humorously but very cruelly, that the UCD was a marriage of Spanish right-wing mediocrity and American marketing techniques, history must confirm or deny this. But what is certain is that Prime Minister Suarez as an individual is the key point casting light on the political life of the country and the political group he heads.

The tendency to play his hand close to his chest, characteristic of Suarez, may possibly be a result of his training as a political leader. First of all, apprenticeship in the Franco era conditioned some aspects of his dealings with his colleagues--unwillingness to delegate functions, focusing of authority in a single man, profound fear of possible competitors, the tendency to surround himself with innumerable bureaucratic screens to make himself personally inaccessible, the fear of public battle to defend his convictions, and finally, the reluctance to accept certain obvious rules of the parliamentary and democratic game. All of this comes both from the past and from the fact that perhaps the models which have attracted Suarez most were the individuals he knew years ago, in whom what are today regarded as shortcomings were immeasurable virtues.

There are also two important gaps in this background--economics and international policy. The cultural impoverishment in which he glories contributes nothing to mastery of these two fields essential to a political leader in these days. The leaders in the United States deal with this problem by means of teams of experts, but this example has not been followed to date in Spain--at least with any success. (Fernando Abril, an agronomical engineer, has devoted himself with impressive determination to the study of economics for some years, which says much about his talent and very little about the human resources of the government.)

The most ambiguous statement about the role of Adolfo Suarez in Spanish political history was one he himself made in some comments to the SUDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG, in April of 1977. "I think that my strong point is that I am an ordinary man. Completely ordinary. There is no room for geniuses in our present situation." This comment points us in the proper direction for situating the role of Adolfo Suarez, provisionally and superficially, in history.

Unlike almost all the political leaders the world has had, Suarez began his political existence after his appointment as prime minister. The earlier stages may have had characteristics of human or even political interest, but they lack historical relevance. The six months he served in the headquarters of the movement become decisive as soon as we learn of his later appointment as prime minister, but when it comes to "ministerial policy," richer material would be found in the genius of Manuel Fraga in interior, Areilza's trips in foreign affairs, or Villar Mir's methods of dealing with the economy.

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Now then, there can be no doubt that he would already have a place in the history of Spain due to the work done in these three years. He is the man who personally represents the transition from the dictatorship to the democracy, although this does not detract from the importance of the king or of Torcuato, or of the various political groups whose roles cover a period rather broader than these transition years. The arrival of Suarez on the historical scene coincides with one of the most interesting episodes in the contemporary era.

There are those who, when the time comes for analysis, term him a royal favorite, an individual who thanks to the king's confidence heads the administration and concerns himself with the progress of the state. One need only recall such personalities as Fernando Valenzuela, the favorite of Carlos II, or the Ducal Count of Olivares, under Philip IV. The development of a citizen's conscience in a democracy excludes disdainful or ironical disparagement. Adolfo won the confidence of the king, and without exaggeration, the term "the king's man" would not be excessive, thus far, but strictly correct. The processes utilized by Suarez to win the friendship and the confidence of the king have in some instances a counterpart in the maneuvers of one seeking to become a favorite. But this in itself is only one facet. For one who may begin by being a loyal vassal can due to popular support become a leader of a country.

The names of Sagasta and Giolitti have been mentioned more than once in the search for historical parallels for our protagonist. Perhaps it is more an effort to compare their defects than their achievements. For if indeed it is true that both Sagasta and Giolitti never read a book, and had a total disdain for the world of culture and ideas, the situations in which they functioned were so different that any resemblance is more anecdotal than profoundly historical. We do not say that however about their political careers or their personalities as leaders.

Sagasta was a liberal profoundly committed to his time, and his tumultuous political activity from his early years was quite the opposite of the obliging, discreet personality, excellent at public relations, which is Suarez. After the death of Ferdinand VII, the 19th century in Spain did not allow the pursuit of political careers step by step up the ladder. Men such as Canovas del Castillo and Sagasta were forced to commit themselves, to risk their political futures by making choices which, had they been wrong, would have canceled their political careers (remember the Sandhurst manifesto, or the position of Canovas during La Gloriosa). The phenomenon of the restoration was inversely related to the "political transition," because that was a case of advance from an unstable republic to an authoritarian monarchy. And one should not forget that the 19th-century leaders responded quite faithfully to the social classes which supported them. To the Spanish right wing Adolfo Suarez was an unknown official--outside a certain circle which came to know of him while he was in the secretariat of the movement--and he was finally adopted by the Spanish bourgeoisie when he contributed to maintaining their dominant

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position. At no time has Adolfo headed the Spanish right wing, but has rather used it since he was personally chosen to head the cabinet.

The comparison with Giolitti is even more farfetched. This Italian statesman was a leading figure in Europe at the beginning of the century. Apparently he was the inventor of the policy of alliance by means of which an effort was made to reconcile or settle differences between opposed interests. His policy with the socialists, succeeding in breaking down the party and incorporating them in the government, and that he pursued with the Catholics in the sinister and reactionary era of Pius X, forcing the Vatican, again as a function of his political skill, to abandon the Catholic "abstentionism"--it was a sin meriting excommunication to vote for any electoral candidate--had nothing to do with the way in which a man so lacking in "genius" as Suarez operates. Not to mention the administrative ability and economic knowledge of a man with the legal and economic training Giolitti had. He was a Piedmontese who began his political career as minister of finance. One cannot exclude the possibility, however, that Adolfo Suarez, like Giolitti, will give his name to an era in Spanish history. But this in itself is but a coincidental point.

There is no precedent for Adolfo Suarez as a leader. The objection might be raised that no two political figures are ever alike, and therefore there is never a precedent. Only three years after his appointment as prime minister, it is too soon for an analysis with proper perspective, although indications are already to be seen. Although he is not a providential figure, he could become that should it prove indispensable. He has a trait which comes from his masters: fear of resigning, which taken in the strictest sense would weaken his capacity to manipulate events. "They can only remove me from where I am if they kill me," he told a journalist in May of 1977, and thus he personally becomes very vulnerable to crisis, to fear, to loss of royal favor. Perhaps it will be our fate during the 20th century to tolerate providential figures for whom losing power is like a sentence of death, because power is the motive force of their lives.

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