Formal Culture, Practical Sense and the Structures of Fear in Spain

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Abstract: In this article I seek to understand how social memory and fear conjoin at various levels in Spain from the period of the Transition following Franco's death in 1975, to the passing of a Law of Historical Memory in 2007. I argue that the ways in which formal culture in the public sphere interacts with the practical sense of everyday life produces a kind of social regulation appropriate to liberal democracy. I employ two features of Raymond Williams' use of the notion "structure of feeling" to elucidate how this occurs. Formal culture can be understood as the product of a self-conscious program that seeks to produce a coherent "quality of social experience...which gives the sense of a period." By contrast a particular feature of practical sense, that it does "not have to await definition, classification...before [it] exert[s] palpable pressure...on experience and action" provides the possibility to regulate democratic sovereignty by keeping ordinary people's "dangerous" memories fragmented on the threshold of attaining social definition.

Keywords: fear, social memory, Spanish Transition, repression, Raymond Williams, structure of feeling

Résumé : Dans cet article, j'essaie de comprendre comment la mémoire sociale et la peur se conjuguent à divers niveaux en Espagne entre la période de transition suivant la mort de Franco en 1975 et l'adoption d'une Loi sur la Mémoire historique en 2007. Je soutiens que la manière dont la culture formelle dans la sphère publique interagit avec le sens pratique de la vie quotidienne produit une sorte de régulation sociale appropriée à la démocratie libérale. J'emploie deux aspects de l'utilisation que fait Raymond Williams de la notion de « structure des sensibilités » pour élucider comment cela se produit. On peut comprendre la culture formelle comme le produit d'un programme délibéré qui cherche à produire « une qualité [cohérente] de l'expérience sociale [...] qui fournit une prise sur "l'air du temps" ». Par contraste, un caractère particulier du sens pratique, à savoir « qu'il n'a pas besoin d'attendre une définition, une classification [...] avant d'exercer des pressions palpables [...] sur l'expérience et l'action » ouvre la possibilité d'exercer un rôle régulateur de la souveraineté démocratique en maintenant fragmentés les souvenirs « dangereux » des gens ordinaires, sur le point d'atteindre une définition sociale.

Mots-clés : peur, mémoire sociale, transition en Espagne, répression, Raymond Williams, structure des sensibilités

Most of us are quite familiar with liberal discussions of the use of fear and the suppression of social memory in regimes such as Hitler's, Stalin's or Mao's. The implicit contrast is with liberal democratic regimes where fear plays no part in governance and social memory is free to develop in the fertile soil of "democracy." If we reject this Manichaean imagery, however, we are obliged to think more carefully about the role of fears and memories in the regulation of liberal democratic societies as well as their potential for querying such regulation. In this paper I take the period leading up to the passing of Spain's Law of Historical Memory in October 2007 as a filter through which to explore these issues.[1] It may be argued that such a law is a peculiar product of Spain's recent history: the death of a dictator, the Transition that followed and the particular tensions and debates that resulted therefrom. And I would not deny the specificity of the Spanish case. But my argument will be that flows and flexibilities of liberal and social democracies have become so normalized that it is hard to find a lens that would highlight the ways in which fears and memories play their part; the law can serve as a kind of dam, slowing the ebbs and flows for better inspection.

Historical memory and fear conjoin at various levels in modern Spain. There is a dialectic in which public discussions of appropriate *national memory* and *everyday evocations of past fears* shape one another. The character of national memory and its need to be coded in law has a great deal to do with the way in which everyday memories and fears are *named* in public discourse on the one hand—government statements, newspaper editorials, television programs, films et cetera—and *experienced* in specific settings in their infinite variety on the other—as restraint, obtuseness, unvoiced emotion, anxiety, insecurity and so on. And the ways in which these contextualized memories are articulated, or communicated—or not—are, in turn, a function of the broader public discourse. So there is an articulation between what I call *formal culture* produced by institutions of cultural production and *practical sense* emergent from people's everyday lives (Smith 2004a).

Constrained by length and to a certain extent by the rapid movement of events in Spain, this paper does not purport to be a comprehensive account of this complex political landscape (see Fernández de Mata 2007; Ruiz Torres 2007). Rather my purpose is to explore the extent to which Raymond Williams' notion "structure of feeling" might throw light on the way in which formal culture and practical sense interact to shape fears and memories at different levels of a liberal democratic social formation.

