PICTURE POST

The Forgotten Army

LIFE

SPANIARDS FLEE TO FRANCE IN GREATEST MASS EXODUS OF MODERN TIMES

Coverage of the Spanish refugee crisis in *Life* and *Picture Post*, February-March 1939. Photos by Robert Capa.

Images of Displa cement

The Spanish Civil War and the Birth of the Modern Refugee

By Sebastiaan Faber

The 20th century was the century of the refugee. In 1999, the UN reported that one in 214 people on the planet—50 million in total—had been forced to flee violence and persecution. The massive displacement of 500,000 Spanish Republicans in 1939, spurring years' worth of intense relief work by Lincoln vets and other Republican sympathizers, was the first major refugee crisis in the world to be widely covered by the visual media.

The heart-wrenching images first delivered to the western public by Robert Capa, "Chim" Seymour, Jean-Paul LeChanois, and others have by now become all too familiar. But the questions they raised have remained. How should we read images of suffering? Should refugees be portrayed as innocent victims or political actors? What should be done to help them? And is it possible to distinguish between humanitarian relief and political work? This spring, ALBA is sponsoring a series of events around these topics, culminating in a symposium on May 1 featuring seven speakers, more than an hour's worth of rare documentary footage, and scores of previously unseen images of Spanish refugees from the recently recovered archives of Capa, Gerda Taro, and Seymour.

The cause of Republican Spain did not die when Franco declared victory on April 1, 1939—far from it. It lived on in the hopes and despair of millions of people around the world: the surviving Republicans in Spain who were bracing themselves for whole-scale repression; the 500,000 Spaniards who by then had fled their homeland in fear of reprisals, and most of whom had been herded into French concentration camps; the tens of thousands who had gone to Spain from all corners of the globe to help the Republic and lived to tell the tale; and the hundreds of thousands more who, for three long years, had sympathized with the Spaniards' struggle against fascism and generously given their time, energy, and money to support it in whatever way they could.

All these people experienced the Republic's long-feared defeat as a tremendous blow. Personal reactions varied. Some got depressed; others turned away from politics altogether. Given the divisions among the Left, it was hard to avoid the blame game. Still, the overwhelming attitude was one of determination. This was not the time to give up: there was work to be done. The Spanish defeat made the struggle against fascism more critical than ever. Governments needed to be convinced that Franco's regime was illegitimate. Most importantly, the hundreds of thousands of Spanish refugees needed help, and urgently so.

The images and reports coming from southern France were alarming. French authorities had only reluctantly opened the border to the fleeing Spaniards. Upon entering France, refugees were treated like criminals. Possessions were confiscated, families separated. Most men, women, and children—weak, wounded, sick, demoralized—ended up in improvised camps where living conditions were dismal. In the first months some 15,000 died.

In February, *Life* featured a large photo of seven hunched-over Spanish women crossing a mountain pass in the Pyrenees, trudging through the snow, dragging their possessions. Another photo showed a cold, slushy road with a column of refugees walking next to horse- and oxen-drawn carts. Robert Capa's chilling images of an old woman on the road between Tarragona and Barcelona allowed readers to see what havoc was wrought by the persistent Nationalist strafing and shelling of fleeing civilians. The camera caught her walking in a daze around her half-destroyed cart, useless because her horse, mule, dog, and donkey had just been machine-gunned to death.

The birth of the modern refugee

As Susan Sontag wrote in *Regarding the Pain of Others*, the Spanish Civil War was the first "media war," the first armed conflict "to be witnessed ('covered') in the modern sense: by a corps of professional photographers at the lines of military engagement and in the towns under bombardment, whose work was immediately seen in newspapers and magazines in Spain and abroad." The Spanish conflict was also the first time that the human consequences of war—of a new kind of war, moreover, with city bombardments and large-scale civilian casualties— became the subject of extensive visual press coverage. Capa, Chim, and others shot more than just battle scenes: from the very beginning, they felt the need to register the conflict's many civilian victims. And few images proved as heart-wrenching as those of the thousands of Spanish men, women, and children who were forced to flee their homes, beginning with the Nationalist advances in Andalusia in the first months of the war (among Capa's and Taro's first photos from Spain are their portraits of refugees from Málaga, published in September 1936), leading up to the mass exodus into France of early 1939. Scenes that would later become sadly familiar to news readers around the globe—long columns of displaced people carrying their belongings; emaciated but combative men being herded into makeshift camps; anonymous victims looking into the camera from behind a barbed-wire fence—were widely distributed for the first time in 1936-39 by photographers covering Spain. If the 20th century saw the emergence of the modern refugee, the Spanish Civil War marks his visual birth.

