

LISBON '64

Kenneth Maxwell, the police including the P.I. who charged with I6, Dickinson Street, Princeton, New Jersey.

Crowds began to build

'Rossio' shortly after six, around the fountain before the theatre, on the pavements. Day Day had been hot and bright. There were more police than usual in the University city, about the square, all eyes to town. They were armed, cautious. The cafe was less crowded, younger men in groups, some outside by the corner of a side street. At six-thirty they move in towards the square. The group by the fountain is larger, mainly students. The shutters are down, the shoe-shine shops closed up. Suddenly there is a short sullen thud and the crowd scatters. It is nothing, a false alarm. A blue police Volkswagen circles 'Rossio' slowly, P.I.D.E. together watching the group by the fountain. A man beside a waiter 'Rossio'. There are more people now. Next time the blue Volkswagen is greeted by jeers. At seven a general movement begins towards 'Restauradores'. The other square is at an angle to 'Rossio', an open space between them, the Central station on one side, the Theatre on the other. The police are behind the Theatre. They move out both ways. The whole of the 'New town' is already out of, all traffic stopped. A line moves across 'Rossio', the other towards 'Restauradores'. Rifles, snail-brightened P.I.D.E. eyes under grey helmets, neat hip machine guns. A short sullen thud and the crowd are forced at right-angles with kicks and blows back into the station. The line is lined from end to end with police in open sided trucks. 'Restauradores' has been overrun. It was five minutes later that the shooting began.

It did not last long, it did not achieve much. One killed, one wounded, a few broken windows. There was a short communique in the press next day

Dr. Salazar, "The Times", May 1st 1964:

" Portugal should not be called a 'Police State' or himself a 'Dictator'. The police including the P.I.D.E. charged with state security operated under limitations imposed by law."

*The London Times May 1<sup>st</sup> 1964*

Crowds began to build up in 'Rossio' shortly after six, around the fountain before the theatre, on the pavements. May Day had been hot and bright. There were more police than usual in the University city, around the Faculty of Sciences in town. They were armed, watching. The cafe was less crowded, younger men in groups, some outside by the corner of a side street. At six-thirty they move in towards the square. The group by the fountain is larger, mainly students. The shutters are down, the shoe-shine shops closed up. Suddenly there is a short dull thud and the crowd scatters. It is nothing, a false alarm. A blue police Volkswagon circles 'Rossio' slowly, P.I.D.E. topbrass watching the group by the fountain. A man beside me mutters 'Gestapo'. There are more people now. Next time the blue Volkswagon is greeted by jeers. At seven a general movement begins towards 'Restauradores'. The other square is at an angle to 'Rossio', an open space between them, the Central Station on one side, the Theatre on the other. The police are behind the Theatre. They move out both ways. The whole of the 'Low town' is already cut off, all traffic stopped. A line moves across 'Rossio', the other towards 'Restauradores': rifles, small frightened P.I.D.E. eyes under grey helmets, heat hip machine guns. A squad crosses towards us. We are forced at rifle point with kicks and blows back into the Station. 'Rossio' is lined from end to end with police in open sided trucks. 'Restauradores' has been surrounded. It was five minutes later that the shooting began.

It did not last long, it did not achieve much: One killed, two wounded, a few broken windows. There was a short communique in the press next day

from the minister of the interior. Another martyr eulogised in the illegal communist 'Avante' a month later. It was as neither claimed. The demonstrators were as good a cross section as any in Portugal. The fear in the eyes of the police, the indfscrivable scorn and contempt in those of the people, I shall not forget. It was not their weakness that was revealed. It was that of a State which used a sledgehammer to crush a peanut.