At the risk of simplification we might think of the pursuit of national historical memory as an (albeit perpetually failing) attempt to produce an integral "spirit of the age," a broadly agreed-upon frame within which intercommunicative practices can blossom, thereby producing "democracy."[2] Williams tried to capture something of this kind in his use of the expression *structure of feeling*. In this case, we appear to be speaking of a quite programmatic attempt to produce an integral national sentiment, yet Williams was especially concerned with the way in which the structures of feeling of an epoch were emergent and unnamed. Indeed, along a rather different dimension, he used the term for a much more methodological consideration. He wished to evoke that moment when a pattern of experience has not (yet?) been named. This was not just the problem of how we think of an experience for which we have no name, or for which we feel no existing words apply; for Williams it is also a methodological problem for the student of culture, insofar as they enter experience post hoc through the filter of its name. I wish to use this second dimension of Williams' term then, to throw light on the other end of the articulated process I have referred to above—practical sense. There I have spoken of experience that is problematically given social recognition and, remaining on the edge of being named, is thereby restricted in terms of intercommunicative practice. Placing myself as the student of culture to whom Williams implicitly refers, I will begin by narrating my own perception of these instances, the one at the level of the formal production of culture and the other at the level of everyday practices.

In mid-2006 a journalist, writing a comment column in a national newspaper, *El Pais*, remarked, "the [Civil] War continues and its conclusion is uncertain." From the moment the conservative Partido Popular (PP) fell from power to be replaced by the Partido Socialista Obrero Español (PSOE), following the Madrid bombing of March 2004, disputes in the public arena over Spain's recent past had become increasingly acrimonious. The new government's attempts to open up a dialogue with Basque nationalists were at first so promising that the PP could only respond by accusing the Prime Minister, Zapatero, of cowardice—for withdrawing from Iraq and for talking to terrorists. The PP campaign found little public sympathy until the party turned to an entirely new strategy. They began to mobilize the "victims of terrorism," largely the families of those killed by ETA (*Euskadi Ta Askatasuna*: Homeland and Freedom). By employing the term "victim" and suggesting that it was the PSOE who were showing no respect for them, the PP was attempting to reverse a public discussion in which, while in power, they had sought to invoke a balance between the victims of Franco's repression and those who had "died for God and country" fighting for the Nationalists in the Civil War—the victors in other words.

So incensed was Jesús de Polanco, the owner of the liberal newspaper *El Pais*, by this conduct that he publicly accused the PP of intentionally using people's sense of victimhood to stir up the divisions and hatred of the Franco era. The PP responded by banning all party members from giving interviews to any parts of de Polanco's media empire. This was no small move, since it essentially divided the media into those to whom the PP would or would not speak. De Polanco, Spain's fifth wealthiest businessman after all, owned as much as 30% of the Spanish media industry, from newspapers, to television stations to publishing houses. It was in reference to these kinds of face-offs that the journalist remarked that the Civil War was not over.

It had not always been thus since Franco's death in 1975, and I want to turn for a moment to the other end of the spectrum I have alluded to, away from what I have called formal culture, to the arena of practical sense in a small town in southern Valencia, Spain. One day a few months after the PP had formed their first government, having defeated the Socialists, the Spanish anthropologist Susana Narotzky and I were talking with three women and a man in a day labourers' neighbourhood. All of them had been secret members of the Socialist Party throughout the Franco period. As we talked, each of us becoming more absorbed, I think, in the emotions stirred up by going back over quite fearful life histories, and all of us too, I would say, sharing a sense that we were doing something slightly illicit, a silence suddenly fell, as though an angel had passed, as my mother would have said. We all looked at each other. Nobody quite knew how to move on. Then one woman laughed a little nervously. "Ah well," she said, "we'll all be back in jail soon anyway," and the others laughed too. The man said, "it's as though we have been out in the school yard. It won't be long now before they ring the bell and call us all back inside again."

For me as I sat in that house with the old people, I think I interpreted their fear more as a sign of how deeply Franco's terror had affected their lives. I'm not sure how much I felt that their fear that they may find themselves back in jail was a realistic assessment. But something else happens when we place it in the context—not of the past—but of the contemporary discourse of formal culture. I have not spoken to those people since 2004, but the journalist's remark that the Civil War continues and its conclusion remains uncertain takes on a much more ominous sense seen from the perspective of that neighbourhood in southeastern Spain. I have no doubt that within the field of journalistic thrust and counter-thrust, the remark may be more rhetorical than anything else. But seen from the perspective of the people who felt a silence pass, it is likely to induce quite different feelings and assessments of the present.

