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PORTUGAL

FABULOUS,
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THIS SMALL COUNTRY at the tip edge of Europe, not much larger than our state of Maine, only four hundred years ago ruled half of

the then-known world. Even today, the provinces it controls are 23 times its size. The clouds of glory that Portugal trails date from the Golden Age when Prince Henry the Navigator mapped a Plan of the Indies for his great explorers. The past is still very present in this unctemporary land, whose society is almost feudal, whose rule is authoritarian. New two-lane highroads stream like black ribbons from Minho Province in the north down to the beach-beautiful Algarve, past modern nitrate plants, clean state-owned *pousadas* (inns) and the neat compulsory primary schools in every village. But more frequent are scenes like the one at left. Here, two *campinos* herd bulls under a cork oak on a 3,000-acre *quinta* near Vila Franca de Xira. Fifty *campinos* work on this estate. "They have the same names as we," says their master. "We are their godparents."

BY PATRICIA COFFIN

PHOTOGRAPHED
FOR LOOK
BY IRVING PENN

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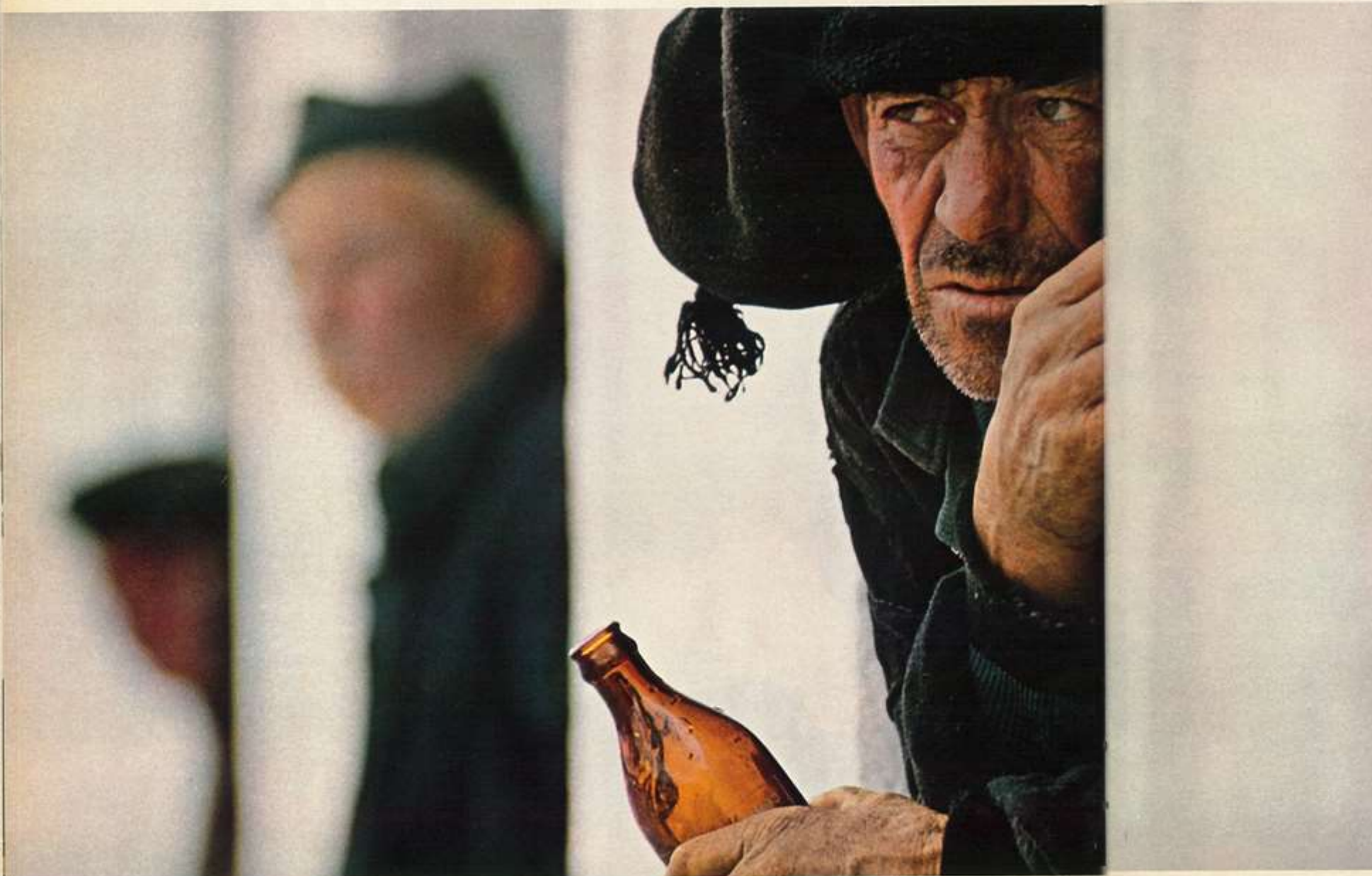
It is a land of fishermen, farmers and sad songs called *fados*

