TO BE A MATADOR

Henry Higgins
and
Jim Myers

Preface by
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Preface by KennethTynan

When I first read about Henry Higgins in the newspapers, my reaction was a mixture of irritation and pity. Irritation at the publicity-seeking antics of a stage-struck (or rather, sand-struck) tourist - which I assumed him to be - and pity for any foreigner who supposed himself capable of grappling not only with the terrors of the Spanish fighting bull but with the chicanery and xenophobia that are endemic in the world of professional bullfighting.

I still feel sorry for Henry. He has tried (and is still trying) to conquer a profession as notorious for its hostility to outsiders as for its immense physical hazards. But the irritation has vanished, to be replaced by genuine admiration. Henry Higgins is a very good and very serious torero, as I immediately recognized when I saw him for the first time, in the Torremolinos ring during the 1971 season. To a predominantly touristic audience, of the kind that comes to see flashy, sensational tricks, he fed a diet of straight classical bullfighting - no frills or foolishness, just main-stream toreo, which is rare enough anywhere in Spain and almost non-existent in the tourist ghettos. He cut three ears from his two bulls, and would certainly have cut two of them in any of the more seriously reputed Spanish plazas.

When 1 met him, I quickly realized that he was no mere publicity-hound, but an extremely dedicated craftsman, not pompous about his job or his ability, but simply convinced that he was involved in what could be, on a good day, the most difficulty beautiful spectacle on earth. I also saw that he was a thoughtful, complicated man, not the suicidal simpleton conjured up by the press. And I noted, again with admiration, that he had cultivated two qualities seldom found in Spanish matadors - self-criticism, and a wry sense of humor about himself.

On the whole, contemporary bullfighting is an art in disarray and disrepute. The greatest classical torero of my time, Antonio Ordoñez, has definitively retired, and there is no obvious successor. The same small group of star matadors has dominated the bullrings for the past decade, freezing out potential competition by banding together in exclusive ‘trusts’. The influx of tourist money has boosted prices until many native aficionados are unable to afford them: most bullfights thus take place before audiences of ignorant foreigners, with the inevitable lowering of standards which that entails. The

number of novilladas - fights in which apprentice matadors can learn their trade - dwindles every year because the tourists wrongly dismiss them as kid stuff. Top matadors often pay to have their bulls' horns illegally shaved, a squalid safety measure that drastically reduces the animal's power of attack.

I mustn't paint too black a picture: there are many non-corrupt (and a few great) bullfights to be seen in Spain every year. My point is that the art is not so healthy that it can afford to exclude the talents of people like Henry Higgins. If the interlocking trusts of managers, impresarios and star matadors would let him, he could take a highly respectable place in the big ferias of Spain. This book is the story of his attempts to find a way in without actually starving to death. It is told partly by Henry himself and partly by Jim Myers, his closest friend, an American writer who has followed him around the rings and bull-ranches ever since he embarked on his painful odyssey. As you will see, it is not a work of hagiography. Henry is not glamorized, nor is his profession. In fact, I don't know of any piece of writing on the bullfight -whether by Spaniards or non-Spaniards - that contains more candid and accurate observation of the contemporary taurine world, especially its seamy underside. Best of all, it is honest enough to be funny, a virtue almost unknown in Spanish books on the holy subject.

Most biographies of matadors go in for inflated melodrama, and tend to be full of statements like: 'Then he performed eighty-seven linked naturales with the left hand, killed recibiendo, and was awarded the ears, tail and three hoofs. This one is different. When it says Henry cut an ear, you can be sure that he cut it; and if he (or Jim Myers) says he deserved it, then he very probably did.

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PART ONE

This is the story of a bullfighter named Henry Higgins, or Henry Edward Higgins, or Enrique Higgins, or Henry Higgins Cañadas, or Enrique Cañadas, or Enrique Cañadas Higgins, or El Higgins, or El Ingles, or many other things in the course of his career. He was the first Englishman ever to become a Matador de Toros, a title like Doctor of Law, and the highest of those pertaining to bullfighters. However, as in the case of lawyers, some bullfighters are better than others, and the important thing to realize about the story of Henry Higgins is not that he is an English bullfighter, but that he is a good one.

His career had more than its share of ups and downs, but in 1968, after four years in bullfighting, he began to realize he might reach somewhere near the top of his profession. This was the first year that he fought regularly as a 'Matador de Novillos-Toros', the category beneath that of 'Matador de Toros'. To explain these terms, a three-year-old bull is called a 'novillo', and a bull that is four or older is called a 'toro'.

According to the rules of bullfighting, a matador de novillos-toros should fight a bull that is smaller, less powerful and less wise than a full-grown bull of four years, and when he has proven himself sufficiently fighting three-year-old bulls, he is ready to advance in rank. To do this he is said 'to take the alternativa', which is the fight in which he first appears with other matadors de toros, and theoretically is the first time he fights four-year-old bulls.

Unfortunately, it often seems in bullfighting that rules exist only to be broken, and many of the supposed 'novillos' that the matador de novillos-toros faces are actually old, powerful and often defective. The potential matador de toros is supposed to respond to such challenges with enthusiasm and prove his worthiness to advance to a higher rank.

Titles and rules apart, the Spanish toro is actually of a distinct race of bulls, whose origins were in Africa. A full-grown 'toro bravo', as they are called, is a magnificent creature, not as big as bulls that are raised for meat in other countries, but in its very appearance it is a vision of power, speed and obvious danger. Temperamentally, the toro bravo is different from other

bulls, inasmuch as it is aggressive in ways unlike most cattle. When the toro is threatened by the slightest strange sight or sound, its neck bulges with rage, it charges towards whatever has bothered it and, in this state, will attack almost anything in the known world with persistence and might.

One must imagine that such an animal has somber and suspicious thoughts. Even outside the bullring, in a world of heat, flies and other bulls, the toro never seems to be totally relaxed. It is a social animal, but at the same time it is suspicious of other bulls. When a bull is in the herd, it will usually not attack anything, but when a bull is alone it will attack even its own shadow. Yet the passivity of bulls in a field can be misleading. They are always bumping and pushing against each other, testing their social order, and they will attack a strange bull that wanders into their territory. Even among a group of bulls that know each other well, a toothache can start a war.

In the most basic sense, bullfighting has evolved from the hunting of wild bulls. This was an aristocratic sport and the present bullfight includes a descendant of the original horseman who rode out to spear bulls. He is the picador whose role in a bullfight is now subservient to that of the matador who fights on foot. How the original aristocrat ended up by becoming a picador is evident in the development of bullfighting as a public spectacle. When bulls were brought into town squares to be 'hunted' by the local duke, for example, there were often problems which the duke had to face and which he could not solve by himself. The bulls would often take up defensive positions in the corners of a square, and the duke could not maneuver around the bull.

In order to draw the bull back to the center of the square, the duke's assistants would provoke the bull's charge with their capes. This activity soon became much more interesting than the duke on his horse, and audiences loved it to the point that the men on foot began to strut about in front of the bull as it it was they who were the aristocrats. This the audiences loved even more, because it allowed a man of humble origins to transcend his birth and act like a duke. It also led to the bullfight as it is today.

At the same time as the bullfight was evolving as a public spectacle, so were the ideas about what a man was doing killing a bull with a sword. It seemed that the death of a black, brown, tan, gray or white Spanish toro bravo was both beautiful and terrifying in the same sense as tragic drama, and this justified killing these bulls in a way in which the spectators could see the nature and ways of the bull, its eventual fate, and some interesting bullfighting as well.

Philosophically speaking, bullfighting was a representation of a larger sense of order, in which - for bulls, at least - character is fate and justice prevails. As long as bulls were going to charge about as they did, it was their fate to be killed by bullfighters. It was almost part of the balance of nature. No particular malicious-ness on the part of humans was meant towards bulls.

In fact, reality seemed to suggest the contrary. Everything about these animals seemed fascinating, and men gathered bulls together on ranches and bred them for the bullfight. In this way, men not only loved to kill bulls, but also to nurture new ones.

Such a situation might raise the question of which act men love more, nurturing or killing bulls, but the answer in terms of the present bullfight is probably neither one of them. The attention in bullfighting seems inevitably drawn to the bullfighter rather than the bull, and audiences go to bullrings to see how matadors express their ideas and personalities in front of the bull.

In Spanish, the activity of a bullfighter dealing with a bull is called ‘toreo.’ This is the word that in English becomes bullfighting, and this is misleading, because toreo does not bear the connotation of ‘fighting’. The bullfight is not a contest between man and bull; in Spain toreo is considered to be an art. The outcome of a bullfight is never to be considered a victory for man or bull, but rather is judged in terms of the quality of the toreo that is presented. There are all kinds of toreo - serious toreo, light toreo, and even comic toreo, and One may legitimately prefer one kind of toreo over the others, but any lasting interest or even discussion of bullfighting usually revolves around this idea of toreo. This is the artistic language of a man like Henry Higgins.

There are several other things that should be understood about the world of bullfighting as it relates to Henry Higgins’s life. First, the presence of a bull casts a frightening shadow over the lives of bullfighters and those who live around them, and much of the anxiety that surrounds a bullfight expresses itself in chaotic negotiations, long arguments, and sometimes a general atmosphere of hysteria. Secondly, a bullfighter is asked to take risks, both in and out of the bullring. There is tremendous competition for the few places where money is to be made in bullfighting. Often a bullfighter must deal with people of whom he might be suspicious under other conditions, but without doing this he would get nowhere.

What a true labor of love it is to become a bullfighter! After four years in bullfighting Henry fought twenty-one ‘novilladas’ in 1968, and by August of that year his bullfighting was beginning to become very impressive. The BBC came to Spain to film four of his fights along with scenes from his life. In two fights in Ibiza he was carried out on the shoulders of the crowd, in one in Haro he had fought a bull brilliantly, and in Miranda del Ebro he had cut an ear from a gigantic bull with spectacular horns. His life was becoming attuned to bullfighting, to the long trips, the days of waiting, and the often chaotic negotiations that surround every bullfight. After the BBC left, he fought well in Cadalso de Los Vidrios and in Madrigal de la Vera. These were both small towns, but he had what everybody said were complete fights. ‘Now you’re in form,’ they told him. ‘You’re ready for Madrid.’

It was then late in September and his manager said it was too late in the year for Madrid. At the end of the year a triumph in Madrid would be lost, and his manager scheduled him for two more fights, one in Torremolinos, and another in a town called Cabeza del Buey the next day. As usual the day before the fight in Torremolinos, when Henry was preparing to leave Madrid, he ran into a little difficulty. Be had pulled up on the Plaza Santa Ana to pick up three of his assistants, two banderilleros and a picador, who were going to travel with him. While they were loading the car, another picador came along with his suitcase, got into the back of the car, and refused to move. 'You're not coming with me,' said Henry. "I have another picador meeting me in Torremolinos.'

'Yes, I am,' said the intruder, 'And if you don't take me, I'll go to the syndicate and say you hired me but wouldn't take me, and I missed another fight.'

'I didn't hire you,' Henry said.

'Yes, you did,' said the picador. 'You hired me for your fight, so you've hired me for this one.

'He didn't hire you,' said Bartolome Siles, a strong banderillero.

'Yes, he did,' the picador insisted.

'If you don't get out of the car this minute,' said Siles, 'I'm going to get my puntilla and chase you out.'

Siles seemed intent on getting the little knife that he used to give the coup de race to dying bulls, and both Henry and his other two assistants were worried. 'We don't like violence,' said Jose Puertollano, the other banderillero.

Oddly enough, around bullfighting, violence was the word used to describe shouting. 'It's only words,' said Siles, 'but if this son of a bitch doesn't get out of the car, what does he expect?'

The picador had decided that he would not get out of the car, and in lieu of more violence, he refused to speak. 'I don't like violence either,' said Paco Chenel, the other picador, almost approving the picador's silence.

'None of us likes violence,' said Henry, 'so if he is there, let him sit there, but I'm not bringing him back'

'He wants to visit his mother in Malaga,' Puertollano said sympathetically.

He was always the first to side with other assistants over anything, and at this point Henry gave up the argument. The picador neither moved nor said a thing during the whole trip. They drove all evening and through the night, and when they arrived in Torremolinos the next day, he got out of the car and disappeared. Henry was tired and went off to bed, but the other three were excited to be in Torremolinos, a former fishing village that had been transformed by waves of tourists from Northern Europe. Torremolinos

was all dark bars and flamboyant hotels, and the three assistants were excited to be walking around the street. Siles started to make noises at all the girls he passed. His specialty was one that sounded as if he was kissing a long piece of spaghetti, but even with the noises the three men did not attract much attention; the girls seemed to have taken offence and to ignore them deliberately.

The three men still had a good time just walking around. They were all dressed elegantly, they thought, and got pleasure from this. Siles was wearing a pea-green knitted pullover shirt that seemed to radiate electronically. His trousers had flaps over the pockets that stuck out like little wings, and his shoes were made of woven leather that made his feet look like two reptiles, like small alligators slinking out of his trousers. His two companions were wearing a similar uniform, and all three of them had Winston cigarettes in the pockets of their shirts. They walked with such pride that they appeared to be wearing the Winstons like badges of honor.

There was also a bullfight that afternoon, part of what was called the Torremolinos Fair. The ring at Torremolinos was new and seated about five thousand. The Torremolinos Fair had been organized to coincide with what had once been the annual festival of the fishing village, and the festival had been resurrected as an excuse to give more bullfights. Around Torremolinos, bullfighting was a product sold to tourists. Tickets were hawked on the main avenue from little wooden kiosks, painted red and yellow and displaying the red and yellow Spanish flag to make the work of the ticket hawkers seem patriotic.

The hawkers of bullfight tickets always wore one of the acceptable uniforms of the bullfighting business. Usually they had sun glasses, a drip-dry Cubana shirt with lots of pleats - the more pleats, the more elegant, the saying went - plus the usual trousers with wing flaps and reptile shoes, perhaps in white. The pockets of the shirts were always stuffed with wads of unsold tickets and other bits of paper.

By September the ticket hawkers had a more desperate look behind their sunglasses than was usual. The towns on the south coast had undergone a bullfighting boom since the arrival of the tourists. The major event in the area had always been the Malaga Fair in August and the bullring in Malaga was considered to have category, but now there were new bullrings everywhere. There were so many bullrings on the south coast and so many fights that it was difficult to consider any given fight an event of any importance. Bulls were being dispatched right and left, and tourists were coming and going from the bullrings in busloads. By late September there were fewer tourists and Spaniards, who had been over-exposed to bullfighting already, were waiting for the pause of winter to be followed by spring when the new bullfighting season would be rolled out on display like a new model car.

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That afternoon Siles, Puertollano and Chenel went to the back-door of the bullring where the bullfighters entered and announced themselves to the doorman. 'We are the assistants of Henry Higgins Cañadas,' they said.

They were let inside to the patio behind the ring where the bullfighters were waiting, dressed in gold, silver and silk. Most of he bullfighters were fidgeting nervously with the tight fit of their suits. They were all freshly shaved and most of them had their hair slicked back with grease. In the patio there was the smell of men's cologne, horses and nervous sweat. The picadors were mounted on their padded horses and riding them back and forth. Siles, Puertollano and Chenel shook hands with many of the bullfighters and went down through the tunnel that led under the seats to the ring. Because they were fighting the next day, they could stand in passageway behind the wall, along with the other bullfighters were fighting.

Siles, Puertollano and Chenel were not very interested in the first two bullfighters because they were considered to be over the hill. The third bullfighter was Miguel Marquez, and most of the audience had come to see him because he was from Fuengirola, a town ten miles from Torremolinos. Miguel Marquez appeared to be a recent graduate from a strict military school. He was short and appeared from his posture to want to add to his height. He had already fought over eighty fights that year and was at the top of the list in fights fought. He was a bullfighting machine and had a good manager who plotted his career well. He was often a boring bullfighter, but because he was brave, respectful to his elders, and did the same thing every day, he was an assistant's dream of a good bullfighter.

Henry was fast asleep in the hotel that afternoon, but before he slept he had had his own little daydream. He had imagined the perfect bullfight. He had passed the bull with such precision that he had directed a chorus of people shouting *'Ole'!'* in rhythm with everything he did. When he placed the sword in the bull, it toppled over almost immediately with its feet in the air, and all the people in the ring waved their handkerchiefs, demanding he be awarded the tail for his performance. He tried to hide his pleasure at being so openly admired, because he felt it was best to appear modest. Outside the ring, he got into his Rolls-Royce and drove back to his hotel, where dozens of beautiful women were waiting for him. At this point he had relinquished control of his fantasy and gone to sleep. He awoke to find the faces of his assistants grinning at him. He thrashed about under the covers and mumbled: 'What do you guys want?'

'You wouldn't believe what we've just seen,' said Puertollano.

He made it sound like the Holy Grail. Henry closed his eyes and tried to doze. He knew it was a false alarm. Half-asleep he heard something of the speech Puertollano made. '… beautiful thing to be a bullfighter … have companions … travel together … eat together … dedication … no women. . .

stand there and say: ‘Here I am!’

For Henry it was much the same old stuff again. No smokey, Enri Iggy. No drinkey, Enri Iggy. No fuckey, Enri Iggy. Puertollano sighed for a moment and said: ‘If you could only be that way?’

‘What way?’ Henry asked, now awake.

‘Why aren’t you just like Miguel Marquez?’ said Puertollano, delivering the goods. ‘You know exactly what we are driving at. You go out at night. You go to bed late. You are always with girls

rather than with us. We’ve just seen all those girls parading in the streets in bikinis and all that, but look at Miguel Marquez. He behaves himself and he’s not ashamed of it. Why, didn’t his own manager go to him this year when he was down in the dumps and say these very words?’

Since the words represented one of the Golden Moments in bullfighting, there had to be a respectful silence before they were said. ‘Miguel,’ said the manager in Puertollano’s story, ‘there’s no need to be in awe of anybody. You’re as good as anybody, as good as Ordoñez, Camino and Cordobés!’

‘And from that moment,’ Puertollano concluded, ‘he went on to become what he is today.’

There was more, however, to Puertollano’s view of Marquez’s success than just determination and confidence. Siles, Puertollano and Chenel had been very impressed the day they saw Miguel Marquez, dressed in a white Cubana shirt, slacks and reptile shoes, seated at a table in the Trucha Restaurant, just off the Plaza Santa Ana in Madrid. He was eating lunch with his assistants around him. ‘Miguel Marquez is proud to be a bullfighter,’ Puertollano said.

Then he went right on to another Golden Moment. ‘Remember the time,’ he began, ‘when Miguel Marquez combed his hair just like a hick from a pueblo, so I went to him and said: "Miguel, you are combing your hair just like a hick from the pueblo!"‘

To have called the hero ‘Miguel’ and to have spoken to him in such a manner was supposed to mean something to everybody. Puertollano paused again. ‘So I said: "Look at my hair. Part it here, let it fall here." And now look at him - at the top of bullfighting.’

It was true that Marquez and Puertollano had the same hairdo, but Henry was getting sick of hearing about it. Actually, he would listen to anything when there was flattery involved, and had listened also to a lot of the ‘good, simple life’ routine as long as it was accompanied by ‘...and then you’ll become a top bullfighter.’

But this afternoon he wanted to sleep. He had done all the ‘driving the night before while the others dozed. Now he could not be enthusiastic. ‘Just let me sleep,’ he said, and the three assistants led out of the room. From his bed Henry could hear them shouting at each other in the hall. They were

shouting about him, as if he were a subject for public debate. ‘The matador is in a bad humor,’ Puertollano was saying.

