

Quelle

Die iberischen Diktaturen in der ausländischen Reiseliteratur der 1960er-Jahre

Quelle 1

Peter Fryer und Patricia McGowan Pinheiro: *Oldest Ally. A Portrait of Salazar's Portugal* (1961)¹

This account of Portugal [...] is not simply a travel book, though the trips we made and the things we saw are described. It tries also to answer some of the first questions of a British reader just starting to be interested in a little-known but colourful country that he might one day think of visiting: "Why is Portugal, the first modern empire-building nation, now so backward, so poor, so illiterate, so stagnant—and why has she submitted to a reactionary dictatorship for an entire generation?" The ordinary British tourist may sometimes wonder about this, but he is so delighted with the welcome he gets and the comfort he lives in that he soon dismisses it from his mind. He basks on the Coast of the Sun, visits the earthly paradise of Sintra, gives coppers to picturesque beggars here and there, chats with retired compatriots who have found that Portugal is a haven for the foreigner ending his days on a fixed income.

Yet whoever reads a little history; or learns the language well enough to be able to talk easily with ordinary people; or feels deeply about democracy and free expression; or hates the sight of poverty side by side with ostentatious wealth – whoever does any one of these cannot rest content with a tourist's-eye view of Portugal. Once he meets Portuguese who trust him, once he ventures off the beaten track, he soon discovers that Estoril and Sintra are far from typical of the land that Salazar has ruled for thirty-three years; and that the democratic traditions we take for granted in Britain not merely do not exist in Portugal, but are frankly condemned by the authorities. He will find people with the lowest standard of living in Europe. He will find people who are hungry, whose intake of calories is the lowest in Europe. He will find the only children in Europe who suffer from pellagra. He will find farm labourers who can get only two months' work in the whole year. He will find an infant mortality rate of 84 per 1.000 live births, compared with over a hundred other countries where it is 50 or less. He will find that almost half the people are illiterate.

And he will find that no effective protest against these conditions is possible, since Portugal has a muzzled Press, only one legal political party (a fascist party) and the rest banned, elections so arranged that opposition elements have no chance of winning, and above all a secret political police modelled on the Gestapo, which arrests, tortures and murders dissenters, and which even has the right to extend their prison sentences indefinitely if it so desires.

When he gets this far in his inquiries he may well reflect that this regime is bound to Britain not merely by a 600-year-old alliance, but also by common membership of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which is supposed to be defending a Free World. And when he meets, as we did, Portuguese democrats who point out that by buttressing Salazar with friendly messages and royal visits Britain is helping to perpetuate the kind of regime we fought the war to get rid of, that Britain's real friends in Portugal cannot understand why our country has any truck with Salazar – then he will be saddened and ashamed.

¹ Fryer, Peter; McGowan Pinheiro, Patricia, *Oldest Ally. A Portrait of Salazar's Portugal*, London 1961, S. 13–14. Transkription durch Patricia Hertel.

Quelle 2

Colin Simpson: Take me to Spain (1963)²

I realized that I was supporting the Franco régime in office just by being in Spain as a *turista*. Income from tourism had risen in 1960 above the value of all export manufactures. Spain was getting in 1962 the remarkable number of ten million tourists a year and the economy had been stimulated by the tourist boom. That meant that all the “little” people who cooked and served meals for you, made your beds and cleaned your rooms, sold you postcards and souvenirs, and drove the taxis you took—as well as the “big” people who owned the hotels and stores and restaurants—would not be inclined to do anything that would upset their livelihood, and any political upheaval assuredly would.

And yet, if you stayed out of Spain as a protest against its political Inquisition, the little people would feel the pinch more than the big people: they always did. If the little people were pinched hard enough there could, possibly, be another revolution, another civil war. You asked yourself if you really wanted that to happen, with the long chance of Liberalism’s ousting Fascism. No, you’d rather walk through a lane of jeering Communists, carrying your small optimist’s flag of belief in political evolution—though without prejudice to your belief that every pressure, every criticism, was not only justified but necessary, to hasten such evolution’s painful progress. But it was a chastening thought that here, as in many another part of today’s world, the freedom that is “more than a word” was still no more than what had to be traded as the price of the next meal or of a job that would still be a job tomorrow....

Still, you had not come to Spain to see politics or to talk politics. Who could you talk to, lacking the language, anyway? TG? You had already sounded TG on the subject, and found that he felt that Franco had done a great deal of good for the country: and TG would never forget the priests in Barcelona who had been “just taken out of their houses and shot down”.

And even if you spoke Spanish, there were thirty-five million Spaniards, and suppose you talked to twenty who would talk frankly to you, what kind of opinion survey was that? You knew how little you could expect to learn on this front. And it wasn’t what you had come for—which didn’t mean that you, or anyone of conscience, could afford not to think about it. You had come to look at the face of Spain, age-old and new, not to feel for the scars on its heart. And the kind of thing people would want to hear from you was what you thought about the bullfight.

Well, in its way, this *was* the bullfight—the big one. Whether you called the bull Freedom and the matador’s red cape Communism did not matter. But it was important to know what had gone on in the ring before you came in.

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² Simpson, Colin, Take me to Spain, London 1963, S. 32–33. Transkription durch Patricia Hertel.

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