"That was all the West had done for [the refugees], to take photographs. … [P]ortraits of Spaniards in cages like monkeys at a zoo. The men of Barcarès detested the photographers, and yet they were quick to humor them with a docility that was only apparent. … [W]hen someone realized that a camera was ready to shoot, he'd yell photo! and then everyone would get to their feet, stand up straight, and lift up their fists and chins in the same direction. From the outside, it may have seemed an angry and useless gesture, but for them it was different, a furious affirmation of identity, of will, which allowed them to yell out to the world that they were still alive, …"

—*Almudena Grandes,* El corazón helado, *2006.*

Mr. Adamson: "As I understand you, your organization has nothing to do with politics; is that right?"
Rev. Brooks: "Sure. That is sort of a trick question. Politics is something that pervades the whole of life, as we think religion pervades the whole of life. It impinges on you here and there and you cannot escape it. If you mean political activity, we do not have any political activity."

—*Testimony of Rev. Howard L. Brooks, acting Executive Director of the Unitarian Service Committee before the House Un-American Activities Committee, Oct. 21, 1946.*

"It's difficult to work under such a gaze."

As Paul Preston has shown in his recent book, *We Saw Spain Die*,

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reporting on the Spanish Civil War was a job fraught with emotional and political tensions. Several prominent journalists abandoned neutral objectivity in favor of a deeply-felt commitment to the Republican cause. Photographers, too, had a hard time distinguishing reporting from advocacy and the moral imperative to provide immediate help.

In January 1939, Capa was in Catalonia covering the exodus toward the French border. On the 15th, his camera frames a young girl laying exhausted on a couple of sacks at a refugee transit center in Barcelona. “She must be very tired,” he notes, “since she does not play with the other children; she does not stir. But her eye follows me, one large dark eye follows my every movement. It is difficult to work under such a gaze. It is not easy to be in such a place and not be able to do anything except record the suffering that others must endure.” Capa—a displaced leftist Jew himself, after all—has a hard time accepting his passive role; but it is also clear that he hopes his images will sway someone else to take action. If the girl’s gaze made him uncomfortable, he knew that a photograph of that gaze could move thousands of viewers.

Given their sympathy for the Republican cause, it is not surprising that photographers and filmmakers were quite willing to let relief organizations use their images of refugees to raise awareness and relief funds among the public. In the framework of a leaflet or ad campaign, the moral dimension of the images, often left fuzzy in the press coverage, was suddenly crystal clear: right next to them was a direct appeal to the viewer’s conscience and a clear recipe for action. “80,000 children look to us,” says an early leaflet from the Social Workers Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, entitled “Children in Concentration Camps.” The text leaves little room for ambiguity: “What you do today makes their world tomorrow,” “They have suffered too much,” “Send your check, your money, or money-order today.”

Fundraising materials like these show that their editors fully realized the power of images. And they clearly preferred those that combined notions of innocence and suffering—women, children and families—with the kind of gaze that sent a chill up Capa’s spine. In fact, the Social Workers leaflet features some of the Hungarian’s most touching refugee portraits: a mother in a French camp blowing her son’s nose; a dark-haired girl of about 10, a sleeping baby in her lap, looking earnestly, almost defiantly, into the camera, while a boy lies at her feet. Their misery was palpable, but helping them was easy: a donation of $1.50 buys a Play and Work Package with crayons and a drawing book; $400 will bring a child to the Americas.

Human suffering above and beyond politics

Capa’s work is a good example of the blurring border between news coverage and relief efforts in the wake of the Spanish conflict. Although he had left Spain on January 28 and gone on North, Capa returned to southern France in March to visit the camps at Argelès-sur-mer, Bram, and Le Barcarès, in part as an assignment for the Comité international de coordination et d’information pour l’aide à l’Espagne républicaine, the French counterpart to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. As soon as the North American Committee in New York received a set of prints, they incorporated them into their own publicity. But they also sent them on to the American media, alerting them to the Committee’s one-million-dollar relief campaign.