So before returning to southern Valencia, I want to describe this broader setting—the discursive conduct of public politics whose *effect* is the constitution of a kind of formal political culture, almost a kind of emergent, taken for-granted atmosphere within which political possibilities are discussed. This is certainly one sense of the way in which Williams used the notion of a structure of feeling. He was constantly urged to relate what he meant to a more complex heterogeneity arising from different class consciousnesses. But he always resisted this and insisted that, in given eras, there was a set of relevances shared—albeit unevenly and in highly complex ways—across all members of a social formation.

> What we are defining is a particular quality of social experience and relationship, historically distinct from other particular qualities, which gives the sense of a generation or a period. The relationship between this quality and the other specifying historical marks...[such as] the changing social and economic relations between and within classes, are an open question...At the same time [what we are referring to here is] taken as *social* experience, rather than as "personal" experience. [Williams 1997:131]

The events following the 2004 elections can be seen as the final moment of the *pacto de silencio* (pact of silence) produced by the Transition (always referred to with a capital T). The Spanish Civil War ran from 1936-39. It was the result of a failed coup d'état by Franco's Nationalists against the democratic government of the Republic and, after Franco's total victory, there followed 20 years during which it is estimated that as many as 100,000 people were disappeared (Richards 1998) in a crusade [*sic*] that Franco described in terms of a redemptive cleansing of the body of Spain from the Red sickness. Although the last 15 years of the dictator's rule saw a change in policy, the fact remains that the last anarchist was garrotted as late as 1974, a year before the Caudillo's death. It was the period following his death that is referred to as the Transition. During the 12 years of PSOE government that followed and on into the first years of the PP government that replaced it, up to the turn of the century in fact, the pact of silence was maintained at the level of formal culture.

On its return to power with an increased majority in 2000, the PP shifted away from its previous careful obtuseness about its links to the Franco regime and began increasingly to present itself as the party representing the values of integral Spain, a kind of nationalism that configured any variation on what the national (and class) project would be not just as anti-Spanish, but as a threat to the very essence of the body of Spain—a discourse entirely consistent with that of Franco's *Movimiento*.[3] This position in turn gave rise to a heterogeneous series of initiatives by small groups of people connected to those who had been victims of Franco's repression in the Civil War and afterwards to open up the mass graves of those summarily executed by the Movimiento. Starting in the small community of Vilafranca del Bierzo, within a couple of years these initiatives had become something the government could no longer control.[4] These events gave the lie to prevailing expert opinions regarding Spain's peaceful transition from dictatorship to democracy. Political elites and scholars in Spain and public figures in the European community had generally agreed that the managed amnesia of the so-called pact of silence engineered by Franco's technocrats after 1975 had been a huge success, insofar as, supposedly, the entire Spanish population had signed on to the pact. Yet now it was evidently falling apart. And newspapers, books, television and films soon took up the hew and cry.

This entry onto the public stage of "historical memory" exemplified by a media frenzy has been periodized by a number of "historians of the present" (Arostegui and Godicheau 2006), and strongly criticized for its sensationalism, inaccuracies and partisanship (Juliá 2006). But both the periodizations and the criticisms tend to discuss social memory since 1975 only at the level of formal culture, implying that grassroots experiences simply shadow those developments.

When I had been working in rural Spain during the first of these periods, described by Juliá (2006:68) in the following terms, "the recent past was absolutely absent from Spanish public life during the Transition and in the eighties," I had been struck not just by this absence, but by a similar reluctance to engage with the past among the people I was living with. By contrast, one could hardly have said the same thing about the level of formal culture that followed from 2000 to the fall of the government in 2004. Superficially Sunday supplement magazine series, television documentaries and movie features, all appeared to be *debating* Spain's recent history. Yet, like flies buzzing round a cow-pat, every program, photo-series and documentary refused to settle on anything decisive. The effect of the debates at this stage was to produce a quite well packaged account, one which—albeit obscured by the talking heads who appeared to be opening up the closed doors of history—was notable for its continuity with the Franco regime. The Republic and attempts to defend it during the Civil War were uniformly painted as Spain's inevitable and repeated descent into chaos and fratricidal killing, while the role of the army perpetuating the violence of the war years and of the Church in its enthusiastic and vicious destruction of the personas and families of Republican supporters were avoided as though circling dangerous bulls.

