**OpenLIVES Spanish Émigré interviews – Germinal Luis Fernández**

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| Interviewee: | Germinal Luis Fernández |
| Interviewer: | Alicia Pozo-Gutierrez and Inmaculada Colomina |
| Interview date: | 21st August 2008 |
| Location: | Madrid Autónoma University |
| Duration: | 01:44:51 |
| Countries of migration: | United States, Venezuela, Argentina |

**Synopsis:**

[00.00 – 10.00] Returning to Caracas

The interviewer asks about how it came to be that Germinal became involved with the Korean war. Germinal says he never went, but it was something he thought about doing. It was the early fifties and his parents had moved to Argentina, which impacted on his plans. For a very short time he was part of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. If they called him he could have said he was Spanish and that would have meant he wouldn’t have needed to be on active duty, because he had a Spanish passport. When he went back to Venezuela from Argentina in 1954 he naturalised as Venezuelan. But this was in 1951, so he had a Spanish passport. His passport was a Republican Spanish passport, because the consul in Caracas was Republican. His father arranged the passports. This was right in the middle of Franco’s dictatorship. He had problems with his passport getting from Argentina to Venezuela. He went to the Spanish consulate in Buenos Aires, who told him he had to go to Spain for military duty, which he just couldn’t do. He went upstairs to an office and explained to the man there that he wanted to go back to Venezuela, and it was arranged that his passport could only take him to Caracas and after that his passport would become invalid. Then when he was in Caracas he was given reprieve from military duty and naturalised as a Venezuelan citizen.

The whole time he was living away from Spain, he followed what was happening there. He didn’t have much contact with family. There was a serious earthquake in the 60s in Caracas, and somehow his father's family in Spain heard about it and so they regained contact for a time by telephone and by letter. It was in his parents' minds that one day they might return to Spain. They couldn't forget about it. That's one of the reasons why they went to Argentina, because it was more similar to Spain. He says that one felt more Spanish when one was outside of Spain. When they were outside of Spain, watching a football game where Spain was playing was akin to suffering. His father used to go to the 'Casa Española' (Spanish House) in Caracas, which was Republican, but then other regional 'casas' appeared: Galician, Asturian, Basque centres, to the point that there was a centre for each region. There was a Catalan centre but he didn't go. During this time Venezuela was under Rómulo Betancourt's Socialist government. After the coup d’état when Pérez Jiménez came to power, Betancourt went into exile and the 'Casa Española' closed, but Germinal's father had been very involved before that. His father also stayed up to date with the CNT in Spain. Germinal remembers that on Sunday mornings in the Plaza Boliva there would be a group of Spaniards get together in groups of four or five and would talk about communism and anarchy. There weren't many Franco supporters in Caracas, at least in the Casa de España where most people were politically left wing.

[10.00 – 20.00] Living in Caracas

The interviewers ask again about the dancers, Mrs Carmen and Margot, from his time in Argentina. Germinal says that after seeing her that last time, he thought no more about her and then a short time afterwards he met the woman who became his wife. He met his wife in Caracas. He told his father he wanted to go back to Caracas to study, and he went. There was a guesthouse, with a shared room, and he paid around two dollars a day to stay there. He arrived in Caracas with the equivalent of around 100 euros or less, but he had friends there who could help him out. He shared the room in the guesthouse with a Lebanese man, who was a little older than Germinal and sold shoes for a living. They used to speak French together. The Lebanese man knew the owner of the shoe factory, who needed someone to work for him, so they went together to the owner's house. Almost the next day Germinal was put to work as a shoemaker in a very poor borough of Caracas. He knew nothing about making shoes before that, about how many pieces were involved and how they were put together. There were scorpions everywhere in the factory. The assembly was all done by hand, and the man who did it used to be a shoemaker in Valencia. He was there for six months, but the owner, who was French, had a lot of debts and so the business could not move forward. They used to try to make the most of the little scraps of leather, the off-cuts, because the material was expensive. They then made sandals for children. One day the boss said to him that he just couldn't continue, and Germinal had to leave the factory. Then he went to work with airlines. They wanted to send him to France but they had to ask in Paris for permission to employ him. Over those few days he was in touch with a friend who worked for Pan American Airlines, so he went there, to the freight department, and they were talking for ages before someone said he should try the sales department. He went up to see a man called Mr Shark who asked him when he could start, and Germinal told him he could start immediately. Then he started work with Pan American. Five days later he had the reply from Paris to say that he had also been accepted with that company, but he had already taken up the position with Pan American Airways. He worked for Pan American for 26 years. He was Marketing Director for the whole of the South Caribbean and Venezuela. He was there from 1954 until 1982, when he left. He spent the majority of his life in Caracas, and lived in Venezuela for around 50 years. He was working for Pan American Airways when he met his wife, and he met her through his job. At that time he was a supervisor in the Public Sales Department, and he had his own little office at the back of the building. One day a man came in to see him, who came from Curasol Island. He said he spoke English and wanted to know if he could get a job. Germinal told him that there wasn't a job at that moment, but that he could let him know if one came up. He came back in every now and again, and he and Germinal became friends. His name was Chicho. Chicho suggested that Germinal go out for a night out with him, because he knew some Venezuelan women. One night they went out to a club in Tachira, on the border with Colombia. Sitting at one of the big tables was a pretty woman, with black hair done up in a bun, who looked a lot older than she actually was. Germinal sat as far away from her as the interviewer is sat from him during this interview. There were about ten people sitting around the table, and Germinal introduced himself to all of them. He started speaking to the woman and they kept talking. When they said goodbye and they were walking away, he turned to look at her and she turned back and saw him. There would be a night out arranged for young couples, a trip on a cable car over Caracas, ice skating, poetry.

