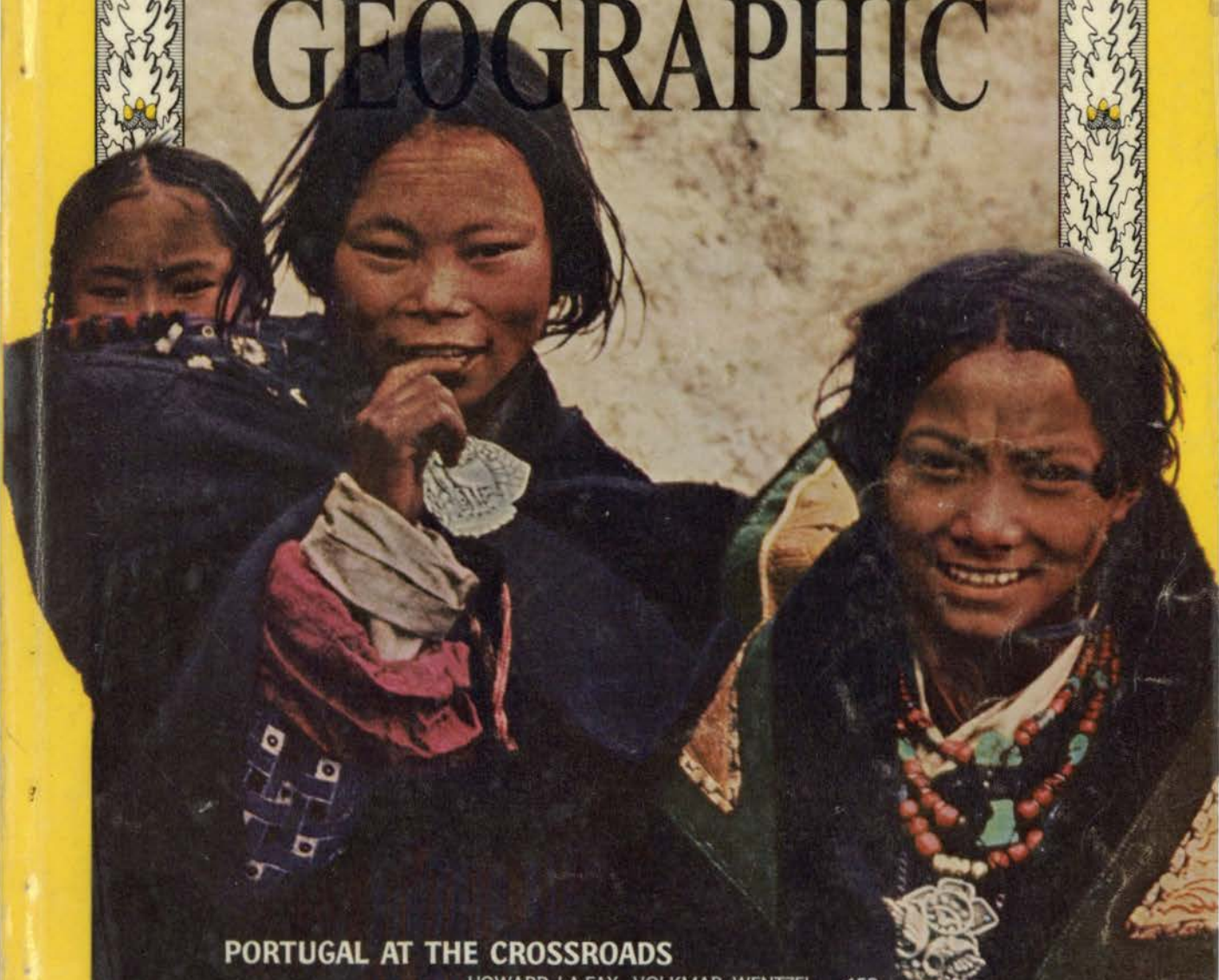


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October, 1965

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

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## Portugal at the Crossroads

By HOWARD LA FAY

*Photographs by VOLKMAR WENTZEL*

Both National Geographic Staff

**A**T DUSK, Lisbon's principal square, the Rossio, explodes into a rainbow of neon; shoppers eddy past glittering store windows; eager patrons press into overcrowded cafes and restaurants; music halls rock with song and merriment. Beneath gay mosaic sidewalks, trains

of a new subway system slam from end to end of the Portuguese capital.

But beyond the lights and laughter and movement lie a city and a nation in crisis. For Portugal—earliest and once the greatest of Europe's modern imperial powers—has chosen to resist the tide of anticolonialism engulfing

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◀ **Sons of the sea**, the Portuguese became Europe's greatest navigators. Today's fishermen, such as these on a beach near Porto, still dare the oceans in frail vessels.

**City of the ages**, Lisbon meets the 20th century more than halfway. But ultramodern apartments of Portugal's capital show only one face of this hard-pressed little nation, scarcely larger than the State of Maine. In the 1400's Portugal became one of the world's chief maritime powers when her seafarers set sail into the Age of Discovery. Today she struggles to maintain the remnants of a once-global empire.

Tradition ascribes Lisbon's founding to the Greek wanderer Ulysses. Originally named Olisipo, the city stands, like Rome, on a series of hills. One in every 11 Portuguese lives here, many in apartments like these on Avenida dos Estados Unidos da América—a reminder of Portugal's long friendship with the U.S.A.

**Lisbon's varinas**, or fishwives, trudge cobbled streets of the Tagus riverfront, wearing shoes unwillingly but as the law requires. They carry headloads of seafood fresh from boats, chanting through the city for customers.



KODACHROMES BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS VOLKMAR WENTZEL (ABOVE) AND THOMAS NEBBIA (LEFT AND TITLE PAGE) © N.G.S.

Africa. At tremendous cost, the Portuguese army is battling guerrillas in Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea.

I found the crisis reflected in the special sales tax—15 percent on some items—that helps finance the faraway wars. I found it, too, in the myriad signs that sprinkle Lisbon: "Mozambique and Angola, Portuguese for Five Centuries"\*. "Portugal Is Not for Sale." I saw it in patriotic demonstrations where out-of-step delegations—firemen with glinting axes on shoulders, women from

\*See in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, "Angola, Unknown Africa," September, 1961; and "Mozambique, Land of the Good People," August, 1964, both by Volkmar Wentzel.

religious societies, farmers from the provinces—marched with banners proclaiming *Lutaremos Sempre*—"We Shall Fight Forever." And once again, in Africa, Portuguese are dying in their nation's 800-year struggle for identity, survival, empire.

#### Rebel Vassal Led Way to Independence

Forged from a petty duchy on the western strand of the Iberian Peninsula by Afonso Henriques, a rebellious vassal of the Spanish kingdom of León, Portugal gained independence in 1143. The tiny new state lay between the Minho and Mondego Rivers, but Afonso—who became Portugal's first king—fought

his way south, annexing lands held by the Moors since the eighth century.

Intensely Christian from its very inception, Portugal wears on its coat of arms five blue shields, each with five bezants representing the five wounds of Christ. Traditionally, Portuguese monarchs wore no crown—it belonged to the Blessed Virgin.

In 1147, with the help of Crusaders bound for the Holy Land, Afonso captured the great port of Lisbon from the Moslems. His successors continued the southward advance and, with the final conquest of the Moorish kingdom of the Algarve in 1249, Portugal established borders that have remained virtually



unchanged to the present day (map, page 459). This land of more than nine million people is the oldest intact state in Europe.

Insulated from the rest of the continent by a powerful and oftentimes hostile neighbor (Spain invaded Portugal repeatedly over the centuries, and once, from 1580 to 1640, even absorbed her), the Portuguese turned to the sea. The 15th-century caravels of Prince Henry the Navigator blazed the way into unknown oceans, and Portuguese mariners opened vast areas of the world to European exploration.\* At its brilliant zenith, the empire won by the Portuguese stretched from the China Sea to

"For the Portuguese," he laughed bitterly, "imperialism in the past has been a huge illusion. Do you know what it has brought us? The lowest per capita income in Western Europe and the highest rate of illiteracy.

"Today we face a crucial moment of our history. And no matter what happens—whether we hold the overseas territories or lose them—Portugal is rejoining Europe."

I knew what he meant. Although the Portuguese have left their mark around the globe, almost 500 years of overseas involvements all but exhausted the tiny nation's resources. Chronic misfortune abroad, climaxed by the



**Monument to valor**, the Monastery of Santa Maria da Vitória soars in Gothic splendor near Aljubarrota, where the Portuguese routed invading Castilians in 1385. Portuguese know it simply as Batalha—Battle. In the Royal Cloister of King João I, the monastery's donor, monks once washed at this gently plashing fountain.

**Portugal's voyager-poet** Luis de Camões rests in stone atop his tomb in Lisbon's Jerónimos Church, next to the tomb of Vasco da Gama. Camões's epic *Os Lusíadas* ("The Portuguese"), completed some 70 years after da Gama found the sea route to India in 1498, immortalizes the nation's great period of discovery and colonization.

EKTACHROME (LEFT) BY HOWARD LA FAY AND  
KODACHROME BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL © N.G.S.

Brazil, from North Africa to the southwest Pacific. Soldiers, missionaries, administrators, settlers poured into the new lands.

"In the 450 years since the discoveries," a Portuguese historian pointed out to me, "our principal export has been men—so much so that far more people of Portuguese descent live outside the country than in it. We literally turned our backs on Europe.

"After Vasco da Gama found the sea route to India in 1498, Portuguese ships monopolized the spice trade. But most of the profits—and most of our manpower—went into guarding the 15,000 miles of sea lanes between Goa and Lisbon. Even so, in one year alone we lost 300 ships to pirates.