Capa’s photos from his March trip are as powerful as ever: famished Spaniards wrapped in blankets in front of improvised tents and huts in the sand; a corpulent French gendarme impassively contemplating a long row of identical wooden crosses on what can only be fresh graves; five squatting men with their trousers on their ankles in an endless, feces-covered expanse of beach. The Committee’s efforts paid off: on April 16, the *New York Times* printed three of Capa’s images in its Sunday photo section on a full page dedicated to Spain, mentioning the campaign. In May, the *New Masses* did a full-page photo spread on the Spanish “heroes”: “These refugees, tempered in the blast furnace of fascism, are 400,000 living witnesses to the crimes of Franco. They are the most important refugees in the world.” The large cache of negatives from Capa, Taro, and Seymour that were recently recovered includes 10 rolls covering the French camps. A selection will be shown at the symposium on May 1.

Throughout 1939, the New York office of the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign (SRRC)—headed up by Herman Reissig, with Roosevelt’s Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, serving as honorary chairman—undertook a number of projects involving its more than 100 chapters throughout the country. In addition to leaflets and photos, their most ambitious program that summer was a screening campaign of a new half-hour documentary on the French camps. The film, entitled *Refuge*, was a dubbed-over and shortened version of *Un people attend*. This documentary, directed earlier that year by Jean-Paul LeChanois, alias Jean-Paul Dreyfus, and edited by Irving Lerner, combined newsreel with original footage, including sequences shot in the camps with a camera hidden in a grocery bag. Long thought lost, a 16mm print of *Refuge* has recently surfaced among ALBA’s collection and will be screened at the symposium on May 1, along with other rare footage.

The politics of humanitarianism

Refuge was the SRRC’s last large fundraising project before it succumbed to the political tensions undermining the Left’s relief efforts in the wake of the Spanish war. The Refugee Relief Campaign had initially come out of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. But while the Committee’s goals were political in nature (as its name clearly indicated), the SRRC explicitly profiled itself as purely humanitarian—a “non-political relief organization made up of hundreds of individuals who are interested in aiding the Spanish refugees.” “This,” an informational handout emphasized, “is its sole purpose. It has no connection with any political group and does not engage in any other activity.”

> *The large cache of negatives from Capa, Taro, and Seymour that were recently recovered includes 10 rolls covering the French camps; a selection will be shown at the symposium on May 1.*

It was an important distinction. During the previous three years, hundreds of organizations in many countries had drummed up support for Spain. Although from the beginning much of the fundraising had been geared toward humanitarian aid (in part because other forms of support were prohibited by legislation demanding neutrality or non-intervention), almost all of the organizations involved were clearly identified with either the Republicans or the Nationalists. (The main exceptions were the Quakers and the Red Cross.) During the war, most groups had focused on political work, particularly mobilizing public opinion in favor of one side or the other. Franco’s victory confronted these organizations with a different reality. Pro-Franco groups could tranquilly disband. But most of those supporting the Republic recognized that, even if they refused to give up the fight against fascism, the new situation in Spain called for different tactics and priorities. To be sure, the political struggle continued after April 1939—the goal now was to block international recognition of the Franco regime—but humanitarian work took center stage.

The decision to scale down political profiles and to focus on humanitarian aid was as tactical as it was pragmatic. Of course it was overwhelmingly clear that the hundreds of thousands of Spaniards in France—among whom were also some former International Brigadiers—required urgent help. What was needed more

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Rosenblum

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Sofía museum in Madrid purchased a set of 30; in 2005 they were part of a Rosenblum retrospective at PhotoEspaña in Madrid. The 25 photographs displayed at the King Juan Carlos Center until May were given as a gift to the Tamiment Library by the Rosenblum family. It is the first time a large set from the series has been shown in the United States.

Rosenblum’s photographs for the USC form an integral part of his career. Following in Hine’s footsteps, he recorded the impact on ordinary people—particularly children—of some of the major events of the 20th century, from economic depression to colonialism and armed conflict.

Working in East Harlem, Haiti, Europe, and the South Bronx, he was drawn to situations that revealed the experiences of immigrants and the poor. Early on, he made an important discovery. “I realized,” he said, “that I worked best when I was photographing something or someone I loved and that through my photographs I could pay them homage.”