The point of relating the details of these events at the national level is to note the particular way in which they play upon and effectively produce a pervasive sense of fear thereby confounding the emergence of a kind of political agency that would lead to even minimal democratic sovereignty. The political issues and personal ideals that might explain why one person was prepared to take a political position that led to the grave, while another was not, and still a third was the one with gun in hand, are reduced to the unexamined notion of fratricidal war. When I asked one informant in Barcelona whose grandparents had been anarcho-syndicalists whether he thought television treatment in this period of the Franco repression really affected people who had their own experiences to draw upon, he said, "two years ago my grandmother was quite clear about the ethical value of her people's action in the Civil War. Now she no longer talks about those people. She focuses instead on the dangers of Spain falling back into a Bosnia-like barbarism bereft of political pattern or direction."

It is important to recognize the effect of this perpetual chorus of threatened internal strife on the grassroots interactions I want to talk about now. At the level of formal culture, during the Transition and in the years following, a strange inversion took place. "Democracy" was not associated with the open and often fraught dialogue on the street and in the café of fundamentally different political ideas, but rather was associated with the necessary discretion of silence and compromise achieved by the Transition. And the alternative to this kind of so-called democracy was fratricidal chaos. In this way, far from Franco's terror being the shadow hanging over Spain, it was the chaos of popular participation represented by the Republic that cast the long shadows. This seems a muddled way of speaking of the way in which failure to form an historic bloc facilitated a coup d'état and the subsequent retention of power by a class bloc that, despite its changing composition, kept one element of continuity: the total absence of a need to consult (and hence any habit of consulting) the populace. It is hardly surprising then that Spanish public figures were never heard to say "Franco's Spain, let us never go there again" while playing again and again the refrain "let us forever be spared the experiment of Republican Spain."

Clearly, by 2004, this configuration of Spain's past and hence its future had reached the limits of its political usefulness but the period that has followed is beyond the scope of this paper. Rather I want to remain within the period I have been discussing but turn now to the realm of cultural production that takes place within the everyday world of practical sense. We are returning then to the kind of setting we have already seen with the two anthropologists talking with the old people. As I have said, a pervasive belief was that the order and amnesia that framed Spain's Transition arose from *a general agreement* among the Spanish as a whole not to re-visit the past nor to encourage a kind of civil society that would run the risk of chaos. This is the position, for example, of two of Spain's major writers on the period, Paloma Aguilar (1996) and Santos Juliá (1999). Yet for me this is not really the issue, rather it is the way in which certain forms of fear can severely delimit the space of the social as an arena of intercommunicative practices.

To address this I need first to turn to a methodological question—how we might seek to understand fear in a deeply fragmented subalternity. To do this I will return for a moment to Williams' notion of structures of feeling. We have already seen that, in one sense, he has used the term to refer to a kind of pervasive social atmosphere, but now I want to point up a quite different element that obliges Williams to resort to this term. To do this we need to accept two assumptions he makes. The first is that all consciousness is social consciousness. Hence, "its processes occur not only *between* but *within* the relationship and the related" (Williams 1977:130, italics added). Second, we need to realize that, as students of social practice we arrive on the scene after the event. We are rather like those who treat the finished product of the commodity as a fetish of the labour process that produced it, but with us, the fetish is the named social practice rather than the experienced moment that we can only very roughly capture when we give it a name. For Williams, this gap is not merely unfortunate or inconvenient; it misses out an absolutely vital element of the production of culture.

So I have already made a rudimentary distinction between formal culture and practical sense and now we can make a further move. We are not making a distinction between a broad array of cultural forms shared in the public arena on the one hand, and on the other the intimate culture of the personal somehow hidden away from society; rather we are assuming that practice is perforce social and then making distinctions with respect to the forms this takes. What I am calling practical sense is social in two ways which distinguish it from "formal culture" or categorizable social practice or relationship. These two characteristics Williams describes as "changes of presence." The first is that it is while these moments are being lived that they are experienced and "when they have been lived this is still their substantial characteristic" (1977:132). And the second is that "they do not have to await definition, classification...before they exert palpable pressure...on experience and action" (1977:132). So I am concerned with these kinds of moments *and* their relations to formal culture—overt assent, private dissent, and more nuanced interaction with selective elements of formal culture.

Williams is talking in terms of a kind of unfolding through time. He is cautioning us in micro form against a kind of whiggish history of action, in which all gestures move toward a progressive result. We need to sense the initial contingency of a present moment while resisting anticipation of the outcome of a practice by naming it too early, and this is especially so in times of change (hence his expression *changes of presence*). Yet I do not think Williams can release himself entirely from a kind of historical progressivism. Even as he keeps bringing us back to the lived moment, he is almost awaiting that next moment of culture when the lived becomes articulated, or perhaps it is better to say, when it becomes *related*.