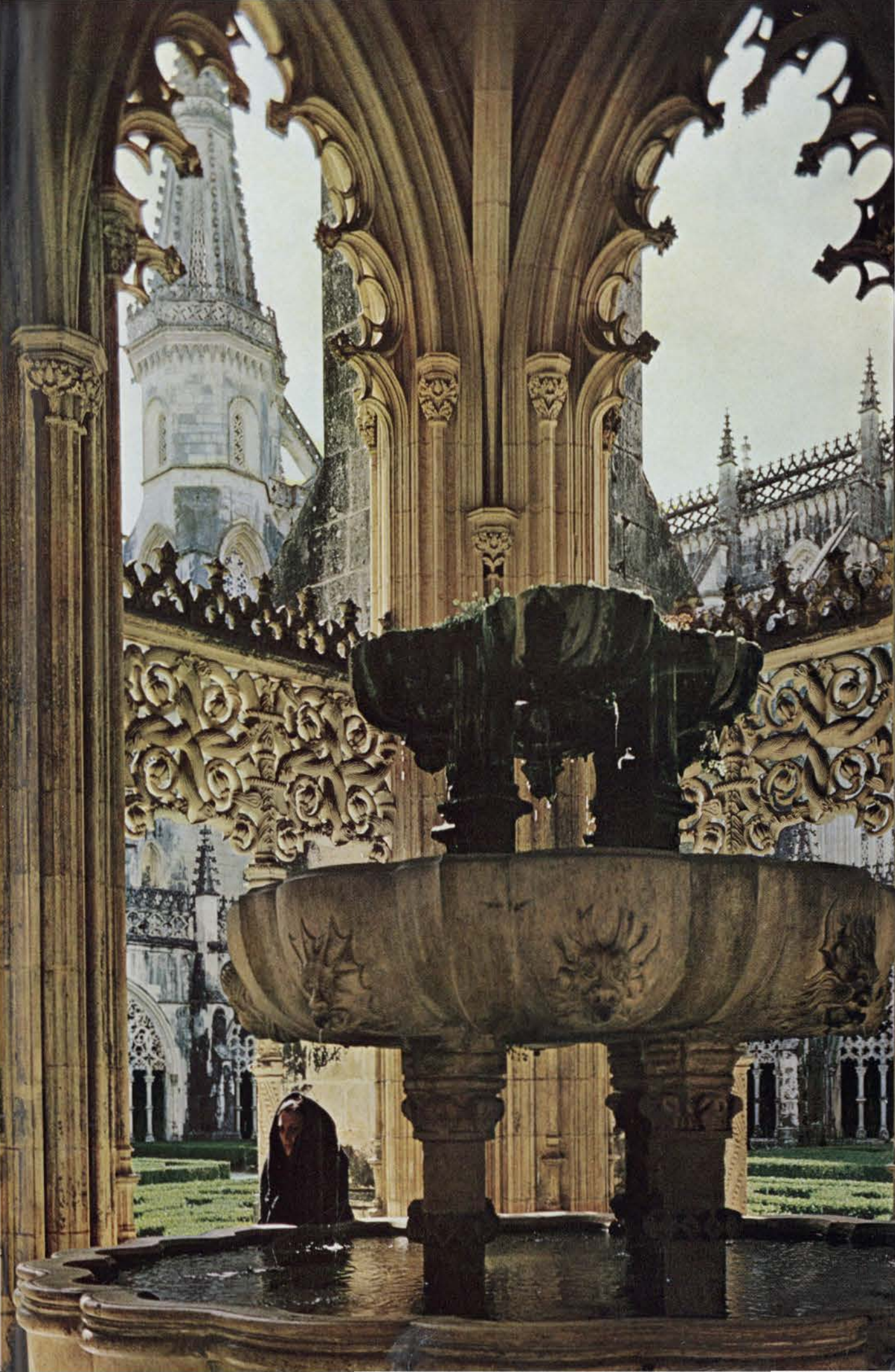
"At home, farms and industries decayed. The government was forced to buy food and other necessities abroad. In the end, after mortgaging the country to the hilt, we flooded the spice market and prices plummeted.

loss of Goa in 1961, has now refocused Portuguese energies upon the underdeveloped homeland. Shaking off the economic stagnation of centuries, Portugal has embarked upon a belated industrial revolution.

On the upper Rabagão River, a dam erected at a cost of \$49,000,000 this year began feeding 90 million watts of electric power to the nation. Just outside Lisbon, one of the world's largest rotary kilns produces 1,800 tons of cement daily to support a massive building program. In the capital itself, workers scale steel towers 625 dizzy feet above the Tagus to build Europe's longest and most expensive suspension bridge (page 458).

Historically, the Tagus—flowing out of the heart of Spain to empty into the Atlantic—has sliced Portugal neatly in half. Ferryboats have provided a tenuous link between Lisbon

\*See "Prince Henry, the Explorer Who Stayed Home," by Alan Villiers, GEOGRAPHIC, November, 1960.







EKTACHROME BY PATRICK THURSTON © N.G.S.

Swooping cables to support a 7,473-foot suspension bridge, longest in Europe, span the Tagus River estuary at Lisbon (background). Towers soar 625 feet; each cable contains 11,248 steel strands. Scheduled for completion in late 1966, the \$75,000,000 four-lane highway bridge, eventually to carry rail traffic also, will provide Lisbon's first direct link with southern Portugal, opening the region to industry and tourism.

## PORTUGAL

WESTERNMOST NATION of continental Europe, Portugal found her destiny in the sea. Five centuries ago, caravels bearing Portugal's scarlet Cross of Christ coursed the oceans, exploring and opening two-thirds of the then-unknown world. Now, from Brazil to Timor, 100 million people use the tongue of Europe's oldest intact nation.



Tiny Portugal is a world in miniature: Within hours one may ski in the piny north-central Serra da Estrela and swim on the sunny beaches of the Algarve.

**GOVERNMENT:** Constitutionally a republic; same prime minister since 1932. **AREA:** 35,510 square miles (including Azores and Madeira Islands); 805,326 square miles in overseas territories of Angola, Cape Verde Islands, Macao, Mozambique, Portuguese Guinea, Portuguese Timor, São Tomé and Príncipe. **POPULATION:** 9,156,000 (with Azores and Madeira Islands); 13,544,000 in overseas territories. Celtic influences in northern Portugal, Arab and Berber in the south. **LANGUAGE:** Portuguese. **RELIGION:** Mainly Roman Catholic. **ECONOMY:** 60 percent based on agriculture. One of the world's chief producers of olive oil, wine, and sardines. Leading producer of cork, exporting half the world's supply. Manufactures include textiles, pottery, chemicals, ships. **MAJOR CITIES:** Lisbon (population: 818,000), capital, port; Porto (population: 306,000), wine center, port. **CLIMATE:** Mild and temperate. Rainy winters and warm summers; interior and south, drier and hotter.



Overseas territories 23 times the size of the homeland fly the Portuguese flag today, from islands in the Atlantic and lands in Africa to Macao and Timor in far-off Asia.



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CARTOGRAPHIC DIVISION  
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and the undeveloped southern regions of the country, as have several bridges far upriver. But the new Tagus road-and-rail span promises to revolutionize the Portuguese economy.

It was raining when Engineer José do Canto Moniz, General Inspector of Public Works and Director of the Bridge Authority, received me in his office overlooking the river. Outside, I could see swarms of workers half obscured by driving rain, laboring to sink the world's deepest pier—a concrete footing that would extend 260 feet below the river's surface.

#### Bridge Will Unite a Sundered Land

"Studies on this bridge began in 1876," Engineer Moniz told me, "and its importance to Portugal's future cannot be overstated.

"For one thing, some nine percent of our population now lives in Lisbon proper, causing an acute housing shortage. By opening up the Tagus's southern shore, we can absorb some of this population in satellite towns.

"Furthermore," his finger stabbed a map, "heavy industry will be able to locate on the peninsula between Lisbon and Setúbal. These are our two busiest ports.

"Finally, the bridge will open the entire south to tourism. The Algarve, with its fine beaches and subtropical climate, will be only a four-hour drive from Lisbon."

Later I boarded a boat and bounced across the rain-lashed Tagus. Just above a temporary dock, workers were pouring concrete for the bridge's southern anchorage—a mammoth block designed to withstand some 28,000 tons of pull from the suspension cables.

A scene from the Apocalypse met my eyes. Workers, knee-deep in mud, slopped through the drenching rain, while machinery under stress clanked and groaned in wild cacophony. Trucks loaded with concrete skidded down a road gouged in the naked earth; they fed their cargo into the buckets of giant cranes that swooped overhead to dump ton after ton into the great cavity that would hold the anchorage. In shifting, swirling mist loomed the colossal statue of Christ the King that guards the river's southern bank. Almost filling the leaden sky, it stretched arms protectively above work and workers.

Despite the hectic industrialization of its outskirts, Lisbon remains a calm and classic capital. The present-day city is a monument to the Marquês de Pombal. On All Saints Day in 1755 a calamitous earthquake wrenched Lisbon, destroying two-thirds of the city.

Subsequent seismic sea waves and widespread fires completed the carnage. Some 40,000 corpses lay in the ruins of the capital that Spanish poet Tirso de Molina had described as "the eighth wonder of the world."

Alone in the government, Pombal—who later assumed dictatorial power—kept his head. He issued the terse order, "Bury the dead and feed the living." Out of the rubble he built today's Lisbon of broad avenues and sweeping squares.

Pombal's statue now stands in the center of the city (pages 468-9), looking down the tree-lined length of Avenida da Liberdade—almost 100 yards wide and bounded by strips of garden where grave swans glide in ponds.

Lisbon, I found, is a city for idle strolling. Turn into the Rua da Madalena and enter the cool, aromatic herb shop Ervanária Rosil, where an expert will prescribe and mix infusions of medicinal herbs to combat rheumatism or laryngitis, obesity or eczema. Drop into the hushed Royal Coach Museum, where the faded plush and peeling gilt of the finest surviving collection of horse-drawn coaches recalls regal splendors and dead monarchs.

Or pass from the sun-drenched street into the vast gloom of the Jerónimos Church. Started by King Manuel the Fortunate in 1496, on the eve of Vasco da Gama's journey to the Indies, Jerónimos incorporates the full exuberance of the Age of Discovery. Here, frozen forever in stone, is the blazing noon-tide of empire. Stylized hawsers writhe in the arches. Shells and coral and fish entwine on every column. Sanctuary lamps glow red above carved African lions.

#### Those Who Dared All for Christendom

In a timeless dusk of flickering candles sleep the kings and queens who reaped the wealth of the East. Their stone catafalques rest on the backs of marble elephants. The tomb of Vasco da Gama, first to sail to India, lies next to that of Luís de Camões, Portugal's national poet, who himself voyaged to the Orient (page 456). "This small nation of Portugal," sang Camões, "does not lack those who will dare all for Christendom. . . ."

At the dawn of that brilliant epoch, Portugal was indeed a small, poor land, with a population of barely a million and a half. And discovery exacted a fearful human toll. Of da Gama's men, a third never returned. When Alvares Cabral sailed to India in 1500, he lost 6 of his 13 ships. But the Portuguese



Jam-packed cable car clacks over steep cobbled streets, bringing Lisboans downtown from Bairro Alto, the High Quarter. Its multistoried 17th-century buildings were once the city's tallest.

Explosion of colored paper festoons Lisbon's Alfama quarter for the Feast of St. Anthony, favorite saint of the city. Artful duck lamp will brighten the Moorish quarter at dusk.