Opposite St. George's Castle, built on the hill of the old high Quarter 'Bairro Alto', dominating the centre of Lisbon is the Convent of Carmo, the Barracks of the Republican Guard beside it, sentries with drawn sabres, an elegant square in front, noisy with school boys. An old man sells entrance tickets by the arched door. I have the first for to-day. There are hundreds of pigeons, no other visitors. It is a risky walk down a Nave of chipped columns, gothic and hebrew memorials. The Chancel has a high roof, and in the corner a glass case, a row of grinning skulls with false hair. The Convent is a ruin, the Nave open to the sky, the atmosphere English Reformation. The Convent of Carmo was not shaken by ideas. It was destroyed by the elements, the great Lisbon earth-quake of 1755. It was a Sunday morning, AllSSaints' Day. In fifteen minutes two-thirds of the city were destroyed. A tidal wave swept in over the low-lying districts. Churches caved in on their congregations. Candles honouring the Saints' added fire to the horror which was to shake the imagination of Europe. Pombal, eighteenth century Dictator extraordinary emerged all powerful from the anarchy. He built a new Lisbon, a planned city of cities. Pombal presides to-day from a white column where old meets new at the centre of a busy roundabout. Near him the elegant baroque town houses are giving way steadily to functional office blocks.

The last years have been crisis years in Portugal. The beginning was the Presidential candidature of General Humberto Delgado in 1958. Most believe in a fair election Delgado would have won. He attracted a popular support so formidable as to terrify the government. The General left Portugal a year later after a brief asylum in the Brazilian Embassy. The 'Santa Maria' affair focused world attention in 1961. The kidnapping of a Portuguese airliner over Lisbon too, work of Henrique Galvão, a former chief inspector of Colonial Administration and Deputy for Angola. March 1961, the Angola revolt, and in December came defeat in Goa. The war in Africa is now costing over a third of the Budget, some £70M a year. New Years Day 1962, an abortive <sup>a</sup> assault on the Beja barracks in southern Portugal. A plot foiled by treachery and armed intervention by Police, Republican Guard, and Portuguese Legion. Then the long and bitter student strike of 1962, where fierce repressive action bludgeoned a wealthy, sheltered, apolitical, student body into political consciousness, turned a protest at infringements of academic autonomy into a head-on collision with the Government. For diverse reasons dissatisfaction is general, workers at low wages, 'funcionários públicos' hit by inflation, the middle class frustrated by the 'Estado Novo', tired of Salazar, but petrified by thoughts of the future. It is fear of the alternative, more than P.I.D.E. and the Legion which in 1964 is Dr. Salazar's security.

Black Horse Square, Pombal's masterpiece, is the epitome of Lisbon: Green walls and white stone, full of cars or utterly empty on Sunday morning, a proud equestrian King in the centre, a Triumphal arch, cool arcades, Governments Ministries. Why it is 'Black Horse Square' to the English no-one seems to know. It is Commercial square in Portuguese, much less romantic, and the horse is green anyway. One side is open to the river, proud steps between twin columns to the water. The Tagus swarms with craft. The

Wharves run far toward the sea where the immensely tall and growing pile of the new bridge shortens 'Cristo Rei' daily by comparison. Black flat ferries belching oily smoke or stubby fluvial doubledeckers fast and full of passengers join each shore meanwhile, weaving between grey warships and merchantmen. The massive figure of Christ the King, a monument of thanksgiving for non-involvement in the Second World War, stands facing the city across the river. Brightly painted sailing barges glide upstream or tack in slow zigzags for the narrows. Perhaps a Cruise Liner is anchored in the Estuary and behind the Maritime Station the forest of masts and rigging of a cadet ship in the Naval dock. It is no surprise the Portuguese were sailors. The Tagus is a calm enticing invitation to the Ocean. The Ocean that was Portugal's destiny.

Antonio Sérgio the

Portuguese philosopher wrote just forty years ago : "... that capacity to examine something in concrete reality, with out losing it to general tendencies, to the magic words in vogue, the social passions and obvious ideas which have hegemony over the age. This I believe is the stamp of solid intelligence. (.....) We Portuguese do just the opposite of this golden rule. We play the "Intelectual". We let ourselves be taken without any resistance into the languid creek of the idea in fashion." The Portuguese middle class suspects where the next "languid creek" might be, where the next "magic words" might lead them.