‘He sure is,’ Paco answered.

‘You know what’s wrong with him.. . ‘ Siles began, but Henry could not hear the rest of what he said.

Henry was now wide awake. He felt an anxiety in his stomach, and once he was awake he was aware of it and could not go back to sleep again. He got up and went to look in the mirror at his face to make sure he was all there. He saw a man with pale, green eyes, a mature face, particularly around the nose, and a receding hairline. It was a face that could seem very serious or very silly. In between there was a lot of unexplored territory. On the dresser beneath the mirror was an expensive gold watch that he had just bought himself before the trip to Torremolinos. That was a story in itself. Henry had reasoned that a man who had fought nineteen bullfights in one summer and lived through nineteen days of anxiety, had to have a visible reward that he could lay his hands on when he wondered why he was doing it. Such moments came often, and this was one of them. He had told Siles that an aunt had given it to him because he had bought it with money that was supposed to have gone for Siles’ and the others’ wages. Siles had been very impressed because he did not know that such aunts existed. It was a very simple, elegant watch. Henry picked it up. In his nervousness he let it slip and tried to catch it, but it fell on the floor.

The crisis made him feel lonely and the first thing he thought of was to call Siles on the phone. ‘Siles,’ he said, ‘I’ve dropped my watch.’

Soon there was a commotion in the hall. The assistants were coming back. ‘I’ve dropped my watch,’ Henry explained to them when they entered the room. ‘My poor watch.’

They each examined the watch carefully, listening to the mechanism. There is nothing wrong with it,’ they each said in turn.

‘Surely, it is worthless after you’ve dropped it,’ Henry said.

‘No one will know the difference,’ said Siles.

‘Who would know the difference?’ asked Chenel.

‘I would,’ Henry said.

The discussion of the watch continued for some time, and this made Henry happier. He was reassured by the presence of his assistants and their concern about his watch. He listened to e’[7]erything they said intently. ‘You shouldn’t drop the watch,’ said Puertollano, giving advice.

‘Don’t tell your aunt,’ said Siles.

After a while, Henry went back to the mirror again and began combing his hair. He inspected his comb to see if hair was coming out, and there was hair caught on the comb. ‘Am I getting balder?’ he asked his men.

‘No,’ they each said.

‘But there is hair coming out. It has to be coming from somewhere.’

‘Look,’ said Siles tugging energetically at his own hair. ‘Everybody loses hair.’

Unfortunately for the argument, very little came out in his hands, and Henry combed his hair, first one way, then another, trying to find a way that would hide the fact that it was getting thinner. While he did this, he explained for the hundredth time the importance of hair in bullfighting. A bald man was old, and while it was not a disgrace at all to be old in bullfighting, or bald, one could not be bald and consider oneself ‘promising’. Henry feared that he would find himself bald one morning and have to accept this as final, along with what he had accomplished in bullfighting at that moment. Henry wanted to stay promising as long as possible, and the hair problem made his days shorter.

There was also a vision of an imaginary event that went along with his thoughts about his hair. He did not recount it to his assistants because they would have considered it too unrealistic to merit attention. He was in Madrid, and the ring was full. Finally he had made it to the top of bullfighting and was the talk of Spain. He has been making passes to a big bull and the audience is in a frenzy, chanting: ‘Can-ya-das! Can-ya-das!’ when suddenly a cynic shouts: ‘Baldy!’ and all the adulation turns into boos and whistles.

His three assistants listened to Henry’s philosophy of hair, but having heard it before under similar circumstances, they were getting restless. They knew by an instinct which transcended watches that it was evening and time to walk up and down the street just like people did in all small Spanish towns, but to them one of the most annoying things about Henry’s habits was that he was very slow about preparing himself to do anything. This often made him a dreadful companion. Henry also wanted to go out on the street, but apparently since the others had suggested it, he took as long as possible getting ready. The others waited patiently, proving their fidelity to him and, by inference, that he was a great bullfighter.

When they finally got out on the street, Henry saw hundreds of girls in beautiful clothes, and he wanted all of them. He stared after them longingly, and their presence made him unhappy. Since he had to fight the next day, he could not go off chasing girls, but other people in town were, and he did not feel that this was right. His assistants claimed to have solved the problem more decisively. They claimed that during the season they avoided girls and sex. When they saw Henry looking at girls, they fretted over his resolve. His rejection of girls was obviously not whole-hearted and joyful, and he wished that he too could live like the tourists, but being a bullfighter, he could not come and go as he pleased; when he faced this fact, it discouraged him. He had wanted to be a bullfighter to gain freedom from ordinary life, but bull-fighting had become a prison of its own.

There was an English-style pub on a side street and Henry always went there when he was in Torremolinos. No girl would challenge his resolve there. It was usually filled with retired English couples much like his parents, who lived in Palma de Mallorca. A visit to such a place meant something to Henry but nothing to his assistants. When they arrived, the word of his arrival spread quickly around the room. It was not long before he was engaged in a conversation from which the assistants retreated in silence.

'Are you ever afraid?' one woman asked.

She spoke as many people did who approached him, adopting the tone and manner of a doctor discussing an illness with a patient, and questioned Henry as if he had a fatal disease, such as they presumed bullfighting to be. The assistants stationed themselves by the door of the urinal and waited for Henry to finish. 'Most of all at the last minute when I'm waiting for the bull,' he told the woman.

He smiled kindly when he spoke and one might imagine from this that Henry was a good son, so to speak, the kind of person who loved his mother and father. Puertollano also considered himself a good son. His mother lived in Granada, and he often said: 'How my mother would suffer if I were killed by a bull.'

At this point, Puertollano approached Henry with what he implied was some important information that he hoped would draw Henry away from the pub. Somehow, he had discovered that Miguel Marquez's assistants were eating that very night in a small restaurant outside the town where the specialties of the house were 'real' Spanish food. He wanted to eat there. 'They have found a wonderful place,' he said. 'Very cheap.'

'Tonight,' said Henry, 'you are my guests. We are in a place where we can really eat well. How about a fine charcoal-broiled Argentine steak?'

Unfortunately, Henry had failed to reason with the mentality of his assistants. Even if he paid for this extravagance, it did not disguise the fact that the meat came from Argentina. This was something strange to Puertollano who, like Henry, was in the meat business and could see no sensible reason to fly in steak from South America. To Puertollano, it did not sound like the kind of thing that a bullfighter should support.

'I'll bet you are afraid that I will want to eat Chinese food,' Henry said.

That idea obviously terrified Puertollano. No successful bullfighters that he knew of ate Chinese food, but there was to be remembered the case of Henry's friend, Rafael Roca, a good bullfighter who fought little and given his considerable talents should have fought more. Roca claimed to like Chinese food. Could this have been damaging his career? 'I have nothing against the Chinese,' Puertollano answered, and began a Good Life Speech. 'Why don't we walk around a bit? A good walk would do us all good. Stretch the legs. Build the appetite. For steak and potatoes. Prepare the body for sleep. It's

very good to walk, you know.'

'You want to walk over to the Chinese restaurant?' Henry said.

Puertollano was worried when they headed out on the street and reassured only when a Chinese restaurant did not loom up before them. They passed instead several of the kiosks selling bullfight tickets, and on one of them was displayed a large, black and white poster photograph of Henry's face. He was wearing his 'suit of lights' and bullfighter's hat. But for the fact that Henry seemed to be enjoying the pose in the photo, it would have been a lean and hungry look. In the window of the kiosk was the face of a ticket hawker, trying to communicate to a group of English tourists, who seemed attracted to the picture of Henry and wanted to buy tickets for the fight the next day. Henry watched the little scene for several moments. He had had a small triumph in the English pub because people had liked him, and this view of the tourists buying tickets made him feel that his charms were more than just intact. It was a warm sensation of power. He turned to his assistants and said: 'Tomorrow, I'm going to triumph. I'm going to cut the ears,' and the assistants smiled back happily.

The next morning to escape from the anxieties of waiting for the bullfight at five o'clock, Henry awoke with a vision of a giant bowl of cornflakes. There was a knock at the door of his room, and a man appeared at the end of his bed. The man bowed, displaying a shiny bald head, and held his hat in his hand. 'I am El Chino, the sword man,' he said in tones that would have been appropriate to a genie from a lamp. 'I have come to serve you.'

'Oh,' said Henry.

'Never fear,' said El Chino. 'I have dressed bullfighters for forty years. I have dressed Ordoñez, Bienvenida...' El Chino completed his list of great bullfighters with a flourish, producing his union card and handing it to Henry. 'Forty-three years, to be exact,' he said.

'Did you ever want to be a bullfighter?' asked Henry, puzzling over the card.

'My career in bullfighting,' El Chino said proudly, 'lasted less than fifteen minutes.'

'No one says that in bullfighting,' Henry said. 'No one.'

'I passed the bull twice,' said El Chino. 'On the way up, and when I came back down again. I say so because I am an honest man.'

'Then you are the only one,' said Henry.

Henry lay in bed watching El Chino, and El Chino busied himself inspecting Henry's equipment and suit, while muttering to himself: 'Capes must be brushed... sword must be filed ... blood on the jacket. . . where's the hat. . . the hat?'

When El Chino had finished, he produced a piece of paper which he unfolded with great ceremony. 'This, matador,' he said, is the list of the bull-

fight critics in Malaga.'

El Chino read the list, adding personal comments like 'This one is very dangerous, or this one comes out on Tuesday so he's less important.

El Chino had a bundle of envelopes, one for each critic. The taurine critics, with exceptions, by custom got whatever tickets or money the bullfighters could afford to give them. Henry paid off the critics like every other bullfighter just to defend himself from what they would do if he did not.

Until the point when El Chino produced the envelopes, Henry had not found the will to get out of bed. The thought of paying the critics, mixed with his nervousness, touched a sore spot and gave him the energy to leap out of bed. Once on foot, he began shouting and waving his arms. 'This is the ugliest, most disgusting, filthy, damn son-of-a-bitch thing I have ever seen in the world! I have to pay these leeches to tell the truth?' he shouted.

The outburst surprised El Chino. 'But that is the way things are,' he said. 'It's always been that way.'

Henry knew this but he continued to shout. 'How can a bullfighter do well with a system like this?' he said. 'I don't make any money and I have to pay everybody just to tell the truth. This really ruins my morale.'

This released a great deal of tension, and it amused him along the way. 'Chino, my old friend,' he said, teasing the old man with a totally new tone of voice, 'this looks like a modern town. Where can I get some cornflakes?'

It was a change of mood that would have been beautiful with a bull. 'Cornflakes?' asked El Chino. 'What are cornflakes?'

Nobody in Torremolinos seemed to know what cornflakes were. Henry's three assistants had no idea what he was talking about. 'Cornflakes are a type of breakfast,' he explained to them.

They were sitting in a cafe in the center of the town with the assistants of the other two bullfighters. The idea of cornflakes puzzled them all. 'Cornflakes are like potato chips, but they're made out of corn,' Henry said. 'They sell them in Madrid.'

Only mules ate corn in Spain, and Henry's assistants hoped that word would not get around that their matador ate corn. It seemed undignified, and they were trying to act with dignity. At noon they were going to the bullring when the lots would be drawn for the bulls. It was a social event roughly equivalent to a cocktail party for the assistants and the catwalks above the corrals and passageways through which the bulls were maneuvered were always crowded with people looking for bits of gossip. The bullfight critics were usually there because it was a good place to receive an envelope, but anyone in the area who had ever been involved in bullfighting was likely to come. The six bulls were divided into three groups of two as equally as possible, putting a big one with a small one, and so on; there was usually lots of discussion among the assistants. Then the lots were drawn to see which

bullfighter would fight which pair of bulls.
Henry rarely went to see the bulls divided, because the social scene did not sit well on his nerves. He also did not like to see the bulls snorting and kicking dust in their pens, because it made them seem bigger than they were. When the assistants left for the ring, he went to look for cornflakes. He went to several bars and restaurants, but none of them had cornflakes and he began to feel a sense of fatalism about the whole day. He felt he was condemned to a life that was out of his control. He knew that he had to eat something, and soon, but he could think of nothing he wanted. Bullfighters ate early in the day, because if they were gored in the ring and had to be operated on, they should not have food in their stomachs, but Henry always wanted to eat early for his own reasons. Everything he ate on the day of a bullfight weighed like lead in his stomach, and he did not want to feel that way in the ring. Finally, he ate a hamburger and it made him feel sick.

When he came back to the cafe, the assistants had come back from the ring and said: 'The picador who came in the car was there and he said he's going to fight because you brought him.'

The three assistants had also brought another heavy-set man with them and explained with the habitual sympathy for the plight of bullfighters' assistants that this was the extra picador. He had come some distance to the fight, and by all rights he should be paid even though he would not perform.

'How can you let this happen?' Henry shouted. 'Why always me? Why can't the impresario pay him?'

The three assistants looked helplessly at each other and at the unwanted picador who looked at the floor. 'You're supposed to defend me,' Henry shouted. 'What can I do if you let me down all the time?'

Henry ignored the problem of the picador for a moment, hoping that the unwanted picador might disappear. 'What are the bulls like?' he asked.

'They're deluxe,' said Puertollano. 'Deluxe' was a phrase that would fascinate a small-town Spaniard. Puertollano always said deluxe instead of good and his ambition in life, once he found he could not be a top bullfighter, was to own something deluxe, a car or a refrigerator.

'They are very nice,' said Siles, producing from his wallet a piece of cigarette paper on which two numbers were written, the numbers of Henry's bulls. The frail piece of paper looked worn because it had been rolled into a ball and was the lot that Siles had drawn from a hat. 'We've put the bigger one second,' Siles said.

Having calmed down about the extra picador, Henry reached into his pocket for the wad of green thousand peseta notes that he carried on the day of a bullfight. He held the wad in front of his assistants. Their eyes opened wide. 'This is it,' he said. 'When it's gone, there isn't any more, so I don't want any crying or moaning.'

This act was especially for Puertollano. Henry thought it might be clever to suggest that the extra picador was getting what would have been Puertollano's wage. It might be useful in later arguments. This done, he handed the money to the picador, and announced that he was going out for a walk. At midday, most people were at the beach below the town, but it was at times like this that the assistants imagined that he was sneaking away to meet girls, or do any one of a number of things that were considered to be harmful to a bullfighter's constitution. Henry went into several empty bars and looked about and finally sat down in one that had low-cushioned benches. Music was playing and when the waiter came and bowed before him, Henry asked him for pear juice. It seemed as if he wanted to continue the feeling of fatalism he had encountered earlier.

'We have no pear juice,' the waiter said. 'Peach juice,' Henry said.

'No peach juice,' the waiter said.

'Then what do you have?' asked Henry angrily.

He drank nothing and went back to the hotel, undressed, and tried to take a nap. El Chino had laid his suit out on a chair, and it appeared almost to be a seated bullfighter. Henry tried to sleep but found that he had to go to the bathroom. When he came back, he got into bed again and was about to go to sleep when he had to go to the bathroom again. This happened several times and he never did get to sleep; finally El Chino came into the room and said: 'It's four o'clock and all is well.'

At four-fifteen, Henry got up and went into the bathroom again; when he came out, El Chino began the ritual of dressing by affixing the bullfighter's little pigtail to the hair on the back of his head. When Henry had wiggled into the tight bullfighter's breeches, he went into the bathroom again before buttoning up the fly. When he was dressed, the tight breeches and the stiff jacket had the effect of holding him in the posture that a bullfighter is supposed to maintain in front of a bull. Henry was fidgeting nervously, but in the suit he looked like a triumph of self-possession.

One could say that all the bullfighters in the patio behind the ring were being held together by their suits. Henry stood next to Siles sucking deep breaths of air Siles wore a cheaper version of Henry's suit with black brocade rather than gold, which marked his station as a banderillero; the suit was a faded green, having been washed many times. Puertollano had a newer blue suit with silver brocade. Paco Chenel and the other picadors were riding back and forth on padded horses. 'I feel weak,' Henry said to Siles.

The weakness emanated from his stomach and bladder, and he wanted to go and relieve himself again. 'How much time is there?' he asked Siles.

The two of them disengaged themselves from the rest of the bullfighters and surreptitiously went in the direction of a lavatory behind the ring. Siles

helped Henry off with his jacket. Henry undid the suspenders. After he had done his business, Siles had to help him wiggle back into his breeches and the jacket. Unfortunately, the suit was not designed with this problem in mind, even though the problem was common. The greatest bullfighters claimed to have pissed on the walls of every bullring in Spain.

When they came back, the bullfighters were wandering into the passageway that led under the seats to the ring, and started to stick out their chests. Beyond the gate that led into the ring, Henry could see that the seats were only half full and he wanted the ring to be full; he was slightly deflated by this. It was time for the parade and the gate was opened. Henry and the other two bullfighters sauntered out and stood in front of their assistants, looked around with a subtle air of superiority, and began to march across the ring. For Henry, this was far enough from his beginnings to be a triumph, and he sported a slightly devilish grin as if he was playing a practical joke. He seemed to be having fun. The three bullfighters were in front and had their left arms wrapped in their parade capes like so many broken ones. Behind them came the banderilleros and the picadors on their padded horses.

When Henry's first bull was let in, it made a circle of the ring along the wall. Siles and Puertollano stood by the entrances from the barrier into the ring, called to the bull, and waved their capes. The bull charged towards Siles, then Puertollano. Both of them ducked back behind the wall, and the bull continued around the ring. When it passed Henry, he rushed out behind it, called out, 'Toro!' and it turned around. In fact, Henry had rushed out into the situation that worried him most before a fight. The first charges of the bull would tell whether he was going to be able to gain ground on the bull and dominate it, or whether the bull was going to drive him back to the wall and cause him trouble. He was in a hurry to discover if he had a bull that would give him space and time to position himself. The first bull proved to have a reluctant attack, and after it had been pic-ed and the banderillas were placed, it charged little. Unfortunately for bullfighters, such things happen. A bull like this is still dangerous, but there is little a bullfighter can do with it. Henry moved close to the bull, shook his muleta, and called 'Toro!' He got far away and called 'Toro!' but the bull still would not charge aggressively. His second bull was much the same, and Henry tried everything, but most of his efforts were in vain. He could not make many passes, but he thought of the English tourists in the ring, out of the ring, and even those still back in England, and he wanted to do something to please them. With this in mind, he plopped down on his knees with his back to the bull and threw his sword and muleta away. Once he had put himself in this situation, he smiled, bowed and acknowledged applause. There he was, an English boy who loves his mother, kneeling with his back to a Spanish fighting bull.

This was the high point of his performance. He would have cut an ear for

his efforts, but he attacked badly with the sword and had to repeat the act several times. To be truthful, his technique was at fault. He chose to hold his 'muleta' - the lure - high as he ran at the bull. The idea of killing a bull, the most difficult act in bullfighting, is to entice the bull to lower its head charging at the lure, while reaching over the bull's lowered head to place the sword in the bull's back, just alongside the spine and directly above the front legs. Henry held the lure high because he reasoned that a bull with little charge would not commit itself at all if he put the lure too low. He held the lure high and the bull attacked without lowering its head. Henry had to try several times, in the process losing his trophy.

When he got into his car behind the bullring, his three assistants and El Chino were offering congratulations to each other.

'Congratulations,' said Siles to Puertollano.

'Congratulations,' said El Chino to Siles.

'Congratulations,' said Chenel to El Chino, and so on.

They always congratulated each other after a fight, no matter what had happened. It was part of the ritual. As soon as this was finished, Puertollano began to moan.

'Why, oh why, didn't you lower the lure?' he said. 'We could have cut an ear.'