The Portuguese is a patriarchal society, with ancient extremes of wealth and poverty. Well-bred young girls are chaperoned until they are married. Career women are still the exception. The fisherman's wife walks behind him, balancing a basket of eels on her head, but with a smile—for this is a happy, even mischievous people, hospitable and gay. So it is amusing that the best-known Portuguese alive today is not a blue-blooded poet or a princely navigator—not even a man—but a woman who sold oranges in the Alfama, the old quarter of Lisbon. She is Amalia Rodrigues, famous singer of the sad, nostalgic *fados*.

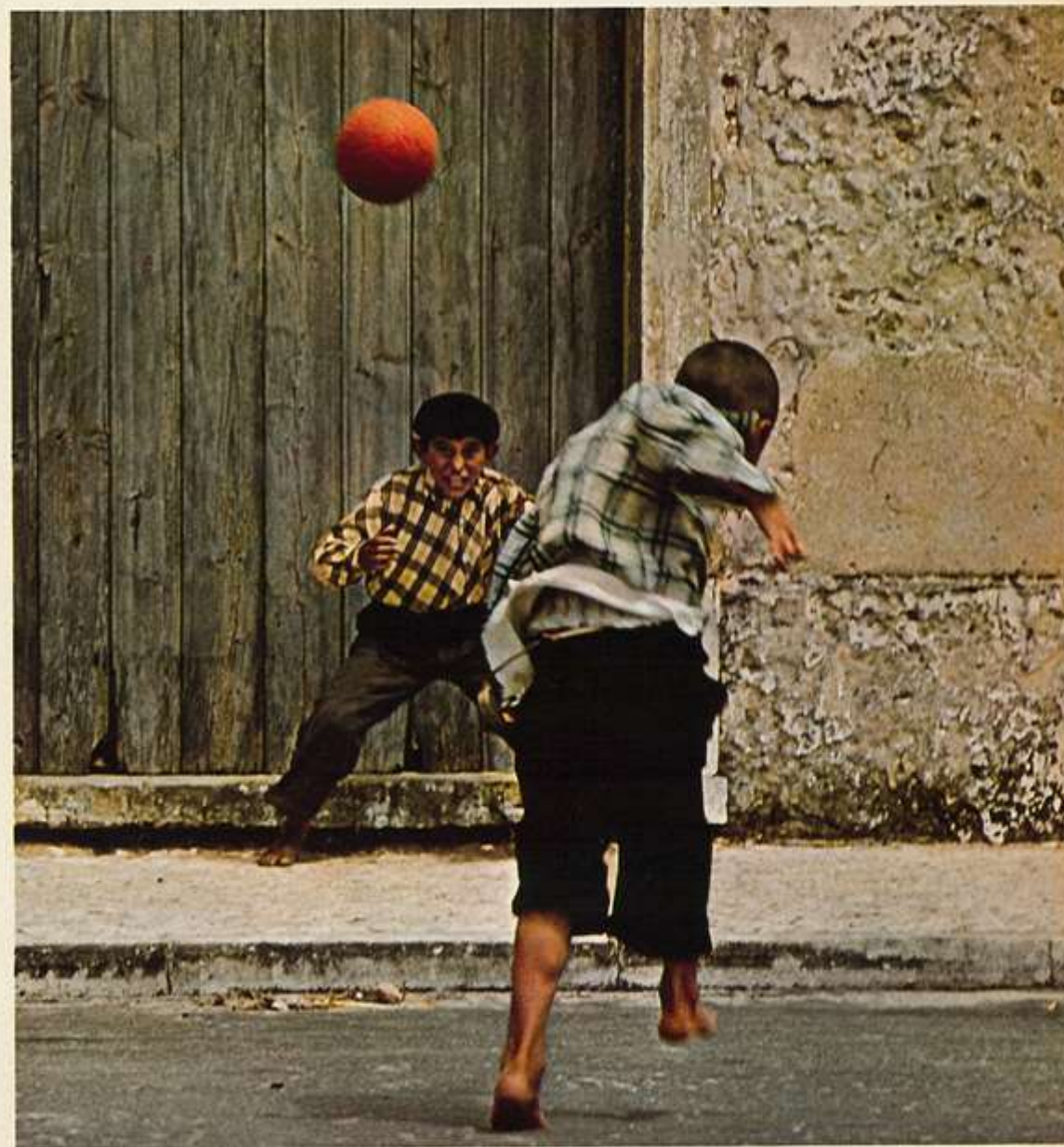


These three young men, cutting down a village street in the Texas-like province of the Alentejo, have the éclat of cowboys everywhere with their flat hats, sharp pants and hand-stitched boots.

And two boys plus a ball spell action anywhere. These wear the vivid plaid shirts typical of the Nazaré fisherman. The Portuguese can be as dark as their medieval invaders the Moors, or as blond as Visigoths.



Eternally searching the sea, this Nazaré fisherman leans from the window of a whitewashed bar by the beach, watching his comrades land their heavy boats through the surf.



They say the fishermen of Nazare are descended from the Phoenicians, who built boats like these.





Women cultivating oriental-looking terraced rice fields recall a Japanese print. Their little felt hats worn over colored scarves, their tucked-up skirts and high boots have contemporary chic. Actually, they are muffled against leeches. For this hot, wet work, they get \$1.10 a day.