Old Lisbon is the famous "Alfama" snuggled around the Castle of St. George. I climb a series of steep steps, past an archway crowded with tattered bookstalls and orange sellers, where a one armed musician with battered mandolin strums two stringed melodies. The "Alfama" is a contortion of noisy overhanging passageways, baroque churches , small Dickensian workshops. The Alleyways are full of children and washing, windows blocked by huge

women in black, talking in large voices. The window sills are lined with potted plants and sleeping cats. On the doorsteps sit hunched old men with vacant eyes. Then there is the wall and steep entrance to the fortress itself. After the steeps up from the city, the claustrophobic streets, it is cool under the evergreens in the courtyard. From the battlements the view is breathtaking. Out to the west are the narrows to the ocean, the 'Costa do Sol' in the distance, further south the wide inner estuary ochre smoke rising from the industrial townships on the far shore, below a series of terraced orange and lemon gardens and the city, behind the mountains. One could sit all day among unselfconscious peacocks and brass <sup>n</sup> canon and never be bored for a moment.

An eminent non-government Portuguese : "We are not interested in buying and selling. We are interested in culture, civilisation. I look at the so-called indepent<sup>dent</sup> states in Africa and see ruling oligarchies, no real change in the economic relationship with the ex-colonial power. Our rule in Africa is no less representative, no less competent, no less racially tolerant. When Angola, Mozambique, Guinea, reach that stage of culture and civilisation, independence as in Brazil before, is a natural development." A student at Lisbon University : " I can only ask these questions. If Angola is 'independent as part of Portugal', why are we fighting a war ? If we are not interested in commerce is not Portugal then , poor and small in population, being bled of her wealth and her sons in protection of interests exploited by foreigners ? If our end is the spreading of civilisation and culture, have not most immigrants to the African Colonies always been illiterate peasants ? As the war progresses are not security problems enforcing a racial seperation as rigorous as in South Africa ? " Salazar : " There are no Portuguese Possessions. There are morsels of Portugal scattered throughout the World."

Parallel streets run back from 'Black Horse Square'; 'Gold' and 'Silver' street, the 'Rua Augusta'. 'Baixa', is the commercial and banking centre. There are expensive shops, fat policemen at the crossings, the open doors of money changers with banknotes and gold bars in their windows. Bare footed urchins, instant pathos on dirty faces, scurry after soft hearted Americans, and fisherwomen with large pot bellies balance wicker trays on determined heads. The occasional black marketeer, oily hair and stubble chin, beckons from a side street. He produces a gold watch and toothless grin as if by some Jack-in-the-box magic. A student passes wrapped up in black academic cloak with tattered edges. The traffic is murderous.. Taxi-drivers philosophically run over as a kind of consolation prize unfortunates who have refused a fare. <sup>Some</sup> Lisbon is familiar too : English doubledecker buses, trams, ~~and~~ telephone boxes. There is a lift to the 'High Quarter', cunningly disguised as the Victoria Tower, where the Union Jack flies on holidays : " R. Waygood & Co. Ltd., London, Lift makers to Her Britannic Majesty ". The evidence of the Oldest Alliance is tangible. In the background always the sad music of a street musician, reminiscent of 'Fado'. 'Saudade' has no translation. It is a complex of emotions. Most 'Fado' is associated with a homesickness, a Lusitanian 'Blues', nostalgic and melancholic. Wrote Francisco Manuel de Melo, "a sorrow that one enjoys, a happiness one suffers".

