Chapter 2[1]
Revolutionary Mystique: Socorro and Jesús

Figure 2: Socorro and Jesús as college students

1 Interview by author, Audio recording, Granada, May 29, 1989.

Tú no puedes volver atrás
porque la vida ya te empuja
como un aullido interminable.

Hija mía es mejor vivir
con la alegría de los hombres
que llorar ante el muro ciego.

José Agustín Goytisolo, *Palabras para Julia*[2]

Every morning on my way to school, my little brother and sister tagging along behind me, I would walk by the remains of the old tannery across the street from Granada's provincial prison. Only years later, on a sunny spring afternoon in 1989, over a cup of strong coffee, did I learn that Socorro had been inside that very same prison in September 1971. The jail had been built on the outskirts of town, but over the years, a lack of common-sense urban planning had swallowed it up. It now stood incongruously in the middle of a city neighborhood, my neighborhood. Its unadorned red brick facade concealed its sinister history like an aging mass murderer hiding behind the visage of an old man. The ruins of the tannery still gave off a fetid, organic smell. Built during the Second Republic (1931-1936), Granada's provincial jail was inaugurated in 1933 as part of the modernization plan led by then General Director of Prisons, Victoria Kent (Málaga 1891- New York 1987), a socialist and a feminist. The architect, Felipe Jiménez Lacal, found inspiration in the mudejar style, with a floor plan organized in renaissance revival fashion around four interior patios. The prison emulated, in humble economical red brick, the design of the ostentatious sixteenth-century Hospital Real, a jewel of gothic, renaissance, mudejar, and baroque style that today is the home of the University of Granada's central administration.

While the modest prison, originally built for 500 inmates, aspired to be a model of rehabilitation in the modernizing project of the Second Republic, it would ultimately hold ten times that number during the dictatorship—mostly political dissidents. Demolished in 2010, only the main entrance survives, protected as a historical monument to the Second Republic, whose shield still greets visitors.

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2 *Tú no puedes volver atrás/ You cannot go back*
porque la vida ya te empuja/ because life is already pushing you
como un aullido interminable./ like an endless howl.
Hija mía es mejor vivir/ My daughter, it is better to live
con la alegría de los hombres/ with the joy of men
que llorar ante el muro ciego. / than to cry before the blind wall.
José Agustín Goytisolo, *Words for Julia* (Barcelona: Lumen Editorial, 1990). [My translation].

For me, as a nine-year-old girl, that time does not stand out in my memory. Each morning walking to school, I was unaware of the Art History student, a senior in college, taking her final exams behind the red brick walls, after being on the run from the police for eight months straight, her only crime a devotion to Communism. Her passion for knowledge had led her on a search for truth and love. The first she found in her faith and studies, the second in her boyfriend Jesús.

Jesusito de mi vida
Tu eres niño como yo
Por eso te quiero tanto
Y te doy mi corazón[3]

Just sixteen, they met at a party and fell in love.[4] Jesús, the son of a strict father who was a teacher and head of the Falange, was born in Calahonda, a tiny coastal city in the province of Granada. Socorro, born in the city of Granada, was the daughter of a post office employee and a stay-at-home mom. She had only one brother, four years older than her, an anomaly in a country of pro-natalist policies where many families typically had seven, eight, or nine children. Socorro worried about her parents' piety and their irregularity in attending mass. As a child she would pray, "Please make them more religious, I'm afraid they'll be damned." Things changed after her father took some catechism courses, making him—not her mother—the religious one in the family. "My mother was emotionally fragile," Socorro explained. A woman from a small village who grew up fatherless—her father had left for Cuba—Socorro's mother suffered from periodic depression. "My mother, while she belonged to a conservative family, felt a visceral anticlericalism and would express herself like a Lorquian character: 'don't bring me flowers, those are for the dead' or 'I need to be close to the soil because it is my shroud' she used to say."

Socorro's father served with the Nationalists during the civil war. He was only seventeen years old when he was forced to serve with the Francoist troops, even though his family's sentiments were for the other side. His brother joined the Republicans and was later imprisoned in a concentration camp. He did not directly espouse his leftist beliefs—probably as a way to survive as a mutilated war veteran whose brother served with the other side—but in secret listened to the clandestine radio station known as "la Pirenáica."[5]

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3 Popular children's prayer before going to bed.