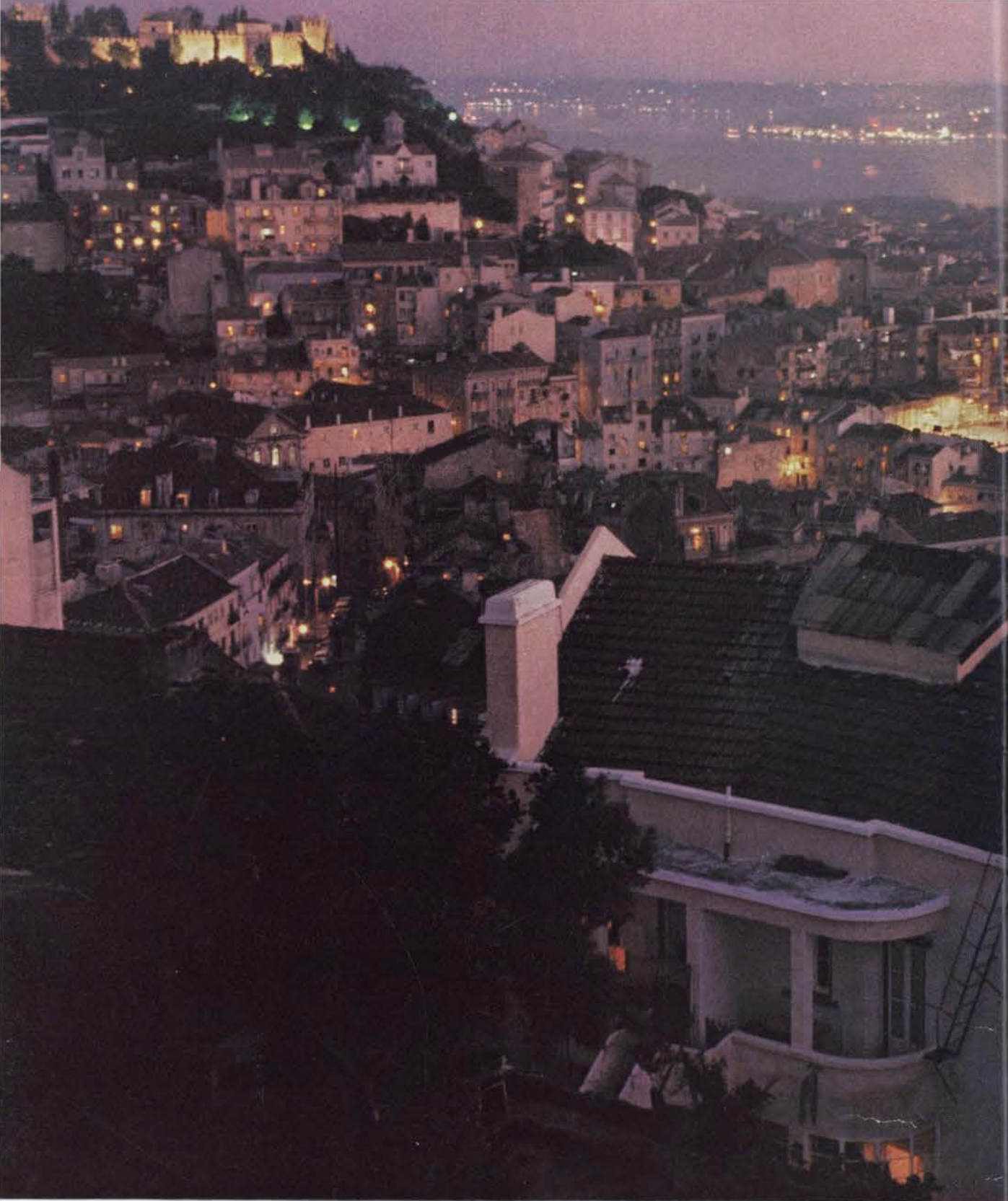


KODACHROMES AND EKTACHROME (RIGHT) BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL © N.G.S.



"Street of My Jealousies," sings a comely *fadista*, Valentina Felix, lamenting unrequited loves and lost lovers. Melancholy strains of the *fado*, Portugal's best-known song form, resound in late-at-night cabarets like this club in the fashionable seaside resort of Estoril, near Lisbon.





KODACHROME © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

pressed on, determined to carry the cross and the plow to heathen lands. They even journeyed overland into the heart of Africa. Three centuries before Livingstone, they explored the Zambezi and the Congo.

"God gave the Portuguese a small country for a cradle," wrote Antonio Vieira, a Jesuit missionary, "but the whole world for a grave."

Just as you can find the beginning at Jerónimos, you can also find the end—in the

empty tomb of King Dom Sebastião. Historians generally labor long and hard to determine the causes of imperial collapse. But in the case of Portugal, they can name the day and even the hour that saw greatness die.

In 1578, the crippled, mystical Sebastião led Portugal's depleted armies on a rash crusade against the Moorish ruler of Morocco. Twenty-five thousand strong, they crossed into Africa. Banners unfurled, songs on every

lip, they followed their dashing king into the interior. There, at Ksar el Kebir, on August 4, they met the Moors. Four hours later on that fateful afternoon, the Portuguese dream lay strangled in the dust.

Barely fifty survivors of Sebastião's army escaped to the coast and freedom. The mad king was last seen leading a futile charge into the Moorish ranks. And, in a poignant footnote to history, Moslem chroniclers recorded

**Blaze of light** whitewashes Lisbon's Martim Moniz Square; floodlit walls of ancient Castelo de São Jorge crown the hill at upper left. Romans, Visigoths, and Moors occupied citadels on this height; in 1147 Crusaders helped the knights of Afonso Henriques, Portugal's first king, conquer it. Beyond the Tagus towers the 358-foot-high statue of Christ the King, completed in 1959 as Portugal's symbol of gratitude for having been spared involvement in World War II.





**Men and bull meet** in Santarém—and death takes a holiday. In Portuguese bullfights, the animal is not killed but only wrestled to the ground by a “suicide squad” of eight daredevils called *forcados*. Enraged by being spiked with sharp-tipped *bandarilhas*, a



“Why is it,” I asked him, “that you yourself never smile?”

“Smile!” he said darkly. “I’m too busy praying for my life.”

There was a Biblical quality to the scene. As in Old Testament times, the women profited from their trip to the well, exchanging gossip and small talk. Then each filled her jug and balanced it gracefully on her head.

#### Alfama's Fadistas Sing of Sorrow

With the fall of night, Alfama resounds to the sad, intoxicating strains of *fado*. These songs—the word “fado” means fate—weep for love lost, illusions flown, death come too soon.

One night I visited several *casas de fado* with Senhor Emilio Mateus, an impresario known in Lisbon as King of the Fado. Almost all the cabarets had a bull-ring decor. This ancient affinity between fado and bullfighting stems from the star-crossed romance of a young 19th-century *fadista*, Maria Severa, with a bullfighter of noble blood, the Count of Vimioso.

As the lights dimmed, a woman took her place between two guitarists. She wore a black dress and clutched a black shawl about her shoulders. The guitars struck an introductory chord, the woman closed her eyes, and her voice rose in haunted tragedy.

“Some people say,” Senhor Mateus whispered, “that all fadistas wear the black shawl in mourning for Maria Severa. Actually, it’s because fado was born among the poor of Lisbon, and as you’ve probably noticed, poor women invariably wear dark shawls.”

Most fados, I found that evening, resemble each other. In song after song you can pick out the words *tristeza . . . amor . . . o meu coração*—sadness . . . love . . . my heart. All loves are doomed, all lovers are cruel. I found, too, that several hours of fado can plunge anyone into a rapture of gloom. Long after midnight, with the black sorrow still echoing in our ears, Senhor Mateus and I sought our automobile.

“Did you lock it?” I asked.

“No,” he said, still lost in the fado world. “In Portugal nobody steals cars. Only love.”

half-ton, specially bred bull faces its challengers (far left), lowers blunted horns, and smashes head-on into the lead man. As the column scatters (below), one *forcado* holds grimly to the bull’s tail while the rest try to rescue their bull-dozed comrade.

that hundreds of guitars littered the corpse-strewn battlefield.

Two years later, both Portugal and its possessions passed to the Spanish crown. In 1640, the dauntless Portuguese took up arms, regaining their independence and even the remnants of their empire, but their era of greatest glory had perished at Ksar el Kebir.

I found a kind of magic in the twisting, haphazard streets of Alfama, Lisbon’s oldest quarter, whose name bespeaks its Moorish origin. Huddled on a slope above the river, Alfama houses the city’s poor. And it is the twin of every North African casbah I have seen from Tangier to Tunis. Tall tenements, their eaves almost meeting, lean out above narrow labyrinthine streets whose paving stones have known little sunshine (page 466).

I paused at a tiny square where hundreds of women with bottles and jugs thronged around the public faucets. A lone policeman had the unenviable job of permitting the milling women to advance to the faucets—each in what he judged to be her proper turn. For this he caught flashing smiles from the favored and scathing abuse from those he held back.







Gay streamers honoring St. Anthony flutter above a housewife hanging out clothes in a twisting street of Lisbon's Alfama section.

Mass wedding highlights the Feast of St. Anthony on June 13. Every year merchants and a Lisbon newspaper provide a cost-free ceremony for girls from poor families. Gowns, rings, receptions, even the wedding pictures, are donated. Four of the 61 couples united last year descend the steps of the Church of St. Anthony to automobiles lent for the day.



KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Nothing so dramatically contrasts the Spanish and Portuguese characters as the conduct of the bullfight in the two countries.

In Spain, when the bull bursts into the arena like a clap of dark thunder—head tossing, horns slashing, seemingly invincible in his might—death enters with him. The bull and a matador, armed only with skill, a cape, and a sword, will play out a ritual as stylized as a requiem. In the end the bull will die. Death may take the matador as well, for over the long, ceremonial agony of man and beast, tragedy flickers like summer lightning.

But in Portugal, when man and bull confront each other, both will survive. Here all is spectacle—darting horses ridden by 18th-century costumed *cavaleiros* whose glory lies in dodging, not killing, the bull, and a climax as old as Babylon and Minoan Crete.

#### Amateurs Wrestle a Charging Bull

I joined the crowd one Sunday at Lisbon's Campo Pequeno bull ring to marvel at the skill of *cavaleiros* and their mounts. Time after time these seeming centaurs gracefully avoided a hurtling half-ton of outraged bull

by the merest fraction of an inch. But mostly I marveled at the *forcados*, or bull tacklers.

In the Portuguese bullfight, when the *cavaleiro* retires from the arena, eight *forcados* form a column facing the bull, receive his charge head on, and attempt to wrestle him to a standstill. It is no game for the faint of heart, even though the bull's horns are blunted and padded (pages 464-5).

At the *barreira*, the wooden barrier that lines the ring, I joined Joaquim José Capoulas, captain of the *Amadores*—the amateurs—of Montemor-o-Novo. He sized up the first bull.