Henry was disappointed that he had not killed perfectly and said nothing. He seemed to have shrunk up inside his suit.

'How do you expect the bull to lower its head if you don't lower the lure?' Puertollano persisted.

'I've seen Paco Camino do it,' Henry said.

'We've never seen Paco Carnino do it,' said Puertollano 'All I know is that you keep doing it this way with the lure up in the air.'

'Im doing it because you keep telling me not to.'

Henry was always dejected after a bullfight and immersed in self-criticism no matter what he had done, but such logic was beyond Puertollano.

'Siles,' Puertollano said, 'shouldn't the matador lower the lure?'

"Yes, Jose.'

The farther Henry got from the bullring, the more content he was about what had happened. Back at the hotel, he got into the bathtub and washed away all his troubles. Surely, he *could* lower the lure. While he was thinking of this, El Chino beat on the bathroom door. 'There's a night club on the phone, and they want you to come for a drink,' he said.

This sounded encouraging to Henry. When he went down into the lobby of the hotel, the assistants were loading the car outside the main door, and there was a dark-haired girl with dark eyes and cinnamon skin waiting for him. He embraced her.

She wore an outfit that included bellbottom pants and was more complicated than a bullfighter's suit. Henry sat down on a sofa with the girl and put his arm around her. The assistants discovered this was happening and peered enviously through the glass door of the hotel. 'He's totally irresponsible,' Puertollano said.

'Where are we going now?' Siles asked. 'If we go anywhere.'

'Cabeza del Buey,' said Puertollano.

'Cabeza del Buey,' said Siles. 'Where's Cabeza del Buey?'

'He's kissing her,' said Paco Chenel. 'Lord knows what they will be doing next.'

It was an American girl named Nancy whom Henry had known in Seville several years earlier. 'I love you,' he told her and squeezed her like a Teddy bear.

'You've got to be kidding,' she said.

'I'm madly in love with you,' he said.

'Actually,' she said, 'you haven't changed one bit. You're still the same Henry Higgins.'

He was discouraged to hear this and tried another line. 'I never get a moment's peace,' he said, almost tearing his hair. 'I've got a fight tomorrow, and there are three guys outside who do nothing but complain - and ten more in Madrid waiting for me if I crack a smile.'

This sounded almost exotic. Henry wanted to show the girl the activity around his car to impress her, and he escorted her to the door with his arm around her. 'Look,' he said.

Unfortunately, the others were standing about the car with their hands in their pockets. 'I have just retired,' he told them from the steps. 'I'm going away to live with Nancy.'

The three assistants refused to see it as a joke. 'Have it your way,' Puertollano said. 'You had a great career ahead of you.'

It sounded too much as if he had given up, and Henry hastened to reason with him. 'Now we have to eat, don't we?' Henry asked them all. 'Why then don't we eat here before we start? We'll get you guys a nice steak, some fried potatoes, and a good salad.'

'You might introduce us to the girl,' said Siles.

This became one of the high points of their stay in Torremolinos since Nancy was a foreign girl. They spoke to her in the way they imagined that one did in high society around Madrid. It was all S's and Siles sounded like a snake.

'Now we can go to eat,' Henry said, and walked off down the street with Nancy.

Henry walked several blocks, stopped before a large sign, and snickered. He would once again win his assistants' hearts. *MEAT, POTATOES,*

SALAD the sign said.

In the restaurant the five of them sat down, Henry and Nancy on one side of the table, and the three assistants on the other. Henry and Nancy spoke English. This made the others act as if they were still watching a show through the glass door of the hotel.

'The matador,' said Puertollano, 'does not take his business very seriously. We have to fight tomorrow.'

'I'd like to lower the lure with her,' said Siles.

'You like her lure?' giggled Chenel.

'I'd put in the sword,' said Siles.

'Let's take Nancy to that night club,' Henry said to them.

'Oh, my God!' Puertollano said.

'Just for one quick drink,' Henry said. 'I've got to relax.'

The nightclub was a discotheque with strobe lights and go-go girls twirling long ponytails. The three assistants were amazed and afraid to speak. They stood off to the side of the bar and claimed not to want anything to drink. Finally, they accepted a beer because it was something they recognized. 'Two hours from now,' Henry told Nancy, 'they will claim they saw naked girls.'

Two hours later they were on the road to Cabeza del Buey. 'Did you see the naked girls?' Paco Chenel asked timidly. 'You could see their underpants.'

Soon there was a noisy discussion of lady's underwear. When they stopped for petrol, the assistants still had their minds on naked girls. The attendant saw that they were bullfighters and wanted to know where they were going. 'Cabeza del Buey,' Puertollano said.

'Today Torremolinos, tomorrow Cabeza del Buey,' Siles said.

'You should see Torremolinos,' said Chenel nonchalantly. 'Naked girls everywhere.'

'Why did you leave?' the attendant asked.

'Bullfighting is sacrifice,' said Puertollano.

The road to Cabeza del Buey twisted and turned and seemed to be without aim or direction. It dipped into gullies, climbed weird hills, and visited every conceivable place where a road did not belong. All the towns they passed were dark and without signs of life. For lack of things to look at, it was like a trip through a fantasy about brassieres and underpants. As the sky began to get grey, it seemed that they had come to a land where no one lived, and as the first rays of sun touched the top of the barren hills around them, they arrived at Cabeza del Buey.

The town looked abandoned, but it was decorated for a festival. There were strings of light bulbs and candy booths along the main street, but the booths and the windows of the town were boarded up tight. 'Let's find the

other bullfighters,' said Siles.

They drove around Cabeza del Buey looking down every street and alley, but could find no sign of the other bullfighters. Finally, they came to a square with a large, hand-painted merry-go-round that showed scenes of country life, including that of a bull attacking a group of picnickers. Standing by the merry-go-round there was a gray-faced policeman in a gray uniform. He saluted the bullfighters when they stopped in front of him. It seemed to be the gesture of a ghost. 'The other bullfighters? Where are they?' Siles shouted out the window, but the policeman did not answer, and Siles repeated the question. The policeman pointed to his ear and said nothing.

'He's deaf,' said Paco Chenel.

'We're going to fight bulls here?' Henry said. 'Everybody said:

"Go to Madrid" - and I'm fighting here!'

They drove through the streets for a bit longer, and then went down by the railway station where they found a twenty-five-year-old Packard automobile parked in front of a brick building. It was a Gothic cathedral of a car, but it tilted forward at a weird angle. Riding in such a car was always like riding down a steep hill. This was the kind of car that bullfighters rented to go to places like Cabeza del Buey. It looked impressive but it had borne its share of strange engines and transmissions, which explained the tilt. 'This has to be the hotel,' Puertollano said, referring to the brick building.

Inside the door of the building that had to be a hotel was Paco Chenel's father, Paco Chenel Senior, fast asleep in a chair. Chenel Senior tried to go to all the fights where his son was performing, and when there was not room in the car with Henry, he would try to find some job that would get him there. He had come to Cabeza del Buey as an assistant to the man who provided the picadors' horses. When Henry and his assistants entered the hotel, Chenel Senior woke up and wanted to hear every detail about the fight in Torremolinos, but Henry said: 'I'm dead. I've got to get some sleep.'

There was a group of young, fleshy girls who worked in the hotel, and they came down to the main hall to stare at the new bullfighter. They tried to appear busy, but there was little to do. 'He's cute,' one of them said, and Henry turned around.

'Which one of you is it?' he asked. 'Which one sleeps with me?'

The girls pointed to each other. 'Her,' each one said. 'I've got a boyfriend.'

'One for me. One for me,' shouted Siles.

Henry slept in a little room with a sway-back bed. At our o'clock he woke up, put on his trousers, and looked out into the hall, scratching his head. The hall was empty, and he wondered if was actually the day of the bullfight. Perhaps the fight was the next day. He went down the hall to look for the bathroom. In the bathroom, the window was open. Below the window was a

cobblestone patio full of mules stomping their feet restlessly. Corning out of the bathroom, he met Sites and Puertollano standing in the hall in their pajamas, holding towels and toothbrushes. They looked alert and proud of their pajamas, as in fact they were. They put them on at every available opportunity, even if they were only going to lie down for a little nap. ‘Is the fight today?’ Henry asked sleepily.

‘What do you mean, "Is the fight today?" - of course the today. The fight is in one hour,’ said Puertollano. ‘And Pedro Robredo is here.’

The news discouraged Henry. He did not want to fight and, with an hour to go, he did not have the time to motivate himself. Pedro Robredo was an added burden because he was the manager rid a hard man to please. Robredo was all seriousness. Henry tried to rush through all the encouraging thoughts that should precede a bullfight. He wanted to convince himself that he knew what he was doing by remembering good fights and difficult bulls he had dominated, but he felt like a student entering an exam, having forgotten everything he knew.

In this frame of mind, he was driven off to the bullring. Actually, there was no bullring in Cabeza del Buey and a portable, rickety contraption had been trucked in to town for the bullfight and set up on a vacant site. From the outside, the ring appeared to be a circular, wooden wall painted a faded maroon. It was a strange, roofless, windowless structure that, because of its simplicity, seemed to be almost sinister. There were two very ordinary doors like the one to Henry’s hotel room, through which the audience and bullfighters entered. At five o’clock, the six rows of seats that surrounded the ring were full of characters whose speech was guttural, and whose manners had been formed while dealing with animals. The ring itself was of a black clay that had been scraped and raked, but looked like the dirt of a building site.

In the ring the bullfighters were huddled together underneath the plank seats. On the right of the door was a plywood box on which was painted the word *Chapel,* and on the left another box labeled *Infirmary.* The planks above the bullfighters rattled and banged with shuffling feet. Henry looked up at the feet and out at the ring. ‘How can you want to fight bulls in a place like this?’ he asked Siles.

The bullfighters were all shaking hands with one another, a ritual like the congratulations, but they did it with an air of fatalism. Bulls made all places where they were fought equal, but Cabeza del Buey was not Seville or Madrid, and did not even have a decent ring where a bullfighter could have some illusions.

Robredo was standing behind one of the wooden barriers in the ring itself. He was wearing a white Cubana shirt with many pleats, a complicated pair of shiny reptile shoes, and a pack of Winstons. He had small eyes and dark hair combed back from his forehead, and he seemed to frown at eve-

rything. He was a mysterious man who said little and rarely altered his expression. There was something human and likeable about him because he seemed td want to say more things than he did, but the coldness of Robredo before a fight bothered Henry and made him feel that Robredo was inspecting him for flaws.

He felt this way as he was making the parade; after he had crossed the ring, he went over and stood next to Robredo behind the barrier. They stood there together watching the first two bullfighters. The bulls were bad and irregular in their charges. They stopped unexpectedly and were totally unpredictable. when the performances and the bulls did not improve, Robredo seemed to derive a small pleasure from it, and he seemed to be enjoying his frown more. Henry could only expect that his bull, brother of the other two, would be much the same. The audience in Cabeza del Buey had directed a chorus of abuse at the first two bullfighters, but when the third bull entered, there was a moment of silence. Henry ran out into the ring with his cape and called the bull. It charged and Henry realized to his surprise that he had drawn an ideal bull. Its attack was long, low and smooth.

For those who do not know, a bullfighter's basic problem is luring the bull's charge past his body. Simply speaking, the bull is confronted by two things, a lure and a man. The bullfighter wants to make the bull charge the lure, and it is possible to do this because the bull has two eyes and a nose in the middle. Once a man or lure is near the bull, the bull can see them with one or the other of its eyes but not both. The bullfighter positions himself so that he appears in one eye and the lure in the other. The bull charges the lure because it moves, and the man doesn't, or because the lure is closer than the man. Anything that a bullfighter does to pass a bull has to operate on this principle. Once the bull charges the lure, the bullfighter moves it along ahead of the bull's horns so that the bull never reaches the object it is pursuing. The bull's momentum then carries it past the lure much like a man going through a revolving door, and the bullfighter has time and space to prepare for his next pass.

The technique of a pass is always basically the same. The length and smoothness can vary, as well as the attitude of the bullfighter towards what he is doing. He can exaggerate an essentially simple pass as if the movement required a great deal of effort and he was squeezing this effort out of a used up tube of toothpaste, to the point of tremendously contorting his body, or he can understate what he is doing, as if the action of luring the bull past his body was a matter only of subtle movement in. the wrists and fingers. From these extremes, the interplay between them, and the ideas they seem to represent, come the basic styles of bullfighting and the language with which bullfighters express their personalities.

The bullfighter uses the cape at the beginning of the fight when the bull

charges with momentum from a distance. The cape is a large lure held in both hands. Passing the bull with the cape, the bullfighter deflects the charge and guides it. After the bull has been pic-ed, the characteristics of its attack change. It is slower and charges more selectively and accurately. After it is pic-ed, the bull should make one long charge, stop and then charge again when provoked with the lure, rather than charge about indiscriminately as it does when it first enters the ring.

The muleta, the lure that the bullfighter uses in the last part of the fight, is a red cloth draped over a stick. The stick is a little over two feet long and the muleta is twice as long as the stick. When the muleta is held with the stick pointing away from the body, the extra cloth falls on the outside end of the stick. This extra cloth is called the 'pico' or point. When the bullfighter holds the muleta in the right hand, he uses the sword to extend and support the point of the muleta, holding the stick parallel to the ground and the sword at an angle of about 30 degrees downwards. By tradition, the sword is always held in the right hand, so when the muleta is held in the left hand without the sword, the point swings freely and is guided by movement of the wrists and fingers. In the left hand, the muleta is a small target and more difficult to handle.

The bullfighter aligns himself to provoke a charge so that the bull will attack more or less at the center of the muleta. The line of a pass curves and the bull's charge curves to follow the muleta, but because of its size and momentum, the bull cannot turn in as tight a circle as the muleta leads it. For this reason, the bull's attack, originally focused on the center of the muleta, moves progressively towards the point of the muleta, and finally off the end. The bull then continues forward with its own momentum, and the bullfighter seeks a position to make his next pass.

The general effect is more important than the details. The bull has the potential to create chaos, and the bullfighter creates order. The perfect charge is long, low and smooth, and so is perfect bullfighting. The man moves in harmony with the bull and vice versa. A good fight has a continuity that lasts until the bull is to be killed, the point when the bull's energy and the will to charge have been exhausted.

This is bullfighting in the simplest form. All bulls differ one from another and create different problems. They want to go here or there, or they charge with peculiarities, and these are the difficulties bullfighters face.

By the time Henry reached Cabeza del Buey, his bullfighting had matured to the point where, given a relatively decent bull, he could make long, low, smooth passes, put them together into interesting series, and still maintain a continuous rhythm to what he was doing.

Before each pass he liked to move in on the bull, rise up on his toes, and stick out his pelvis towards the bull's nose. In bullfighting this was the 'Here I

am' that the banderilleros were always talking about. It went something like: 'Here I am... and now *here's* the lure' - but the bull rarely learned.

'Here I am,' said Henry to his bull in Cabeza del Buey.

'Yes. Yes,' said Robredo excitedly. 'That son-of-a-bitch looks just like Ordoñez.'

'And here's the lure.'

Robredo got out his pen and his little black book, leaned on the wall, and began writing furiously. *Nothing of imitation!* he wrote. *His own style!! Another triumph of Super-class!!!*

This was for *Digame* Magazine. Bullfighters placed full-page ads there to announce their triumphs in places like Cabeza del Buey. The ads often added fictitious ears, tails and rounds of the ring. *And he was carried on the shoulders of the multitude all the way to the hotel.* In fact, the ads only announced that the bullfighter was solvent from some source, perhaps even from bullfighting. At the bottom of an ad for Henry Higgins would be Robredo's name and phone number in small print, something like a signature on a painting.

'Here I am,' Henry was saying again.

'That son-of-a-bitch is having such a good time, he'll go on forever,' said Siles, and he started to shout at Henry: 'You've got the tail. Kill it now.

'And here's the lure.' Henry then plopped down on his knees much as he had the day before, and repeated: 'Here I am. Here I am. Here I am.'

After that Henry got up, aimed his sword, and plunged it between the bull's shoulders. 'He lowered the lure,' Puertollano said happily.

'Great!' said Robredo excitedly and started writing again: *A bullfighter who stands still, makes passes smoothly, dominates the bull, and kills!!!!*

Siles ran out and sliced off the ears and tail from the dead bull, and gave them to Henry. Henry held them up to the audience.

Henry's second bull was nothing like the first one. It did not want to charge at all. When it moved it stumbled forward reluctantly, and hooked from side to side with its horns. When Henry went over to the wall, Siles came running up behind him and tried to be encouraging.

'How about just a little tiny ear from this one, too?' he said.

When Henry went out with the muleta, the first thing he noticed was that the bull was looking at him and not the lure. 'What am I going to do now?' he wondered.

He looked over towards the wall where Robredo was standing, hoping that Pedro would give him some advice. Robredo made a little gesture with his right hand as if he was saying: 'Hi, Henry' and Henry decided to be rid of the bull as quickly as possible, to go back to the hotel, get out of his suit and forget about the little ear. All in all, it was a wise decision.

That evening Robredo, Henry, Siles and Puertollano decided to go out in

Cabeza del Buey, walk around and enjoy Henry's triumph. The streets were full of people, the strings of light bulbs were lit, candy stalls were open, and the merry-go-round was turning in the main square. All the young girls of the town were out walking in their finest clothes. Some of them recognized the bullfighters and, when they stared at Henry, Siles wiggled his tongue back at them. Robredo was less serious than usual. He invited everybody into a cafe. 'If you fight that way next year,' he told Henry, 'we'll bring back all the gold in America.'

Henry was tired and decided to stay on in his room in Cabeza del Buey overnight. The next day the weather was much colder, by the time Henry left the strings of lights had disappeared, and the candy stalls had been carted off to another town. The road to Madrid followed the edge of a range of hills. On the other side of the road was a vast, rolling plain, tan and gold colored after the long, dry summer. The towns on the hillside were small and painted with whitewash. Women from the towns had come down to a stream near the road to wash their clothes and laid the wet clothes out on the rocks along the stream. Henry felt content and attracted away from the complicated world of bullfighting to a simple life such as this. In such a place he imagined he could really think things out, even understand himself better.

As he drove past the little towns a few big drops of rain hit his windscreen, then more, until it was raining very hard. It rained all the way to Madrid. It rained everywhere in Spain and washed many complications from Henry's life because in 1968 there were no more bullfights.

PART TWO

I was born in Bogota, Colombia, on October 26, 1944. My father was working for the Shell Petroleum Company. When I was four, we moved to Venezuela and lived in an oil camp called Lagunillas on the edge of Lake Maracaibo. Later, when I was six, we moved to the town of Maracaibo. When I was eight, my father sent me to England to a boarding school in Kent called Holmewood House. Most of my friends in school were foreigners, and I identified myself with them more than with the English boys because the English boys considered me to be a foreigner. My friends were Kenyans, Nigerians, Indians, Persians and Pakistanis.

My father is very English in his accents and ways. My mother is harder to describe. She was born in Mexico of a Mexican mother and an Irish father and went to school in the United States. She has no particular English accent and I speak much the same as she does. I never think of my mother as having any one nationality, which is really the way I feel about myself. Quite often, I speak to her in Spanish. This aside, we would probably seem like a normal English family.

After prep school, I went to public school, to King William's College on the Isle of Man. My father and my brother had been there; my brother had left the term before I arrived. He had been very successful at King William's and was second head of school. My father was anxious that I should also do well, but I felt inferior to my brother. He was taller than I and a good athlete - I was only average because I had put little effort into sports.