“Old Movie With the Sound Turned Off”

By Robert Hass

The hatcheck girl wears a gown that glows;
The cigarette girl in the black fishnet stockings
And a skirt of black, gauzy, bunched-up tulle
That bobs above the pert muffin of her bottom—
She must be twenty-two—would look like a dancer
In Degas except for the tray of cigarettes that rests
Against her—tummy might have been the decade’s word,
And the thin black strap which binds it to her neck
And makes the whiteness of her skin seem swan’s-down
White. Some quality in the film stock that they used
Made everything so shiny that the films could not
Not make the whole world look like lingerie, like
Phosphorescent milk with winking shadows in it.
All over the world the working poor put down their coins,
Poured into theaters on Friday nights. The manager raffled—
“Raffled off,” we used to say in San Rafael in my postwar
Childhood into which the custom had persisted—
Sets of dishes in the intermission of the double feature—
Of the kind they called Fiestaware. And now
The gangster has come in, surrounded by an entourage
Of prize fighters and character actors, all in tuxedo
And black overcoats—except for him. His coat is camel
(Was it the material or the color?—my mind wanders
To earth-colored villages in Samara or Afghanistan).
He is also wearing a white scarf which seems to shimmer
As he takes it off, after he takes off the gray fedora
And hands it to the hatcheck girl. The singer,
In a gown of black taffeta that throws off light
In starbursts, wears black gloves to her elbows
And as she sings, you sense she is afraid.
Not only have I seen this film before—the singer
Shoots the gangster just when he thinks he’s been delivered
From a nemesis involving his brother, the district attorney,
And a rival mob—I know the grandson of the cigarette girl,
Who became a screenwriter and was blackballed later
Because she raised money for the Spanish Civil War.
Or at least that’s the story as I remember it, so that,
When the gangster is clutching his wounded gut
And delivering a last soundless quip and his scarf
Is still looking like the linen in Heaven, I realize
That it is for them a working day and that the dead
Will rise uncorrupted and change into flannel slacks,
Hawaiian shirts; the women will put on summer smocks
Made from the material superior dish towels are made of
Now, and they’ll all drive up to Malibu for drinks.
All the dead actors were pretty in their day. Why
Am I watching this movie? you may ask. Well, my beloved,
Down the hall, is probably laboring over a poem
And is not to be disturbed. And look! I have rediscovered
The sweetness and the immortality of art. The actress
Wrote under a pseudonym, died, I think, of cancer of the lungs.
So many of them did. Far better for me to be doing this
(A last lurid patch of fog out of which the phrase “The End”
Comes swimming; the music I can’t hear surging now
Like fate) than reading with actual attention my field guides
Which inform me that the flower of the incense cedar
I saw this morning by the creek is “unisexual, solitary, and terminal.”

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than anything else was money: massive funds for food, supplies, legal fees, and travel. More than ever, the relief organizations realized that they should make the broadest possible appeal among the general population. Everyone knew that explicit political affiliations would scare off large sections of the public, particularly the gift-prone church communities. But who wouldn’t donate money for purely humanitarian work devoid of politics, especially if their gift was tax-deductible? Similarly, de-politicization was necessary to qualify for the increasing amounts of government funds for overseas refugee relief made available by the United States and other countries through the National War Fund (1943-47) and the War Refugee Board (1944-45). In the face of these realities, several pro-Republican organizations changed their identity, while others merged into new entities. But even organizations that did not change their names shifted their priorities in an attempt to lower their political profiles and increase their fundraising appeal. The VALB, which from 1939 on concentrated on helping the refugees, decrying their dismal treatment by French and Spanish authorities and putting political pressure on Washington to isolate Franco internationally, was conscious in the extreme about its need to avoid negative publicity.

Refugee aid organizations divided

Still, as the years following the Spanish war saw the emergence of a dizzying variety of refugee relief organizations, conflict was rife. In the United States alone, there were the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign; the International Relief Association and the Emergency Rescue Committee, which later fused into the International Rescue Committee; the Joint Antifascist Refugee Committee; the American Friends Service Committee; the Unitarian Service Committee; and dozens of smaller organizations. While all claimed—and many aimed—to be humanitarian in nature, and while many cooperated with each other to different extents, their work and their mutual relationships were hampered by clashing political views.

Dr. Edward Barsky, leader of the Joint Antifascist Refugee Committee, was persecuted by the U.S. government for his activities. Photo from the ALBA archives.