This girl's job is to carry sand to the tourist beach at Nazaré. She wears seven petticoats under her plaid skirt, and if she isn't carrying sand on her head, it might be a basket of cabbages, her laundry, perhaps a cake of soap or even a child. The touch of the peasants is all over Portugal, in the streets of Lisbon and on the beaches, as well as in the fields. They are friendly people, both proud and polite.

The rice workers have high style

A fishwife cuts up her wares with vigor and dexterity in the open market at Oporto. Cod, or bacalhau, cooked with cabbage and potatoes, is a staple dish of Portugal, whose waters are among the richest for fishing in Europe. Some 300 known species, from the giant tuna to the silvery sardine, swim off its shores. Annually, Portugal exports more than four million dollars' worth of sardines and anchovies to the U. S.





The luminous dusk of Portugal lingers for hours

In the lambent quiet before nightfall, an old woman sits by her doorstep, a small boy turns a somersault, a church bell rings. This is the hour when Portugal is most irresistible. The peasants walking home from the fields look like those Millet painted. By the sea, the fish auctioneers sound their singsong litany. In the narrow streets of a city slum, fresh sardines are grilled for the family supper. Up in Oporto, an English wine merchant sips his port before dinner, and in the bar of the Lisbon Ritz, the martinis are being stirred for the tourists.



The oily smell of sardines cooking over live coals evokes Portugal, as do the smells of giesta (Scotch broom) and pine. Flowers are so abundant here that Portugal is called "a garden planted by the sea." Byron was inspired to write of its beauty, and Fielding is buried in Lisbon.