4 Jesús Carreño Tenorio, phone interview by author, September 18, 2017.

5 Established as *Radio España Independiente* (July 22, 1941- July 14, 1977), known also as *La Pirenaíca*, created by Dolores Ibarruri after the civil war by the Communist Party of Spain in exile to reach the population inside the country. This was the most important clandestine radio station in opposition to the regime and its location was never disclosed. The first broadcast took

Socorro received a Catholic education, attending first the Adoratrices nunnery school, then one run by Cristo Rey. Always a good student, she was given scholarships meant for lower income families like hers. Her intelligence and hard work would eventually lead her to the university, despite the resistance of a father who considered education wasted on a girl. Being leftist did not preclude her father from being sexist. He imagined her working in a perfume boutique, "something elegant," she laughs. Her persistence led him to consent to her entering the Normal School for teachers in 1965, a "proper and feminine" career for a girl. Socorro had other ideas. Once she received her teaching credential in 1968, she transferred to the University of Granada to pursue a degree in Art History. At the University she made friends with students who shared her commitment to social justice. Her relationship with Jesús, who was on a similar path, blossomed. His family, unlike Socorro's, was unapologetically pro-Nationalist.

Jesús attended the Escuela del Ave María in the historic neighborhood of the Albayzin in Granada. Though conservative in their teachings, his teachers taught the students to have compassion for those in need. Delivered in religious rather than political terms, the message, instead of bolstering the right's moral authority, undermined its position in impressionable idealists like Jesús. Gradually he began to reject the right-wing politics of his family in favor of leftist beliefs that fit more with his direct observations of the crippling poverty and lack of opportunity in Granada during the 1960s.

Socorro's conviction was strengthened when she joined a Granada youth group working with the poor in neighborhoods like La Virgencica,[6] El Chinarral, and La Chana. One hundred and seventy-three families were forcefully evacuated in trucks from the Sacromonte after the disastrous flooding and landslides in the winter of 1963. A total of 7,000 people were resettled to the outskirts of the city. The Sacromonte[7] (Sacred Hill) was historically occupied by the Gypsies who made their homes in the hilltop caves. A twenty-four-year-old man and his toddler son died in one of the collapsed caves. Franco visited the devastated region, and his Ministry of Housing, working with the Town Hall, developed the temporary housing project of La Virgencica. The design of the temporary housing was an innovative beehive of hexagonal 37m^2 (scarcely 400 square feet) apartments. The small dwellings, though

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place on July 22, 1941, from Moscow. On January 5, 1955, the station was moved permanently to Bucharest, Romania.

6 On the urban development of La Virgencica and other marginal neighborhoods in Granada see: Tomás Andreo Sánchez, "La Virgencica, una intervención de urgencia para un urbanismo vivo" (PhD diss., Universidad de Granada, Facultad de Bellas Artes Alonso Cano, Departamento de Dibujo, 2015); Teresa Ortega López, "Obreros y vecinos en el tardofranquismo y la transición política (1966-1977): Una 'lucha' conjunta para un mismo fin," *Espacio, Tiempo y Forma*, *Serie V. Historia Contemporánea* 16 (2004): 351-69.

7 Álvaro Calleja, "La lluvia que silenció el Sacromonte," *GranadaiMedia*, October 29, 2018,

praised for their design, were not equipped to handle the large families of ten and fifteen they typically sheltered. The resulting overcrowding overwhelmed the basic infrastructure, water, electricity, and sanitation, making the striking buildings no better than any other urban slum.

As Socorro talked about La Virgencica, I flash back to 1968 when I was six years old. My uncle Miguel, a young construction worker who had recently moved to the city, was relocated there with his new wife and her family. Among my parents' old black-and-white photos is one of my sister and me sitting outside in the tiny front patio.[8] It occurs to me that my family's history and my own are held together by these small coincidences. They, like the threads in a finely woven cloth, become visible only upon close inspection.