My friend pushed his empty coffee cup to one side slowly." The tragedy is that under any other government we might just have achieved something unique. Even if we raise Racial Equality to an Ideological tenant, falsify History to prove we have always everywhere done so, surly there are worse tenants, worse falsifications. Brazil is almost perhaps an example of what the Portuguese spirit should truly represent." I nodded and remembered

Prof. Boxer. My friend had given me the quotation. "...it did not follow from this readiness to mate with coloured women, that the Portuguese male had no racial prejudice, as is often asserted by modern apologists." "The Sunday Times" July 26 '64 :  
 "'The process of mixing continues,' said a proud Portuguese official. 'Many of our troops have made African girl friends and a new generation of dark children with long Portuguese noses is growing up.' ""

'Rossio' is Lisbon's finely balanced principal square, home of flower sellers under bright sunshades, a place for watching and being watched. On one side are fashionable 'Pastelarias', magnificent for their pastries and cakes, on the other Cafes. Oftent to be seen an unmistakable representative in tweed of that resilient, and with so many winds of change around, almost unique body, the resident British Community. The 'Praça da Figueira' adjoins 'Rossio' : A row of tailors' shops, dark interiors and anxious salesmen, piles of cloth ends waving in the breeze : Food shops, salty dried octopus hanging on hooks, sardines, and cheese, and Port wine. There are fewer Tourists, the Praça is not fashionable. There will be a mad gauntlet of Lottery ticket sellers to run on the morning of the draw. Workers under wide brimmed black hats walk in pairs talking quietly. High above, the walls of the Castle. There is no equivalent here of the bustling evening promenade which fills the centre of every Hispanic township. It may be a mixed blessing. En masse the strolling arm-in-arm mothers and daughters of Spain are disconcerting enough. The formidable likeness of one to the other is nothing to the uncomfortable reminder of what the señorita seems inevitably to expand into once she becomes a señora. For better or worse such comparisons are not possible in Portugal.



A newspaper view : " We in Portugal as a principle, never attempt to influence the life of other countries. The leprosy of our History has been the imitation of foreign examples. In Politics we do not copy, we do not impose on others." A Student : "Salazar has given us thirty-eight years of 'stability', 'financial integrity', rescued us from intolerable chaos, but what is the cost to the present, what will be the cost for the future ?" António Sérgio: "It is not good 'políticos' that we need most. What we lack in Portugal are true citizens."

"Restauradores" joins "Rossio" at an angle, the curious central station with horse shoe doorways on the way. there is a large Cinema, Egypto-Portuguese, ugly anyway. Next door the Ministry of Information, an immobile cloaked Salazar stands on stone slabs in the courtyard. Nearby is 'Avis,' a cafe for 'ultras', stale cakes and old waiters with mean faces. Then all is palm trees and shade, the beginning of the "Avenida da Liberdade", parade ground, folkdancing platform, traffic nightmare. The avenida is promenading territory with mosaic sidewalks in black and white. Pavement cafes appear in May and there are water spouting Neptunes on green banks, and docile swans in constricted glides on tiny lakes. It is danger zone for foreign females. Up the top, by white stone Liberal Politicians of another century, wait old hack prostitutes, hopeful, with heavy faces.

The Portuguese Government like some others by crying communism wherever there is protest heaps credit on the undeserving. In the inverted world of dictatorship cause and effect pursue curious paths. So the American Ambassador busy combating government inspired anti-americanism with bonhomie and public sycophancy provokes latent anti-americanism into a reality by identifying himself unreservedly with the regime. The Antidote to the non existent ill brings the ill, but for the opposite reasons. So the

communists get credit. So the panacea grows more attractive.

The Avenida ends with Pombal, the Marquis on his column, office blocks, traffic. Then the Park, Edwards VIIth's Park, named after his visit to Lisbon in 1903. Here are flowering trees in profusion, shaded benches, turf banks. At weekends it is crowded with conscript soldiers in blue grey uniforms and sailors in white. Unofficial football is played each afternoon at five if the police are not watching, and there is fortune telling by a dark eyed pregnant gypsy worthy of Tom Jones. The new Ritz Hotel stands behind, and under the brow of the hill the famous 'Estufa Fria,' lavish tropical greenery, a lake and peacocks on the grass.