Conflicts arose at two different levels: the stated or suspected political beliefs and interest of the organizations’ leaders and members; and the political identity of their beneficiaries. As usual, the hottest point of contention was the role of, and relation to, the Communist Party. And as usual, local conflicts were largely a function of developments in international politics, which radically altered the connotations and values associated with the Republican cause, Communism, anti-fascism, or opposition to the Franco regime. Unsurprisingly, the main chapters in this story were the Spanish Civil War, the period of the Hitler-Stalin pact (August 1939-June 1941), the years of the anti-Axis alliance (1941-1945), and the Cold War that followed.

The first years read like a leftist soap opera. The Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign began as an initiative from Herman Reissig’s North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and the Medical Bureau, led by Edward Barsky, a prominent New York surgeon and Spanish Civil War veteran. Like most Popular Front organizations, the SRRC did not survive the fallout from the Hitler-Stalin pact. In March 1940, a conflict between Communists and non-Communists caused a split; Barsky and several prominent Lincoln vets broke away to form a rival organization. The mortally weakened remains of the SRRC eventually joined with the Emergency Rescue Committee, which was run from France by Varian Fry.

Continuing conflicts and governmental barriers thwarted an ambitious plan by Barsky and others to charter a ship that would bring Spanish refugees to Latin America. In early 1942, the United American Spanish Aid Committee, the Rescue Ship Mission, and the American Committee to Save Refugees merged into the Joint Antifascist Refugee Committee (JAFRC), led by Barsky. Because the JAFRC had no license to expend funds in Europe, it channeled its fundraising to the Unitarian Service Committee (USC), with specific conditions on use of the funds.

Ominous Cold-War clouds had been gathering throughout World War II, and the Axis powers had barely

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capitulated when the first drops started to fall. From the beginning, sympathizers of Republican Spain were singled out for anti-Communist investigations. In mid-1945, accusations arose that the JAFRC and the USC were not only dominated by Communist Party members and sympathizers, but they were using funds to help Communists over other refugees. The House Un-American Activities Committee asked the JAFRC to hand over its records; the refusal of Barsky and his board to do so led to a long legal battle that ended in prison sentences for 11 board members. The USC, meanwhile, had hurriedly purged the radicals from its ranks in an attempt to save its reputation. In the early 1950s, the belief that the CP-dominated organizations had long neglected the fate of non-Communist refugees spurred Nancy and Dwight MacDonald, both Trotskyites, to found the Spanish Refugee Aid (SRA), whose incorporation papers explicitly excluded Communists as beneficiaries. (Several years ago, ALBA helped negotiate the transfer of the extensive SRA archives to NYU's Tamiment library.)

As Peter Carroll has shown in *The Odyssey of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade*, the ripples of the JAFRC court battle soon extended to the VALB, which had been harassed by the FBI and HUAC since the late 1930s and which, like the JAFRC, had been included in the 1947 Attorney General's List of Subversive Organizations. With the Cold War in full swing, even refugee relief, however humanitarian, could be considered a potential act of subversion. "Among the few palpable 'exhibits' of political views" at the Rosenberg trial, Carroll writes, "was a cardboard collection can that read 'Save a Spanish Republican Child.'" "The American warmongers," Milt Wolff wrote in 1951, "are trying to implant the idea that it is un-American to be anti-Franco." Needless to say, fundraising for the Spaniards became nearly impossible. Franco, meanwhile, continued to strengthen his position, and he remained in power until his death from old age in 1975.

"Premature refugees"

Three times the western democracies left the Spanish Republicans out in the cold: after the attempted coup in 1936; at the end of the Civil War in 1939; and again after the end of World War II. Ironically, this was precisely the moment when the political refugee became recognized as a legal category. The foundation of the United Nations in 1945 spurred the creation, five years later, of the Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) and the 1951 convention regulating the legal status of refugees, which included the crucial stipulation that no refugees should be returned to their homelands if they are at risk of persecution. For the Spanish Republicans, the new laws and institutions came too late. (If the Lincoln vets were labeled "premature antifascists," one could say that the Spanish Republicans were "premature refugees.") In practice, of course, the UNHCR could not prevent the intensely politicized treatment and representation of the millions of displaced peoples—from Palestine to Cuba to Vietnam to southern Africa to the former Yugoslavia—whose collective suffering cast a dark shadow over the second half of the 20th century, and whose fate and imagery largely mirrored the Spaniards', sometimes to an uncanny degree. ■

History Wars

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opposition that, in November 2008, to the disappointment of activists, Garzón withdrew from the investigation, putting it into the hands of the courts in the various provinces in which the mass graves are located, which must now declare whether they are competent to judge these cases. Most are unlikely to do so, but will instead follow the example of the National Court in declaring that it, and hence Garzón, is not competent to investigate these crimes.