At school I felt restless and, while I wanted to succeed, I lacked patience and was very rebellious. I hated discipline in class, sports and military training, and also the fact that the senior boys had authority over their juniors and could beat them. It seemed unlikely I would succeed as my brother had done.

I began to live in my own little world with my own private interests. I became very interested in cricket, for example, and practiced batting and bowling for hours, but I was much more interested in my form than in scoring runs. I studied batting almost as if it were an activity like bullfighting, the different strokes being for me almost like the different passes to a bull and the work of a master batsman defending his wicket much the same as a bull-

fighter fighting his bull. Of course, at that time I knew nothing about bullfighting.

We also had to make long mid-winter cross-country runs, but instead of competing with other boys, I considered these runs a battle against myself, and began to imagine I had a special ability to withstand pain.

I had been at public school two years when my parents, who had by then come to live in England, took me on a holiday to Spain and it was on this trip that I saw my first bullfight. My father was fond of telling about bullfighters he had seen years earlier in Mexico, but I was sufficiently indoctrinated by English attitudes that I expected the bullfight to be nothing but cruelty and bloodshed. Somewhat to my surprise, I found it fascinating because the work of the bullfighters seemed to be based on good form and fearlessness, and these were the abilities on which I had prided myself at school.

When I got back to school, I covered the wall of my study with pictures of the bullfighters I had seen, Joaquin Bernado, Curro Giron, and Chamaco - and I had several bullfight posters. I also had a photo of Gina Lollobrigida on the wall, but my interest in bullfighting became something of a joke at school and someone wrote *cow* on my photo of Gina Lollobrigida.

I read any books I could find about bullfighting, and I longed for some kind of real bullfighting adventure. One day, I went into a field near the school where there was a large Hereford bull, and I tried to make the bull charge. When the hull refused, I went up to it and grabbed its horns. When I told the other boys about what I had done, they challenged me to do it again. This time the bull ran away and I chased it until I trapped it in a corner of the field and went up to it with the intention of grabbing the horns again, but the bull charged, caught me and threw me against a stone wall.

The other boys were impressed by this show of bravery, and this was a further invitation for me to think of myself in terms of the things that bullfighters did. I wanted to be brave, to resist pain, and never run away from danger of any sort. I picked fights with boys bigger than myself and would often get beaten up. Once I put my hand in a ferocious dog's mouth knowing that it would bite me. All this became such an obsession with me that I almost looked for things to do at school that would warrant a beating and when it was time for the house master to beat me, I would almost face it with enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, by the time I was sixteen, I began to feel I was getting nowhere at school. I daydreamed about girls or about being a great bullfighter, and felt less and less like staying at school. Finally, I told my father he was wasting his money sending me there. Reluctantly, he agreed that I should try something else, but I was not sure what that should be.

My parents suggested that given my interest in Spain, I might enjoy a summer at a school in Granada that advertised courses in Spanish art, mu-

sic and culture. The idea appealed to me and I went to Spain that summer and saw more bullfights. In one, I saw Manuel Benitez - 'El Cordobés' - who was just a novillero then but already the talk of Spain. On the same program was another novillero from Granada named Jose Puertollano, but my attention was attracted to Cordobés and the excitement that surrounded him. Just hearing people marvel over the feats of El Cordobés made him and all bullfighters seem even more wonderful that I had thought before.

In Granada, I also developed a new interest. I began taking guitar lessons and hanging around the gypsy caves listening to flamenco music. Once I began playing the guitar, I wanted to become an accomplished flamenco musician. When I returned to England I decided I would go to art school where the routine would permit a continued interest in the guitar.

I went to art school in Guildford, near where my family lived.

In the beginning I painted enthusiastically and continued to practice the guitar. I took guitar lessons from a Spaniard who performed in a London nightclub. He was highly respected among flamenco enthusiasts in London and, because of my dedication to the guitar, I became his favorite pupil; He often told me that I played with authentic Spanish feeling and this compliment gave me a sense of accomplishment that I had never had before. I soon became very close to my teacher and also met his wife who was a Spanish dancer.

I saw both of them often, and after a while his wife suggested that I would soon be a proficient enough guitarist to accompany her in a flamenco show she was planning in Australia.

At that time I wanted to dedicate my life to playing the guitar, but before I went to Australia, I wanted to visit Spain once again, and particularly to see the April Fair in Seville. Without telling my family I dropped out of art school and went to work to earn money for such a trip. For a time, I worked digging roads, then I did piece-work in a metal factory, and finally took on a bread round. In March I left for Spain and shortly after I arrived in Seville I realized I did not want to go back to England or to Australia.

At that time in my life I was something of an idealist. I thought that, if I worked hard at whatever I chose to do, I would be successful and that this would be the key to happiness. I also believed that I had a special ability to dedicate myself to something such as playing the guitar. When something interested me, I could devote myself to it almost to the exclusion of everything else. Since I wanted to be a flamenco guitarist, at the beginning most of my friends in Spain were flamenco enthusiasts.

I also went to bullfights regularly and began to understand more about bullfighting. I could see that each bullfighter had his own style and way of making passes, and began to understand some of the problems that bulls presented. I learned that a bullfighter's work was judged on how well he ad-

justed to the circumstances of each bull, but more than anything, I was still in awe of bullfighters and what they did.

I practiced the guitar for hours every day. At night I went to places where there would be flamenco music. I was trying to learn to play all the flamenco rhythms, to play them with Spanish feeling, and to accompany singers and dancers, which is really the primary function of the guitar in Spain. There seemed to be a great deal that I had to learn.

I soon ran out Of money, but my friends suggested that I could give English lessons privately and this became my source of income. From Seville I went to Punta Umbria where many wealthy families spent the summer and I organized some English classes. In Punta Umbria I met the sons of several bull ranchers and from them I got the idea that sometime I might be able to try bullfighting on a ranch. I also had begun to meet some other boys my age who actually aspired to be bullfighters. They seemed much like me and in many ways were less worldly, and this encouraged me to think I might try bullfighting too.

I still held famous bullfighters in awe, even when I saw them in the street, but it surprised me to discover that other people did not seem as thrilled to see a bullfighter as I was. In Punta Umbria, I often saw Litri sitting in one of the main cafes and overhead him speaking to his friends. Litri had a dark, almost haunted stare, but few people seemed to pay much attention to him even though he was one of the most famous of bullfighters. When I overheard him talking it was always about the weather; somehow I had expected more.

In Punta Umbria, I began to mention to my friends that I would like to try bullfighting. Even though I only wanted to try my hand at bullfighting so that I could satisfy myself that I had done it. This desire became so strong that I decided to go to Madrid where I assumed I might find an opportunity.

This did not turn out to be the case. Madrid was a big city and I found very few people who were involved in bullfighting. I was soon out of money again and had to start organizing English classes. I still practiced the guitar, but there was much less of the flamenco life than there had been in Andalucia. Whenever I was asked what I was doing in Spain, I would answer that I wanted to fight bulls. I did not mean that I wanted to become a bullfighter, only that I wanted to try bullfighting, but eventually this led to a chance of sorts.

One day I was walking on the Avenida Jose Antonio when a man stopped in front of me. He was short, dark and was wearing a naval officer's white uniform with several rows of medal ribbons, and white gloves. His face was familiar: I had met him in a London nightclub that catered for flamenco parties. 'What are you doing in Spain?' he wanted to know.

'I want to fight bulls,' I answered.

‘What a coincidence,’ he said. ‘I happen to manage a bullfighter, and my bullfighter, who is the cousin of ‘El Zorro de Toledo’, happens to be fighting the day after tomorrow.’

I had heard of ‘El Zorro de Toledo’, the Toledo Fox, and said I wanted to go to the fight. It was in a small town near Soria in the north of Spain. ‘If you would like to come,’ he told me, ‘you can come with us, and maybe you can make a few passes with a bull.’

The idea surprised me. ‘What kind of bullfight is it?’ I asked, and he told me that it was a ‘capea’, where animals are let out for the people of the town to fool with, and then one bull was to be fought seriously by his protégé. The next day I went to his house and met his bullfighter. They were leaving to catch the train to go to Soria, but when I got to the station there were no tickets left for the train. I still wanted to go, so I decided to wait for the night train. I went back to my pension and it started to rain. I had a bad cold and the pension owner made me some hot milk and brandy, but she also caught me putting my sleeping bag in my suitcase and asked me where I was going. ‘To Soria,’ I told her.

She said that I should not go out, but I told her I had to. It was quite an effort to go out on that wet night with my suitcase - a huge suitcase which had in it only the sleeping bag - and go to the station again. The train was completely packed with Spanish soldiers. There were no seats left and the soldiers were sitting in the corridors on their suitcases, so I did the same. There was a two-hour delay in the station and I was tempted to go back to my pension. Halfway to Soria I had to change trains and wait for four hours. It was a tiny town in the mountains with a cola stone waiting room. It was so cold that I wanted to get my sleeping bag out, but I was embarrassed about opening a huge suitcase and letting people see that there was nothing in it but a sleeping bag. The cold finally prevailed. I took the sleeping bag out and curled up on the floor, but the floor was so cold that I could not bear it.

I tried to sit on one of the benches but I was still cold, so I tried jumping up and down – still in the sleeping bag. Finally the train came and I arrived in Soria.

In Soria I found the bullfighter and the sailor and they took me in a car to Gomara, the small town where the bullfight was going to be held. They were having their annual fiesta in Gomara and everybody was drinking. We went into bar after bar and I was impatient to discover where the bulls and the bullring were, but, with the exception of the bullfighter himself, the people I was with only seemed to care about drinking red wine. Finally, just before the bullfight was to begin, we arrived at the ring. It was really only a circular wall made of wood, and outside the wall carts had been drawn up for people to stand on and watch the fight. When we arrived there was already a bull in the ring, and there were a lot of men and boys teasing it, running in front of

it, taunting it with their rear ends and waving things at it, but the bull hardly charged at all. To me it seemed like a farce, but I was very excited because I wanted to go out and face the bull.

The people I was with - the bullfighter and his manager - sensed that I wanted to get into the ring and they held me back, telling me to wait. Two more bulls came out. When the third came, I snatched the muleta that the bullfighter had prepared to use himself; he shouted: 'Don't. Don't go out!' but I did not listen.

I went into the ring and walked up to the bull with the muleta. The bull charged. Before I could move the muleta, as I had seen bullfighters do, the bull stepped on it and snatched it out of my hands. Then the bull turned and attacked me and I grabbed the bull's horns to protect myself. I was lifted into the air and on the bull's horns for what seemed like quite a while, and finally the bull threw me on the ground where it attacked me again. This was not like the first bull I had faced back on the Isle of Man; this was at least in part a fighting bull - a half caste - and it attacked repeatedly instead of running away. While I was on the ground, several men came and pulled me out from under the bull. I thought they were rescuing me, but when they had freed me from the bull, they shouted at me: 'If you want to fight bulls, then fight bulls!' They started to count out loud: 'One, two, three!' - and threw me back onto the bull's horns.

The bull caught me right in the balls and threw me on the ground again. When I got up I was really hurt, both physically and morally, because I could not believe that anyone would do what they had done to me. The pair that I had come with began shouting indignantly at the people of the town: 'How could you do this? How could you do such a thing? Why, he's not even Spanish. He's an Englishman!'

Once the people who had thrown me onto the bull discovered that I was not Spanish, they were apologetic. 'We're sorry,' they said. 'We thought you were a "capa", one of those boys who want to be bullfighters and who go from town to town and jump in front of the bulls that the townspeople want for themselves.'

When the whole thing was over, they were still very apologetic and took me up into the town. Everybody was giving me drinks. They were all drinking red wine from rusty tins. By now I felt very feverish from the cold, and we went to a cafe and crowded into a little room that was full of the smell of drink and smoke. I was sitting next to a girl and she was asking me the usual questions:

'Do you like Spain? Why did you come to Spain? Do you like bulls? Why do you want to fight?'

I was feeling very sick. All I wanted to do was leave the room, so I excused myself, went outside, and vomited. I was leaning against a wall doing

this when an old man came walking by and he said: ‘Come in my house.’ He led me into his house, sat me down and told me: ‘What you need is a drink.’

He brought out bottles of anis and brandy and forced them upon me. As soon as I drank, I began to vomit again, and then I passed out.

When I woke up the same dark girl who had questioned me in the cafe was by my side, but now she looked more lovely. I was breaking out in a sweat and she was wiping my forehead. It was like a dream, but soon about thirty of the villagers came into the room carrying their drinks to ask if I was all right, and they all spoke with the noisy curiosity that Spaniards have: ‘What happened? What’s wrong with him? Is he all right?’

As soon as I saw all these people, I sat up in the bed and vomited again.

The next day I felt much better and went back to Madrid. I was excited about having faced a bull, but I soon became very depressed because I found no opportunities to do it again. Some of my friends in Madrid suggested that I join them in Huelva for the winter holidays, and in Huelva I found that there was a group of bullfighters, novilleros and aspirants, who trained regularly in the Huelva bullring. One man, El Pirfo, a banderillero for Diego Puerta, came every day and worked with the aspirants. Pirfo had a genuine interest in helping beginners and under his guidance I trained seriously for the first time. I began to learn the basics of toreo de salon’, which is more or less fighting imaginary bulls and one of the ways bullfighters perfect their technique.

All the other aspirants were talking about fighting cows in tientas’ and I wanted an opportunity to do this. In a tienta the ranchers tested the two-year old cows for bravery and style as potential mothers of fighting bulls. The cows were fought much in he same way as a bull in a bullfight. They charged a picador - the pic itself was small - and were fought with the muleta while the rancher watched and studied their characteristics. After the cows had been fought by a top matador or novillero, the aspirants got their opportunity. Around Huelva, there were one or two ranches, but around Seville there were dozens. Many people advised me to go to Seville, and I decided after two months in Huelva to go there.

In Seville I knew a family named Cañadas who I thought might be able to introduce me to some ranchers who would give me opportunities to fight cows. I went to see them and they told me they would introduce me to the Guardiolas who had a well-known ranch just south of Seville. They telephoned Juan Guardiola and told him that they had an English boy who wanted to be a bullfighter and that they were sure the boy would be a good one. Since the Guardiolas’ ranch and several others were situated near Utrera, I thought it would be better for me to go and live there. Utrera was a small, white, Andalucian town about thirty kilometers from Seville. The whole area was flat, an immense plain on which grew oranges, cotton, wheat, ol-

ives - and fighting bulls.

The Cañadas family drove me to Utrera and I found a cheap pension – twenty pesetas a day, without running water. I asked the way from Utrera to El Pinganillo, one of the estates that the Guardiolas owned. I was told it was five kilometers away and I set off walking. Not far from Utrera I could see in the distance what I assumed to be El Pinganillo. It was a big white building built around a huge patio. It was almost a town in itself and around it the estate extended as far as one could see. I arrived and in the patio there were many men and animals. The men were the workers of the Guardiola estate. For a moment I stood in the middle of the courtyard because no one had noticed my arrival. Then a man with a parched face and a dirty wide-brimmed Andalucian hat approached me and asked in a rough, unfriendly voice: 'What do you want?'

I presented a letter of introduction from Emilio Morales. Five or ten minutes later Juan Guardiola appeared and said: 'Oh, you must be El Ingles.'

He chuckled to himself and told me: 'You're in luck. We are having a tienta this afternoon. We are organizing a tienta just for you.

I noted what I thought was a hint of sarcasm in his voice. He told me to wait, went into the house and came back with his father, a small, old man dressed in black. Juan Guardiola introduced his father as Don Salvador - in whose name the bulls were fought, 'Bulls of Don Salvador Guardiola' - and told me to get into the car. We drove along a dusty track that ran fifteen kilometers across the estate to El Toruño, another big white building like El Pinganillo. This was where the fighting bulls were raised. As we approached the main gate of the ranch, I could see dozens of huge black bulls on the other side of the gate. Juan Guardiola asked me to open the gate. Twenty yards on the other side of the gate the bulls were standing, watching our arrival. I felt he was testing me to see how I would react to opening the gate and standing almost face to face with the bulls. I trusted that he would not ask me to do something dangerous, so I opened the gate, even though I was terrified by the enormous animals that were staring at me. I had read that bulls in a herd did not generally attack, and to my amazement it turned out to be true. They watched every move I made, moving only their heads. I could see flies buzzing around their horns and crawling over their faces. Occasionally a bull would quiver to rid himself of the flies. I was tremendously impressed by these animals, almost as if I had never seen bulls before - by the seriousness of their stare, and by the sensation of power that they could transmit even standing quietly in a field.

I was as quick as possible opening the gate because I wanted to hide my fear. When I got back into the car we drove down the road between the bulls. We were surrounded by animals. We passed fighting bulls on one side of the road, and on the other were fields of fighting cows, the mothers of the bulls,

separated from the bulls by fences. In one section there were bulls eating grain from round stone basins, and a man on a tractor was bringing a wagonload of more food. The foreman of the ranch and another man on horseback were riding with a group of steers and rounding up the cows that would be fought in that day's tienta. There were six cows and as they, the men and the steers, crossed the plain, they were followed by a cloud of dust. The ranch house was much the same as El Pinganillo but smaller, and there was a small white bullring, a high circular wall, and at one side of the circle a pavilion with arches built above the wall. This was where Don Salvador would sit. The ring itself had golden sand like the bullring in Seville.

When we arrived, Juan Guardiola told me to get my equipment ready. I was led into a little room underneath the pavilion. There were three others in the room preparing their equipment and making practice passes with their capes and muletas. The three of them were working on the ranch just for the opportunity to fight in tientas. I prepared my equipment and was told to go through a little door into the bullring and stand behind one of the wooden barriers, of which there were four in the ring. I went to the one where a man was already standing. I asked him: 'Do you work here?[3]

'Why, I'm a novillero,' he said, somewhat put out that I did not know who he was, a novillero named Joselito Calderon.

Everyone took their places. On the top of the wall were a number of boys my age, wearing blue jeans and gym shoes and each had his own ragged muleta prepared. These were other aspirants who waited around the gates of the ranch hoping there would be a tienta; when there was they sat on the wall waiting for the opportunity to make a few passes with the cows.

There was a picador in the ring on a padded horse. Soon Juan Guardiola shouted: 'Vaca!' the door leading to the corral was opened, and a vaca, a cow, ran in, looking about nervously and moving quickly. Small as the cow was, I was impressed by its speed as it ran around the ring, and the ferocity of its charges. It had needle-sharp horns, and to differentiate this one from other kinds of cows, it was lean, agile, and its udder was hardly visible. Calderon went out into the ring with his cape to try and fix the cow's attention and lead it to the picador. The cow darted about, snorted and dirt flew up from its feet and snapped against the wall of the ring. The picador's horse, wearing padding that looked like a mattress, was blindfolded, and its ears had been tied with string so that it could neither hear nor see. Calderon left the cow near the horse and the cow charged at the picador. As the cow bumped against the horse, the picador jabbed it in the back with his lance. After the cow had run up against the horse a few times, Juan Guardiola shouted: 'Muleta!' and first Calderon fought it, then another called Paco Ceballos. Eventually, Juan Guardiola shouted:

'Where's the Ingles? Let's see the Ingles fight now.

I went out towards the cow with my muleta and tried to walk slowly with as much style and elegance as I could manage. I took a position, moved the muleta towards the cow, shook it and the cow rushed by. I hardly knew what I had done, whether I had made a pass or not, but I was very excited. I turned to attempt another pass and the cow came again. On its third charge the cow had snatched my muleta away and I found myself standing defenseless in front of it. I knew that whatever I did I did not want to run. I wanted to give the impression of being brave and I was determined to keep still. The cow charged and caught me, and then someone attracted the cow away and I got my muleta again and went back to attempt more passes. I made a few more, only getting the cow by, and finally I was caught again. After this Juan Guardiola shouted: 'Another aficionado,' and one of the boys on the wall jumped down to take my place.