> The peculiar location of a structure of feeling is the endless comparison that must occur...between the articulated and the lived. The lived is only another word, if you like, for experience: but we have to find a word for that level. For all that is not articulated, all that comes through as disturbance, tension, blockage, emotional trouble...If one immediately fills the gap with one of these great blockbuster words like experience it can have very unfortunate effects over the rest of the argument. [1979: 168]

What is being described here seems to me to address precisely the issue I am trying to deal with in southern Valencia—an acutely lived practical sense, and certainly one that is lived *socially*. It is not its private or non-social character that is at issue but its hesitance before the moment of being related, or articulated—"tension, blockage, emotional trouble." Williams actually refers here to comparison. He talks of the endless comparison that must occur between something lived acutely and at this moment and whatever vocabulary we have available to hang it on. Of course in a stable society formal culture provides such hooks.[5] As one Spanish historian working at the grassroots puts it, "any reading of an individual past is deeply conditioned by the prevailing framework because every person tries to make his/her memories fit into it" (Cenarro 2002:178). That Spanish formal culture following the Transition failed entirely in this regard is evidenced by the movements to open up the mass graves.

So I think we can find useful Williams' injunction to seek a way of understanding unarticulated changes of presence, while not necessarily thinking of these in terms of a kind of delay in the progress of history—hence eventually "emergent," as he puts it. Rather, it could be heuristically useful to see this gap between presence and articulation as the result of a particular kind of politics of fear.

We need to know something about the peculiar nature of localized terror in Spain to understand this—how it was produced by Franco's Movimiento in the 20 years following the Civil War, and how it then became the foundation on which the Transition was built. Put another way, we are speaking of a succession of regimes: a regime which destroyed the spaces of social interaction for selected enemies of the state thereby curtailing the social articulation of fear, and then a subsequent regime which relied absolutely on this failed articulation as the basis for the establishing of liberal democracy.

As Susana Narotzky and I have written elsewhere (Narotzky and Smith 2002, 2006) for many years it was really not possible to talk to people about the 1940s or 1950s. When one takes into account that I recorded 87 life histories, it makes one realize the oddness of this statement. Of course the point is that lived moments and extended periods of fear do not get articulated much less do they become related stories. Rather they crop up unexpectantly and unexplained like floating deadwood on a lake, ramming into your side, throwing you off the direction of your interview but—oddly I suppose—making both informant and enquirer conspire in heading back to the original direction. "He came back sick." "I wish I could have spoken to her." "Yes, three daughters. Yes all married here. No. I've never seen the inside of the church, not since I was a girl of fifteen." "Yes Jesús was lucky. He originally had 11 siblings, but after the war there was just him, so he got the plot." And so on.

Nonetheless the persistent return of this flotsam and jetsam as I met people over many years of returning to Spain did eventually produce threads of interlinkage, something resembling a narrated account. And it was not just the longevity of my presence. There were other factors. Political elites' assurances that nobody in Spain wanted to remember notwithstanding, the accumulated evidence following Franco's death that the dominant classes were holding the reins of democracy very tightly indeed did in fact make Socialist, Anarchist and broader Republican families feel an urge to explore what had happened. For those who had identified with the Socialists during the Repression (and this had been the majority party in the town during the Republic), the compromises of the PSOE political leadership however de-legitimated these practices. Then a younger, Spanish anthropologist joined me for a while, a government came into power for whom these people felt no allegiance at all, and finally people began to hear about the graves being opened. Under these conditions narratives began hesitantly to emerge, handicapped by habits of fear in the past and by continual public reminders in the present that such narratives poisoned the present. The effect could be devastating and always these emergent accounts put the lie to the new democracy. As one small group's retained memories and occluded information began to meet with other hitherto hesitant and isolated accounts, they exposed the elite's suggestion that an unwakened memory meant a quiet sleep. To the contrary, the effects first of political repression and then of the personal self-imposed repression that followed could be devastating:

> Elías Górriz's father and uncle were two victims of a vigilante mass execution. Elías's mother, however, never told him how or why his father had died. Elías in fact every Tuesday and Thursday evening went to a bar where he played cards with three other men. His mother was later to say that she said nothing to her son because she wanted him to lead a "normal life." The three other men were Franco supporters; two of them had held minor offices in the municipality.
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> As newspapers and television began to report sporadic actions around the mass graves and the destruction of memorials to Franco, Elías began to show some interest in a narrated past and indeed provided a rather awkward account of the immediate postwar period. He had a vague idea of the fact that his uncle had at one time been mayor, although he could not say exactly when. When I suggested that his uncle might have been mayor during the Popular Front government, he asked what the Popular Front was... During the interview, he raised objections when I encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to discover information about his relatives' past. Although he expressed the need to know more about them, he explicitly declared his fear of discovering an uncomfortable truth...The inability to create a coherent narrative about his genealogy resulted in a sense of guilt. After projecting [this] guilt onto his father's background... [he had] fantasies about a presumed dishonest past and acceptance of his relatives' guilt.
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> Over the course of time and partly at the urging of a young local historian, Elías raised the issue with his mother and discovered some of the details of his relatives political past. He is no longer welcome at the biweekly card games. [Cenarro 2002:174-176]