> With old and new infinite care is taken over the smallest details. If it is possible to make attractive, that opportunity is not wasted. As carefully attended is a tiny garden far from tourist eyes where a mad negress preaches each morning from a fifth floor balcony. Lisbon is well designed, light, rarely inelegant. It abounds with concerts, Opera, comfortable cinemas, fascinating museums. It owes much to Gulbenkian. Lisbon is a formal city too, the youth 'mods' with short hair, regulation one inch cuffs and hairdressers out of 'Arabian Nights'. Parque Eduardo has one of the most pleasant 'esplanadas' in the city. It is a student haunt, piles of books on round tables, small cups of black coffee. Some there are busy, some not. The Pavilion of Sports is nearby, the band of the Republican Guard at practise.

Francó's power is multi-based. Salazar is increasingly thrown back on the very rich, and they on him in mutual self-preservation. Franco's 'Plan of Economic and Social Development', is a competent document and recognition of realities. Salazar because of his reliance on so narrow a foundation has insurmountable opposition to real social <sup>in</sup> engineering. His limited activities look paltry against the well publicised efforts of his neighbour. The Spanish Government is moving in the right

direction. The Portuguese people know that it is , and they know to that there own is trapped and bound to the status quo. Spain has an economic miracle in the offing, collects fat tourist receipts, has better relations with the Afro-Asians and Latin-Americans than many elsewhere care to admit. The contrast with Portugal's position is obvious, and evident. Franco governs by a cabinet of impressive technocrats. Salazar rules alone, speaking and increasingly seeing through the eyes of one man. Antonio Correia de Oliveira. The black shirt and roman salute are discrete and rare in Spain these days. That is not so in Portugal. Salazar's facism was a matter of political philosophy, Franco's one suspects of convenience. Spaniards will speak for the 'Caudillo'. I met no Portuguese who would speak for Salazar. The contrasts between the two ageing Dictators are to-day as significant as their similarities.

"Dia de Portugal",

Empire day, flags and militarism, Salazar appears himself in Black Horse Square. The crowds are thin but appreciative, of the soldiers, their sons, the youth of Portugal caught up for three years or more in hot desert or jungle war. The standards come first, stiff fifteenth century banners, green and red. Then the military cadets, behind the crack troops, the 'hunters', marching Portuguese goosetstep, noisily, a kind of heavy stamping. The Navy march quietly, swords over shoulders. On the 14th of June 1578 King Sebastian paraded the streets of Lisbon on a white charger amidst wild enthusiasm. Ten days later he sailed for Tangier and then to Arzila on a wild adventure. At Alcázar-Kebir Sebastian meet the Moors. Of his 25,000 troops fifty escaped. Soon as a consequence Portugal lost her independence to sixty years of Spanish occupation. "Sebastianism", became a national mania, the picaresque inverted, the aberration of a courtly Don Quixote tilting at impossible imperialist windmills. Salazar worries about History. He would like perhaps to be a second Pombal.

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He could be a second Sebastian. The irony is that even should Angola be won, the cost might be the loss of Portugal.

A trip to the country, Train up beside the river to Santarém, it is Saturday afternoon, very hot and the carriage full of wicker paniers, black hats and old creased faces. Santarém is Capital of Ribertejo, bull breeding land. A moorish strongpoint perched high over the Tagus it is an impressive mixed up city. The tomb of Cabral is here, two Indian elephants guarding the door. The 'Feria' is in progress, ~~Massey-Ferguson and Union Jack~~ at the entrance, new concrete bull ring behind, a rodeo corral at the centre. A bull is loose, the corral full of would be Matadors. A sensible bull it appears, not much interested in wasting its breath. The young men of Santarém dance closer. The bull will not be drawn. A short, hairy chested hero pulls its tail, then turns his back scornfully. That is to much. The bull moved like lightning. Hairy chest escaped, ignobly, and only just in time. A shiny black carriage with liveried footmen rumbles up in a cloud of dust. The mounted herdsmen, green caps and brown jackets, make way. On to the 'Aldea' by car, ten miles or so away up in the 'Serra'. Bright evening sun, brick red earth and olive trees, donkeys homeward bound, it is a cared for landscape. We arrive on a wind swept hill with a cluster of white cottages. A tour to meet the personalities, to see the sights : Billiards and Jazz group, empty big house, tiny church and startled worshipper. An enormous dinner and far too much Port wine, and after, we walk unsteadily to the cafe where the village is assembled in smoky gloom to take coffee and watch 'Bonanza' on T.V. To bed, and gratefully, the whole family in attendance, an exquisitely simple room with white walls.