It was in La Virgencica that the first neighborhood association[9] was established in 1969, with the encouragement of the parish priest, Antonio Quitián González. Father Quitián inspired and worked with young students like Socorro and Jesús. With his encouragement, Socorro joined a project to teach reading and writing in La Virgencica in 1969, her first academic year in college. Father Quitián's reward for all his good deeds was to be arrested and imprisoned like other priests who were sympathetic to the Communist party.[10]

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8 By the mid-1970s, many of the residents of La Virgencica relocated to the new district in the north of the city limits called Polígono de Cartuja where they resettled in tiny cheap single-story homes sponsored by the regime's *Obra Sindical del Hogar.* City Hall was determined to move the families in La Virgencica by force to the northern district by 1981. They came with bulldozers and forced the remaining families to evacuate. The Gypsy clan "Los Jaros" refused to leave, as they claimed to have received death threats from other clans now settled in the Polígono.

9 On the important work of the neighborhood associations as seedbeds of democratization in late Francoism, see: Inbal Ofer, *Claiming the City/Contesting the State: Squatting, Community Formation and Democratization in Spain (1955–1986),* The Cañada Blanch Series: Studies on Contemporary Spain, LSE (London: Routledge, 2017). Also by the same author, see: "*My Shack, My Home*: Identity Formation and Home-Making on the Outskirts of the City of Madrid," Special issue in *Homes & Homecomings, Gender and History*. On women's participation in the neighborhood association movement, see Pamela Radcliff, "Ciudadanas: Las mujeres en las asociaciones de vecinos y la identidad de género en los años setenta," in *Memoria ciudadana y movimiento vicinal,* ed. Vicente Pérez Quintana y Pablo Sánchez León (Madrid: La Catarata, 2008), 54-78.

10 Father Quitián was arrested and sent to prison in 1975, but Cardinal Enrique Tarancón was able to intercede on his behalf under the provisions of the 1953 Concordat between the regime and the Vatican. Quitián was released from the prison of Carabanchel in Madrid with bail. See Alfonso Martínez Foronda and Isabel Rueda Castaño, eds., *La cara al viento: Estudiantes por las libertades democráticas en la Universidad de Granada (1965-1981)* vol. II (Sevilla: Fundación de Estudios Sindicales CCOO-A, 2012), 772. See also: Antonio Quitián González et al., *Curas obreros en Granada* (Alcalá la Real: Asociación Cultural Enrique Toral y Pilar Soler, 2005).

Socorro quickly discovered that distributing a bag of chickpeas among the indigent families did not address the fundamental problems of inequality. It only heightened the contrast between the young "señoritas" like herself and those they were helping. She realized that sometimes they were of little help in the face of so much hardship, as was the case when a young pregnant mother calmly told her that the baby she was still carrying was already dead. Her feelings of helplessness and of self-conscious privilege led her on a more radical course. During her second year of college, she left behind the religious-based groups to join the Communist Party.

College enabled her to transition from religious charity to political activism. She wanted to be one with the people she worked with, not an outside savior. The "revolutionary mystique" of being one of only five young women who joined the Party appealed to her daring side as she felt like a historical actor in a great drama about to unfold. From her perspective, only the Communists in the university were seeking true solutions to the socio-political problems facing the people. Organizations like FECUM, openly Catholic and more accommodating to the regime's status quo, were only offering band-aids.

The youthful idealism of Socorro and Jesús cast them in a heroic light. "We were not physically violent," Jesús remarked, "but were violent with our words. That is why the regime feared us. We were also fearless, almost welcoming the repression that we provoked. I remember saying to myself, 'I won't live in a country with this state of affairs and will do everything in my power to change it.' The Communist Party was truly the only effective political organization at that time. The Spanish Socialist Workers' Party, Partido Socialista Obrero España (PSOE) existed in name only. We were the ones who mobilized, fought the regime and marshaled the opposition on the street, in the university, and in the factories."

The propaganda used to recruit other students did not emphasize Stalinism but rather a pragmatic agenda to bring democracy and civil liberties back to Spain. The party was critical of the Soviet's Prague Spring repression in 1968 and distanced itself from Soviet Communism in general. The student Communists were more in line with the international wave of student and labor movements bubbling up from the layers of colonial and imperialistic subjugation.

Socorro and Jesús had independently come to the same conclusions about the need to oppose the regime. When they fell in love in college, their commitment only grew stronger. Joining the Communist party did not at first seem like a dangerous decision. Having lived mostly sheltered lives, they could not imagine the extent to which the regime would go to suppress a group of idealistic students. Soon enough Socorro and Jesús would learn how naive they were.