[20.00 – 30.00] Meeting his wife and talking about his siblings’ families

He stayed with her family for a couple of weeks, but he wasn't allowed to be with her after 11pm. He wrote a letter to her mother outlining his intentions. Her father died after an accident that left him paralysed. Germinal did know her father but only for a short time while he was ill. They were originally from Cataluña: Joan Bassa Olidella. It was such a strange thing that he ended up meeting his Cataluñan wife in Venezuela, he would never have thought it. They were married in Caracas, but Germinal's family were still living in Argentina and so only his brother came for the wedding. A little bit later his sister went to Venezuela and she stayed for three or four years, and after his father died his mother moved back for a while too. At first Germinal and his wife lived in an apartment with a swimming pool, and that's where their first daughter Carolina was born. When Carolina was six months old they bought a small house. When they sold that house, they bought another with the money, and that was the last one they bought and they still own it today. There was a park behind the house, and it had a patio and trees. They bought the house next door to it too, because his plan was to combine them and to make a two storey building. There was around 1200m of land, with 28m in front. But then the situation in Venezuela changed and they had to leave. His parents were still in Argentina and working in but trying to sell their hotel. They then moved to the United States and ran another hotel called The Berry, but they didn't own it themselves, they rented it. His brother also moved over there and worked as a communications engineer, and he and his wife Lily and their children lived in the ground station. Then they moved to Buenos Aires, to a place called Balcarce which is about 400km south of Buenos Aires. Balcarce is where Juan Manuel Fangio was born. The company his brother worked for gave him a house in a military area, and they were there for around ten years. His brother was a teacher at Austral University, giving maths classes. He's 67 years old but he's still teaching there. His father died when he was 77 years old, which was fairly young. It was because he smoked and had problems with his lungs. Olga always had stay with his mother, and she carried the can quite a lot so hadn't been able to get married. When his mother died Olga got a boyfriend, who was a doctor called José Galindo. They got married and went to live in Ushuaia, and that's where Germinal’s niece and nephew were born. They still live there and are happy there. Germinal has been to visit them twice. When you fly there from Buenos Aires, depending on the airline, one of the places the plane stops at is Rio Gallegos and the wind there is unbelievable. There's a constant wind and Germinal says it's incredible how it affects you: it's like tundra; Germinal doesn't know how people live there. From there you leave and fly over the Estrecho de Magallanes, and you get to the Provincia de Tierra de Fuego, to Ushuaia. The flight is amazing, you fly over pine forests. The plane lands in Ushuaia, in the south. Germinal says there are thousands of people who live in Alaska, in Switzerland, in Norway, in Russia, and they're fine. It's all about getting used to it, having a house with central heating and wearing good clothes. Olga and her family are happy there. His brother in law, the doctor, is a bit of a pioneer there. He's a gynaecologist and that didn't exist there before he arrived.