There are no signs, however, that the pressure for truth, reparation, and justice will go away. The Law of Historical Memory represents a major unprecedented step forward both for victims' rights to reparation and in terms of public recognition of the Republican struggle for democracy during and after the war. However, it is difficult not to agree with those who criticize the law, and above all its failure to resolve the problems of the mass graves. The inevitable existence of not one, but various, conflicting collective memories of what happened in Spain between 1936 and 1975 means that, in the short term at least, the recovery of historical memory will continue to be a source of conflict rather than consensus. But until the bodies of these Republicans are recovered, the injustice is perpetuated, and there would appear to be little likelihood of Spanish society as a whole achieving any sort of collective closure with respect to its traumatic past. ■

Franco's World War II

Franco and Hitler: Spain, Germany and World War II. By Stanley G. Payne. New Haven: Yale University Press. 328 pp.

By Daniel Kowalsky

Gadfly of Loyalist defenders for nearly six decades, Stanley Payne is the historian of Spain the Left loves to hate. His rational, deeply-informed defense of Franquista positions and his career-long refusal to cave in to the groundswell of support for the lost cause of the Spanish Republic have exasperated all those who still mourn Franco's victory in the Spanish Civil War. Payne may have raised political incorrectness to the level of subversion, but no serious student of modern Spain can afford to ignore him; he is without a doubt the most prolific Hispanist working on either side of the Atlantic, with an output easily surpassing one book per year. Payne has now turned his attention to Franco's supposed neutrality in World War II. The result is a book that, while reflecting the author's well-established ideological tendencies, brings new insights to a fascinating subject.

The book opens in the first days of the Civil War. Stranded with his troops in Spanish Morocco, the Generalissimo appealed to the fascist dictators for assistance. While Mussolini sent the greater numbers of ground troops, Hitler delivered the better hardware, together with well-trained advisors and the mercilessly effective Condor Legion. As the author correctly shows, German participation was a vital determinant in Franco's eventual victory. Hitler's concentrated intervention in Spain resulted from his keen awareness of the strategic advantages of having a close ally on the Iberian peninsula. Yet Hitler's recompense for his steadfast support of the Caudillo was delivered only in fits and starts, complicating Germany's campaign for European hegemony.

In the global war, when most states lined up alongside either the Allied or the Axis camp, Franco pursued the most ambivalent position of any neutral power. Franco declared Spain a "non-belligerent ally" of Germany, though this was disingenuous. As Payne demonstrates with impressive detail, Franco's assistance to the Nazi cause was wide-ranging and included extensive maritime support; regular delivery of vital minerals, raw materials and foodstuffs; unprecedented political favors, such as the reception onto Spanish soil of several thousand Nazi agents; and the belated dispatch of the Blue Division, whose doomed volunteers fought alongside the Germans until the fall of Berlin. The Allies rued but also exploited Franco's loyalty to Hitler, as evidenced in Operation Mincemeat, when fake invasion plans planted on a corpse were translated and sent to the Germans. According to Payne, the deception convinced the Axis of an imminent strike in the Aegean and thus "greatly facilitated the [Allied] invasion of Sicily," though he offers but thin support for that thesis.

That Franco never contributed more directly to the Nazi war effort was less a consequence of the Caudillo's savvy diplomacy than of Hitler's refusal to accept Spain's conditions for abandoning neutrality. If this book contains a bombshell, it is that Madrid strongly favored entering the war, but Berlin continually balked at the concessions the Spaniards demanded up-front. As negotiations dragged on, the Axis position across Europe steadily weakened. By the end of 1942, a better deal for Franco was taking shape with the surging Allies, who quickly forgave the dictator his bloody excesses and earlier fascist associations.

Some readers will be especially interested in what Payne has to say about Franco and the Holocaust. For many years, the Nationalist regime's official historians made much of Spain's supposed magnanimity towards Jewish refugees, and the heroic and risky efforts of Franco's diplomats in France, Greece and Hungary have often been cited as evidence of philo-Semitism. It is true that at least 30,000 Jews successfully crossed into Spain by 1942, but Spanish attempts at rescue once the Final Solution was implemented were tardy, half-hearted and ineffective. Payne correctly concludes that, overall, Hitler's

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