The first time Jesús was arrested was in mid-June of 1969, charged with instigating the PCE, protest against the showing of *The Green Berets*, a propagandistic American film in which John Wayne leads a team of patriotic special forces against

godless, un-American, Viet Cong. Vietnam represented a very important issue to the student resistance movement in Spain, one that gave them solidarity with their counterparts in the US. Socorro was also arrested a few days later, but both she and Jesús were released after a few days. Their arrests seemed more like a warning than a true punishment. This warning, though, did little to deter them from continuing their activism, and if anything made them more determined.

Marxism, for the two young radicals, was not just a series of field operations but an intellectual pursuit. They studied it as a way to understand what was happening in Spain and in the larger world. Although the mass social media platforms of today did not exist then, foreign newspapers, the BBC or Parisian radio stations, along with the Pirenaica, kept them informed about the larger world

The act of studying Marxism was itself a subversive act. The censorship of certain books and literature led the student Communists to smuggle prohibited titles from France or London. From Paris, they would bring back Ruedo Ibérico and works by Althusser, Sartre, and Camus. Socorro and Jesús hid those readings at home from the Brigada Político Social (BPS) who would search the students' homes when they came to arrest them. Finding prohibited books could lead to arrest and prison. In the eyes of the Political Police, banned books were rhetorical fuses that lit the bombs of incitement.

Jesús was also incensed by the regime's whitewashing of the Spanish Civil War. When he began reading about the causes of the war in college, he discovered that those who presented themselves as victims, the Nationalists, had been, in reality, the aggressors. This realization was, in Jesús' words, "like Saint Paul's conversion after falling from his horse." The betrayal was so profound that Jesús threw himself into the resistance.

Marxism became almost an obsession for the two young radicals, especially when they discovered that almost anything could be given a Marxist reading. Like many of those in the student movement, they often let their biases cloud their rationality. Everything the government did was seen as a nefarious plot against working people. This anti-intellectualism, the reluctance to consider counter arguments, was regrettable but understandable, given the desperate urgency of Spain's political circumstances at the time.

Jesús remarked, "Our cell structure allowed us to hold discussions and we tried to maintain a certain discipline as comrades, utilizing our 'combat names' in an attempt to forget for that brief moment that we were all friends." They read Gramsci, Althusser, and Lukacs. Jesús remembered how Marta Harnecker's book on Materialism was rather basic and read like a catechism rather than a philosophical text.

He read the Marxist tracts to prepare for recruiting other students and creating propaganda. Recruiting went beyond the University walls. Jesús and Socorro taught workers and peasants to read. They used cinema and poetry to help the workers understand the unfairness of their circumstances. Many of the workers

were the same age as the college students but had grown up without the same advantages. Converting the workers felt like a fulfillment of Jesus' and Socorro's life's mission. Their zeal to convert, however, could be off-putting to many, who equated the students' dogmatism with that of Franco's regime.

The Communist Party created the Women's Democratic Movement (Movimiento Democrático de Mujeres)[11] to enlist other women. Socorro was put in charge of political militancy and the recruitment of women. At the same time, she was a course delegate and a representative of the College of Arts and Letters in the university's governing assembly. As part of their Party duties, Socorro and her comrades would visit different villages around Granada (Fuentevaqueros, Pinos, Atarfe) to meet rural women married to Communist party members. They spoke to them about feminism, contraception, and women's role in the Communist struggle. Most of the women who attended the meetings did so as a favor to their husbands and boyfriends, rather than as a sincere commitment to Communism, Socorro recalled. She called their commitment a "vaginal political consciousness." The main goal was really to make sure these women would not interfere with their husbands' and boyfriends' political activism. The task to rein them in was given to the university's young women, whose knowledge of party doctrine and infectious commitment to the cause could be effective. The men in the party did not see a disconnect between the rhetoric of equality and the deeply held sexist views that they continued to practice.

In hindsight, Socorro never felt like an equal within the party, in spite of the many well-intentioned manifestos and theoretical discussions on women's important role in the struggle. Joining as a woman was a conscientious effort to prove to "ourselves," Socorro reflected, "that as women we had self-determination." But the women were only called upon during elections in the transition period, she emphasized, when they were needed on the lists for the ballot. Real change began in 1977, when the electoral campaigning made it necessary to incorporate more explicit feminist agendas that would later become policy.