[30.00 – 40.00] Travelling with his own family

The family has lived there for over 20 years. Germinal's nephew is now 18 years old, they called him José Ignacio, Ignacio after Germinal because Germinal was baptised on 31 July which is the day of Saint Ignacio de Loyola. The interviewer asks how Germinal's family life was in Caracas, what his routine consisted of until 1982. Germinal says that it was good, from what he remembers. He recaps about their properties and the fact that Carolina was born whilst they were still living in their first apartment. Gabi was born in the first house, and in the third and biggest house Natalia was born. The girls went to a religious school, but Germinal cannot remember the name. His wife and daughters were pretty and so drew a lot of attention, especially Gabi who was blonde. Even when she was a baby people used to stop and say how beautiful Gabi was. They were able to travel quite a lot because of Germinal's job. He was given a good discount, sometimes 75%, and so they were able to travel everywhere. They went to the United States frequently, to the Grand Canyon, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Miami. They also went to Europe, to Holland and Belgium, England, Germany, Italy, Spain and France. The first time he went back to Spain after leaving was in 1970 or 1971, and Franco was still in power. He went via France, through Perpignan to Spain. The Guardia Civil saw that his name was Germinal but didn't say anything to him. They made him wait a long time, which was quite scary, but they eventually let him through. That was the first time he had been back to Spain in around 30 years. They were there for holidays. They went on holiday everywhere, to Niagra Falls, and as Lilian had a friend in Toronto they also visited Canada. He also went back to see the Wilers. He'd lost contact with the Thatchers, but he was still friends with the Wilers. Elma and Bertha, the Wiler children, treated them like movie stars. They spent about a week together. The first time he went back to Spain, he met some really good friends in Barcelona. They were Spanish, Catalunyan. So when they arrived in Barcelona, these friends showed them all round Barcelona. He remembered some of it, most of all the Plaza de Espana. Where there is now a newer hotel, there had been the one they had built for the Olympics in 1936, which was ruined by bombings. He remembered where his grandmother lived, that a train ran along the end of Calle Aragón and the street his maternal grandmother lived on, called Fernández Duro, no longer existed. There wasn't much more that he could remember from when he was a child. He remembers a little bit about Plaza Catalunya but not that much. Barcelona was the first city he wanted to see, because he had family there. He went to see some relatives while he was there, but others he didn't know about. He went to look for his Uncle Paco, and he found a Fransisco Luis Simón, which was him. But the whole time he was in Barcelona he tried to find his family, but it took him over ten years. When he did, they all went to watch ballet at Mont Juic, and he has photographs of that. He felt that Spain was very poor when he first went back there. He was no longer a child, and had been married some years by this point.

[40.00 – 50.00] Going back to Spain and a recap of his work with Pan American Airways

He loved going back to Spain, and they did a tour from Barcelona, Castellon, Valencia, Alicante, Elche, Murcia, Granada, Seville, Cordoba, Madrid. It was really cheap for them to do. What he noticed most was people's dignity. In Murcia a German or American tourist had paid for something she had bought from an old woman. As the bus was setting off, the woman looked at the change in her hand and started saying how she had been robbed, but the old woman was running behind the bus trying to give the tourist back her ten pesetas or however much it was. Germinal remembers the things like that. He really liked that, that spirit. The interviewer asks how Germinal was perceived in Spain. They treated him well. They often mistook him for German, English, American, but they very rarely thought he was Spanish. He had that 'gringo' look about him. He doesn't remember ever having a problem with it though, and that's why he liked it so much. He says that if you go to any other country where people are poor, you have to be careful not to have your belonging stolen, but in Spain they were trying to give back what they owed like the woman running behind the bus. In Spain people were poor, but dignified. Germinal has travelled to Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, but not always through his work with Pan American Airways. When he was working in the travel office he would get 75% discount. That was with Vangelis-Cook which was a combination of Thomas Cook & Sons travel agents and the Vangelis company which made reclining chairs. He used to sell trips by plane, car, bus, everything. He was also Director of Marketing for Pan American Airways, Interline Sales, because sometimes a journey would involve more than one service provider. For example one leg of the journey might have been provided by Pan American Airways, but if you wanted to go from New York to Chicago you might need to go with American Airlines, so there had to be an arrangement whereby they could take bookings for journeys with other providers. Caracas to New York was Pan-American Airways, but then Pan Am might not have a connecting flight to San Fransisco. He once got first class return tickets to the Pacific for his whole family, for all five of them, because of commission and how well he had done his job. So it was a good job that allowed him to have a good life. At the beginning they had to travel subject to space, and if there were paying customers then they wouldn't get a seat on that flight. He once had to break up the family on a trip to Mexico. Carolina and Gabi went on a plane, and Germinal and his wife went with their youngest daughter, because they couldn't all get on the one plane. In 1982, when he left Pan American, he started thinking about returning to Spain. He left Pan American because he began to dislike working for the airline. At that point he was Head of Freight, and he would look at planes from below and see they said 'property of Chase Manhattan' on them. Lockerby had happened. If a plane was not flying then that was bad, but it was even worse for an empty plane to be in the air, considering they had to pay for the fuel and the airport taxes. If you don't fill half the plane then it's not worth it taking off. Then it became an issue that people would start planting bombs on planes or at the Pan American offices, and ticket sales began to decrease. Obviously they needed money to carry on as a business, so they had to go to the bank, but then the bank makes money from that. Germinal had a friend who worked at Wagonlit, an aerial manager in the tourism department there, so he contacted him, and his friend said for Germinal to come over. Before he even left Pan American Airlines he was already employed in Wagonlit. He had a contract where he would earn double each year. This was in October of 1982, and it was 430 bolivars to the dollar. In February of 1983 the Venezuelan bolivar decreased in value, and he was financially not in a very good position, so he left. With Pan American Airlines, every now and again he had meetings in New York and Miami and would have to go north a few times each month. With Wagonlit it was always Paris that they went to for meetings. There were meetings for directors across Latin America, and so they sometimes also met in Caracas, but Paris was where the Wagonlit headquarters were, so that's where he had to go.