"He is *manso*," he said glumly, "cowardly. The brave ones charge straight and true, but this one will be difficult. He is unpredictable."

Having run the gamut of his skill, the *cavaleiro* left the ring, and, to a fanfare of trumpets, eight of the *Amadores* vaulted into the arena. With his teammates strung out behind him, the young man chosen to receive the charge advanced on the bull, citing him, "*Toiro! Manso! Ay, toiro!*"

The bull pawed the sand and blinked.

"*Toiro! Manso! Manso!*"

Suddenly, like a train thundering into a



station, the bull charged. The young forcado held his ground and, with horns hooking viciously, the bull smashed into his chest. For a moment, the man tried to grapple with the mighty head. Then, with a powerful toss, the 1,100-pound bull heaved him up and over, pivoting sharply to gore him with his padded horns before a flapping cape drew him away.

The forcado, his costume torn, his mouth trickling blood and a red smear on his thigh, leaped to his feet. Waving off assistance, he limped back to the head of the column and once more, head thrust back, hands arrogantly on hips, taunted the bull. This time he took the charge dead center, locked his arms about the horns, and, with his teammates, wrestled the bull into submission.

#### Pride, Not Pay, Preserves Forcado's Art

You can see forcados in action on any Sunday between Easter and All Saints Day in Portugal. They are nearly all amateurs, receiving no money; one in four will be injured during the season, and must even pay his own medical bills. Why, then, do they do it?

"Because," Senhor Capoulas told me, "we love the bullfight. And because this is something that exists only in Portugal. We are proud to maintain the tradition."

The tradition is older than history. Cretan frescoes of 1500 B.C. show youths tackling bulls much as forcados do today. And 4,000-year-old cuneiform tablets unearthed at Nineveh describe a combat between the hero Enkidu and the Bull of Heaven:

*With his third snort he sprang at Enkidu.  
Enkidu parried his onslaught.  
Up leaped Enkidu, seizing the Bull of  
Heaven by the horns.  
The Bull of Heaven hurled his foam in  
his face....*

West of Lisbon, between the capital and continental Europe's westernmost point, Cabo da Roca, lies Portugal's Costa do Sol—Coast of the Sun. An excellent road skirts the sea, threading the chic resorts of Estoril and Cascais, then doubles back by way of Sintra, Byron's "glorious Eden."

With their mordant sense of humor, the Lisboans call a trip on this spectacular route

468 **Green geometry** of Parque Eduardo VII gives romping room for Lisbon youngsters and strolling space for their elders. Beyond, atop its stone plinth, a statue of the autocratic and able Marquês de Pombal surveys the city he rebuilt after the earthquake of 1755 leveled Lisbon, killing 40,000.

"Volta dos Tristes—Tour of the Sad"—because custom decrees that on sunny Sundays every car-owning family in the capital must join the traffic jam leading to Cascais.

I joined the long parade of automobiles one Sunday afternoon and found the Volta dos Tristes to be not only a breathtaking scenic experience but a microcosm of Portugal.

In Estoril, traditional home of exiled royalty, the waves break upon the narrow beach

with suitable deference. Even December is balmy there, and palm trees line the long drive leading to the famed Casino, where sad-eyed croupiers, announcing the winning combinations in three languages, deftly separate visitors from their escudos.

Seven miles inland from Estoril, Sintra nestles beneath a jagged mountain range. One peak, capped by two castles, towers directly above the town (following pages). Walls en-

close most of Sintra's houses—stucco houses, softened by time, that gleam red, blue, pink, orange, yellow in the setting sun. But above all, Sintra is green: dark-green trees with vine-bound trunks; clear streams bubbling over rocks coated with rich velvet moss; lichen the color of young olives clinging to every wall. Sintra—silent, private, timeless—belongs to an older, gentler era.

Cascais, on the coast south of Sintra, 469

KODACHROME BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL © N.G.S.

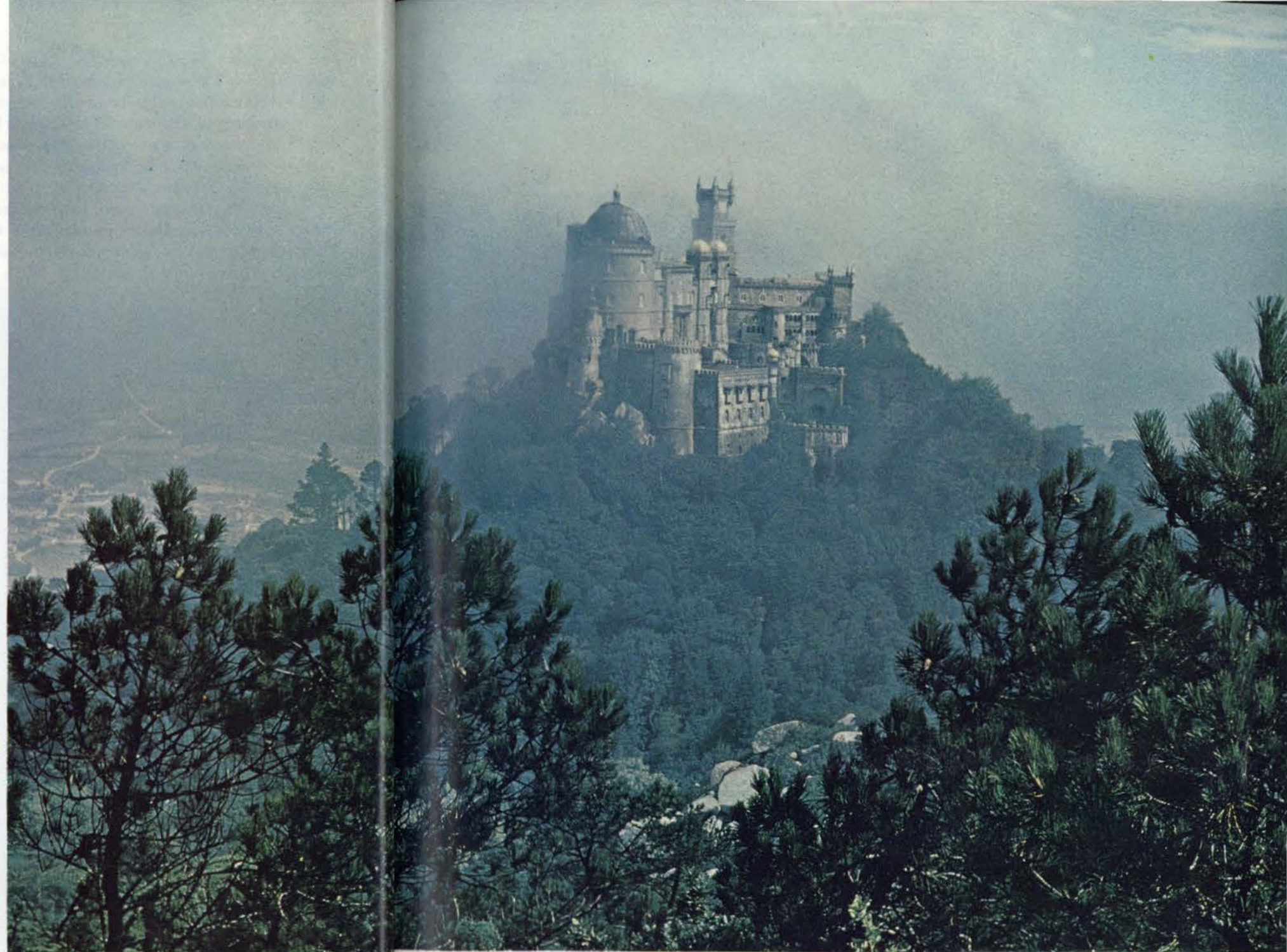






**Royal wedding:** Princess Claude of France and Italy's Duke of Aosta welcome well-wishers after their July, 1964, marriage in Sintra. The resort village clings to the cool mountains that rise above the Costa do Sol, Portugal's Coast of the Sun, west of Lisbon.

**Fantasy in stone,** Castelo da Pena crowns a green hill near Sintra. Perhaps homesick for his German homeland, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, young king consort of Portugal's Queen Maria II, built this soaring agglomeration of towers, cupolas, and battlemented walls in the 1840's. The photographer stands at an adjacent castle, Castelo dos Mouros, built by Moorish rulers in the 8th century and now in ruins.



EKTACHROME (OPPOSITE) AND KODACHROME © N.G.S.

straddles two worlds (pages 472-3). Beneath the eyes of indolent tourists on cafe terraces, fishermen go about the grim business of wrestling a living from the sea. Each morning fishing boats cast off beneath the balconies of luxury hotels; by night, the slightly bewildered fishermen stroll past shop windows where a month's pay could buy no more than a scarf.

Portugal lives on fish. Not only does it constitute the principal protein in the national diet, but exports of 153,000,000 pounds of canned fish gained more than \$39,000,000 in precious foreign exchange last year.

From Viana do Castelo in the northwest, famed for crabs, to Monte Gordo in the ex-

treme southeast, scene of great tuna runs, seafood funnels ashore. *Varinas*, or fishwives, hawk their wares from door to door (page 454); and fish—stewed, grilled, fried, or boiled—graces every table in the land.

#### Stormbound Fishermen Earn No Pay

Daily, from every harbor and beach in Portugal, swarms of fishing boats put to sea, painted in an exultant clash of colors—reds, yellows, purples, greens (pages 453 and 474-7). They forge seaward like a garland of flowers tossed across the water. More than a century ago the poet Almeida Garrett wrote a verse that captures the saucy bounce of these

Portuguese fishing boats on a sunny sea:

*Pescador da barca bella,  
Onde vás pescar com ella,  
Que é tam bella,  
Oh pescador?*

*(Fisherman of the bark so gay,  
Where will you fish with her today,  
That bark so gay,  
O fisherman?)*

Where? I found out one afternoon aboard the 69-foot *Alzirinha*, Januario Viegas Gomes master (pages 478-9). Resplendent in white, blue, buff, and red, *Alzirinha* headed bravely out of Setúbal Bay in search of sardines. Foul

weather had kept the Setúbal fishing fleet shorebound for four days, and the crews were eager for action. As on American whalers of old, crewmen earn a share of the catch. No fishing means no pay.

"An average fisherman," Captain Gomes tells me, "earns about a dollar a working day during the nine-month season. We go out six days a week and, depending upon luck, stay out anywhere from 12 to 20 hours."

"Do you ever come back with an empty boat?" I ask. He smiles mirthlessly. "*Muitas vezes*. Many times."

I stand with Captain Gomes before the wheelhouse, bracing my back against it.