11 In the early 1960s, the Communist Party of Spain (PCE) launched a platform to mobilize women. The first goal was to connect prisoners' wives with each other through the organization of Communist female party members. The two leaders were Carmen Rodríguez and Dulcinea Bellido, wives of Simón Sánchez Montero and Luis Lucio Lobato respectively, both imprisoned in 1959. Carmen and Dulcinea worked with the intellectual group of women in the party to protest the repression inflicted upon the wives of miners arrested as a result of the 1962 strike in Asturias and called for a rally in Puerta del Sol in Madrid. Two years later, the Movimiento Democrático de Mujeres was born with a dual objective: first, to establish a wide anti-Francoist women's front and second, to expand the influence of the PCE to continue the solidarity activism with political prisoners and work towards amnesty. The Party had to confront the cultural sexism within the rank and file. See Francisco Arriero Ranz, *El movimiento democrático de mujeres: De la Lucha contra Franco al feminismo* (Madrid: Catarata, 2017).

Jesús admitted, "We all had a very sexist upbringing. Eventually I saw the transition as an opportunity to reevaluate my attitudes toward women." Working for equality for all meant giving up some of the power and influence to women. This, the men did only reluctantly. "That was a challenge for all of us," Jesús recognized in hindsight, "especially our working-class comrades."

The men from the village were used to having control over their girlfriends, wives, and even sisters. Spanish men, traditionally, were the protectors of women's virtue. This was not going to work in a modern, liberated society. The university men themselves were not exactly paragons of feminism, but they did understand, deep down, that not listening to half the population was unjust and untenable.

For Socorro, activism as an anti-Francoist student increased after the State of Emergency was declared by the government on the 14th of December 1970. The academic year began with a tense political crisis at the University of Granada. In July of that year, the construction workers went on strike and took to the streets. This led to a brutal police crackdown, resulting in the death of five workers and large-scale arrests.[12] The Communist Party mobilized students to join the protests. A number of students, including Jesús, were arrested during an assembly in October.

In addition to the workers' crisis that summer, the national political landscape in 1970 was heating up. Sixteen members (including three women and two priests) of the Basque terrorist organization ETA were court martialed for the assassination of three people: in June 1968, José Pardines Arcay, a Civil Guard officer, was killed when he intercepted two ETA members at a road control point; Melitón Manzanas, Chief of the Political Brigade of the Police, was killed in August the same year in San Sebastian, Basque Country; and finally, Fermín Monasterio Pérez, a taxi driver, was killed in April 1969.[13] By the fall of 1969, all the accused were awaiting trial, with the prosecution seeking six death penalties and a total of 752 years of imprisonment in what became known as the "Burgos Trial."

The Basque independentists and the opposition to the regime beyond Euzkadi (Basque Country) appealed to the international press to denounce the regime's repression and demanded a civil trial rather than a military one. The Burgos Trial process revealed the lengths the regime was willing to go to quell any resistance and the increasing violence with which it was met from groups such as ETA.

The trade unions and the PCE benefited from the popular rejection of the regime's repression, swapping the roles of maligned villains to sympathetic and virtuous defenders of freedom. The trial of Burgos ignited student and faculty mobilization in universities, joining an international trend that mirrored other protests in Europe (Prague and Paris, 1968), Mexico (Mexico City, 1968), and the

12 See Josefina's story, wife of one of the construction workers arrested that summer.

13 The regime declared the State of Emergency in 1969, first in Guipuzcoa and then throughout the entire country.

United States (anti-war Vietnam protests at Kent State University in Ohio in 1970). Finally, the Catholic Church's rejection of the regime's crackdown signaled a profound generational rupture among Catholics exemplified by the case of Father Antonio Quitián, who was imprisoned for his involvement in Granada's labor strike.

Figure 3: Socorro as a college student

"I had been successfully concealing my political activities from my father, who I feared even more than the police. I would sneak out of the house at night to place pamphlets into home mailboxes. The thrill of escaping was part of what drove me. It was the only place in my life I felt truly liberated. I also wanted to gain the respect

of the men. That meant taking chances. When I fled Granada, I was the only woman in the group, but in a sense, we were all men," Socorro asserted.

Knowing the BPS (Brigada Político Social, the name of Spain's secret police) would soon come for her and Jesús, Socorro, early one morning, packed a change of underwear and her hair curlers and fled. "I met up with some of the other students in my party's cell. My heart was pounding. I was scared but also excited." She and her comrades first hid out in a house in El Barrichuelo belonging to Maria del Carmen Sanmillán, one of their sympathetic professors. For an entire week they waited, passing the time with mundane chores punctuated by intense debates about the movement.