[50.00 – 01:00.00] Returning to Spain and his wife’s health

The interviewer asks about where Germinal was and his reaction when Franco died. Germinal says it was unfortunate that his father died about a year before Franco, in 72 he recalls. Germinal says all the Spaniards around him knew about it, they were all happy although some were happier than others. Their reaction was 'finally!' He always remembers the meetings in Mar de la Plata, with his father and his brother René, who used to meet with other left wing supporters. They had a place where they all got together, and they ate roast meat and talked politics. There was a big party when Franco died. Germinal says he and other Spaniards never lost the will to return to Spain, and for people who were a bit older than he was, Franco's death planted the seeds of the idea that they could return to Spain. There was a bit of a reaction against Western democracies, with the idea that they had abandoned Spain. England continued to supply petroleum to Franco - no one intervened. There are other examples, not just England. France bought foodstuffs from Spain. Germinal returned to Spain during the transition to democracy. The fifteen years before he came over to live, he returned to Spain every year or so, mostly to Barcelona. In 1973 they bought an apartment. His aunt Teresa didn't have any money, but the opportunity arose for him to buy a flat. He offered it to all of his nieces and nephews, but no one wanted it, so he and his wife talked about it and decided they would buy it and Teresa could stay there and not pay rent. She was there for about 14 or 15 years. Germinal says that part of the idea of buying the flat would be that one day they could return. His idea was to buy the flat and live there in his old age with his wife. He thought it would be great- it was pretty and he would have everything he wanted around him, more so than in Caracas. To live well in Caracas you need to live away from the city centre, in the suburbs. You could have a house with a gym, a swimming pool, a jacuzzi, but then you would also need a car to be able to get anywhere. There was practically no bus service, so you would die without a car living in the outskirts of Caracas. When he went to visit his daughter Gabi in Boca Raton, he had to walk everywhere or wait for someone to take him. He was looking three or four years ahead, about the practicalities. In Barcelona he can walk everywhere, and that's what he wanted from retirement, that and to be close to his family. Although they had spoken about it for a long time, they moved back to live there properly in 2003. There were some doctors living there, but Germinal didn't renew their contract, and in March of 2003 they left and left the apartment in quite a bad state. It was empty for a couple of months, and then Germinal and his wife moved in in June. His wife had a congenital problem with her heart, with the ventricles. It tired her out to breathe, and to get from their house to the hospital four streets away they had to get a taxi because she couldn't do it. Then she started generally getting ill, having problems with her stomach and with every part of her. She had colonic cancer twice. It destroyed her. That's why his daughters told him to take her to Spain. He didn't take her to Spain to die, more to go for a walk around. She was in San Paul Hospital for over a month. There was a specialist cardiology department there, so they were always looking for ways to operate, even when there was nothing they could really do. Now there is a little tube they can put in where they blow a little balloon up inside you, but that technology didn't exist then. That could have saved her. Also his wife had been fine up until that point, and had lived a life you couldn't imagine. She used to go to bed at three or four o'clock in the morning, she would get up at five o'clock in the afternoon, she would eat once a day. She suffered from depression, amongst other things. She used to say she wanted to die when they were living in Caracas. She never went out, and it got worse and worse. She began to get depressed when the children didn't need her any more. When Natalia began to be able to dress herself, it came on suddenly. She never worked, she never left the house. She liked flowers, shrubs, ferns, and the patio outside their home was full of them.