I was very excited because I had made two or three passes. Even getting caught by the cow had been thrilling. The boys on the wall were so eager to fight that when Juan Guardiola called for another, three or four would jump down and make a rush towards the cow, shouting and arguing and trying to get to the cow before the others. On one occasion that day, Juan Guardiola got very angry at this and ordered the cow to be sent out of the ring into the field. The same boys chased the cow down into the field, calling out to it and trying to make passes. In the meantime another cow was let into the ring, fought by Calderon and others, and I was given another opportunity. I did much as I had with my first one, but I was satisfied because I was standing still when the cow charged.

After the tienta, we went into the ranch house and were given wine, cheese and sausage. Everybody talked about the tienta, the cows and how the various bullfighters had fought. Paco Ceballos was obviously the favorite of the Guardiolas and everybody spoke well of what he had done. Juan Guardiola drove me back to Utrera that evening and as we went he said: 'It's obvious that you have not fought much.'

I began to walk to the Guardiola's everyday, sometimes with other aspirants from Utrera. It was a long, boring trip along a railway line, and many times there was no tienta; but often when there was, top bullfighters like Diego Puerta would be there, and I felt myself improving just from watching them fight the cows before me. When I fought I usually got knocked about, but on the way home along the railway line or at night in Utrera the bruises and sore muscles gave me a sense of satisfaction, a feeling that I was getting somewhere in bullfighting. I was often afraid that I would get gored by a cow, especially when the cow knocked me down and I was helpless on the ground. I saw this happen to one boy, but when I actually faced a cow, I was more worried about impressing people so I would get more opportunities to fight.

One day the Guardiolas were testing a big full-grown bull as a possible stud bull. The procedure was much the same as that for testing cows. The bull was selected for its presence and pedigree, then run into the bullring where it was tested against a picador. After the bull had been pic-ed, the bullfighters would beat the ground with a broom or stick to draw the bull's attention from the horse. If the bull should fail to pass the test at the horse, it would still be innocent of lures and could be sold for an actual bullfight. After the pic-ing, the procedure of the tienta was much the same as with the cows. The bull was fought with the muleta while the rancher watched the style and willingness of its attack.

This particular bull had been fought with the muleta by Ceballos, the Guardiolas, and almost everybody else who was there. I was impatient for my turn. With every pass the others made I became more anxious because I could see that the bull's style was deteriorating. When the Guardiolas themselves were fighting, the bull's style deteriorated even more because, although they were competent bullfighters from the experience they had had with their cows, they were too afraid to keep still with a big bull and they gave the bull a sense of which was the lure and which was the man. I began to suspect that they were leaving me for last to see if I would still be willing to face a bull in that condition.

When Juan Guardiola eventually called my name, a novillero who was with me behind a barrier told me: 'Don't go out. With that bull you'll learn nothing, and it will catch you.'

While I knew that what he said was true, I did not want to lose face in front of the Guardiolas, so I went out. I went up to the bull and took up my position; I could see that the bull was looking at me, not at my muleta. I could sense the danger of the bull, but I held my ground, shook the muleta and the bull charged. It was not the same charge as that of a cow. When the bull charged, its whole mass seemed to lunge down into the attack. It went to the muleta once, turned around, went straight for me and caught me with an impact that I had never felt before. It threw me into the air, then beat me on the ground. When the bull was drawn away and I got up, my trousers were hanging at my knees. I staggered back to the barrier out of breath, but I heard Antonio Fernandez shouting at me. Antonio Fernandez was an aristocrat and frustrated bullfighter who was a close friend of the Guardiolas. 'Go on! Get back in there! Get in front of the bull if you want to be a real bullfighter!' he was shouting.

I felt an intense hatred for him and wanted to show that I had more guts than he. I went back to the bull holding up my trousers with one hand and my muleta with the other. Once again the bull caught me, and this time it carried me across the ring and threw me against the wall. When I woke up, I was in the ranch house.

Water was being thrown on my head, and people were saying how lucky I was. 'You could have been killed,' they said, 'but you showed balls.'

Quite often the tientas at Guardiola's would end up with a *juerga*', a fiesta in one of the big halls of the ranch house. Usually they would have wine, cheese and sausage laid out after the tientas, but often the mood became festive and it was obvious that a juerga would take place that night. Juan Guardiola, the other Guardiola brothers, the foreman and any bullfighters, particularly matadors who had been invited to the tienta, always joined in the juerga. The Guardiolas always had guests at their house - famous bullfighters, theatre stars, wealthy aristocrats, and important managers, or impresarios. After a few drinks much of the normal formality would disappear, but everybody still called Juan Guardiola 'Señorito Juan' and told him he was the greatest guy in the world.

At an almost precise hour in the evening, the women of the ranch would disappear and a men's party began. Juan Guardiola would send someone to Utrera to search for flamenco artists who lived there. Fernanda and Bemarda, Gaspar de Utrera, Cuchara, and some of the greatest artists in Spain came to the Guardiolas and the music might continue all night. Often, later at night, someone else would be sent back to Utrera for women. Half a dozen or so would always turn up, most of them fat, toothless and middle-aged, but there was one beautiful one who came often. The light would go out and the noises of all kinds of things could be heard. At one party there was a tremendous crashing noise in the dark followed by screaming and shouting. I did not know what was going on, but it turned out that one of the cows from the tienta was in the room. There was total chaos, but in the background I could hear the Guardiola brothers laughing.

The Guardiolas loved this kind of joke. They always had a supply of itching powder, sneezing powders, and foul-smelling liquids to spread about the room.

By the time May arrived, most of the tientas were over and I moved from Utrera to Seville. There I saw the Cañadas family often. From Seville I made a trip to Madrid to get a bullfighter's license as a 'Novillero', that is as a professional, not as an aspirant.

A foreigner is not allowed to fight without picadors - and fighting without picadors is how aspirants could get the experience to fight *with* picadors. As illogical as it seems, I was placed in a professional category without ever having fought in a ring. This worried me because I knew by this time that I needed the experience of fighting without picadors to fight with them - and I did not know where or how I was going to get this experience.

I was also confused at this time about what I should be in bullfighting: whether, because I had been born in Colombia, I should be a Colombian; whether I should announce myself as just another Spaniard; or whether I

should be English. I wanted very much to have a Spanish name and I had decided at the time to call myself ‘Enrique Eduardo Cañadas’, Enrique Eduardo being part of my name in Spanish, with the Cañadas name added because I felt almost part of their family. In applying for the license I gave my real name, Henry Higgins, but then under the heading *Artistic Name,* I put ‘Enrique Eduardo Cañadas’, the name under which I planned to fight. At the time I thought the worst possible nationality to be would have been English.

When I went back to Seville from Madrid, I did not know what to do next. I needed money and I had to go to work. I got a job in a store on the Plaza Doña Elvira which sold mantillas and tourist items. Some of the boys that I had known at the tientas now had opportunities to fight in novilladas without picadors, but for me this appeared to be impossible. I was discouraged working in the store and hustling tourists on the street, but there were some pretty girls working there also and I enjoyed talking to them. There was a large mirror in the back of the store and I practiced toreo de salon in front of it and the girls made a joke of my dreams.

In the evening I would play my guitar in the Plaza Doña Elvira. There were always many Spanish boys hanging about the square because the setting was romantic, the music entertaining, and many foreign girls came by and became enchanted. The Spanish boys thought the foreign girls were sure fun, and because I spoke English they often asked me to help them find an English or American girl. I began to resign myself to this kind of life and to enjoy it.

Every morning I went to the Piscina Sevilla, a swimming pool, football field and athletic complex, where I trained with other bullfighters. Many banderilleros went there, and I met El Vito and Luis Gonzales, who were famous in their own right and assistants to Litri. El Vito was in his forties and had once been a fairly successful matador, but had had to become a banderillero to survive in bullfighting. He was a talkative man who liked to make jokes. The objects of his jokes and much of what he said were the aspirants who were training at the Piscina. He liked to tell them what to do, where to go, and how to fight bulls, but he knew what he was talking about. Often ranchers would ask him to run their tientas because he was a good cow fighter and advised ranchers on which cows to accept and which to refuse. Luis Gonzales, his inseparable partner, was the rare case of a banderillero who had never aspired to be a matador. Most of the bullfighters who went to the Piscina spent their time playing ‘fronton’, a form of Basque jai alai, played with paddles.

I continued to train through the summer even though there was little chance I would get to fight. When the autumn came, I began to think about the tientas the next spring, and I wrote to my parents describing how the ranches were hundreds of kilometers from Seville. They sent me the money

for a motorbike. This made me unique among the aspirants because few of them had their own transport. I was also very good friends with another aspirant named Antonio Nuñez Lara. He was called 'Burraca', a play on the word 'burro'. He was dark, gypsy-looking, and not particularly handsome, but he was very dedicated and had more ambition than any of the other aspirants I had known. This friendship turned out to be to my advantage because at that time Nuñez Lara's entire ambition was directed at finding tientas and fighting cows. This was difficult because the ranchers feared that too many aspirants would show up and tried to keep the tientas secret. The aspirants who knew about them also kept the secret because they wanted as few people there as possible and as much opportunity for themselves as possible. Often the aspirants who knew that there was a tienta at one ranch would send other aspirants off in the opposite direction.

Nuñez Lara, the most persistent of all, would always go to the center of the town after training at the Piscina. At eleven o'clock, all the bullfight crowd gathered on the Calle Tetuan in and around a bar called Garrigos and another called El Sport. Every day they stood about and exchanged gossip, sometimes about tientas. There were always bullfighters, managers, small-time impresarios, banderilleros, picadors, sword-handlers, ranchers and taurine photographers on the Calle Tetuan. Nuñez Lara was there every morning and every single evening before dinner when the crowd came back again. He would eavesdrop on conversations to find out where there would be a tienta the next day. Sooner or later he would come to my pension with his report. 'Tomorrow at six o'clock in the morning, be ready,' he would say very seriously. 'There's a tienta.' But true to the law of secrecy, he would not even tell me where we were going for fear that I might tell another.

Many times there was no tienta at all, and I would get angry with Nuñez Lara and we would argue. 'They planned a tienta but changed their minds,' he would say.

When we got back to Seville I would be exhausted from the ride on the motorbike and I would go straight home to bed, but Nuñez Lara would come again about midnight to tell me to be ready at six the next morning. 'Tomorrow for sure,' he would promise me, 'there will be a good one, and it will be ten cows for you and me alone.'

We never actually found ourselves alone at a tienta. There were always at least five or six other aspirants and often thirty or forty, even when there was no tienta. There were always noisy conversations about bullfighting and women. Some of these conversations took strange turns. One day one of the aspirants bet another that he would not make love to a burro that was standing in a nearby field. The aspirant took the challenge, went over to the next field and in front of all of us won the bet. Everybody was laughing. I was amazed and asked Antonio if this fellow did this often, and Antonio said:

‘Sure, everybody does it to burros. Haven’t you?’

‘But are there any famous bullfighters who do this?’ I asked.

‘Sure, there are lots of them,’ he told me.

‘What if their wives knew about it?’

‘I’d never thought of it,’ he said.

At one point there were no tientas for several days and I asked Antonio: ‘How come you don’t know of any tientas? What’s wrong with you? Are you losing your touch?’

‘Well, as a matter of fact,’ he said, ‘I do know of one, but I don’t think you will want to go to it.’

‘Why not?’ I asked.

‘Because it’s in Madrid,’ he replied.

‘I’ll go,’ I told him. ‘Will you go?’

‘Yes, I’ll go.’

We drove for twelve hours all the way to Madrid and when we got there I asked him: ‘Where is the ranch?’ and he said: ‘I don’t know.’

I was furious and I said: ‘You mean you have brought me all the way to Madrid and you don’t know where the ranch is?’

‘All I know,’ he told me, ‘is the name of the ranch.’

We were exhausted but we went to the Plaza Santa Ana because we knew that that was where the bullfight crowd hung out in Madrid. We went to the Cerveceria Alemana and Antonio asked the barman, ‘Where is the ranch of Baltazar Iban?’

He did not know but said that Baltazar Iban also owned the Hotel Wellington, so we went there. At the hotel we saw El Pireo and several other bullfighters and we suspected that they were going to a tienta. As usual, Antonio found out where we had to go but the tienta was not until the following day. The next day we went to the ranch, which was near El Escorial. We each had an opportunity to make a few passes, but the cows were not good when we got to them. After the tienta I was discouraged because we had come all the way to Madrid to make only a few passes. Antonio was in a bad mood and had a headache. For this reason he asked me to carry the capes and muletas. We walked out through the gates of the ranch and passed a group of men building a wall. When they saw us, they shouted: ‘Hey, you guys! Don’t you want to go to another tienta?’

Antonio grabbed his cape and muleta from my hands and began to shout: ‘Where? Where?’

The workers said that there was another ranch just over the next hill, and Antonio said to me: ‘I’ll see you later.’ He started to run in the direction of the hill.

I started to run along with him and halfway up the hill we got into an argument. ‘You only think of yourself,’ I said.

There were some fighting cows in a field that we had to cross to get to the ranch and he said: ‘I hope one of those cows catches you-‘

Finally we came to some stone walls and a little ring. On the other side of the wall we could hear the sounds of a tienta, of the picador calling the cow, the cow bellowing occasionally, its hooves thudding across the ground as the cow charged the horse, and then the rancher saying: ‘Take it from the horse.’

We started to climb up the wall, but as we reached the top, the cow being fought looked at us and the bullfighter who was fighting the cow became angry and told us to go away because we were not invited. We climbed back down the wall, but I realized that I knew the man who was fighting the cow. It was Luis Garci-Grande whom I had known in Punta Umbria and for whom I had played the guitar many times. Immediately, I knew that we had come to the ranch of Maria Teresa Oliviera, his mother-in-law. I looked up at the balcony above the ring and I saw many familiar faces from Punta Umbria. I turned to Antonio and said: ‘You’re out of luck today, and I’m in luck.’

‘What do you mean?’ he said. ‘What do you mean you’re in luck and I’m not?’

‘Just you wait and see,’ I said.

I walked around the ring and found the little door that led to a room underneath the balcony. In the room there was a small window that looked out into the ring. I waited and at one moment Luis Garci-Grande came by the window I shouted: ‘Luis! Don’t you remember me?’

He looked back towards the window, but it was dark in the room and he said: ‘No, I don’t remember you at all.’

‘I’m the Ingles,’ I told him. ‘I played the guitar in Punta Umbria.’

He didn’t seem to know me and told me to go up on the wall, so I went around to the other side of the ring and climbed up on the wall again. Antonio started to laugh and said: ‘I thought you said you were going to fight.’

Below, I could see that Luis Garci-Grande had gone to speak to another man - he was the Marques de Tolosa - and they were looking up at me. When they recognized me, they shouted up to me and told me to jump down into the ring with my muleta. I jumped down and prepared to fight the cow. Having already fought that day, even if not well, I was warmed up and ready to do well. The cow was bigger than usual for a tienta, a three-year-old with sharp horns, and it kept backing up rather than charging. I tried to be very brave with the cow because I knew this could be an important opportunity. I backed the cow up farther and farther to the point where the rancher shouted: ‘Enrique, that’s enough. The cow might catch you and hurt you.

I was desperate to impress them, if only by showing valor. They called me down to fight the next cow and the following one. After the tienta, we went to the house for the usual wine and snacks, but in this case it was done

more in the style of an English tea because part of the family was of English ancestry and the husband of Maria Teresa Oliviera, Don Remi Thiebaut, had been educated at Oxford. I felt very much at home with these people, and Don Remi promised me that he would take me to several tientas and help me find a manager, but he wanted me to promise that I would always fight under my English name and announce myself as an Englishman, even though I did not think it would be wise.

The first thing Don Remi did was to send me to see Fernando Gago, who had been a banderillero in his day but later had managed the famous Giron brothers. I had heard of him and thought that this would be one of the best managers I could get. I was also sure that with the recommendation of Don Remi, he would want to manage me.

I went to see Fernando Gago at his house in Madrid, but I was told that he was not at home. I went three times and was told the same thing. I was suspicious that this was not true because I could hear men talking in the house every time that they told me Fernando Gago was not in. The fourth time I insisted that I see Fernando Gago and that I had been sent by Don Remi Thiebaut. After a few minutes, Fernando Gago appeared and told me to come inside. We went into his office, where there was another man, and he asked me: 'What do you want?'

I told him I had been sent by Don Remi and he said that Don Remi had already mentioned me to him. 'What can I do for you?'

'I want to be a bullfighter, and I want you to manage me,' I told him.

'Oh,' he said, surprised. 'I don't manage bullfighters. I'm fed up with bullfighters. They've only been ungrateful to me and I don't want another one. I'm only managing one bullfighter now, El Macareno, because he is my nephew, and if it weren't for that I wouldn't manage him.'

At this time my father had just retired and my parents had decided to live in Seville to be near me. They had thought that they would like to live in Seville, but it turned out that my father did not like Seville at all. He found the people very casual and sometimes dishonest. My mother was happier with Seville and they took a nice apartment in the Barrio Santa Cruz. I was glad to live with my family again after a series of dreary pensions.

Shortly after my parents arrived, Nuñez Lara and I went up to Madrid because I had heard of the famous 'Oportunidades'. These were fights in which six aspirants each fought a small bull. The Oportunidades were held on Saturday night in Vista Alegre, the second ring in Madrid, and some of them were televised nationally. The best of the six aspirants were repeated the following week along with new ones. Thousands of boys came to Madrid from all parts of Spain. When we arrived at the bullring we found other aspirants lying on the sidewalk and even in the road around Vista Alegre. They were all wearing shabby clothes, ragged shirts, jeans, old sneakers and little

caps. They all had ragged capes and muletas and the traditional checkered cloth in which to carry the equipment. Most of them were sleeping outside the ring at night, wrapped in their capes. Among them there were some odd sights, a fifty-year-old bootblack from Jaen, bricklayers in their forties - all kinds of men who saw bullfighting as a way out of misery.

The organizers of the Opportunities had a process to eliminate some. They made all of us line up and naturally there were many arguments because everyone wanted to be at the head of the line. We were tested in pairs at toreo de salon, with one aspirant charging like a bull, and the other fighting with the muleta. After a minute of this the roles were reversed. Then you gave your name and showed your aspirant's license. Each of the aspirants was rated for his toreo de salon and some were eliminated. The names of those who were still eligible - about one in five - were listed outside the bullring in alphabetical order. If your name appeared on the list, you had to return another day to be tested with cows. The cows were old and had been fought before, but the organizers did not want to see the aspirants make passes with the cow. They looked for a knowledge of bullfighting that showed if the aspirant could defend himself from the cow. One could do little with the cow other than defend oneself.

The Dominguin and Lozano brothers, who managed bullfighters and were looking for new talent in the 'Oportunidades,' took into consideration all kinds of things. If the aspirant tried to make passes with the cow, kept still, and showed valor, they would select him for these reasons. If an aspirant defended himself well and showed knowledge, he would be selected for these reasons. And if an aspirant was particularly funny in the way he handled the animal, he might be accepted as well because many of the people who came to see the Oportunidades wanted to be amused. Several of the most successful aspirants in the Oportunidades were purely comic bullfighters.