As we began to go over my initial fieldnotes recorded in the early days of the Transition, and then to replay what we found there back to people in the town, it emerged that accounts of this period fell into two broad patterns. Many stories revolved around the order that resulted from membership in the local community and from the narrator's sense of holding a clear position within a social order dominated by the local *patrones.* I would call these *integral* stories.[6] As one woman put it, as she ended her description of the period, "todo en su sitio, todo en su sitio" (everything in its place, everything in its place) with a certain gleam of satisfaction on her face. The year was 1979. She was almost perfectly repeating one of Franco's last speeches to the nation, as he handed the reins to others, assuring the Spanish people, "in what was to become the nautical catch-phrase of his twilight years, that 'all is lashed down and well lashed down'" (*todo ha quedado atado, y bien atado*) (Preston 1993:748).

But another kind of narrative made no reference at all to the social order and concentrated entirely on the hazards of the black market. Here the structure of feeling was almost reproduced by the very haphazardness of the stories, often flying out of the blue, apparently from nowhere. To understand this we have to know that Franco's formal economy was controlled through ration cards and supporters of the Republic were denied them unless they could secure *un aval,* a letter of good character, from a member of the local hierarchy. For those who had supported the Republic these were very scarce indeed. "When I came back," says Celestino, "nobody would speak to me. It wasn't that you had no friends, but friends avoided one another. I got work in the next town." To be deprived of a linkage to the community in terms of hierarchy then, meant to be deprived of un aval and being deprived of un aval meant being prevented from securing the ration book that gave at least minimal access to the formal economy. So being pushed into the *estraperlo* (the semilegal market) was not only dictated by economy but by politics; moreover it formed the conditions of social practice and interaction, the essentials of what social membership there was available. It transpired then that the narratives of order did not reflect directly the political sympathies of the narrator's family so much as the social order that defined their means of subsistence after the war.[7]

Fernando Arroyo had a similar background to Celestino. He had a reinforced bicycle on which he carried smuggled wheat. The people in his immediate world were so strapped for cash that no family alone could afford his supplies, so he went round accumulating small orders for each trip, and in this way gradually developed a network of people who shared in common their "exile" from Franco's new society.

"Exile" has a special meaning for people who lived in Franco's Spain. For many years in approved dictionaries there was no ordinary entry for the word *exiliado*. It simply meant to have committed a crime against Spain, to be a traitor. Often I discovered that people who said that they had "gone away" or "had come back" had not in fact moved at all. Indeed that was the case for Celestino, whose experience I just mentioned. He did not "return" as he says; he had never been away. Rather he had been in hiding. Such people had simply been cast out. Carmen Gutierez is the daughter of a man who had been mayor for a short period when the Anarchists controlled the town. After Franco's victory, the Falangists caught him and beat him so badly the doctor could not get the threads of his shirt out of his flesh. He died two days later. Carmen, a primary school teacher, knows I know about her father. We are sitting on her patio trying to talk about the past, while Carmen nervously remarks on the conditions of the roads in those days, and then as we seem to approach somewhere near her father, she says "it wasn't really political here. Things were just in turmoil. There was so much ignorance." Carmen's mother comes out on to the patio. There seems to be a quiet anger in her voice. I am not sure if it is directed at the elisions of her daughter or simply at the facts of her past. "He was a baker," she says. "We had the bakery." Then she shifts the time frame to the years following her husband's death.

> The people here would come in and buy bread. Everyday. And they wouldn't say a word. Some wouldn't even look at me. For 25 years it was like that. I had three daughters marry here. They wouldn't let me into the church. I stood in the *plaza* outside.

As this old lady told me this, Carmen was so profoundly shamed she showed every sign of wanting to leave the room. "Yes," she said, "my father was an anarchist. But even so he was a good father."