[01:00.00 – 01:10.00] His wife’s death and living alone

She never worked. She wanted to set up a florist with a friend, but she never did. June of 2003 he took his wife to Barcelona, they went straight to see a doctor to assess the situation, and she was immediately sent to the hospital. 21st June there was the Feria of San Juan. They went to the party but then straight away the next day they had to go to the hospital. They went to A&E first, and they were there for over a month. Germinal was there every day too, to see her. When they had been together 46 years, they celebrated in the hospital. The people in hospital with her and the staff all celebrated, and they had a great day. His wife was good friends with the other two women there. It affected the other women a lot when Germinal's wife died. She died on September 16th. On the 14th September she had turned 69. It was a Sunday. They invited Regina, the florist, to celebrate at home. Their daughters were there, and he heard her saying she was happy. Germinal was content with that. Every morning he would prepare her orange juice with ice. She felt better, but then something always came up. She felt something in her groin and they went back to the hospital and they recommended a pill that she took at midday on the Monday. Evening came and she felt tired so she went to sleep. On Sunday she had been fine and had been talking with her sister, but on the Monday evening she went to sleep and didn't even wake up to eat. She woke him up in the middle of the night because she was cold. He got up and put a blanket over her. In the morning he woke up at around six or half past six, and he couldn't really see her because of the pillows. She had about six pillows so he had to look for her in the bed. He got up and laid the table for her breakfast, with her orange juice and food. At about half past seven he said 'Lidia, get up'. Between five o'clock in the morning and seven o'clock in the morning she had died and Germinal didn't even know. People tell him he should be happy at the fact that she didn't suffer in death. Immediately people came with their machines, they came very quickly, but they told him they were sorry but there was nothing they could do. Straight away Regina, the florist, was there. She lived quite far away and Germinal doesn't know how she found out. Of his daughters Natalia came first, because she lived closest. All three were there by the 19th, and that's when she was cremated, on Mont Juic. Regina had two niches at Sant Gervasi private cemetery, small but very pretty, and that's where Regina's aunt Marta's ashes were. Germinal considered Regina and her family as his own family. So he and his daughters went up there with flowers. Germinal says it's only really been now, at the time of the interview, that he has been living alone, and his family still come round to visit so he isn't alone very often. The last four years he has lived alone half the time, and with his daughters half the time. He would spend six months away and then six months back in Barcelona. Often he would spend the six months away in America, in Caracas or with Gabi in the USA. He would see his grandchildren, his grandson Rudolfo who played in the school orchestra. He never went more than six months without seeing one of his daughters. Carolina then came with Sergio and Laura to stay. She's now a consultant in a company, but it isn't a fixed term job. She didn't want to do the doctorate because of the title, more because of the contacts she would gain through it. Laura likes languages and she loves Spanish studies. Germinal also likes languages, he even studied Japanese but can only say simple things. He had a lot of time and spent time alone. He has Regina and Carmen and plenty of friends.

[01:10.00 – 01:20.00] Getting back in touch with the other child exiles and putting together his book