After I did my toreo de salon, I was called over to the desk like the rest and asked my name. 'Henry Higgins,' I said. 'But my artistic name is Enrique Cañadas.'

'Where are you from?' they asked me.

'I'm English,' I answered.

The man behind the desk was sympathetic but told me that because the Oportunidades were actually novilladas without picadors, a foreigner could not fight. He offered to go to the syndicate to see if an exception could be made, but when he came back he said it looked impossible. I went to the syndicate myself to verify all this, and a man there said: 'You foreigners can do anything you want, but stay out of bullfighting.'

Antonio Nuñez Lara was more fortunate. His name, being Nuñez, fell a long way down the list when it came to fighting the cows on the second of

the tests. He barged into the head of the line, however, saying his name was Alvarez. After the test, in which he did well, they said: 'Alvarez, you can fight'. And he said:

'No, my name is Nuñez.'

Nuñez Lara did well in his first fight and was repeated. He fought two or three more fights and was signed up on a five-year contract with the Dominguins.

While I was in Madrid I went down with hepatitis. I was in bed for several weeks but as soon as I could, I went back to Seville to see my family and started to train again. While I was at the Piscina Sevilla one day, El Vito told me that there was a possibility that I could fight in a festival that was going to be held in Los Palacios, a small town outside Seville near the Guardiolas' ranch, but I would have to pay what he called the 'bravura', the bravery of the bull that I killed. What he meant was that I would buy the bull, sell the meat and lose the difference. The bravery of a fighting bull was what made it more expensive than the price of the meat.

A festival was not fought in a 'suit of lights' and was not a novillada. The proceeds were supposed to go to charity. The bullfighters would wear the 'traje corto', the traditional Andalucian suit with breeches, tight short jacket, and a wide-brimmed Cordoban hat. The festival in Los Palacios was planned with Curro Montenegro, a matador from Granada, and the novilleros Mondeño II, Jose Maria Susoni, Pepe Luis Segura and myself. I was announced on the program as Enrique Eduardo Cañadas and the organizers added underneath: *An English aspirant who will kill a bull he has donated.*

I had to ask my father for the money to buy the bull. I told him that I wanted him to buy me this one bull so that all my efforts in bullfighting would not have been in vain. He was proud of me and excited to be involved in such a venture. He wanted to know how much it would cost, and we went to the Guardiolas' residence in Seville and spoke to Juan Guardiola. He told us to come to the ranch to look at the bulls and see what kind of bull I wanted to kill in the festival. I picked an enormous bull that weighed over five hundred kilos and Juan Guardiola said: 'You're crazy. You can't kill that.'

'But I want to,' I said. 'I want to show people I can face a really big bull.'

'You're wrong,' he told me. 'Nobody can do that. No one starts driving with a ten-ton truck. You have to start with something your size, and what you need is a novillo that weighs about three hundred kilos.'

He showed me such a bull and I resigned myself to fighting it. The bull cost eighteen thousand pesetas and my father took the money to Juan Guardiola. 'Do you know how many crates of whisky I can buy with this?' my father asked me.

The fight took place in Los Palacios on August 17, 1965. I had had a black traje corto made by a woman in Triana who made suits for bullfighters,

and I dressed for the fight at my family's house in the Barrio Santa Cruz. It was an extremely hot afternoon but I was not nervous, because it had not really dawned on me that I was going to perform in front of the public. I was confident because I had fought many animals, even if I had never killed a bull. I still felt calm making the parade at the beginning of the fight and throughout the performances of the first four bullfighters. It was only when there was one bull left before mine that I realized I was not just another spectator as I had always been before. Suddenly, I had a desperate desire to run away, or for the ground to open up, swallow me, and hide me. I felt terribly embarrassed,, as if I had already failed before I had done anything-I felt that everyone had come to watch me make a fool of myself.

When my bull came out, I was awkward with the cape because in the tientas I had got in less experience with the cape than with the muleta. I waited impatiently while the banderilleros placed the banderillas. I wanted to get to the muleta to demonstrate what I knew. I was no longer afraid and I was determined to do well. I tried to cite the bull from a distance for the basic right- and left-handed passes so that they would be long. Several times the passes were successful, but the bull caught me twice. When the time came to kill, I aimed along the blade and moved the cloth forward to provoke the bull's charge; the bull charged and the sword went in.

Until then I had not been aware of the public at all. When the bull died, however, I heard a tremendous ovation around me. I was both excited and relieved. One of my banderilleros cut the two cars and the tail from the dead bull and gave them to me. I did not know exactly what I had done to receive these trophies. All I knew was that I was very thrilled to have them in my hands, and that the public seemed very happy with what I had done. Some young boys from the town hoisted me onto their shoulders and carried me out of the ring. I was still carrying the ears and the tail and someone tried to snatch them out of my hand, but I would not let go of them for anything.

As I was being carried out, someone shouted down from the seats, half in jest to be sure: 'He isn't English. He's from Triana.'

Others were coming up to me and congratulating me, but they also thanked me, saying: 'You are really a fine person to have given us a bull.'

At the time I was not sure what they meant, but then I realized that the program had said that I had donated the bull, and that many people in Los Palacios thought of it as a gift for their town fiesta.

In the following days I went over and over in my mind what I had done in Los Palacios. I was very happy. I had photographs of the fight and the ears and tail mounted on a wooden plaque.

I enjoyed going down to the Calle Tetuan where everyone congratulated me on my performance. Soon I was offered another opportunity to fight in public, not in a festival this time but in an actual novillada without picadors; I would

be fighting for the first time in a suit of lights. Because this was a novillada without picadors, I would have to fight under the name of another existing aspirant. The organizer approached me and told me I would have to pay four thousand pesetas to fight under these conditions. I was reluctant to ask my parents for the money since they had put up money before, and I did not know what to do. I discussed the possibilities with several friends and then one came to me and said; 'Here are two thousand pesetas, but don't tell my wife I gave you the money.'

Then his wife came to me and said: 'Here are two thousand pesetas, but don't tell my husband I have given it to you.'

The fight was held in a small town called Pueblo de Cazalla, and I fought under the name of Manolo Sevilla, with two other bullfighters, one of whom, Raul Castro, was a friend of mine. Each of us would kill one bull. I had hired a suit of lights and had it tailored to fit me. The bulls were drawn by lot and were very much the same in weight, size and horns, but Raul, who often had premonitions, decided that the one that he had drawn was a bad one for him and he wanted to change bulls with me. On the afternoon of the fight, while I was trying to rest, he kept trying to persuade me to change bulls. I thought I should keep the one I had drawn.

Raul's bull actually came out very well, and mine less so, but I was able to make a good fight, even better in some ways than in Los Palacios. I was tossed once by the bull, but I killed well and received two ears.

Now that I had had two successful fights, several small-time organizers approached me and offered me fights if I would pay four or five thousand pesetas for each one. I accepted another novillada in a small town. On the day of the fight, the organizers said to one of my banderilleros: 'By the way, there are only two bulls today. One is a brave bull and the other is a half-caste.'

The organizer also told the banderilleros to be sure that I got the brave one. The morning of the fight we drove out to the town, which has a small picturesque little bullring, one of the oldest in the province of Seville. I went to the 'sorteo', where the lots would be drawn on the two bulls. Neither of the bulls looked like a genuine fighting bull and both of them had odd, underdeveloped horns that stuck straight out. No one knew which was the fighting bull and which was the half-caste. Since they were in small corrals, there was no way of testing them to see which one would charge. A policeman kept insisting that the black one was the brave one and others said it was the brown one. I was angry to think that I had spent money on an obvious fraud. I decided to demand the big bull because, if I was going to make a fool of myself, I did not want to do it with a small bull.

In the ring it was obvious that my bull was not brave. It took ten minutes for my banderilleros to coax it into the ring. Because it was not brave, the bull

only wanted to retreat. Finally, they chased the bull into the ring from behind.

It was impossible to do anything because the bull did not want to move from the area of the ring by the gate where it had entered. On two or three occasions I managed to get the bull to the other side of the ring, but then it ran right back to the gate. I could make one good pass in that direction and those were the only passes I made. I was caught once and finally managed to kill the bull. For some unknown reason I was awarded two ears. Then the other bullfighter came out and refused to get near his bull. The whole thing was a farce and I was ashamed to be a part of it.

The organizer had told me before the fight that he would pay the wages of my banderilleros. After the fight I went to look for him, but he was nowhere to be found. Eventually, when I did find him, he told me: 'No, no, you've got that all wrong. I don't pay your expenses. That is done in the Town Hall by the church.'

I asked him where I could get in touch with whoever would pay me, and he said that they were having a religious procession in the streets. I went around the town until I found the religious procession, but one of my banderilleros said: 'Let's forget about it and go back to Seville.'

My sword-handler kept saying in the background: 'No, let him try.

I was slowly losing my temper. After two hours the procession ended and its leader went into the Town Hall to count the money that they had made at the bullfight. I went into the room with them and sat down. The mayor, the organizer, a priest, and two or three others were there and they asked me what I wanted.

'I've come to get paid,' I said.

'Paid what?' they said.

'The wages of my banderilleros.'

'Oh, no, no. You've come to the wrong place. There is no money here for you. Go away and let us do our business.'

'What kind of place is this?' I said. 'You call this some kind of religious festival. I'm the only one who has done anything to entertain the people of this town. Your local boy did nothing. I got caught by the bull and did what I could with a half-caste, a bull that had no right to be in the ring at all. I should get my money.'

Once again they told me to leave and I refused. At this point two policemen entered, grabbed me, dragged me outside, and threw me into another room and locked the door. I beat on the door and yelled. My banderilleros came and told me through the door that it was useless, and I would never get any money. A crowd had gathered outside the Town Hall to see what all the shouting was about. Finally, I was let out of the room.

On the street outside the Town Hall there was a long argument, but finally I left for Seville without being paid. I got to my house at about two

o'clock in the morning. The banderilleros were waiting outside the door when I arrived and they wanted their money for the fight. I told them I would pay them the next day, but they began to complain, saying they had bills to pay the next day. They made such a fuss that I had to wake up my father, and ask him for money. He was very upset, and I thought it would probably be the last time he would help me in these ventures.

I was discouraged, but in December I was offered another opportunity by a man called Leon Muñoz, known as 'El Loco'. El Loco was a talkative, gregarious man who had wanted to be a bullfighter and had failed, but his case was unique. He had worked as the foreman of a building site and had made money trading in tobacco and transistor radios. He earned about a quarter of a million pesetas, which he spent trying to be a bullfighter, and lost it all because he lacked talent. He was deeply disappointed about this, but developed another ambition. He wanted to be an impresario and make money from bullfighting.

He offered me a fight in La Pañoleta, a small ring on the outskirts of Seville. I would have to pay five thousand pesetas and sell two hundred tickets. If I sold the two hundred tickets, I was promised that I would be helped with my expenses. The fight was a festival and the bulls were from the ranch of Moreno Santamaria, of which it was often said: 'Let those who grew them fight them' - because they were universally known to be terrible bulls. The ones for the festival included four that were five years old and weighed over five hundred kilos. I paid Leon Muñoz the five thousand pesetas for the fight. He promised that if I did well, he would put me on again free of charge.

I was not lucky selling the tickets; I sold only fifty, but one friend came to my aid. He was the manager of a large agency in Seville and told all his employees that they had to buy tickets for my bullfight or he would deduct the price of a ticket from their wages. In this way another fifty tickets were sold. On the program Leon Muñoz announced me as El Ingles de Londres - the Englishman from London.

There were four big bulls and two small ones. When I arrived for the fight there was an argument about who would fight which bull. One of the more experienced novilleros wanted to fight one of the smaller bulls. I wanted to fight one of the big ones because next to them, the small ones seemed almost insignificant. I thought I would prove nothing fighting a small one.

I selected one of the big bulls for the fight. That afternoon I was assisted by Andres Luque Gago, who was one of the finest banderilleros in Spain, and Finito de Triana, another fine banderillero, who was also a close friend. The fight was not a success for me. I was caught five or six times and covered with sand from the ring. I could do nothing with the bull. I had been brave but I was very discouraged. The other bullfighter who fought a big bull fared worse than I. He could not kill his bull at all. It was taken from the ring

alive and killed by a butcher.

There were many people at my house after the fight and I worried about what they were thinking. In the ring I had done little more than take a terrible beating, and I felt that many of the people who had seen me for the first time would doubt my ability as a bullfighter I was desperate for another opportunity. My parents listened to the story of the fight and of the bulls and seemed to think that I had gone too far. They wanted nothing more to do with these ventures with big bulls.

However, Muñoz offered another fight in a small town called Cantillana. My parents told me that if I wanted to continue these fights, I would have to do so on my own. The day of my fight in Cantillana, they left the house early so as not to be involved in any way with the comings and goings of the fight. I was driven out to Cantillana in a small van with wooden seats. It was a windy, cold day, and I was very worried I would not be able to prove myself. When we got to Cantillana things looked very grim. It was terribly cold and looked as if it would rain. There was a possibility that the fight would be cancelled. There were few spectators because of the weather, and the fight would be a disaster for Leon Muñoz.

Finally, the fight took place. The first bullfighter, 'El Gitano Rubio' - the Blond Gypsy - was caught and the bull smashed him against the stone wall of the ring. He was knocked out and carried unconscious from the ring. Many people thought that he had been killed. When I saw this, I wanted to escape and run away. I was terrified and wished I had never tried bullfighting at all. The second bull was fought by a bullfighter named Guareño, who had much more experience than I. He could not kill the bull and it was taken out of the ring alive. The few spectators were booing and complaining. I was so terrified that I thought that I had forgotten everything that I knew. I crawled out from the barrier where I had been standing, through a little door that led underneath the seats. There I tried to practice a few passes to convince myself that I knew what I was doing. I was so nervous and cold that I could barely move my arms. My bull had big horns and weighed about four hundred and fifty kilos. It charged with strength, and I could do very little with the cape because I was still nervous and cold. There were no picadors that afternoon - one of the ways El Loco could save expenses - and I had to fight the bull at full strength with the muleta. This had been a disaster for the two bullfighters before me.

My banderilleros put in the banderillas and, although the bull was strong, I could see signs that it charged well. Seeing this, I forgot some of my nervousness and the cold. I took my Cordoban hat and dedicated the bull to El Vito, who was sitting with the radio critic Juan Palma. It took a number of passes just to dominate the bull's strength, but it still charged well. Then the bull caught me in a way I had never been caught before. I was flung verti-

cally into the air like a rocket, but I came down on my feet in front of the bull. This excited what little audience there was as if it was something I had done on purpose. I picked up my muleta and for the first time in my life, I began to make really long, good passes with a big bull. As they say, I got drunk making passes, and the bull seemed to go better and better. I made forty or fifty passes, and I felt a sensation of total relaxation. As the bull went by, I could feel the passes continue longer as I extended my arm, just as I had practiced it in toreo de salon. I could feel my whole body functioning as a bullfighter and I was no longer thinking only of demonstrating valor. I did not want to stop making passes, but the banderilleros began to shout to me that I should kill the bull before it became too difficult.

I aimed the sword and moved the muleta towards the feet of the bull, but since I had still not mastered the technique of killing by attacking the bull, I stood still, and the bull charged into the sword. The bull fell quickly and I was awarded two ears.

When I got back to Seville, I wanted to fight again at La Pañoleta, where I could be seen again by my friends from Seville. On New Year's Day, 1966, there was to be another fight, and I went to see El Loco, assuming that, having done well in Cantillana, I might be paid to fight in La Pañoleta. 'Oh, no,' El Loco told me, 'there are hundreds of boys who want to fight this fight. You'll have to pay five thousand pesetas.'

Once again I had to find the money. My parents helped this time because they realized how much it meant to me to do well in La Pañoleta.

The bull I fought on New Year's Day was the biggest I had ever faced, weighing over five hundred kilos. I made some good passes with the cape, which was the first time I had done this with a big bull. With the muleta I was not as good as I had been in Cantillana because the bull was not as good as the one I had fought there. It began to hesitate in its charges early in the fight. I made some good passes, but I was unable to link them together. Usually, after one or two passes the bull would almost catch me. Finally I was given one very bad tossing and badly winded. My banderilleros dragged me to the barrier and poured water on my head, but I almost fainted several times. I was beaten up but somehow I realized that my passes and the tossing had all captured the audience and I wanted to go back. When I got my wind back, Luque Gago told me to kill it as quickly as possible because the bull was getting worse. I took my sword, determined not to spoil the impression I had created. I went straight in at the bull, following the sword with my body, even though I thought that the bull would catch me, but the sword went in. The bull did catch me but fell over from the effects of the sword and I was awarded the two ears and tail.

I was taken from the ring to the infirmary and examined by a doctor. I had three broken ribs, but the infirmary was a dark room with no lights and

there was nothing that they could do for my ribs there. Outside the infirmary a correspondent from *Europa Press* was waiting for me. 'Is it true that you are English?' he asked. 'How can you be English with a name like Enrique Cañadas? What is your real name?'

I told him my name was Henry Higgins and the next day a story appeared in Spanish newspapers. 'An Englishman has killed a bull with one sword and was awarded two ears and a tail,' it said.

Several days later I received a phone call from some English journalists in Madrid. 'Is your name Henry Higgins?' they asked me. 'Why did you not tell us before that you were fighting bulls in Spain? We have discovered you in a Spanish newspaper. Tell us everything.'

I told them of my short career and a story was run in the English papers about my success. For the first time I thought there might be some advantage in announcing myself as English. Meanwhile it rained almost constantly in Seville and there were no more opportunities for me to fight. On the days when the weather permitted, I went to the Piscina Sevilla to train, and almost every morning and evening I went to the Calle Tetuan and talked to the people who gathered there. I had a sword-handler who had been with me for the last three fights; he was called 'El Veneno' - The Poison - or 'El Sordo' because he was deaf. He was my most loyal supporter and I saw him every single day in the center of town. I spent hours with him, shouting so that he could hear me. He was called Veneno because he 'poisoned' people, filling their heads with ideas. He spent most of the time we were together telling me that I could be a good bullfighter and make money. Veneno was a strange-looking man who wore thick glasses that gave him an overpowering stare. He was slightly hunch-back and balding. The others on the Calle Tetuan would often make fun of him and call him 'Gato', which means queer. I never found out if he was or not, because he spent all of his time talking about bullfighting. Every night his last words were always: 'Think it over. With a few years of sacrifice, you can be rich. But you have to let the bull kill you. You have to leave your liver on the horns.'

I also noticed that he spoke badly of every single person we saw on the street. He would first say 'Hello' courteously - and when they had passed he would say: 'He's a son of a bitch, and worthless.'

We would meet bullfighters, novilleros and matadors, and he would always do the same thing. When they were gone he would say: 'He's not worth a peseta. Didn't you see him the other day with the cape? He looked like he was loading potato sacks on a truck!'

I went home every night thinking about things that Veneno had told me. He filled my head with tremendous ambitions and illusions. The only thing that I did during the winter months was train and think of my future in bullfighting, and Veneno encouraged my wildest dreams.

Because there was so little to do during the winter months, Finito de Triana came up with an idea that turned out to be one of the most interesting and unusual experiences in bullfighting. He wanted to fight cows by moonlight, which was a well-known adventure, but also illegal. Aspirants often went to ranches at night and tried to fight animals in the field. It was a difficult thing to do, but I was eager to try because everyone said there was nothing like it in bullfighting. It also surprised me that Finito would risk his career doing such a thing. As a banderillero, he had no need to practice fighting, and in such an adventure there was the risk of being injured while far from medical attention or of being caught by the rancher or the Guardia Civil. If a bullfighter were caught, he lost his license for several years and could not fight anywhere. I had also heard fearful tales of beatings given to boys by ranch hands who caught them fighting at night.