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*Alzirinha* pitches and rolls through the turbulence at the mouth of the harbor, where the emptying waters of Rio Sado smash broadside into the ocean current. The wharves and factories of Setúbal, brisk and industrial, sink rapidly behind us. A sharp breeze gusts in from the sea, cuffing my face and leaving the taste of salt on my lips.

"Fishing is better for us now," says Captain Gomes. "We have bigger vessels and more efficient equipment. In the old days we had to watch the gulls. Whenever you see them plunging into the sea, you know they've sighted fish. And on moonless nights you can spot a school because it gives off a certain phosphorescence that we call *ardentia*. Now, of course, we simply use sonar."

#### Boats Risk Collision to Set Nets

Once beyond the harbor, we veer south, skirting the longest beach in Europe—60 wild, empty miles of surf like pale jade breaking on sand so white that it dazzles the eye. Two hours at a spanking eight knots bring us within sight of the fishing grounds. Some boats are already in action, while dozens of others converge rapidly.

I crowd into the wheelhouse with the captain and the helmsman, José Maria de Oliveira Biscaya. Tension mounts as the 18 crewmen scurry to their posts.

In sardine fishing, two men in a dinghy drop off the stern of a speeding seiner; the little boat serves as a kind of buoy for the net, which snakes out after it. Cutting a tight arc, the main boat then swings back to the dinghy to close the circle of net.

Our dinghy teeters on the stern, already manned. Two crewmen stand by to launch it



Gleaming yachts and work-scarred fishing boats bob in the sheltered harbor of Cascais, a cosmopolitan resort on the Costa do Sol. The 17th-century seaside citadel at far left serves as the official summer residence of the president of the republic.

Sun-swept arc of the Costa do Sol stretches about 15 miles from the Tagus estuary to the dunes of Praia do Guincho. A scenic road follows the curving coastline, skirting white beaches and rocky inlets. At chic Estoril, east of Cascais, tourists while away the hours in a sumptuous casino.

**Gourmet's choice** faces diners in Praia do Guincho, on the Atlantic near Lisbon. Local provender includes giant lobsters, trapped just offshore, plus prawns, mussels, clams, and light-pink *scampi*.

Fresh fish dangle from the hands of varinas at Esposende. Fish-loving Portuguese dote upon *o fiel amigo*, the faithful friend—their name for dried cod. Cooks claim to have devised 365 ways of preparing it—one for each day of the year.





EKTACHROME (ABOVE) AND KODACHROMES © N.G.S.

at the word of command. In the wheelhouse, the captain's eyes dart from the flickering sonar to the surface of the sea and to the other questing boats. But mostly they linger on the sonar, awaiting the thick, black, continuous streaks that signal fish.

The men of *Alzirinha* are living their moment of truth. A day's pay, 24 hours of bread and hope, hangs on Captain Gomes and the sonar. A false drop of the net—too early, too late, off the mark—and a boat returns with an empty hold.

Hands tight on the wheel, José Maria threads among boats already hauling in fish-clogged nets and others, like *Alzirinha*, still scouring the sea. All around us vessels skim and wheel in a vast, unsynchronized ballet. Overhead, gulls scream their greed and swoop recklessly down to pirate silvery fish from the nets.

"*Mãe de Deus!*" hisses José Maria, "Mother of God!" Abruptly he spins the wheel; *Alzirinha* shudders into a hard 90-degree turn, barely missing a dinghy.

"Close," I say.

"We've had closer," says the captain.

For almost three hours we sweep back and forth . . . back and forth. Time after time the sonar's streaks thicken hopefully, but

**Bucking heavy surf**, fishermen bring their boats ashore at Nazaré, an Atlantic fishing village named for the childhood home of Jesus.

**Like Phoenicians of old**, Furadouro's brawny men of the sea struggle with heavy oars to bring a high-prowed *barco do mar* onto the beach.

**Teams of yoked oxen** draw a boat to the safety of the sands. Bulky, flat-bottomed *barcos do mar* ride breakers that would swamp less seaworthy craft.





never enough to justify casting the net. "Besides," says the captain, "the fish being taken are only *carapau*—horse mackerel. Sardines fetch ten times their price."

We make one last careful pass, then heel away and head seaward. Several other craft fall in with us. Already the sun hangs low and red on the rim of the Atlantic.

"Fish come close to shore by day," Captain Gomes tells me, "but with darkness they move out. So," he gives a little shrug, "we follow them."

Steadily, through mounting seas, we plow toward the dying sun. Still tense and expectant, the crew stand to their stations. Inside the wheelhouse, the sonar traces its futile

fishless pattern. Night overtakes us—sudden, black, ominous. Twelve-foot waves now batter *Alzirinha*, and sheets of green water slam across the bow. I clutch a railing and watch the light atop our mast gyrate crazily against the murky sky. A piercing wind tears at the taut rigging.

#### Rough Seas and Empty Nets

The wheelhouse door opens and Captain Gomes leans out. "The weather's too bad to continue," he shouts in my ear. "We couldn't even recover our net in this sea."

Just before midnight, *Alzirinha* staggers through a last brutal swell and glides into the sheltered waters of Sesimbra, a small port

at the foot of the rugged Serra da Arrábida. One by one the other Setúbal boats nose in to join us. Two crewmen named Joaquim and João manage to scrounge a bushel basket of carapau from the luckier vessels, and soon *Alzirinha's* entire complement is busily preparing *caldeirada*, the traditional fish stew of Portuguese seafarers.

Some clean the small bony carapau while others peel potatoes and a few onions. João and Joaquim collaborate to build a charcoal fire in an old cast-iron brazier. Soon an enormous kettle bubbles merrily.

We eat the caldeirada very simply by spearing bits of fish and vegetable with a knife and squeezing them between thick slices of coarse,

delicious bread. A jug of red wine—cheap and harsh and very good—passes from hand to hand. Jokes pass too, and with them the unfunny news that one vessel has sold its entire catch of carapau for only \$17.

As the weather report crackles on the wheelhouse radio, "South winds . . . rain," João kills the fire by picking up the live coals one by one with bare callused hands and flipping them into the water.

A short cat nap until 3 a.m., and we are under way again. The sea, high and savage, greets us with a mighty wallop as we leave the protection of Sesimbra. Southward we sail, through lashing squalls and black waves that drown the blacker sky. The wind keens,



KODACHROMES BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL (ABOVE) AND THOMAS NEBBIA © N.G.S.

**Wed to the sea**, a girl of Nazaré frolics amid ropes drying on the beach. Nazaré fisherfolk claim descent from Phoenician mariners.

**Melancholy vigil** ends each day of fishing at Nazaré. Women, their somber shawls recalling Portugal's Moorish past, await the return of their husbands from the fogbound ocean. Portuguese fishermen risk their lives every time they put to sea.

"O salty sea," writes Fernando Pessoa, 20th-century poet of this fishing nation, "how much of your salt comes from the tears of Portugal! . . . how many mothers have wept . . . how many girls have remained unwed to make you ours, O sea."





**Canny skipper,** Capt. Januario Viegas Gomes of the fishing boat *Alzirinha* steers his vessel toward the sunset. The author sailed with him in search of sardines.

Like necklaces of cork and wood, net floats line the deck of *Alzirinha*. Awaiting the command to action, the sardine fishermen stand ready to cast their neatly furled net. One in every 50 Portuguese men wrests his living from the sea.

From the time of Vasco da Gama, a fleet has sailed annually to take cod from Newfoundland's Grand Banks. Sons of Portuguese immigrants to the United States go to sea with the fishing fleets of New England and California.

**Idle moment** before the night's work lets *Alzirinha's* crewmen relax on deck with Epa, the ship's mascot.



EKTACHROME (ABOVE) AND KODACHROMES BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL © N.G.S.

timbers groan, and crewmen huddle numbly on the deck. Feet braced far apart, I hunch against the rain and the sea, gripping the rail with both hands. Through the wheelhouse window I can see the hooded light of the sonar. The restless streaks spell *no fish . . . no fish . . . no fish . . .*

Out of the darkness João lurches toward me. He offers me a pair of neatly patched work gloves. "Wear these," he says. "Your hands could slip." I look at his own hands, thickened by thirty years of hooks and nets and fins—those hands that had scooped live coals from the brazier. What is there to say? I take the gloves. "Obrigado. Thank you." He smiles his shy smile. "For nothing."

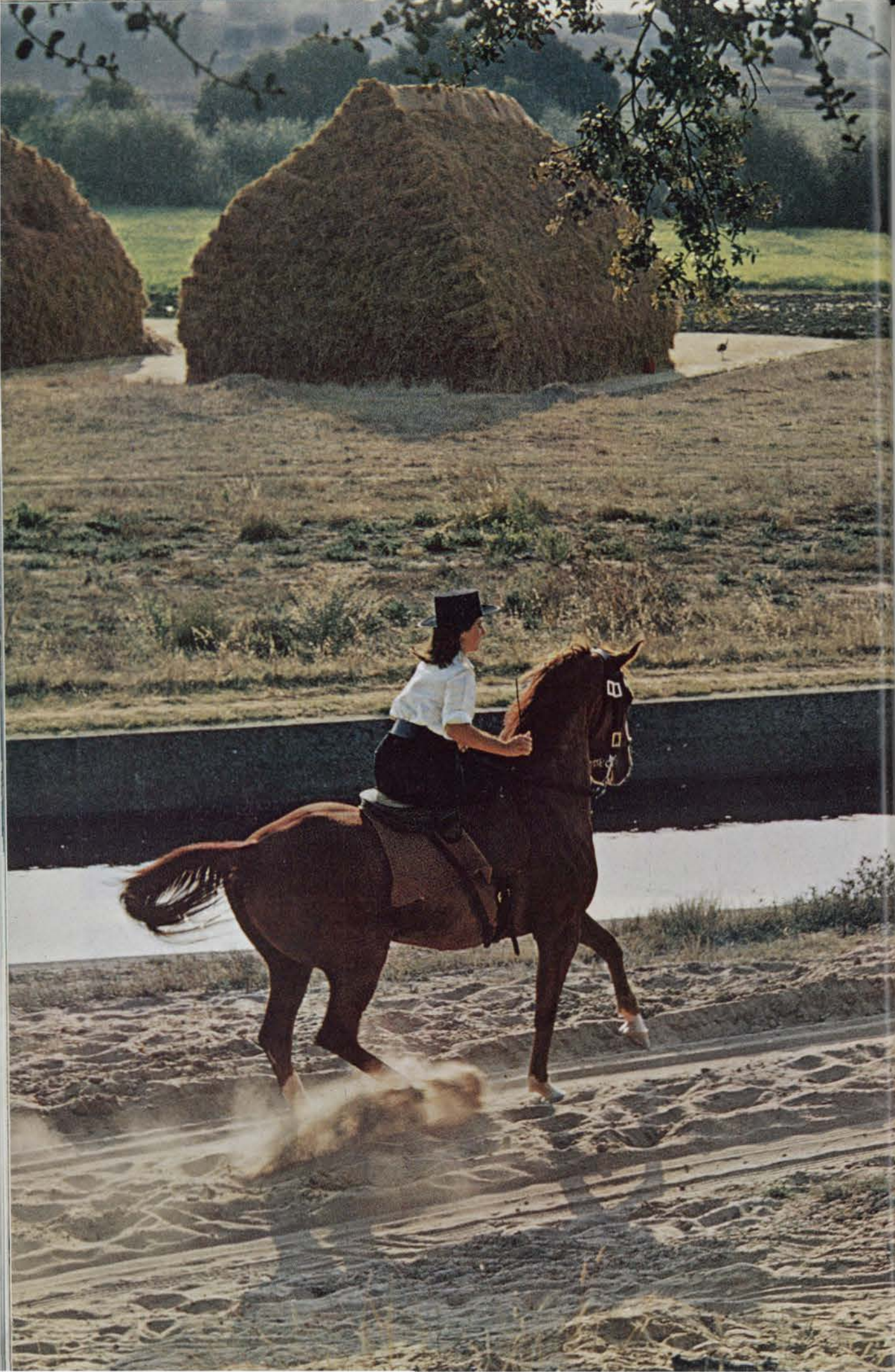
Two hard bone-jarring hours on a souther-