Socorro kept expecting the doorbell to ring with Jesús on the other side. When it finally did ring, it was not Jesús but the police. "All of us froze. I tiptoed to the door and looked through the peephole. All I could see was a red tie. None of our comrades wore ties. We scurried up the stairs and through a second-floor window onto the rooftop. My mouth tasted like metal and my feet moved as if being controlled by their own power." Socorro and the others hopped from one rooftop to the next, not even thinking about the danger. A strong flight instinct carried them until they were safely on the ground. Once there they fled in different directions, as they had practiced, only to rendezvous later that night.

"It was clear we could not stay in Granada. What I did not realize at the time was that I was about to embark on a six-month-long game of hide and seek with the authorities. The plan was to go to Málaga, to the district of El Palo after hiding in another safe house belonging to Juan de Dios Luque and María Izquierdo Rojo. María agreed to drive us early the next morning, to avoid any checkpoints the police might try to set up. I was surprisingly upbeat, focusing on my grand adventure and not on the pain I might be causing my parents. I spent the two-hour drive talking to María, this marvelous woman who was risking everything for us. The conversation was surprisingly normal—about ordinary things like where I grew up, and what I liked and disliked about Granada. It wasn't like in the movies where every moment is filled with tense anticipation. When I got to Málaga, I decided to choose a pseudonym, Laura Izquierdo."

Jesús had not been so lucky. He was arrested on December 14, 1970, as soon as he set foot on the street. This was not the first time Jesús had been in police custody. After being detained for the protest against the *Green Berets* film in 1969, Jesús was arrested a second time, along with Berta Ausín Momblana, for distributing propaganda at a construction site. After his arrest this time, he was taken to the main police precinct in Plaza de los Lobos. Because he had been arrested previously, he would not be let off so easily. In the eyes of the regime, this time he was not a misguided student but rather a hardened dissident.

During eight days of interrogations Jesús was beaten, threatened, and deprived of sleep. The authorities wanted him to give the names and addresses of the other

party members. They also wanted to know how the group was organized, where they met, and who was in charge. While the regime had not been as harsh on the student movement during the first State of Emergency, declared in 1969, this time the regime was not playing around. The government detained and tortured many students from the PCE who were suspected of militancy. This lasted for six months during the time of martial law.

Jesús' ordeal did not end after the eight days of imprisonment and torture. Once the regime felt there was no more information to get from him, they moved him from the precinct in the Plaza de los Lobos to the prison outside of town. It was December 24, Christmas Eve. With temperatures below zero, Jesús recalled, "They gave us some filthy blankets, stained with dry feces, to keep us from freezing." The students demanded to be placed apart from the other, non-political inmates. They refused to eat what they were fed and were granted permission to receive outside food from their families. Federico Mayor Zaragoza, Rector of the University of Granada at the time, negotiated some leniency from the Civil Governor who allowed the academic authorities to administer exams in the prison. Jesús took his exams in February 1971 and would remain in jail until the 24th of May 1971. Eventually the TOP (Tribunal de Orden Público) released him for lack of evidence. The whole episode was an act of terror and retribution. To add insult to injury, students or their families had to pay bail of between 15,000 to 25,000 *pesetas* before they were released.

While Jesús was well into his sixth month of confinement, Socorro and her other comrades had resettled in an apartment in the El Palo beach district of Málaga. With all the interrogations going on, they knew that it was only a matter of time before the police came knocking again. "My father and my brother came to El Palo to make sure I was all right. Our encounter was emotional, tense, angry. My father gave me an envelope and told me to open it when I was by myself. We parted a little bit calmer but uncertain of when we would see each other again. When I opened the envelope that night, I found a stack of bills, 10,000 *pesetas*!"

As the group started to make plans about where to go next, they decided to split up. Some of the men wanted to go to Zaragoza to hide out at the house of another comrade. Socorro thought that would be dangerous since the BPS was surely keeping watch over the party's members. In the end, after the festivity of the Epiphany on January 6, Socorro went by bus with another Comrade, Miguel Ángel, to Alicante where they rented an apartment for a month, pretending to be a married couple relocating for work. Alicante was only a rest stop on their journey. After a tense month playing house and avoiding questions, they went their separate ways.