Fighting at night was illegal for a good reason. A cow or a bull could be fought only once, and after it had been, it could not be fought again because it would no longer attack the cape or muleta with innocence. In most cases, an animal that had been fought secretly would attack the man rather than the lure. Once an animal had been fought, it was useless to the rancher. In the ring a bull that had been fought previously was dangerous. If it did not gore someone immediately, it would announce by its manner that it had been fought, and it would be rejected.

Nevertheless, Finito de Triana was very eager to fight at night and suggested that anyone who did not want to go with him was a coward. On night he, myself and half a dozen other aspirants went out to the ranch of Lopez Plata, some thirty miles from Seville. All the bulls were grazing on rocky hills that were difficult to climb. We went on motorbikes to the ranch and walked from the road, carrying our capes and muletas. We were so excited that ~ were talking, and occasionally one of the group would go, 'Shhhhhhhhhhsss'; in our excitement we seemed to forget that what we were doing was illegal.

The venture that night was futile. We spent the whole night running after bulls and cows on the hillsides, but we never got near one of them because they would stampede away. Several days later Finito said to me: 'Tonight we're going to do it properly.'

We went to the town of Pueblo del Rio, where there were two brothers who were experts at fighting bulls at night. Outside of Pueblo del Rio, the countryside was the dry, flat plain that spreads or miles along the Guadalquivir River from Seville all the way to he sea. Near Pueblo del Rio were some of the most famous ranches in Spain - Peralta, Moreno Santamaria, Perez de la Concha, Pablo Romero, Concha y Sierra, and many others. From Pueblo del Rio, Finito, the brothers, and I drove out for about an hour on our motorscooters. Eventually we drove off the road, town into

the reeds and bushes, and Finito indicated that we should hide the motor-scooters, covering them with long tufts of grass.

Once we had hidden the scooters, Finito and the brothers set out across the field to find horses, and I waited by the scooters. I tried to cover myself completely under my fighting cape because there were millions of mosquitoes. My whole face was burning from mosquito bites. Finito and the brothers were gone for over an hour and I began to doze. I was awakened by the sound of horses' hooves on the hard ground. On one horse were the brothers and Finito was on the other. They were wet, having obviously ridden rough a river. I got on the horse with Finito and we rode for almost an hour.

The brothers had brought ropes with which to control the horses. In the distance I could see a ranch house and a role field full of grazing fighting animals. It seemed like one of ' biggest herds I had ever seen. There were cows, a few stud bulls, and with some of the cows were young bulls still with the mothers. We were looking for a two-year-old cow like the one in a tienta, but preferably one that had not been fought before. We could tell this because after the cows were tested, they usually had their horns clipped.

Once we had arrived in the field where the herd was, Finito and I dismounted and gave our horse to one of the brothers. They rode off in the direction of the cows. As they got close to the animals, the animals started to stampede away. I was sure that this would wake up everyone at the ranch house and we would be discovered. The brothers followed the herd for a time and after a while they moved away from the herd, riding very fast, and in between the two of them there was a cow. They were turning in a large arc towards us. The cow was running as fast as it could and the other animals in the herd had come to a stop in the distance. As the brothers rode towards us, the cow would try to attack one of the horses. Then the other brother would bring his horse closer to the cow and it would swerve to attack the new target. In this way, they zig-zagged across the field. As they approached us, Finito picked up the cape and ran in towards them as fast as he could. When they were near, he started to call the cow: 'Vaca! Vaca!' And the cow charged away from the horses towards him. He made a pass with the cape and the cow turned around and charged again.

The cow charged again and again and one of the brothers fought it with the muleta, making pass after pass in a very small space. The cow made no effort to run away. The other three of us sat down in the grass and watched. It was one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen, a boy making passes to a brave cow in the middle of the night. All I could hear was the cow's hooves on the hard ground, and the boy occasionally whispering: 'A-ha vaca. A-ha vaca.'

When it was my turn I went up to the cow and began to make passes. It seemed almost easier to fight at night than by day, and the cow seemed to

obey the muleta in the field more than it would in a tienta ring. I made pass after pass, and finally Finito yelled: ‘Get on your knees!’ so I got on my knees and the cow rushed by again and again.

After a time, Finito said: ‘I’m only a banderillero, but I’m better than all of you, and I’m going to show you right now.’

He and the other brother fought until the cow was exhausted and started to stumble. Then the brothers went for another one, but the cow followed them as they went for the horses. It was such a good cow that we felt sorry for it because we had used up its innocence and it would never be accepted in a tienta. That night we fought two more cows. The second was as good as the first, but the third tried to run away repeatedly. After the three cows, we were completely exhausted and rode the horses back to where we had abandoned the motor scooters and went back to Seville.

Three months passed after my last fight in La Pañoleta and it seemed as if I would not have many opportunities to fight around Seville. One day I received a phone call from Miguel Cardenas, a Colombian novillero who was also known to be something of a showman. Cardenas had been the first of many bullfighters to sit in front of a bullring with a sign asking for an opportunity to fight. He did this in Barcelona, but previously he had prepared a number of letters with fictitious names addressed to the impresario, condemning him for letting a poor aspirant sit in front of the plaza without a chance to fight. Cardenas sat in front of the bullring for several weeks while his letters arrived. An old woman befriended him while he was there and started bringing him food. Journalists arrived and interviewed him outside of the ring. Soon both he and the old lady were famous, and when he was given a fight he filled the ring.

The first thing he did was kneel in the middle of the ring with his parade cape, a small decorative cape that is worn only in the parade, and try to pass the bull as it came into the ring. He was caught and sent to the infirmary but was given another fight. He fought many times in Barcelona before people discovered he really was not very good. He fought in many other places thereafter and, when people tired of him, he resorted to more gimmicks. He dressed himself up as Napoleon and rode a white horse through Alcala de Guadaira. Again he was given a fight and he announced himself as ‘Napoleoncito,’ Little Napoleon. He was a small man and this Napoleon act was suited to him.

He had seen me fight in a tienta, and when he telephoned me he was full of ideas how I should run my career. He knew that I had been born in Colombia and he said: ‘You’re a fool to pretend to be an Englishman’ - because he thought it was a gimmick that I had invented.

He promised me that under his guidance, I could become the most famous Colombian bullfighter of all time. He told me that if I would like to fight a novillada in France I should meet him in Madrid the following week. Two days before I was to leave, he called me again to tell me that I would need to bring five thousand pesetas for the expenses of our trip. I went to Madrid and from Madrid we drove in his little car into France. We went to Arles, where he had said the fight was to be, but it turned out the fight was actually going to be in a small town called Istres. When we arrived in Istres, Cardenas said: 'Your name is Chicuelo de Almeria. Everybody thinks so here.' This was the first I had ever heard of Chicuelo de Almeria.

I fought well with the muleta but was unlucky with the kill. The next day I was told that Pierre Pouly wanted to see me. Pouly was the impresario of the big ring in Arles and several other rings and he had seen my fight. He had been one of the few Frenchmen ever to become a matador. I went to his house and he told me:

'You could be a good bullfighter one day. Are you really from Almeria?'

'No,' I told him, 'I'm English.' We had drinks and there were several other bullfighters there making a fuss over him. One of these was 'El Sepulturero' - the Grave-Digger. He had fought with me in the fight in Istres, but instead of marching in the parade with the rest of us, he was brought out in a coffin, which was placed in the middle of the ring and from which he leapt out. Before I left, Pierre Pouly told me he wanted to see me again.

It was April and I wanted to go back to Seville for the Fair, even if only for the last two or three days. When I arrived in Seville there were only two days of the Fair left. I went to the bullfight and after the fight I went to the Hotel Colon where the bullfighters stayed and where many people went after the fights. There were always famous bullfighters, managers, impresarios, critics and dedicated aficionados in the main lobby of the Hotel Colon. There I was introduced to Kenneth Tynan and Brian Epstein. They were sitting at a table discussing bullfighting and I joined them. I did not know who Epstein was at the time, and for some reason thought he was the sculptor. When they left, I found myself sitting alone at the table and in front of me was a fine pair of sunglasses. I pocketed them.

The next day after the bullfight I went back to the Hotel Colon, wearing the sunglasses as I came in, but I took them off because I suspected that they belonged to Epstein. I wandered around the lobby for some time. There were many famous people there all talking about the day's fight, and nobody was particularly interested in me. Epstein was sitting with his personal assistant, Peter Brown; he called me over to his table and I sat down with them. It then occurred to me that he might see the sunglasses in my pocket, so before this could happen I pulled them out and said: 'Didn't you lose these yesterday?'

He took the glasses and thanked me. We discussed bullfighting again, but he was not interested in the technical aspects of bullfights - why the bullfighters did what they did and how passes were made. He wanted to know about the economic aspects of bullfights. He wanted to know how much it cost to organize a bullfight, how much the bulls cost, and how much bullfighters made. After several hours, he invited me to dinner. We continued talking and at the end of the evening he said: 'I would like to help you, but I can only help you financially.'

He told me to come and see him at the hotel the next day before he left for London. When I went to the hotel, he gave me an envelope, which contained a hundred pounds and asked me what I would do with the money. I told him I would buy a suit of lights. He seemed pleased and told me that he would be in Jerez the following week for the bullfights there, and that he could give me more money then. In Jerez I saw him again and he gave me another hundred pounds. He said he would be in Madrid at the San Isidro Fair, and he would see me then and give me more money, as well as from time to time after that. I was to keep a record of how it was spent.

I bought a suit of lights, saw Epstein in Jerez and in Madrid, and he gave me more money. I bought more equipment and put the remainder of the money in the bank. From Madrid I went to France because Cardenas had arranged another fight in Istres, where I was still called Chicuelo de Almeria. I dedicated my bull to Pierre Pouly and fought well; I was given an ear. Pouly asked me to his house again the next day. He complimented me on my fighting again and told me: 'I am going to manage you. I shall introduce you to my representative in Madrid. You will be fighting a lot in southern France and in Spain, but there is one thing you must do. Break with Cardenas.'

I was impressed by his offer and his manner, but I did not know how to break with Cardenas. 1 decided to discuss the whole thing with him. 'You must understand,' I told him, I'm going in with Pouly because Pouly has bullrings.'

I had no real obligation to Cardenas, but he tried to dissuade me from letting Pouly manage me. I was confused because Cardenas also said that he could get me twenty or thirty fights without picadors in Spain.

He outlined a plan. There was a novillero in Spain called Agustin Lara, and Cardenas proposed that he would bring Lara to France and give him fights there, while I would fight in Spain under his name. According to Cardenas, it was to my advantage to fight in Spain rather than France because the bulls in France were of inferior quality. They were Camargue bulls, a type of half-caste bred in France, whereas, Cardenas said, what I needed to perfect my bullfighting was good bulls. Then when I was ready, I could make my debut with picadors.

Cardenas persuaded me to follow his plan, and we went back to Barce-

lona where I moved into a pension on the Calle Escudillers in the ‘Barrio Chino’ - the Chinese District, the Spanish expression for the naughty quarter. In Barcelona the Barrio Chino was full of bars, sailors, prostitutes, flamenco musicians and gypsies. At the end of the Calle Escudillers was the Hotel Comercio, where the banderilleros and picadors stayed when they were fighting in Barcelona. It was a strange sight to see the bullfighters dressed in suits of lights coming out of the hotel into a street full of prostitutes and strange-looking tourists. There was a bar below my pension that catered for sailors and there were always women there. I started going in there and chatting with the women. One in particular found me amusing and, in the course of talking to her several times, I said, more in jest than anything else: ‘Well, aren’t we going to bed? When are we going to bed?’

Most of the women were loud and, like bullfighters, they only talked about their work, so this kind of conversation was natural. But she said: ‘Let’s go right now, but first I must go to my house down the street.’

She insisted on my accompanying her to her house and I waited while she went upstairs. While I was waiting, I began to think I would be spending my money foolishly and decided to leave before she came back. The next day I saw her on the street and she wanted to know where I had gone. I told her I had had to go, because I had been expecting an important phone call. ‘Why don’t we have a siesta now?’ she said. Obviously she could see I was searching for an excuse not to do this because she added: ‘Don’t worry. It won’t cost you anything. I’ll even pay for the room.’

I felt it would be cowardly not to go with her, and I must confess that when it came to such matters I wanted to be worldly. I let her lead me through several crowded streets and into a dark hallway, up a narrow stairs, where there was a seedy-looking, one-eyed man sitting under a red light bulb. She gave him two hundred pesetas and the man gave her a key. I wanted to leave, but she kept coaxing me along. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to admire her legs. We went into a room that had mirrors on the ceiling. It was the first of many visits we made to this room.

At about the same time, Cardenas said that he needed to make a trip across the north of Spain to find fights for me. He left in his little car with two girls.

He expected to come back in a week or ten days with fifteen or twenty contracts. In the meantime, I went back to France to fight. Gallardo, the impresario of Istres and several other rings, was a very energetic man. He was impresario, banderillero and butcher. When he organized a fight, he fought in it and then cut up the meat and sold it. I admired Gallardo and he was good to me. He paid me for the fights I fought and for my expenses. This fight was in Sainte Marie de la Mer, and he told me to stay in Arles because I would be fighting almost every Sunday. I had no word from Cardenas. I

stayed in Arles and fought ten more fights, usually killing one bull in each fight. Sometimes the bulls were half-castes and sometimes fighting bulls. I made occasional trips to Barcelona because I felt it was my home and because I wanted to see my girlfriend. Cardenas eventually returned from Spain and said that he had many fights in the offing but had no definite contracts. I doubted that Cardenas had achieved much on his trip, and I went to see Pouly. He was angry with me and told me that it was too late for him to help me.

Cardenas stayed with me in France and fought in some of the fights I did. In one fight all the bullfighters, including Cardenas, were gored with the exception of me. I helped to carry Cardenas out of the ring, but I did not want to look down at his wound because I still had my own bull to fight. I thought that he had been gored seriously because he was complaining terribly, but in fact he spent only two days in the hospital. When I finally saw the wound, I was surprised that he had not stayed in the ring to kill his bull. 'Why didn't you kill the bull?' I asked him.

'Why should I kill that bull?' he replied with a grin. 'You saw how bad it was. I left it for someone else.'

Another bullfighter who had also been gored that day, Aurelio Calatayud, suggested that I should go with him to the province of Guadalajara where I could kill many bulls in capeas. The important thing, he told me, was to keep fighting and gaining experience.

I told Cardenas that I was leaving for Guadalajara. 'Guadalajara?' he said. 'Not to the capeas!'

'Why not?' I said. 'With you I'm not going to get anywhere. You haven't got me any fights.'

'You wait,' he told me. 'I'll get you the fights. The fights are there. We've just got to get them. It's only a question of time. You're a fool if you go to the capeas. You'll learn absolutely nothing there. You'll get gored and your bullfighting will get worse. You'll fight bad bulls, learn bad habits, and you'll never be able to stand still when a good bull comes out.'

After giving the matter some thought I left with Calatayud for Guadalajara. Calatayud was a banderillero who also organized capeas in small towns. I had bought an old stationwagon with some of the money Epstein had sent and it was partly because I had the car that Calatayud insisted that I go with him to the capeas. Calatayud also managed several other bullfighters whom he was taking to the capeas and spoke of managing me and getting me my debut with picadors in Vista Alegre.

We drove up into the high mountains in the province of Guadalajara, near where the province borders on that of Teruel. Calatayud was usually paid a sum by the mayor of a small town to organize a fight. He also took money from some of the bullfighters and commissions from the ranches who

provided the bulls. When we arrived in the mountains, I kept thinking of what Cardenas had told me about the capeas and how they would ruin my bullfighting, but Calatayud said: 'Don't pay any attention to him. The day after tomorrow, you will fight a fantastic bull. The bulls you will be fighting will be as good as any you have fought anywhere.'

Two days later in a tiny town, I dressed in my suit of lights and fought my first capea. The fight was held in the town square. The ring was made of a circle of carts and boards. The square was covered with sand and in the middle of the square there was a fountain and a tree. My bull came out just as Calatayud had said. It was young but charged well. I killed well and the people of the town were happy. The banderilleros gave me the ears and tail because in these little towns there was little formality about the awarding of trophies. I was glad to see that Calatayud was right. Three days later we went to another town, and although the bull was not as good as the first, I was satisfied.

After I had killed my bulls, Calatayud and two others always made a turn around the ring holding a cape, and the townspeople who had climbed up on the carts to watch threw money down into the cape. I thought this money was for me, but when I asked Calatayud for it, he said: 'We haven't counted it yet.

'Why do you have to count it?' I asked.

'Because here we split the money among ourselves.'

When I asked him about the money the next day, he told me there were any number of bullfighters who would have paid to fight, and that if I wanted to keep fighting, I should not think about the money.

Often we fought in both the morning and the afternoon. Our small troupe included Calatayud, who also was the only banderillero, myself, and two other bullfighters. One of them called himself Manolete, after the famous Manolete who was killed in 1947, but this second Manolete was in no condition to fight. He told me he had had his femoral artery severed by a goring and he was still recovering. Usually I had to kill his bull as well as mine and I was delighted at first, but gradually the quality of the bulls we fought was getting worse and they were getting much bigger.

On one occasion, a gigantic red bull was let out of a garage on the town square and ran into a very small ring of carts and boards. Instead of sand, the ring was of cobblestone and on an angle because the town was on a hillside. The bull had very sharp horns and I went out to face it with the cape, but after three passes the bull ripped the cape out of my hands and sliced it in two pieces. I ran for the barrier and the bull followed me. As I dodged behind the barrier, the bull hit it, destroying it completely. The boards went flying into the air and I was left completely defenseless with my back to the wall. I stood there frozen as still as possible. The bull looked at me, snorted

and seemed about to charge; had it not been for another banderillero who crossed the ring to attract the bull away, I would have been caught. Calatayud made a feeble attempt to put a pair of banderillas in the bull, but the bull chased him back to the wall where he escaped by leaping up onto the carts and boards that formed the ring.

I took my muleta and sword and went out to face the bull. It was very strong and I tried for five minutes to dominate it, but I was exhausted and the bull ripped the muleta away from me and sent it flying into the air. I ran for the barrier again; I was panic-stricken. It was the first time in bullfighting that I had actually felt terrified in front of an animal. Calatayud realized that the bull was almost uncontrollable and that if I continued fighting it, there was a good chance I would get gored. 'Let's get out of this town as fast as possible,' he said. 'Pack your muleta and capes and get ready to leave.'

He shouted to the mayor of the town and said: 'This bull is a killer. If this fight goes on, there will be a tragedy. You must send the bull out.'

The mayor did not want the responsibility should someone be seriously injured in a fight he had sponsored and agreed to do this. The bull was lured back towards the garage from which it had come. Calatayud helped me pack my capes and swords and we started to leave the ring. The people were shouting abuse at all of us. 'Cowards!' they said. 'Sons of bitches!'

They began to throw sticks and stones down at us, and I felt ashamed for not having been able to dominate the bull. I lost all sense of reality and I decided to go back and face the bull again, no matter what happened. I told Calatayud to tell the mayor to let the bull out again, and he said: 'Don't be a fool. Let's get out of here before the people get really ugly.'