What is notable about these two kinds of memories of the 20 years after the Civil War is that one incorporates the person in what Williams would call a "knowable community," one which is locally confined, hierarchical and above all *ordered*; while the other is about a kind of social exile and stresses in short sound-bites quite intense "changes of presence" for the person. As these bits and pieces accumulated over the years of my interaction with people, I felt that there was a threshold of articulation that could not be crossed. I think you see it in Elías's mother, in Carmen's problematic account of her father, and in the small moments that Celestino and Fernando are able to throw into their accounts of quite other things.

But putting these two kinds of local accounts alongside the narratives of formal culture reveals something else. As I have said, *during* the Franco regime, Republican democratic voice was configured as a chaotic fratricidal period that tore apart the body of Spain, while under Franco's Movimiento, because nobody speaks out of place, peace and order are brought to the sacred body of Spain. Then, with the Transition, the Republic is portrayed in terms of a certain kind of deficient democracy that could return again to Spain; one which, left to the masses, risks the emergence of partisan hatreds threatening to tear apart the social fabric. By contrast the kind of democracy offered by the elite through the Transition ensures that nobody speaks without first exercising careful constraint—nobody "speaks out of place" in other words. And the result will be peace and order. If we think of this in terms of violence, then an extraordinary inversion has taken place. The terror of Franco's repression is made to stand for order *against* violence, while the agency of the masses represented by Republican democracy is made to stand for the rending apart of the social body. This is asserted with a steel hand under Franco and repeated in a velvet glove through the Transition. And it finds its echo in my fieldsite in southern Valencia where order and hierarchy can be articulated but the political agency of day labourers is replaced by fragmented allusions to picaresque opportunities in the black economy.

It is not then simply that the repression silenced those who had sympathized with the Republic. It was that this repression made possible the dirigisme of the Transition which in turn, then imposed guilt on anybody seeking to make sense—through seeking to bridge the gap Williams talks of between experience and articulation—of their own or their relatives' political agency as an expression of democracy.

We see this especially clearly in the final case I want to relate here, one where the main protagonist had for years insisted on expressing his socialist principles. For Juan Gil, socialism was not unfortunately about class conflict, it was inherently about an insistent struggle by manual workers against those who exploited them. A struggle which could only succeed through collective solidarity and uncompromised dealings with the class enemy, an enemy characterized in the Spanish case not just by its economic position, but also by its political sympathies. As the possibilities for political organization began to open up with Franco's old age, Juan began gathering day labourers together who insisted on a uniform day's wage and hours of work.[8] And by the time I arrived in the field he was recruiting people to the socialist worker's union, the UGT (*Unión General de Trabajadores*).

Some years later Juan's son, Juan Jr., was urged by his neighbours to run for mayor on the Socialist platform. By now the father was an old man and his son had been urged to run in some respects as the symbolic representative of his father. In the event, he did not get a clear majority and so had to negotiate with others as each issue arose. Yet every time he did this, his father flew into a rage. Here is the younger Juan's description:

> When Franco died, my greatest desire was to install a democracy, but to go from a dictatorship to a democracy without firing guns as we did here is very difficult...not so much for people my age [He was born in 1940] but for older people. On either side they still had open wounds...but we started to work in order to bring the rest of them over to our way...it was difficult but the fight for democracy was my job...We had this fight with older people...I had these terrible discussions with my father and often we didn't speak to each other for several days...I wanted them to see the way of realism...What we could not have is a situation where if twenty years ago you threw a stone at me, now I throw it back at you. I couldn't understand that...We had to think of a way...but it was very hard because [my father] had suffered and endured a lot in those years and he couldn't forget it...But nowadays things have changed a lot and one has to recognize it...one has to be democratic. [Fieldnotes 1995]

For the younger Juan, the compromises he had to make were temporary ones, made necessary by the tensions of the early years of the Transition. But increasingly the party office in Alicante insisted on further compromises, more discussions and less and less on the substance of what Juan Jr. felt had drawn him into politics. So that the last time I saw him he was a broken man who felt that he had sacrificed dignity and responsibility for a politics of convenience and compromise and had lost the respect of his family and neighbours as a result.

If, as one historian of Spain has noted, "for the individual man or woman who does the act of remembering, memory is a kind of social inheritance...in which the individual is placed from birth" (Cenarro 2002:178), then the younger Juan's entry into the political arena has caught him between the inheritance of his father's insistent memories and the demands of a formal culture of amnesia. But in this he was the exception that proves the rule. Unlike his peers, he had not entirely dismissed the path of politics. And his father had not taken the route, for example, of Elías's mother who had sought to ensure her son's social integration through her reticence.