Socorro made her way to Barcelona where she could more easily disappear. The money her father had given her lasted only a couple of more months, prompting her to look for work. Her teaching credential was useful for finding a position at a small

private school. There was still the risk of being found out. She couldn't stop looking over her shoulder or feel like the police were closing in. She moved three times in Barcelona, making sure never to stay too long in any one place. The romance of life on the run soon wore off as she shuffled from one cheap *pensión* to another. Her companions in the *pensiones* were women who lived desperate lives, not from political repression but the repression of poverty. Many had to sell themselves for money just to keep themselves, or in some cases, their children, from starving. She saw the bruises from the beatings they took from boyfriends, customers, and even family members. The evils of capitalism did not exist simply in books, she thought, but also in the faces and bodies of the women with whom she shared her temporary existence.

Even though she was hiding out, Socorro was still in touch with the Communist Party. She would be handed an address or given a place and a time to meet. No names were used, and the less information exchanged the better. During one meeting her contact told her to drive with another comrade to Madrid to seek the counsel of a Party lawyer. "That was the lowest point in my escape," Socorro recalled. "The comrade who drove me dropped me in the center of Madrid at three in the morning. I had no place to go and wandered the city scared and alone. I had been on the run for four months. The lawyer to whom I was to speak was Manuela Carmena. Her office was located in a tough part of the city. After listening to my concerns, she advised me to remain in Barcelona but to keep changing my address every few weeks."

By June 13, 1971, the State of Emergency had been lifted, and Socorro decided to return home to Granada. "I might have left with just a pair of underwear and my curlers, but I came back with two suitcases full of books and some borrowed clothes. Even though I was going to jail, I was still determined to finish my education." In her interrogation she denied "absolutely everything and they surprisingly did not touch me. I had been outsmarting 'Don Paco,' known as 'El Jirafa,' the policeman noted for his violent treatment of prisoners." She was charged with the usual crime of illicit association. They tried to pin on her the throwing of a Molotov cocktail at the Bilbao Bank in the Telefónica building, but they did not have any evidence. "The jail in Granada for women was filthy. They put me in a small cell with a rickety bed and a latrine in the corner. The only ventilation was a small opening high above the wall that barely let light in. Moldy food, that I at first refused, came on a metal plate shoved through a slot in the door."

The women activists were imprisoned in the same jail as the men, but, unlike their male counterparts, they had to share cells with common inmates. "There was the whore abandoned by her man," recalled Socorro, "illiterate, whose letters to her family I had to write; or that other poor soul, always pregnant, who survived by committing petty crimes. The ghastly conditions in the Granada jail made the *pensiones* seem like four-star hotels. I remember the celebration of the Patron Day

of Prisons, the Virgen de la Merced. The guards gave everyone cake as a special treat. What irony! Let them eat cake! The cake turned out to be spoiled and caused serious dysentery among the children housed in jail with their mothers. Some treat! There were about twenty women, a small enough number for us to get to know each other."

"Eventually they moved me to a separate area called the Brigada on the second floor, but only after I made a big fuss about wanting to be treated as a political prisoner. In the Brigada the political prisoners were housed together in one large room instead of individual cells. The windows were broken, and although I was there in September and the weather was not bad, many comrades who stayed there in the winter of 1970-1971 during the State of Emergency suffered through one of the coldest winters in Granada's history. I could put up with the weather, but I could not stand to see children, from infants to about three years old, suffer."

"It was September 1971, and I demanded that I be allowed to take my final exams. After complaining loud enough, they acquiesced. Professor Pita brought the slides for the art history exam to an empty room in the jail. It was a three-hour exam. The beautiful art, projected on a dreary concrete wall, was a nourishing mental tonic, but also a surreal reminder of the strange journey I had been on. It gave me hope that I would get out someday and that there would be a better world waiting for me." Socorro stayed in prison for another month, freed as a result of the pardon decree issued on 27 September 1971.

"I was a fanatic. My commitment and conviction to the cause bordered on religious. I never hesitated in sacrificing for the movement or my fellow members. Only later did I feel guilty about deserting my family, abandoning my mother. I paid dearly throughout my young adult life for my political commitment and prison record. I could not work in the public school system or obtain a passport, or even get a driver's license. Fortunately, the father of Joaquin, a fellow imprisoned student, helped some of us out. After we graduated, he started a private school where many of us "disgraced" radicals could find work. This was a lifeline for both Jesús and me as we had only recently been married in 1972 and were struggling to survive."