ly course bring us no sign of fish. So we swing about and make for Cabo Espichel at flank speed. Time is running out: with sunrise, fish become more wary, elusive. The crew, still at their posts, make no more jokes. Their faces are haggard, their clothes sodden. The captain's eyes, scanning the sonar, reflect glum weariness.

#### Four-hour Respite, Then to Sea Again

Dawn, as gray and sullen as the sea, breaks in the east. We sweep the eight miles from Cabo Espichel to Sesimbra. Nothing. We steam back to the cape and try again. Still nothing. Joaquim, standing beside me, grins in embarrassment as his head nods in tiny naps. Finally Captain Gomes flips off the sonar.





Riding sidesaddle, Senhora Rita Nuncio, wife of a renowned bullfighter, spurs her mount along an irrigation canal that cuts the plains of Baixo Alentejo. Hay for winter fodder stands in cottage-shaped stacks.

Brimmed hats and cowls provide sun protection for girls carrying water to workers in the rice fields near Alcácer do Sal.



KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

"É o fim!" he snaps in disgust. "The end. We're going home."

We sail along the high, fierce shoreline of Arrábida with its secret beaches and soaring crags, swing north around a little promontory, and Setúbal looms before us.

It is 10 o'clock in the morning as I clamber up on the wharf. In four hours, *Alzirinha* will put to sea again. José Maria says, "Bad luck for you that we caught no fish. Now you'll have no story."

I look at him—at all those poor, proud, princely men—and I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Finally we shake hands all around, and I walk away from the wharf.

That ended my experience with Portuguese fishermen. But now, when I see a can of sardines, I handle it reverently. For I remember a moonless night on the Atlantic, a wildly pitching deck, the silent shapes of men huddled against the cold and the spray. I remember the hopeless flick of the sonar in the wheelhouse, the mast weaving lunatic patterns against the sky, and the chill lash of salt water across my face. My body braces against the savage smash of a quartering sea, and my ears, in the little lulls, still hear the wind thrumming its sad, lost song through the rigging.

And I know, as I hold that can, that somewhere off the coast of Portugal, João and José Maria and Joaquim are fighting high seas and murderous gales, dark skies and empty nets—all for a dollar a day, and lucky when they get it.

*Pescador da barca bella. . .*

#### Past Lingers in Wedding-present Village

Journeying north into Portugal's wondrous heartland of castles and cathedrals, I stopped off in the Middle Ages. Somehow, time has bypassed the walled village of Óbidos, a wedding present from King Dom Dinis to his queen in the 14th century. The years have wrought little change in Óbidos's pale walls and high keep. Birds chirp in cages

hung along the narrow streets, and housewives drape their wash on rocks to dry. Life itself seems to be suspended in the medieval rhythm—preserved intact in the golden Estremaduran sunshine like a butterfly in amber.

In morning's first light, I watched men and women stream out the gateways to cultivate their fields. They rode on asses or in carts drawn by quick-stepping donkeys. Then in the evening, as the bells of the village church tolled the Angelus, they rode back. The women, atop their mincing, neat-footed mounts with panniers on either side, could have stepped from a medieval woodcut. Even their costumes—somber shawl, ankle-length skirt, bootlike shoes—had altered little in 600 years.

I arrived at nearby Nazaré at night, in the enchantment of a silvery fog. Here I learned that Portugal lies closer to Araby than any geographer dreams.

Following the principal street, I emerged upon a broad crescent of beach bounded by the Avenida da República. Waves with the gathered momentum of 3,500 miles of open ocean detonated rhythmically against the shore and died in long expiring roars. Stucco structures, low and white in the fashion of





North Africa, lined the inland side of the avenida; behind them rose the narrow alleys of the fishermen's quarter.

Through the wispy fog I could see women standing in inky clusters, talking quietly. They wore long dark shawls, clutched tightly at the throat so that only a pale diamond of face appeared. They could have been Moslem women in all-concealing *mahramahs*. And the fishermen, their long stocking caps dangling like untied turbans, squatted in the wan light of doorways exactly as do their Arab counterparts from Morocco to Yemen.

Perhaps it was merely the nacreous and shifting fog that shaped this facsimile of an alien land. Perhaps not. But that night I pon-

dered the words of a Portuguese writer I'd met in Lisbon. "No foreigner can ever understand us," he had told me. "All of you look at a map and mark Portugal as the westernmost nation of continental Europe. But you're wrong. It's the easternmost."

#### "The Moors Are on the Coast"

Who can ever measure the full impact of centuries of Moslem occupation upon the Iberian Peninsula? Even today, 700 years after the last Moorish king struck his colors to the Portuguese, one citizen will caution another to discretion by saying, "*Os Mouros estão na costa*—The Moors are on the coast."

Daylight revealed a different Nazaré. Now

families thronged the shoreline, mending nets and caulking hulls. Beached boats jammed the sands and adjacent streets. Squat and shallow, they curved up into high, pointed prows (pages 474-5). Recalling vessels of the ancient world, they lend credence to the local theory that the fisherfolk are descended from Phoenician seafarers.

The names of the gaily painted boats—*Gloria A Deus, Vai Com Jesus Cristo*—reflected the deep faith that sustains the men of Nazaré. Among all the pious names, in fact, I came upon only one worldly note. A nonconformist had christened his rowboat *Linda Darnell*.

For reasons unknown, the traditional garb of Nazaré is bright wool tartan—wildly mismatched shirts and trousers for the men, skirts worn in layers of seven for the women. A girl balancing a basket of gleaming fish on her head swung past me, all grace and plaid and swishing skirts. I wondered if one day she would end, like so many of her sisters, as a black-shawled widow haunting the beach,

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Tumbling crags of granite wall off the province of Beira Baixa from the rest of Portugal. Shepherd guards his flock near the village of Monsanto. In the distance, beyond the Rio Erges, lies Spain.

Enjoying the evening, a woman of Monsanto rests on her rock balcony. With no garden space available, she suspends flowerpots from the walls. Her timeless village clings to the stony brow of a mountain. Villagers build their houses and streets from rocks and even hew dwellings out of the granite. Local herdsmen and farmers preserve folkways that hark back to antiquity. In a national competition, Monsanto won the title "Most Portuguese Village in Portugal."





waiting for a boat that would never return (pages 476-7).\*

A scant seven miles from Nazaré, in the town of Alcobaça, stands the grandiose Monastery of Santa Maria. But few people enter the austere church to pray. They go rather to savor a strange and terrible love story.

Save for a plain altar, the church contains only two caskets, each carved from a single block of white stone. To the right of the altar lies Dom Pedro I, King of Portugal from 1357 to 1367; to the left, his Spanish mistress Inês de Castro. On her head is a crown. And there—in lies the story.

Inês had borne Pedro—then the crown prince—several children. Because she was Spanish and because the children complicated the royal succession, certain counselors of Pedro's aging father, King Afonso IV, urged that she be killed. On a winter day in 1355, Afonso visited Inês. He made a final demand that the comely foreigner abandon his son. She refused. Before the day ended, his executioners murdered her and interred her body in Coimbra.

#### Sorrowing King Crowns a Dead Queen

At the news of her death, the raging Pedro—who later swore that he and Inês had been secretly married by the Bishop of Braga—rose in revolt against his father. In 1357, he mounted the throne. The guilty counselors fled, but Pedro managed to have two of them extradited from Castile.

"In his cruel and pitiless rage," recounts a chronicler, "he put them to the question himself." He ended by tearing out their living hearts—one from the front, one from the back. Then, the story goes, Pedro exhumed Inês and had her body crowned in a solemn ceremony, then borne in torchlit procession to the tomb at Alcobaça. A few years later the king joined her in death.

Now, in their immortality of white stone, the lovers lie foot to foot so that when they rise on Judgment Day, the first sight for each will be the other. And carved into a wheel of fortune on Pedro's sepulcher are the words "*Ate o fim do mundo—Until the end of the world.*"

Almost directly east of the somber resting place of Pedro and Inês, the town of Tomar nestles in the green valley of Rio Nabão. High above the houses, among pines and cypresses, sprawls the Convent of Christ—a summary in stone of Portuguese history.

In 1160, the Knights Templar erected a fortress church on this spot, then the frontier between Christendom and Islam. When the

papacy suppressed the Templars in 1314, the Portuguese Order of Christ absorbed the knights' immense local holdings.

The battlemented church still stands. From its octagonal sanctuary, a muted echo of Byzantium in scarlet and dull gold, I passed into the Chapter Room. Here, on austere wooden chairs, the Knights of Christ had planned their campaigns. In a square cloister, where Gothic arches framed orange trees in bloom, my feet trod numbered slabs; each covered the remains of a knight, half-monk, half-warrior, who had wielded his sword for God and this little kingdom.

Henry the Navigator, Grand Master of the Order of Christ from 1418 to 1460, diverted its wealth and manpower into his voyages of discovery, and the knights' red cross blazoned the sails of every caravel. Later, as treasure from the Orient poured into Portugal, the same Manuel the Fortunate who built Jerónimos added a nave to the convent—a nave so elaborately carved that "the stone sings."

But, in the end, it is the stark simplicity of the Templar church that haunts the imagination. As I left, I noticed a blurred Latin

\*See "I Sailed With Portugal's Captains Courageous," by Alan Villiers, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, May, 1952.