The story of the two Juans, father and son, serves as a means for thinking how entry into the arena of political agency can begin to give fragmented accounts a potential coherence.[9] The character of what I have called *integral* accounts is that they are reinforced by the narratives produced by formal culture; their coherence relies precisely on a kind of settlement, an emersion in residual structures of feeling. What we see, as fragmented accounts begin to emerge, is the hesitance and difficulty that arises from the failure of formal culture to provide links across intense experiences, as though what vocabularies do emerge do so without grammars, or are hung on what grammars seem available, in this case a kind of picaresque agency that arose within the semi-legal *economy*. It is only with understanding of the political arena as one of collective agency and struggle—one explicitly denied by formal culture up to 2004—that a sense of agency can be produced among those people whose sense of social membership and personal responsibility is closely associated with the Republic.

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I have tried here to understand what we might call "structures of fear" by looking at them through the prism of two articulated spheres, drawing on two rather different features of Raymond Williams' attempts to refine his term, *structure of feeling*. At the level of formal culture, I have emphasized his wish to make us think about the pervasive atmosphere of a historical period. At the level of practical sense, I have employed his concern with the gap between the lived presence and the move toward relating that moment in articulatable terms. I think, in the case of Spain, both the various moments of formal culture leading up to the 2004 elections and their precursor in the period of Franco's repression have instrumentally produced a barrier for many people in Spain at the level of practical sense that made the bridging of this gap an almost insuperable problem.

The spaces this opened up for an especially corporatist kind of democracy reached its limits with the moves toward outright dirigiste government in the last days of the PP. What the Law of Historical Memory represents is an acknowledgement at the level of formal culture that hegemony will have to be secured by more material engagements with the conflicts of the past than the evoking of fears of internal disorder and external threats of terror that had become the strategy of the power bloc up to that point.[10] The law is far from the sign of closure on the issues of democratic sovereignty in Spain (cf. Ranciere 2005); it does however represent an emergent form of the way in which social democracy mediates the relationship between formal culture and people's practical sense.

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Notes

1 Although the law has come to be referred to by this its original name, the proper name is *Ley de reconocimiento y extension de los derechos a las victimas de la Guerra Civil y de la Distadura* (Law of recognition and extension of the rights of victims of the Civil War and of the Dictatorship).

2 See, for example, Fernández de Mata's (2007) use of the expression *espíritu de la Transición.*

3 *El Movimiento* was the name given to the alliance of right wing interests behind Franco.

4 Discomfort and discussion about mass graves and disappearances were increasingly voiced through the 1990s. But among the relatives of those in Vilafranca del Bierzo, was a journalist who brought these initiatives to the level of formal culture, co-authoring a book (Silva and Macías 2003). Meanwhile, at a grassroots level, an umbrella organization to help co-ordinate actions around the *fozas comunes* (common graves) and other sites of memory was set up, *Asociación para la recuperación de la memoria historica, ARMH* (Association for the Recovery of Historical Memory, see http://www.memoriahistorica.org/).

5 If this were so then, where formal culture failed to provide any kind of appropriate vocabulary, two things might happen. One is that a lived experience consistently gets hung on an inappropriate cultural hook—your past heroism in fighting for democracy was a disgrace, and the result of bad psychology and so on . The other is that it simply slips off the hook, finding no articulation at the level of formal culture—a radical dis-articulation between practical sense and formal culture, a failure in other words, of hegemony.

6 For a discussion of integralism, see Holmes 2000.

7 The point to be made here is that in the early days after the war, as landlords and large tenants returned to the town, a certain modus vivendi took shape that resulted in powerful vertical ties between the large farmers and selected labourers. For some, however, this option was either not open to them or unpalatable to them. The result was a different kind of relationship to the rural community. This is taken up at greater length in Narotzky and Smith 2006.

8 Juan's hard line was consistent with that of the PSOE during this period. As antagonistic to the Spanish Communist Party (PCE) as it was to Francoism, the PSOE refused any compromises with Franco sympathizers of whatever stripe and avoided joining the *Junta Democratica*, a loose alliance of left and centrist parties brought together by the Communists. It was only by the mid-1950s that this line was to soften (see Muñoz 2006).

9 I discuss the emergence of organic ideology in the context of hegemonic fields in Smith 1999, 2004b and 2004c.

10 As I have said, this is not the proper name of the law. In fact the new law makes very material modifications in the political landscape of Spain. Images and names of Franco and his Movimiento are to be removed from public spaces such as schools and municipal buildings and the possibility of taking legal action in respect to the illegal actions of the victors in the years that followed the Civil War have now been opened up.

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