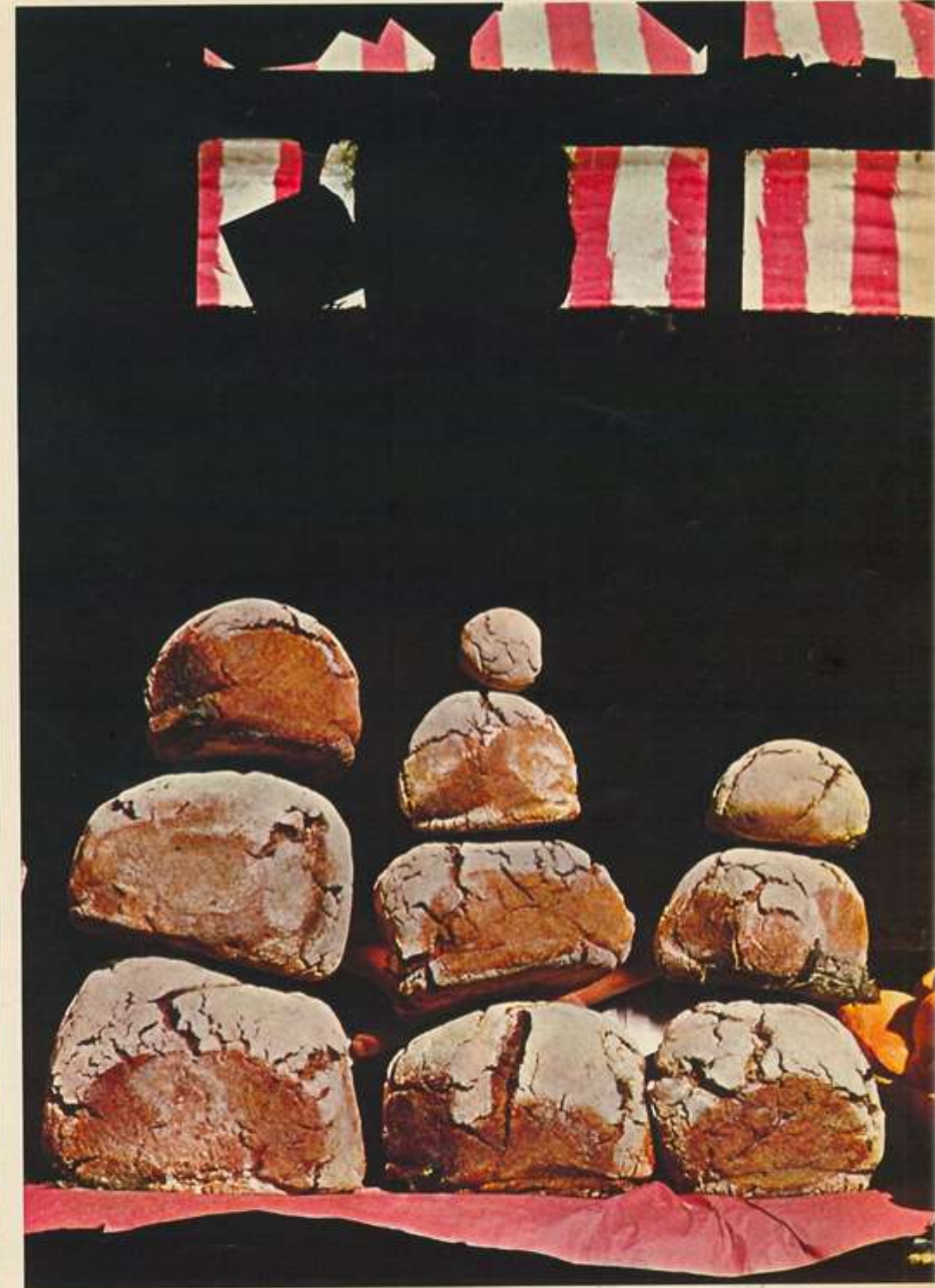
This exquisite little church banded in blue, which stands by the road near Murgeira, is an example of the lovely proportions and the sophisticated use of color to be found in the smallest villages of Portugal. The more formal marine-baroque architecture is unique.