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Nimble fingers fly as women of Arraiolos, in Alto Alentejo province, stitch flowery designs into rugs, using yarns tinted with natural dyes. Their craft began with imitations of Persian carpets. Known to princes and peasants since the Middle Ages, the Portuguese rugs have become popular with tourists, who order them custom-made.

Christmas figures come to life in a potter's workshop at Estremoz, in central Portugal. The daughter of the house, heir to this folk art, paints an earthenware Virgin Mary.

Another Virgin and two Wise Men stand beside a stylized Portuguese countryman.

Talismans in paint protect Portuguese boats. A blue-clad horseman rides the prow of this *moliceiro*, literally "slime boat," that harvests waterweeds for fertilizer from the brackish canals of Aveiro. Seagoing mariners decorate their craft with saints, mermaids, and eyes that "look for fish."



KODACHROMES BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL © N.G.S.



inscription set into a gaunt, gray stone wall:

*In 1228 on 13 July came the King of the Moors leading 400 mounted knights and 500 infantry: they besieged this castle for six days: and destroyed everything outside the walls: ... and the Master with his soldiers delivered it from his hands: and the same King returned to his own country with destruction of innumerable men and beasts.*

My eyes lingered on the weathered 737-year-old battle communique. Turning to gaze down the fair valley, I could almost hear the fading shouts of the Moorish raiders.

Through a countryside rich in Gothic castles and Roman ruins, I drove north to the Rio Mondego. Beside the river, fringed by poplars and willows, the crowded, graceful town of Coimbra clings to a hill. At the summit, a tower marks the University of Coimbra—oldest in Portugal and one of the most famous in Europe. King Dom Dinis transferred the university from Lisbon in 1307. In 1540 the scholars moved into a royal palace atop the high hill. That palace, supplemented by dozens of modern buildings, is still the educational hub of Portugal.

Climbing toward it through the antique, twisting streets of the aptly named Bairro dos Palacios Confusos—Quarter of Confused Palaces—I threaded among students in their traditional garb of Edwardian frock coats and tattered black capes. Hurrying from class to class, their capes flapping, they resembled low-flying ravens.

In the university's Ceremonial Hall, where the faculties solemnly confer doctorates to the sound of kettledrums and horns, portraits of Portuguese kings gaze from the red-damasked walls. In the long succession from Afonso

**White sails whipping** against a blue sky turn windmills near Torres Vedras, where the Duke of Wellington in 1810 beat back the advance of Napoleon's army on Lisbon. When the wind changes, clay whistles on the rigging signal the millers at work in their fields, warning them to reset the sails.

**Golden surf of wheat** washes a church-crowned hill in the province of Trás os Montes. The name, meaning "Beyond the Mountains," refers to the ranges that rumple northern Portugal.

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BARCOS RABELOS — “boats with tails” — still ply the Douro River under graceful square sails. Named for their long steering sweeps, they were once the only carriers of port wine from the upper Douro vineyards to aging sheds at Vila Nova de Gaia. Now trucks and trains threaten to replace even these last survivors of a dying fleet.

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**Sunny smile sells grapes** in Porto's market place. The busy seaport gave its name to both the famous wine and Portugal itself.

**Sun-baked terraces** of the upper Douro River grow the sweet grapes that yield port wine, famed product of Portugal for centuries. Harvesters pick to the rhythms of drums and flutes. Thirty million gallons of wine flow each year from the Douro vineyards.

Henriques to Dom Manuel II, whose forced abdication ended the monarchy in 1910, I noticed a gap from 1580 to 1640—the years when Spanish monarchs ruled Portugal.

I mentioned the 60-year omission to a student. "You are right, senhor," he said, "we do not have portraits of every king of Portugal. Only of every Portuguese king. It is a nice distinction, no?"

At dusk I found my way to the Penedo da Saudade—the Rock of Yearning. Generations of students have strolled here on a narrow unpaved walk high above the Mondego—and rarely alone. That evening was no exception. Young men in capes sauntered arm in arm with girls beneath silvery green olive trees. This was late autumn, and fallen olives squished softly underfoot as I walked among

the couples. Somewhere in the town a church-bell tolled six o'clock. The sound floated up with a distant sweetness.

Lovers of long ago, and of not so long ago, had carved their initials in the benches lining the walk. Plaques set into the great rock itself contained sentimental, and very bad, verses such as "Coimbra, Land of Loves" and "First Flower of Spring." But the minds of the couples, as they whispered and softly laughed, were not on poetry.

I approached Porto, "Capital of the North," via the twisting gorges of Alto Douro. Here, in the upper reaches of the Douro River valley, wolves and boars still roam the lonely hills. For some 80 miles between the Spanish border and the town of Mesão Frio, the wild Douro cuts between terraced slopes of one of

the world's most intensively cultivated vineyards. By law, only grapes from this tightly defined region may be used in port wine, and some 25,000 growers exploit every square inch of usable soil.

But, as I learned when I visited the winery of Quinta das Carvalhas at Pinhão, automation has infiltrated even the ancient art of making port. No longer does harvest time find laughing peasants treading out the grapes to the sound of flute or accordion. Standing beside the old treading tanks, encarnadined by 80 years of use, I watched the grapes come in from the fields. And, sorrowfully, I watched them disappear into a machine where shiny metal cylinders now squash them hygienically and impersonally.

The demise of a tradition, however, had in

no way impaired the appetites of the pickers. When I visited the kitchen maintained by the vineyard for its seasonal workers, I stared in awe at the gargantuan cookstove—a stove the size of a small boxcar. A crane lifted huge caldrons on and off the top, where two women in thick, insulated shoes hopped nimbly about, stirring the food with paddles.

After being pressed and casked in the upper Douro, port wine goes down the river for blending and aging in the warehouses of Vila Nova de Gaia, just across from Portugal's second largest city, Porto (pages 494-5).

A lively rivalry divides Porto and the capital. Porto's industrious citizens—called *tripeiros*, or tripe-eaters, because in 1415 they slaughtered all their cattle to provision a Crusader fleet, keeping only the entrails for



themselves—say pointedly, “Porto works for all Portugal.” The insouciant Lisboans respond, “The best thing about Porto is the road leading to Lisbon.”

Despite a high degree of industrialization—more than 20 textile plants have opened in the past six years alone—Porto’s commercial life still largely depends upon the city’s namesake wine. While quantity varies with each harvest, an average year sees some seven million gallons shipped to world markets.

#### “Tasters” Rarely Taste, Never Swallow

Of this, every drop undergoes the rigid scrutiny of the Instituto do Vinho do Porto, a government organization dedicated to preserving quality. Samples of each shipment pass through the institute’s chemical labora-

tories, but in every case the last word is pronounced by a staff of professional tasters.

To see these experts at work, I visited the institute’s bright, antiseptic tasting room. The president of the eight-man tasters’ panel, Senhor José Nogueira, ushered me into his world of shiny glasses, porcelain basins, and beakers of wine.

“Tasters,” he said, “seldom really taste. We first check color by holding a glass of wine against the light, then swirl it to observe the quality of the froth, and finally inhale the bouquet.” Taking a glass, he quickly demonstrated the three steps. “Only if some doubt remains do we actually sample a wine. And a taster merely uses his tongue and the roof of his mouth. He never swallows.”

At Senhor Nogueira’s invitation, I tried a

glass. Aping him, I held it up; it gleamed like a ruby. A quick swirl of the wrist not only produced a satisfactory foam but doused my arm to the elbow. A skeptical sniff led to a sip. I savored the wine briefly against the roof of my mouth, then spat it into a porcelain basin.

“Fruity,” I pronounced, “but young.”

Smiling his approval, Senhor Nogueira then produced a 25-year-old tawny port. I repeated the procedure, this time drenching only my wrist. My verdict: “Bright and refreshing.”

Senhor Nogueira beamed. “Excellent! You are a fine student.”

But in the end I flunked. For next came a 70-year-old tawny; far too expensive for the market place, it was used only for blending.

Once again the glance, the swirl, the sip.

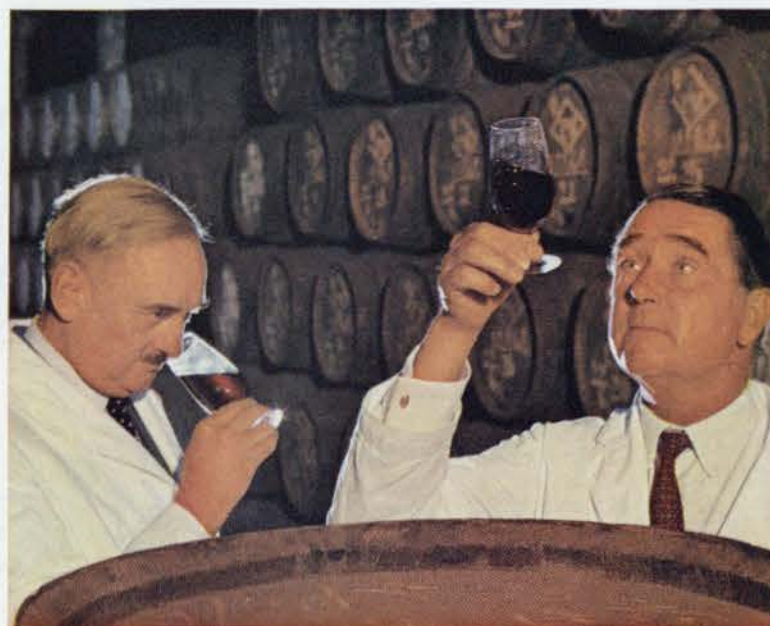
Then came disgrace. At the critical moment, reflecting that never again would I be able to sample so magnificent a wine, I did the unspeakable. I swallowed.

#### Cowboys Ride Southern Plains

Portugal’s final frontier lies in the south beyond the Tagus. There stretch the wide plains of Alentejo where mounted *campinos*, or cowboys, in knee breeches and stocking caps canter beside drifting herds (pages 496-7). Here is the land of swift stallions, brave bulls, and plangent guitars—the land of Portugal’s great estates, the *latifundios*.

I was welcomed to the 43,000-acre Herdade de Rio Frio—Cold River Farm—by José Lupi, the lithe, handsome engineer who directs this huge agricultural enterprise. Senhor Lupi,

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“King of wines,” port owes its distinctive flavor to careful selection and precise blending of Douro wines, fortified by brandy. Since the 18th century, British vintners living in Porto have dominated the making of port. Here two of them, John Smithes (left) and Felix Vigne, test the color and bouquet of a vintage in the lodges of Cockburn Smithes & Cia., Lda.

**Baroque Palace of Mateus**, near Vila Real, stands as one of Europe’s great country houses. Coat of arms of the Counts of Vila Real surmounts the main entrance; rococo of Louis XV style embellishes the chapel at left.