Spain needs peaceful  
constructive opposition and gets bomb-throwers. "Twenty-five

years of Peace" Franco claims. It impresses. Bomb-throwers make it more so. The Portuguese opposition based on Prague, Algiers, and occasionally Brazil, has been officially united since 1962. In organisation the Communist party of Álvaro Cunhal is most influential. So dedicated to peaceful activity has the party been that its thirty-eight years of apparently useless peaceful endeavour is increasingly alienating an increasingly impatient youth. It is not martyrs they want. It is results. Their hopes begin to lie with the adventures, the 'políticos', the growing 'Chinese wing'. A small optimistic skrawl has been appearing on Lisbon walls. It reads : " WANTED, A FIDEL CASTRO. "

Next morning a drive back to Lisbon. Fátima first, the Portuguese Lourdes, Bacilica and enormous square, several peasant women, rosaries clasped in gnarled hands are crossing the hot tarmac end to end on their knees. "Lost Persons" it said over a ~~dark~~ doorway. It meant what it said, and not what I thought it did. Powerful rock strewn hills on the way to Batalha, Spanish if it were <sup>landscapes</sup> not the neat cottages and tidy gardens. Then a large pink monastery in a valley, beautiful intricate tombs within, one of the daughter of John of Gaunt, Dona Philipa of Lancaster, another of Henry the Navigator, her son. More tombs at Alcobaca, carving to rival any, an inferno Bosch could be proud of. Dom Pedro and Dona Inês, Romeo and Juliet of Medieval Portugal lie in the Abbey transepts, battered with Cromwellian abandon by Napoleon's troops. Off the cloisters is a vast kitchen, the river bubbling up at one end, vast chimney stacks at the other. Kitchens are a Portuguese speciality. At Sintra they dominate the whole Royal Palace with twin Oast House flues. The heart lands of Portugal are here. Alfonso Henriques, the first King founded the Abbey of Alcobaca in gratitude for his victory over the Moors at Santarém. John of Avis whose infantry routed the army of

Castile at Aljubarrota built Batalha. Not far away is Torres Vedras where Wellington held the armies of Napoleon. It is a winding journey on to the coast at Nazare. The headland protects the bay, and the old town is perched precariously high up on the cliff edge. Above the beach are cheap restaurants in bright white squares, french tourists, and multi-skirted village girls. At Mafra, the Royal Palace Monastery, built for a King who could not decide whether he wanted imitation Escorial or imitation Versailles, with ~~predictable~~ predictable result architecturally. Sintra appears on its mountain. A discovery of Byron, rugged but gently so, afternoon tea and simulated adventure. The Tagus estuary ahead, the trip to the country is almost done. A cargo boat is making up river under a cloud of black smoke ; soon cobbled streets, tram lines, impatient motorists.

Spanish Historians <sup>dent</sup> are almost unanimous in regarding Portugal's independent existence as a "mere accident". The Portuguese regard it as fruit of profound socio-geographic fundamentals which bound Portugal to the sea, brought the discoveries, expressed itself in Franciscan christianity and Universalism. A spirit they say utterly opposed to the religion of Loyala, the imperialism of the people of the Meseta. The Spanish Historians dismiss this as 'anti-scientific nationalism', which coming from Spanish Historians is a strange complaint indeed. Language, History, and Culture would seem to propel the Portuguese instinctively outwards, the Spaniard inwards. While the Spaniard can survive and thrive on isolation it is doubtful if the Portuguese can or wants to. Why Spain is Spain and Portugal is Portugal has baffled everyone. Everyone, that is, except the Spaniards and the Portuguese.