The grapes for genuine port—Portugal's most popular wine export—grow only by the Douro River in the north, are shipped down to Oporto to be blended and fortified. The British have been leading wine merchants there since the 1600's. Besides carefully culled "vintage" port, there are

Portugal is famous for port wine and crusty peasant bread

three basic types: "tawny," "ruby" and "white," as shown at left in the official tasting glasses in the official tasting room of W. and J. Graham & Co. The "tear" is the drop that descends from the edge of the film left by the port in the glass. Port (not popular with the Portuguese) is an excellent aperitif. It is good with sweet desserts, fruits, nuts and cheese. Among Portugal's many other



wines is *vinho verde*, or "green" wine, inexpensive and refreshing with a simple fish dish such as *caldeirada* (fish stew) and a hunk of fresh bread. Most local bread is a crusty round or oblong wheat-flour loaf such as you can buy in the U.S. at Nantucket or New Bedford, where some of the Portuguese whaling crews settled a long time ago. (There is a statue to Henry the Navi-

gator in Fall River, Mass.) But in Portugal's north, the *broa* (see above) is made of a fine corn flour, and it is as solid as it is satisfying. Like many Europeans, the Portuguese close up shop and go home to eat a many-course luncheon at midday. In the fields, you see the peasants reclining in the shade of a cork tree eating handfuls of olives and bread, and drinking their local wine.



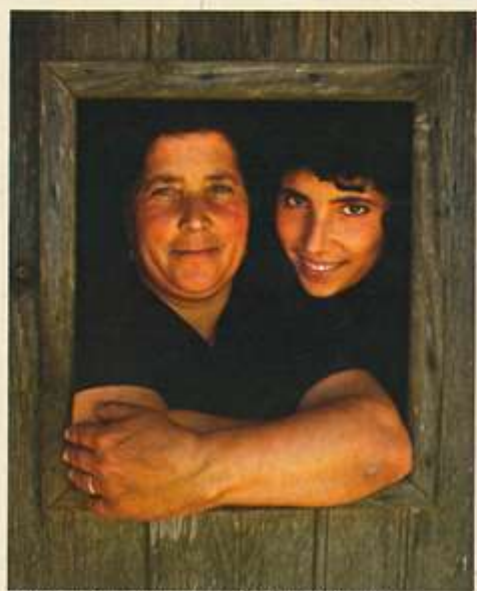
Small 15th-century palace restored by American Mrs. Herbert Scoville overlooks this Moorish box garden.



Rare tiles at Mrs. Scoville's Quinta da Bacalhóa.