Twenty centuries of spectacular monuments stud the Portuguese landscape: Roman remains at Évora and Conimbriga; Moorish castles in the Algarve; stern Gothic fortresses and cathedrals in Estremadura; ornate stone carvings of the era of King Manuel I in Lisbon and Tomar; baroque in Porto; and modern glass-and-concrete architecture in every major city.



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Liquid-eyed and raven-haired, a Minho girl displays the holiday garb of her province.



ERTACHROME (OPPOSITE, UPPER) AND KODACHROMES © N.G.S.

Airy arch of steel supports the double-decked Dom Luis I Bridge across the Douro River at Porto. Descended from a settlement called Portus Cale by the Romans, the city of Porto clings to granite hills near the river's mouth. A hard-working population has made Porto the commercial and industrial hub of northern Portugal. The bridge's upper level leads past the old city walls.

Inside and out, Portugal's churches glow with color. This Porto church bears New Testament scenes on glazed tiles called *azulejos*, from an Arabic word meaning "smooth." Worshipers have their shoes shined before attending Sunday Mass.

one of Portugal's leading cavaleiros, was no stranger; I had seen him in action in the bull ring.

"Here we raise everything from eucalyptus trees to grapevines," he said, "but our principal products are cork, rice, and pork. With the exception of the cork, we process everything here on the farm before shipping it."

We tramped through a spanking-new automated rice-processing plant that strips, polishes, sorts, and bags more than six million pounds a year; a winery, lined with enormous oaken casks, that annually presses 400,000 gallons from Rio Frio's 2,000 acres of grapes; a modern dairy barn housing 130 cows; a vast

piggery where hundreds of sows nursed thousands of young; poultry pens that provide almost 1,000 chickens a day for Lisbon.

A private generator furnishes Rio Frio's power, and 14 dams hold water for irrigation.

"We have about five hundred families quartered on the farm, providing us with some thousand workers," said Senhor Lupi. "We don't pay much—about a dollar a day for men and 80 cents for women. But we offer every family a house and an acre and a half of irrigated land for their own use. Medical care is free, and we maintain a fully staffed hospital. We also have a theater, a gymnasium, and four free schools."





Raising a curtain of spray, a herd of Iberian

Buttoned vest, monogrammed pin, and floppy hat add up to a *campino*, a natty Ribatejo cowboy.



"Is there anything you lack?" I asked.  
 "Yes," he said—a little regretfully, I thought.  
 "We don't coin our own money."

Although Rio Frio resounds to the clank of tractors, the twin passions of the old aristocracy—horses and bulls—have not been forgotten. "We have about 80 horses, all with Arab blood, that we breed for the bull ring or jumping or riding," Senhor Lupi told me. "It's a luxury. Like everyone who raises horses, we lose money."

Later we rode far out on the plains to an area of sparse and rocky ground. There, where no other cattle could survive, roamed the *toiros bravos*, the fighting bulls bred for the ring. We watched as the herd moved with slow majesty up a slope.

"These animals," said Senhor Lupi, "are bred first and foremost for bravery. Size, weight, horns—all is meaningless without that one intangible. And, with bulls as with men, you cannot rely upon appearance."

Far to the south, the plains erupt into a



KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

horses, driven by a campino, fords a stream at a state-owned farm near Santarém.

range of brown, eroded mountains. Beyond, running the length of the southern coast, an irregular strip of flat land borders the ocean. This is the Algarve, Portugal's land of dreams: Dreams of a romantic past, when Moorish cavalry clattered through its towns and veiled women with smouldering eyes peered from windows; dreams, too, of a future that will see the Algarve—rich in sun and sand and sea and smiling orchards—emerge as Europe's new Riviera.

#### Stamp of the Moors Still Marks Algarve

More than seven centuries have passed since the Knights of Santiago overwhelmed Aben Afan, last Moorish king of the Algarve, but a cachet of the East lingers still (next page). I found it in the white cubical houses of Olhão, with their windowless façades and door knockers formed like the Arabic Hand of Fate; families still mount to the roofs of those houses—as in Biblical times—to take the air in the cool of the evening. I found the

East, too, in Arabic place names like Faro, Bensafirim, Alfambra; and in the sticky regional candies made of figs and eggs.

Driving through the narrow sunny littoral, I could even believe the local legend of the Moorish warrior who once, long ago, had captured a northern princess. Hopelessly in love, he watched her languish for the sight of snow until, in happy inspiration, he planted endless acres of almond trees. Blooming in February, they covered the Algarve with a mantle of white and the princess was content. You can see the almonds still in any February, their blossoms like drifted snow.

With its year-round subtropical climate and its plenitude of lovely curving beaches, the Algarve has attracted the attention of all Europe. Half a dozen luxury hotels already dot the coast from Monte Gordo to Sagres, and last year more than 50,000 foreign tourists flocked to the Algarve. Few of them, though, took the four-mile detour from Lagoa that leads north to the Arade River



Boats shelter peacefully beneath the walls of Lagos, in Portugal's southernmost province of Algarve. Sunshine and luminous seas bathe this seaport, which saw the ships of King Dom Sebastião sail for Morocco on his crusade of 1578. His defeat by the Moors at Ksar el Kebir foretold the ruin of Portugal's empire.

Five centuries of Moorish rule left its imprint on the Algarve. Houses at Carvoeiro reflect the Moorish style, and women of the province still partly veil their faces.

Though isolated by mountain and sea, the Algarve has caught up with the world. More and more tourists reach this sunny littoral, attracted by luxury hotels and a new airport at Faro, the provincial capital.

and Silves. Bereft of most tourist amenities, this dusty, dwindling town of 3,500 serves as a trading center for nearby farmers.

Like so many Portuguese towns, Silves clutches the side of a hill. Climbing to the crest, I reached a castle of blood-red sandstone. Every line was squared, geometrical, pleasing to the eye. The castle, like Silves, stood silent and somnolent in the sun. But once it had been the citadel of Moorish kings. Its fall in the middle of the 13th century had ended 500 years of Moslem domination of southern Portugal.

Prior to that fateful event, Silves—then called Xelb—had been the bustling capital of a Moorish kingdom that stretched into Andalusia and Africa. Writers, artists, and philosophers had strolled amid its fountains and fruit trees. Remembering Silves, the 11th-century Moorish poet Almotamide wrote:

*How many nights have I lingered  
in your shadows,  
With girls . . . both pale and dusky,  
Who pierced my soul  
Like shining swords, like dark lances.*

I passed through the gate of the castle into a broad open court. Save for a pair of schoolboys doing their homework in the shade of a tower and a very old man strolling stiffly on the battlements, I was alone. From an embrasure above the gate, I could look out over the Arade, a streak of smudged silver winding toward the sea. Once, galleys from all the far realms of Islam had followed the river up to Silves with cargoes of silks and spices. Now—emptiness.

In the center of the vast court I walked around an enormous covered cistern and

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peered into shadowy subterranean galleries that, by mysterious ways, penetrated far beyond the castle walls into the cellars of the town. Here, a thousand years ago, Moorish kings had stored food for their garrisons.

Mounting to the battlements, I gazed out over the rich fields surrounding Silves. The old man I'd seen earlier hobbled toward me and halted, his arthritic hands clasping the head of a cane. "So, senhor," he said, "what do you think of our castle?"

"It is very old," I answered, "and beautiful."

"Yes," he said. "The Moors built well. For instance, that great cistern you inspected—Cisterna da Moira Encantada—still supplies water to Silves. I am a man of this town—a Portuguese and a Christian, proud of my ancestors who took Silves from the infidel. But each year I see it decay a little more. And, forgive me, I feel a certain nostalgia for the magnificence of the past. So I come here every day."

#### Love Opens a Gateway to Treason

I nodded. My hand traced the edge of an arrow slit in the massive wall.

"Yes, senhor," said the old man, "they're very thick. The Moors thought them impregnable. No army of that time could have taken this castle by storm. And none did."

"How, then, did it fall?"

He pointed to a narrow opening in the north wall. "That is the *Porta da Traição*, the Gate of Treason. You see, the Moorish King Aben Afan had a daughter who fell in love with one of the Christian knights besieging the castle. They exchanged notes, and he persuaded her to meet him one night at that gate. When she opened it, the Christians swarmed in and massacred the garrison."

"What happened to the princess?"

He shrugged. "Who knows? Tradition holds that every year she appears at that cistern at midnight on the Feast of St. John to sing a sad Arabic song. That's why we call it the Cistern of the Enchanted Moor. Perhaps," he smiled, "she too has regrets."

Algarve . . . land of legends and of dreams.

Fittingly enough, I ended my trip at Ponta

de Sagres. Here at the bleak and windy southern tip of Portugal, Prince Henry the Navigator had revolutionized the art of seafaring. In an age when ships never willingly ventured out of coastal waters and knowledge of the sea ended at the horizon, Henry had decided to plunge into the gray unknown stretching west and south of Sagres.

He recruited sailors, scholars, and scientists from all Europe and brought them together near this lonely headland. Patiently, he sifted their lore; quietly, he labored among charts and astrolabes. In the end he showed his countrymen—condemned by the cruel realities of geography to a marginal existence on the edge of a continent—the sea path to greatness. And they followed it.

The sea does not smile at Sagres. Even on the sunniest day it claws and smashes at the base of the high dolomite cliffs. From their edge I gazed out into a sullen infinity of ocean. Five centuries ago Henry had stood there. The solitary ascetic had looked beyond the pounding waves, and a vision of far lands had dazzled his eyes.

The prince died in 1460, before the greatest of the discoveries, before Dias and da Gama and Cabral and Magalhães—known to the world as Magellan. But his was the momentum, his the spirit that guided those voyages as surely as if he had plotted their courses with his own hand.

So I stood there at Sagres, on the flat headland ravaged by salt winds, where Henry had given the Portuguese their empire. Sebastião had lost it at Ksar el Kebir; João IV had wrested some of it back from Spain in 1640. But the 19th century saw the loss of Brazil and central Africa. In 1961 Goa, Damao, and Diu—Portuguese for 400 years—passed to India. And now violence mutters like distant thunder in the last of the African territories.

I looked at the hostile ocean, and I wondered if our own age would finally answer the question that has haunted Portuguese history since the time of Henry: Portugal has followed a cross and a flag beyond the seas—to what destiny?

THE END

**Scarlet Cross of Christ** still roves the seas. Slicing a calm Atlantic, the Portuguese schoolship *Sagres* and Spain's *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* leave Lisbon at the start of the 1964 Lisbon-Bermuda square-rigger race. In the tradition of the 15th-century caravels that first ventured "beyond the realms of morning," *Sagres's* sails bear the cross of the Order of Christ. She carries the name of the headland whence Prince Henry the Navigator watched his ships set sail for the ends of the world.

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