Fast electric train from the 'Cais do Sodré' on the waterfront and the whole of the Costa do Sol is within minutes. The carriages are crowded. Large Ladies with fans sit either side, 'Lisboetas' bound

for their favourite beach. We stop at small neat stations among cactii and flowers, a string of deserted mid-day towns under a heat haze, bright streets, shuttered windows, parks with bandstands. Estoril is a place of foreigners and assorted exiles. There are prosperous pink bodies on deckchairs, a Casino, a plush tourist office filled by antique englishmen reading the "Times". The other beaches are less prosperous, crowded at weekends, brown Portuguese bodies on scalding sand. There is a winding tram journey from the 'Cais do Sodré' also, past small shops, water front bars, and warehouses to Belém. The new Tagus bridge is on the way, the piers of the approach road striding across the suburbs with squat legs and truncated arms. The offices of United States Steel and men in yellow helmets are by the river side. Belém is on the outskirts of Lisbon by the narrows. The President lives behind the Coach museum in a pink palace. Further along the Jeronimos Monastery, resting place of Vasco da Gama, an intricate Manueline cloister within, peculiarly Portuguese, a decorative idiosyncratic architecture of seafaring symbols, a response to the discoveries. By the Tagus itself, the Tower of Belém, and the great white monument to Henry the Navigator, ~~a neat harbour with luxury yachts.~~

How has Portugal been 'Portugalised' ? What is the secret of a longevity of regime unparalleled in contemporary Europe ? A Grammar school teacher in the north had a simple answer : " Football, Fado, Fátima, the three F's we call it. Football to absorb the young, <sup>the music</sup> Fado and sentimentality for the middle-aged, Fátima and religious obscurantism for the old." How much longer will the regime survive ? To the assembled troops on Portugal Day, Admiral Roboredo e Silva, Chief of Staff said : I wish to affirm publicly <sup>ally</sup> with the certainty that I interpret the thinking of the military chiefs of the three branches of the armed forces, that they are perfectly identified with the policy of intransigent defence of the overseas provinces as an ~~undeniable~~

part of the national patrimony, a policy which the 'Presidente do Conselho' (Salazar) has rigorously defined with the meridian clarity to which he has accustomed us. The Chief of Staff provoked much shaking of heads that night. The trouble is that when the Government specifically state or specifically deny something in Portugal, most people take the reality to be the opposite. /

Out of Lisbon on a dull English day, a few drops of rain fall apologetically. I travel by Royal Mail Liner in third class, a cabin for four, scaly eyed white rum Australian, neat Englishman, Silent Spaniard. We eat a crazy dinner, flag masts passing the portholes with ludicrous rapidity, wine banished in lieu of English breakfast. The waiter shrugs, vacant at the change in clientel. It is a dining room of ancients and the very young. An English couple from some South-American jungle sit at the next table. The wife is diminutive, salvation army beedy eyes, large round national health spectacles, victorian collar high to the neck and fixed with an oval broach. The husband is immeasurably long, immeasurably shy. Into Vigo on a rainy Galician morning, orange trees in the streets, Spanish lunch and 'clarete', illusions dispelled. The Australian is a cockney artist, his accent Sydney goal. The Englishman carries an American passport. The jungle pair are Uruguayan Austrians. The Spaniard has left. The rain stopped later. The boat was beginning to roll where the calm of the bay gave away to the Ocean. Storm clouds rushed back inland, the evening sun breaking through for a moment to spotlight the receding city. It made a forbidding dramatic exit, white breakers on a reef, a bank of pitch cloud over the interior, an incongruous waltz over the ships loudspeaker. It was Galicia in a nutshell, apart from the waltz. Up on deck two Portuguese are talking. ~~One turns to me.~~ <sup>he says</sup> "We can talk without fear". He smiles. "He can talk, I can talk. We can talk without fear".