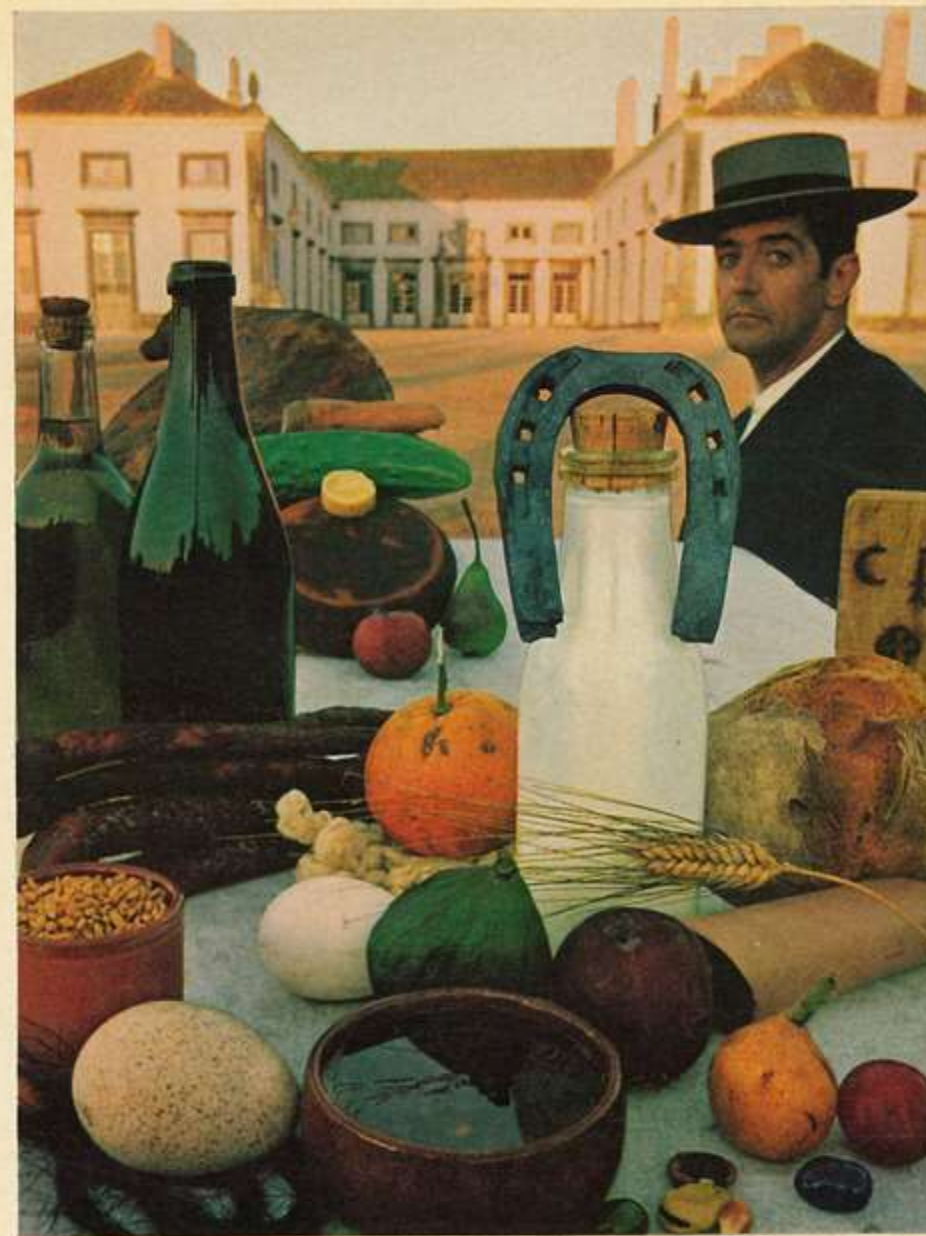
Nazaré's traditions date back 3,000 years.



"What's mine is yours," say the friendly Portuguese.



Unexpectedly, the crenelated outline of the old walled town of Obidos looms on a hill north of Lisbon.



Walled towns, ancient tiles speak of a past

So does the way of life in the *Quinta do Calhariz* (above). The Marquês do Fayal, wearing the traditional horseman's hat, is pictured with samples of produce from the 25,000-acre estate that he manages for his father, the Duque de Palmela, a ranking peer of Portugal. These represent a cross section of Portugal's economy and include cork, wine, olive oil, wheat, beef, milk, cheese, horses, marble, corn, rice, sheep's wool, resin, turpentine, lumber, chalk,

fruit, beans and pork. The Marquês, an agronomist devoted to modern farming methods, was one of the first to establish an eight-hour working day, pays more than the average daily \$1.32. Moreover, the farm workers (there are 250 families on the estate) have 2½ acres of land each, one pig, free medical care, housing, electricity, water, milk and olive oil. Their bread is baked for them, and their children go to primary school on the property. "Few of our servants leave," says the Marquês do Fayal, "and they usually come back. They are like our own family." He also manages his wife's properties, several businesses,



PORTUGAL
continued



The Marquesa de Fayal with her son and her father. Her husband's parents, the Duque and Duchess de Palmela (below), also pose for Penn.

The aristocrats are conservative, elegant and very rich

At 19, the classically beautiful young woman above was married to the eldest of the 11 children of the distinguished couple at right. Her husband, their son, is heir to the largest private properties in Portugal, one of its most beautiful country palaces (see previous page), a town house filled with Gainsboroughs and Romneys, and a string of titles. Her son Pedro, center, will be the Conde do Calhariz when he is 21. Her father-in-law, the Duque de Palmela, was Ambassador to Britain during World War II. His father was a personal friend of Queen Victoria's. When Queen Elizabeth visited Portugal in 1957—the Anglo-Portuguese alliance is the

world's oldest—she stayed at *Calhariz* and lunched at *Quinta do Cabo*, the Vila Franca de Xira estate of the Marquesa's father, seen here on horseback. He is 70-year-old Senhor José Van Zeller Pereira Palha, amateur horticulturist and gentleman cork and bull farmer, who looks like Don Quixote as El Greco might have painted him. These members of the Portuguese aristocracy are cultivated, charming, speak French and English fluently, as did the upper-class Russians during the 19th century. They think nothing of flying off to Madrid, Paris and London for clothes, for fun, for business, and yet they seem to be living in another world.