Some of his cousins came out of the woodwork, people he never knew even existed. When his uncle Paco died, in December of 2006, Germinal was in Barcelona and went to the burial. It was there that he met his cousin Isabelle, and his uncle's wife, and there were other cousins too. Gloria, a second cousin, because her mother is Germinal's cousin. People knew who he was and said they couldn't believe he was there after so many years, why had he not been in touch before. One cousin came up to him and asked if he remembered playing in the street with her. She was a year older than him, and Germinal couldn't remember. After over sixty years he found all of his family. The interviewer asks him how he got back in touch with the other child exiles from Spain. He received a call from Asturias, and the person on the other end of the line asked if they were speaking to Germinal Luis and he said yes. It was someone called Teresa who wanted to reunite all of the children exiled in the United States. The next time Germinal went back to Venezuela he got in touch with Felipe, who he had stayed in contact with. There is a short tangent about how his friends, including his wife, called him Gerry and still do until this day, but his family know him as Germinal. Felipe worked in an Esso petrol station. Esso is an American company but is the biggest petrol provider in Venezuela. Felipe worked there when Germinal was working for Pan Am. When he told Felipe about the phone call, Felipe started to cry. Felipe had been in the first group, where Germinal had been in the second. He had been with Corsino, Arsenio, Usebio, but not Felipe. Germinal had been using the name Germinal Fernandez, which meant Felipe hadn't been able to find him. When he turned 75 there was a big party, in Caracas. The interviewer asks a little more about the phone call. Germinal says he was number 28 out of the group. Teresa told him they wanted to have a reunion with all of the children who were exiled in that group. At the meeting they spoke in English. The version of his story is in 'We Came Along'. He can recount his story better in English than in Spanish. When he tries to translate it, details are lost or the story isn't recounted in the same way, for example if he wants to say things that don't have an equivalent meaning in Spanish, for example expressions. He says it's not a literary work; it's a collection of the children's stories. Germinal shows the interviewers more photographs, including one of his father and one of his brother, which appear to be in a book that he calls the family 'bestseller'. He made about fifty copies and gave it to everyone. He also shows them some childhood drawings that more or less show the places he has been talking to the interviewers about. One of the interviewer refers to some notes he has made (on some of the photographs?) He remembers catching sardines at the beach and roasting them. Where they stayed, he would get out of bed and there would be sand everywhere. He talks about his parents, and says when they got married his mother was six months pregnant. They hadn't wanted to get married but there was pressure from the family. They also look at the lyrics to some songs. Some of them are anarchist songs that his father used to sing to him as a child. Even though he didn't spend that much time with his father, those were the kind of things he learnt and remembered.

[01:20.00 – 01:30.00] Looking at Germinal’s photographs and drawings

All of the drawings he shows the interviewers are his own. He shows them one of his father's workshop, Someone denounced them for the fact that they kept a little wooden box with clippings, because secretly and illegally his father used to make the CNT cards. He doesn't know if it was his father himself, but someone burnt it so there wouldn't be any proof. He doesn't remember this, his mother has told him. His father was taken by the police. His mother had a black car, the one he loved to sit in the back, and she took Germinal to his grandmother's house. There is a lot of conversation about the photocopies of photographs and drawings that Germinal has brought. He reads out the lyrics to a song that he used to sing as a refugee in France. Each of his daughters has a copy of the book he created, and his brother and sister. He really enjoyed putting the book together. It helped to talk to the other child exiles about their experiences, because they all remembered different aspects. They remember in the house where the women and children lived [in France], at about five o'clock in the morning a Spanish music band would come and play for them, and even perform theatre. After he turned about six years old he can remember everything, but before that his memories are hazy. He remembers nights in Barcelona. They discuss more photographs, so the conversation is heavily focused around this. Something they look at makes him talk about how he was near the Casa Roja, and when he was about 14 years old he stopped playing on tractors and started becoming interested in women. He remembers the dogs. Doris, the baroness' daughter, had red hair, and when she left Germinal had to look after the pony. One day Doris was riding the pony along the road when a truck drove past and scared the pony, and the girl fell off.

[01:30.00 – 01:40.00] Looking at Germinal’s photographs and drawings continued…

He tries to remember the names of the baroness' dogs: Blacky, Turkey Lurkey, Mitsy, Jingle, Whitey, Teddy. The accident changed their lives: his life, their life, everyone. That's when he went to stay with the grandmother. He went to a camp each summer, as an archery instructor and he got the title of best camper. It belonged to the Germans, then after the liberation it was British, then American for a time, then African. His father told him about the day the Germans came. There is a photograph of him and his father in New York, and another photograph of when he worked on the farm. In Argentina he organised a Baseball club, a team. He looks for photos. During the war his mother brought back children to the house who didn’t have family. She put them in clean clothes, and they stayed with them for a few days. His father was the backbone of the family.

[01:40.00 – 01:44.51] Looking at Germinal’s photographs and drawings continued…

He goes through his family tree and who has married who, reading from his book. The book ends saying I should have put ‘the story concludes here’, but instead he wrote ‘the story begins here’. The interviewer asks what he thinks about the attempts to recover historical memory in Spain. He says unless people know about history then it's destined to be repeated. Everyone is a grain of sand in society.