Franco's death in 1975 and the legalization of the PCE in 1977 created other challenges for the Communist Party and for those who had been part of the resistance. With the legalization of the Party "there was a moment of euphoria," said Jesús. "In that moment, we felt that the sacrifices had all been worth it; the suffering, the prison, the beatings in the police precincts. It had been a great political, economic, and above all emotional risk that seemed to have actually paid off." The moment of celebration, however, was short-lived. Jesús and Socorro quickly became disillusioned with what ensued. Instead of coming together in solidarity, the members began to fight over the small number of political appointments allotted to the party. Jesús, embittered, began to disengage. His loss of enthusiasm and

revolutionary spirit recalled Ortega y Gasset, who would declare during the Second Republic, "No es esto, no es esto." It was not what they had in mind or were hoping for. Now that the party was sanctioned, it was supposed to operate like all the other parties. What was the fun in that? The leadership of the Party became more authoritative and dogmatic. This was something that Jesús and Socorro had been fighting against for so many years. They had not joined the resistance to gain power over others but to liberate them from those in control. True to their ideals, they turned their efforts to what they saw as more genuine causes.

Socorro and Jesús found an outlet for their activism by joining the trade union CCOO (Comisiones Obreras) as part of the Education sector. By now both of them were high school teachers. In the CCOO, dissent was still possible, with much work needed to improve labor conditions. Socorro was asked to lead the women's office. "I have to confess, the gender politics and the misogyny within the union were profound. My taking charge of the women's office was regarded almost like a demotion, something beneath my talent," she explained. "Every time I had to report to the executive committee, I could see the disregard and impatience in my male comrades' faces. That did not stop me. I have joined several feminist groups along the way: the Asamblea de Mujeres de Granada, the Mujeres Universitarias platform, and within my working environment I spearheaded a high school curriculum initiative to infuse our teaching with gender awareness and content."

The prison no longer exists today, torn down and replaced by new construction. A big supermarket chain and fancy gym are just down the street. You would be hard pressed to find anyone in the neighborhood who still remembers the tannery. That Granada does not exist anymore. Amid the hypermodern world of today, with students staring into ever-present cell phones, it is hard to imagine that a small group of university activists risked everything for their ideals. It is hard to imagine, for that matter, that for over forty years Spain was one of the few Western European countries ruled by a dictator. But that too happened. In order to see the history in the present, you have to be able to transcend it.

Today Socorro and Jesús look nothing like the Marxist student rebels they once were. They are grey-haired grandparents succumbing to the weight of time like the rest of us. Socorro is retired. She and Jesús divorced in 2015 after fifty-years together. They still remain good friends. How could they not? "Our two daughters have given us grandchildren, and I continue to be involved in trying to make life better for others. I am still just as much a feminist and just as radical in my politics," she asserted with a proud grin.

Jesús is more nostalgic. "I was fortunate to be part of a brotherhood. I never was interested in paid political appointments. I always considered myself a citizen politician rather than a professional one." He is still active in the PSOE (the socialist party) and is just as passionate as ever about the problems of the poor and working class. He is still teaching high school and uses his experience to inspire his students.

"I would not be the same teacher without my political experiences. Ironically, I draw from my father, a teacher in La Calahorra, a poor village in the 1950s, who once said to me, 'They live in utter poverty and their only way out is education.' Imagine, my father, a right-wing Falangist, inspiring me, a socialist, to do the same thing. My generation had to struggle with these contradictions, contradictions that still exist in Spain. We are very good at 'othering' each other which prevents us from making progress," said the once firebrand radical turned thoughtful intellectual.

The fact that neither Socorro nor Jesús went on to become one of the new national leaders to emerge during the transition does not diminish their contributions nor lessen the importance of their story. In many ways it makes it more authentic. It was not the possibility of glory that drew them to the resistance but the chance to do what was right. Once the Communist Party became just another official government entity, they moved on. The difference was that after the transition they could fight battles as concerned citizens, not outlawed dissidents. This was a privilege that was not given to them but one they had earned.

Figure 4: Socorro and Jesús' wedding photo