continued



PORTUGAL *continued*

A sign of the people's deep attachment to their land and their folklore is their devotion to the small, yet striking woman below: greatest of the Portuguese *fado* singers. Accompanied by two guitars, she mourns the past, so sad because it *is* the past; a man lost at sea; a gypsy's unrequited love. And she is as popular with the man in the street as she is with the *jeunesse dorée* of Lisbon and the famous titled exiles who have settled around Estoril. Among these former and would-be kings living in sunny limbo is Umberto of Italy, who maintains a formal court atmosphere in his villa not far from the casino. Whereas Magda Lupescu (remember!), now known as Princess Elena of Rumania, leads a secluded life in an unpretentious little house nearby.

The people: passionately nostalgic. Their talisman: the surrounding sea.



Amalia Rodrigues's lidos pulsate with Portuguese saudade (nostalgia).



Among the royal exiles: Umberto of Italy.

Portugal's emotional preoccupation with the past is part of its charm. But there are many modern aspects to this country, which is just beginning to feel the financial benefits of increasing tourism. A stone's throw from the peasant and his oxen, you will find a huge, new hydroelectric plant. Smokestacks of CUF's factories (everything from textiles to superphosphates) cast their shadow across the black-shawled women gleaning in a wheat field. Portugal's big, paternalistic businesses have their unions, but there are no strikes. Base factory pay is \$2.10 a day, and skilled labor commands \$7. But a seven-room apartment in company housing costs only \$6 a month. In the south, land values have doubled over the past five years, modern hotels are being built along the beaches of the Algarve, air service from Lisbon is due this summer, and the property owners talk of a new Riviera in the making.

Culturally, Portugal rests on past laurels. No writer has surpassed the poet Camoëns of the 16th century, nor has a painter been greater than Nuno Gonçalves, of the Van Eyck Flemish school. Architecturally, as with its literature, Portugal's truest inspiration came from the great period of maritime discovery. An example is the monastery of Jeronimo, built by King Manuel I at Belem, the river port from which Vasco da Gama sailed to explore the Indies. Exuberantly pre-baroque, it uses rigging, palms, fruits, and seaweed for inspiration. The style is called Manueline.

Today, a new and unique cultural force is manifest in the eight-year-old Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, which spends its annual five-million-dollar income on everything from music festivals to ballet tours. Called "one of the most progressive gifts to mankind in Europe," it may well precipitate a renaissance of true native talent. Another young foundation is one established by the banker Ricardo do Espirito Santo Silva in a palace in the old Arab section of Lisbon. Here, beside a museum filled with rare specimens of 16th-century furniture, tapestries, rugs, vermeil and tooled leather, is a workshop designed to keep alive one of Portugal's most precious assets, hand craftsmanship. In 23 workshops, 200 apprentices (using no screws or nails) make reproductions that go to homes all over the world, from the Rockefellers' in New York to the Duke of Württemberg's in West Germany.

Although its anachronisms and its antiques are beginning to disappear, Portugal is still a land of charming contradictions, of sweet landscapes, of sad songs. But basically, Portugal is a bride of the sea, whence came its invaders, its glory, its wealth and its very livelihood. Even its language, one of the most difficult in Europe, has the hiss and hush of surf crashing against the bleak rocks at Sagres (pronounced Sah-gressh). Here, Henry the Navigator spent 40 years studying the stars and left that curious circle of stones at the edge of a cliff, the huge compass dial he built 500 years ago. Next to it, at the southwest tip of the continent, is Europe's most powerful beacon, the lighthouse of Cape São Vicente. END