I insisted and Calatayud went to the mayor. The people were yelling at the mayor by now, and he agreed to let the bull out again. The people of the town climbed back on the carts to watch, but they continued to shout abuse at Calatayud and me. The bull had been in the garage for ten minutes and came out like a fresh bull. It quivered and shook its head, and I regretted my decision because the bull would be worse now than before. I wanted to escape and for five minutes I could not bring myself to go into the ring. The people were shouting and throwing sticks and stones. I was hit on the head by a big stone. Finally, I went out with my muleta, almost with a suicidal feeling. I thought that perhaps I would wake up in a hospital and find that I had been gored, and I almost wished it would happen so I could escape. The bull charged all the way across the ring and I barely escaped being caught on this first pass. It turned quickly, but I made several low passes with the muleta to break the bull's strength. Each time the bull caught the end of the muleta, but I managed to hold it with all my strength because I knew that the moment I lost the muleta I would be defenseless. After five minutes of exhausting work, the bull finally stood still with its tongue hanging from its

mouth, and I knelt down in front of it and threw my muleta away. Suddenly the crowd was in an uproar over what I had done. I picked up my muleta again and got my real sword; after moving the bull into position, I aimed to kill it. Calatayud was shouting from behind the barrier: 'Kill it on the first sword or you never will.'

I went in to kill with all the decision I could muster. By luck, the sword went in to the hilt, and the bull started to cough blood because it was mortally wounded. It staggered, but even then it lunged forward at me as it was falling. When the bull fell, there was a tremendous ovation, and I felt as elated as I had ever been in bullfighting because I had managed to overcome the terrible fear that the bull created. I was given the ears and tail of the bull and carried through the streets of the town on the shoulders of the crowd.

That night we all got drunk, but I realized I could not continue long in the capeas. Although I had dominated big bulls and killed them, I was not making any good passes because this was impossible and I was beginning to lose my nerve. I feared that soon I would not be able to stand still, even with a good bull, just as Cardenas had warned. I told Calatayud that I was fed up with the capeas. He told me I would be a fool to quit because this was vital experience. 'You are killing very well,' he said. 'Before in France you killed badly. I've done this for you.'

Nevertheless, I had made up my mind that at the end of that week I was going to quit the capeas. The next fight would be the last. Two days later, we went to a tiny town called Almonacid de Zurita in the mountains of Guadalajara, and I fought my last capea. It was like all the other towns we had fought in - hot, dry and without running water, lavatories, or sanitation of any kind, and the only car to be seen in the town was mine. I had come to hate everything about these little towns. The roads leading to them were narrow and hardly more than dirt tracks. We spent hours driving on these roads in an unbearable heat. Dust seemed to collect in my throat, almost like a solid ball that could not be washed away. The trips were miserable, but the sight of one of these little towns was enough to terrify me.

Almonacid de Zurita was the same as all the other towns we had been to. There was a little plaza with cobblestones, fountain and a tree. Three sides of what was to be the bullring were lined with carts and planks, but the fourth side was the walls of the houses that lined the square. People would be watching from the balconies and windows of the houses as well as from the carts. Usually, when the bull was not near, people climbed down into the ring. We were staying in one of the houses that faced the ring. In the afternoon before the fight, as was traditional, the bullfighters lay down for a nap. The beds were of filthy straw, the house was dark, and the smell of stale olive oil was everywhere. I tried to sleep but I could not. I was terrified and the smell of olive oil was making me feel nauseated. I decided to take a walk

and I wanted to see the bulls because I thought that seeing them might help me dominate my fears.

Calatayud and I went into a stable that bordered on the square. There was a big wooden door, a passageway, and at the back where the mules and horses might be kept were the two bulls we were going to fight. They were enormous, bigger than any I had ever fought. In the shadows at the back of the stable they seemed tremendous. They had very sharp horns, but one of the two had a splintered horn that looked like a broom. I told Calatayud that I refused to kill both bulls. If Manolete did not fight, I told Calatayud, he could kill one of them himself. He told me to speak to Manolete, and I went to Manolete and said: 'Today you're killing one of the bulls whether you are fit or not.'

He refused and I threatened to hit him. Then I went back to Calatayud, who was still in the stable, and told him: 'You have to kill the other bull.'

Reluctantly he agreed and I said: 'We'll toss a coin to see who fights which bull.' I got the one with the splintered horn.

Now I wanted to get out of the stable, and I ran out into the street, through the houses, to the edge of town. Suddenly, I had the idea of testing myself to see if I was strong and decided to run up a hill, but I felt weak. At the top of the hill I found a tree and sat down under the shade. Then I had to relieve myself, but there were no lavatories in town, so I went in the field. This was actually part of a daily routine. I could not stand going in the corrals, like everyone else, where one had to carry a stick to beat off the chickens. In the field there were only flies. When I was done, I went back to the tree and sat down. I thought of the bull with the splintered horn, and asked myself: 'What will I get out of this?' I kept recalling what had happened to me recently and thinking:

'But nothing has happened to you. Today will be like the rest.'

I could not convince myself and I felt like crying. I hated myself. How could I ever become a top bullfighter feeling as I did? I had not eaten or drunk anything all day, but I had to go to relieve myself again. My mouth was dry and I felt overcome with nausea. I was very cold one minute and sweating the next. I thought I was ill, but realized that it was fear. I was determined that this would be the last capea in which I would fight.

I stayed in the field for some time and I kept on having to relieve myself. I wondered where all the water was coming from. Finally, I went back to the village and there were hundreds of people in the square, climbing on the carts, walking around in the ring, and crowding around the doorways of the houses. I had to fight my way through a crowd to get back to the house where we were staying. I could hear people saying: 'Who are the bull fighters?'

'Someone who is starting and going nowhere.'

'Some wretch.'

'He won't do anything, you'll see.'

I went into the house to get my equipment. I was not going to wear a suit of lights because mine had been almost destroyed. I was going to wear jeans and boots, much as I would have dressed if I was going to a tienta. I took my capes and muletas out into the ring and started preparing them. Many people came around to stare, and some boys were trying to make passes at imaginary bulls. They yelled as if they were calling a bull, made ridiculous passes, and laughed.

Calatayud's bull came out first, and it seemed bigger in the ring than it had in the stable. It refused to charge. When Calatayud went near it, it shook its head, pawed the ground, and refused to move from the corner of the ring where it was standing. Realizing that the bull would not move, Calatayud got his 'descabello', a sword-like instrument normally used to give the coup de grace to dying bulls, not his sword. The bull lowered its head when it pawed the ground, and Calatayud aimed the descabello to sever its spinal cord. In one of the moments when the bull's head was down, he hit it, and it fell dead.

He had been lucky and I hoped my bull might turn out the same so that I could do the same thing, even though it was dangerous if the bull charged suddenly. But then my bull came out and it was completely different. It charged around the edge of the ring and took everybody by surprise. After seeing the behavior of the first bull, many people were actually standing in the ring. There were screams and shouts from all parts of the ring as the bull ran around. People tried to climb back on the carts, or under them, to escape from the bull. The bull went completely round the ring, caught hold of one of the carts and tipped it over on its side so that people were trapped under it. On its second turn around the ring, the bull went to the tree, stood between the tree and the wall of the houses, and began to paw the ground, shaking its head and banging the tree with its horns.

The bull was tremendously dangerous because of its size, horns and strength, because of the chaos in the ring, and because of the position it had taken next to the tree. Calatayud could not go out to place the banderillas. I thought of hiding, or running away, but the people were screaming at me because they knew I was the bullfighter. I realized that if I tried to escape I was in as much danger from the people as from the bull. Finally, I went out towards the bull with my muleta. I had one thing in my mind, to put the sword in as quickly as possible. The bull was still standing between the tree and the wall, and I tried to get it to move, but when it charged, it took three steps forward, then two back and shook its head.

I was soon exhausted, trying to get the bull away from the tree. When I got the bull three or four yards from the tree, it suddenly lunged forward un-

expectedly and hooked the muleta. The second time it did this, it ripped the muleta from my hand and flung it into the air. The bull then continued all the way around the ring and returned to the tree.

I tried again to get the bull out from the tree and it stood still about five yards from the tree. I took my sword, aimed as quickly as possible, and rushed in to kill the bull. The sword went very much to the side, down on the flank, but almost three-quarters of its length went in. The bull had hooked the muleta from my hand, but the sword was in and I was relieved. I thought my life was safe and I was free. But I was mistaken. The bull ran around the ring and, as it ran, the sword worked its way out and fell on the cobblestones. The bull returned to the tree.

I was going to wait for it to die, but soon it became obvious that the bull would not die without another sword thrust. Again I tried to lure the bull from the tree, but it would take several steps forward, return to the tree, hook at the tree and paw the ground, throwing up rocks and dust against the wall. Calatayud began to shout: 'Kill it there.'

There was no room between the tree and the wall for me to get by the bull, but Calatayud kept yelling: 'Kill it there.' Finally, he ran out and grabbed my muleta and sword, as if he were going to kill the bull himself. I grabbed the sword and muleta back from him, and he began shouting at me again. The people were also shouting abuse at me, and I decided to make one more attempt to kill the bull. Calatayud continued to shout: 'Kill it there! Kill it there!' and I shouted back to him: 'I'll kill it here, but you know it is going to catch me.'

I shouted this almost as I lunged forward and as I did so I felt a tremendous blow between my thigh and my stomach. I went flying into the air, so high that I hit my head on a branch of the tree. I crashed to the ground on my right elbow and got up feeling the pain in my arm, then a burning sensation around my stomach and thigh. I looked down and saw that I had been gored. There was a gaping hole in the top of my left thigh. It was as big as my hand. I had never seen anything quite like this before. I could see what I thought were veins, nerves and a bit of flesh, all washed in blood.

Then I began to feel faint and frightened. I ran towards the opposite side of the ring, but I did not know where I was going. At the other side I fell down and felt hands reaching out to pick me up. It was as if I were being picked up by a hundred hands. They lifted me up horizontally above every-body, and passed me from hand to hand over the carts and through the crowd. At one time the group of people who were carrying me fell down, and I fell on top of them. I was picked up again and carried into the street. The people who were carrying me started running. They went down a long, narrow street, into a building, and laid me out on a table. It was an official-looking building. I later found out it was the Town Hall.

I lay there and broke out in a sweat. I was very cold and terrified because I realized that I was not in a hospital or clinic and there were no medical facilities in the town. A man with a little briefcase came in and began to examine the wound. His hand was shaking and he looked very nervous. ‘You’re lucky,’ he said. ‘The horn was splintered. Otherwise it would have gone right through you.’

I yelled back at him: ‘But do something about it!’

He opened his case and fumbled with the things inside it. He had a pair of scissors, bandages and cotton wool, which he stuffed into the wound. He wrapped the bandages around my thigh and stomach. All I could think of was getting to a hospital. Guadalajara, the capital of the province, was the closest. I was in a hurry for the man to finish so I could be taken to Guadalajara. I told them to get me into the car and drive me to Guadalajara. When the man had finished wrapping me in bandages, I was picked up and carried to my car and put in the back seat. I lay there while hundreds of people crowded around my car. I felt faint and I was still sweating, cold and worried. I began to fear that I would get gangrene and lose my leg because these were the things that I learned to fear around bullfighting.

The people who were staring at me through the car window kept saying: ‘Is he going to die?’

Calatayud got into the car and we drove through the crowd and out along the bumpy roads towards Guadalajara. It was getting dark and I was worried that Calatayud did not know how to drive. I feared that he would drive off a cliff or crash into a mountainside or that the car would break down before I got to the hospital in Guadalajara. I felt faint and nauseated, but I was desperately hanging on to my senses because I feared that Calatayud could not drive the car. I tried to listen to the conversation of the men in the front seat. The two who were not driving tried to put my leg in a comfortable position and asked me if I was all right.

All I could say was: ‘Hurry up.’

After two hours we reached Guadalajara. The wound was beginning to throb with pain and I thought I could feel my whole leg and stomach shaking. In Guadalajara, Calatayud drove the car to where the bullfighting crowd hung out and several people came out to look at me and asked him: ‘What’s happened?’

‘He’s got a bad cornada,’ Calatayud said. ‘Where’s the hospital?’

‘Don’t take him here,’ they said. ‘Take him to Madrid.’

I was too weak to ask why and Calatayud drove me to Madrid. About midnight we arrived in the neighborhood of the Sanatorio de Toreros, The Bullfighters’ Hospital.

The three got out and went inside. They were gone for a long time, and I began to shout. Someone came out of the hospital. ‘Why am I not being

taken in?' I asked him.

'What did you say your name was?' he asked me. 'We can't find your name here.'

'Enrique Cañadas,' I told him.

He went back into the hospital, came back, and said, 'Your name is not on this list.'

I started to yell again: 'Sons of bitches! Unscrupulous bastards!' and they decided to take me into the hospital.

I was put onto a stretcher, taken in a lift up several floors, and led into a room. Two nurses came with a doctor, they unwrapped the wound, and blood started to pour out again. I was put on another stretcher and wheeled into an operating room. Other doctors appeared, looking as if they had just arrived in a big hurry. One of them was Maximo Garcia de la Torre, the greatest horn wound surgeon in Spain. One of the nurses began to shave all around the wound. This hurt tremendously. I had the edge of a sheet in my hand and I put it into my mouth and bit on it~to prevent myself from complaining.

One of the doctors happened to speak English. 'Just be patient and everything will be all right,' he told me. 'I'm the anesthetist, and everything will be all right.'

He injected my left arm and immediately I felt the approach of sleep. The last thing I saw was a man in white taking photographs of the wound in my leg. I woke up the next morning in a daze and a woman was sitting next to me. I recognized her as a journalist who lived in Madrid. She had come to write a story about me. That day many of my friends in Madrid came to see me. Many of those who came were journalists I knew or members of their families. They all wrote stories about me. I was glad to see them, to see faces that were not bullfighting people. My leg hurt me when the anesthetic had worn off, and I was given pills to kill the pain. They made me sleep.

I was in the hospital for three weeks and almost every day I had visitors. One day a young American came and introduced himself as Tito del Amo and said he wanted to take some pictures of me. He spoke little, but seemed very nice.

Another day Miguel Cardenas came with another friend of his. When he arrived he chuckled and laughed. 'You see,' he said. 'What did I say? You got gored. It serves you right.'

He was taking such a delight at my state that I got angry and picked up a bowl of fruit at my bedside and threw it at him. Then Cardenas said: 'Nothing's happened. Nothing's happened. You'll have plenty more like that.'

I was furious, but he could not stop laughing. 'You're a fool,' he said. 'Had you stayed with me, you would have had ten fights. Now, it's too late. Furthermore, I had a fight lined up for you on the twenty-first of this month,

and now you can't have it.'

'As a matter of fact,' I said, 'I will be out of the hospital by then, and I want to see this fight of yours.'

During the three weeks in the hospital, I was in pain sometimes, but the nurses always had pills or injections to give me. I spent most of the time sleeping. I had a nice air-conditioned room. The worst part of my stay in the hospital was when the doctor came at midday to examine the wound. He would uncover it, clean it, and it would be very painful, but slowly the pain became less and I began to feel better, to get out of bed, and to walk. The last few days in the hospital I spent in the garden of the hospital talking to my friends.

After three weeks I had the stitches removed and left the hospital. Cardenas had contracted a fight for me in a town called Algemesi in the province of Valencia. The fight was supposed to take place three days after I got out of the hospital. The day before the fight we drove down to Valencia. I tried to walk on my wounded leg as much as possible, but it always became painful after a while. Fortunately, at the last minute the fight was postponed two days, which gave me more time to recuperate.

I was still worried about fighting and I feared that I would be terrified when it came to facing a bull again. Before the fight, I dressed nervously and went to the ring, but as soon as we started the parade, things changed. The situation was totally different from the capeas. There was a proper ring with spectators who had paid to see the fight. The ring had the proper sand, the proper barriers, and an infirmary. All of these things affected me more than I had. expected they could, and I felt secure. The bulls were novillos, not giant bulls, and they charged well. I fought the best fight of my whole career. Everything that day seemed easy. I cut the ears from my first bull, an ear from my second, and was carried out on shoulders.

After the fight I was very happy and my confidence was renewed. Even Cardenas was amazed that I had done so well. The impresario paid us just the expenses of my assistants, but nothing more. We had to ask for another five hundred pesetas for the trip back to Madrid and did not even have enough for dinner. It was night when we set out for Madrid; after we had gone some distance Cardenas suddenly said: 'Stop! There are some fine, sweet grapes in this field.'

It was dark and I could see nothing. Cardenas got out of the car and came back with bunches of grapes just as he had described. We ate them and drove on. 'If you pay attention to me, you'll be one of the top novilleros in Spain,' he said.

After driving for an hour, he again said: 'Stop. There are some grapes in this field. They aren't quite as nice for eating as the others. They have a slightly bitter taste, but they make a fine wine.'

When he came back to the car, he had several bunches of grapes exactly as he had described, and I was amazed. 'When did you learn about the grapes?' I asked.

'When I was hungry. I know every inch of Spain and what is in every field.'

I was staying in Madrid at the house of Bill Cemlyn-Jones, a journalist who had adopted me almost as a son. The bullfight season had ended, and Cardenas and I argued about the direction my career should take in the future and about money. I decided it would be best if I returned to Seville where I could establish a firm base of operations.

Shortly after I moved back to Seville, I saw Veneno, my old sword-handler. He was mad at me for having gone to France and said: 'You're a fool. If you had stayed in Seville, you would be a top novillero by now.'

He was glad to see me, nevertheless. We started meeting regularly as we had before. I showed him the stationwagon I had bought. 'You're a fool to have bought it,' he said. 'With the same money you could have fought several novilladas.'

Veneno wanted to find me a manager and he set out to do so. Finito de Triana thought that the best manager for me would be Jose Gomez 'Sevillano' - who had managed Diego Puerta, Miguelin, and Curro Giron. We went to Sevillano's house, and I showed him my photographs and told him what I had done. He said that he wanted to see me fight, but he was leaving for America. He wanted me to kill several bulls in private when he returned in a month, and then he would assess my possibilities.

In the meantime, I trained at the Piscina Sevilla, but I was impatient to get going. After almost a month had gone by, Veneno told me that there was another possibility, a man named Francisco 'Curro' Chaves, who had been a famous picador and later managed the four Giron brothers. Chaves was also the manager of Emilio Oliva. Cesar and Curro Giron had fought hundreds of fights, I assumed due to Chaves's management. He had also laid on a number of fights for Emilio Oliva when Oliva was not that popular a bullfighter.

Chaves was a very fat man who had four or five chins and no neck. His whole manner and attitude was sluggish. He could not turn his head, and when one shook his hand, it was like grabbing a dead fish. It amazed me that he could have managed anybody or been a picador himself, but it was explained that he had had a stroke that had affected his vitality. The stroke was said to have been from overeating. Chaves had a deep voice that sounded like he was speaking from the bottom of a drain-pipe. He spoke slowly, lazily, and with so few words that what he said always seemed funny.

He told me to come to his house with my photographs. When I arrived he told me he wanted a five-year contract, and he asked me how much money I had. I told him my backer was in London. I was reluctant to tell him

who my backer was because I feared that he would think I had money to waste, but I could not keep the formation from him. I told him my backer managed the Beatles

'The manager of the Bee-at-les?' he said. 'Those dirty guys who sing? That geezer must have piles of money.'

I did not like this attitude and did not want to sign a contract with Chaves. I wanted a demonstration of what the man could do for me before I committed myself, and I was hoping Sevillano would return. About that time Epstein wrote me that he would like to see me in London, and sent me a round-trip ticket airfare. I told Chaves that I was going to London, and he said: 'I don't mind going, if you insist.'

Since I did not insist, he said: 'Bring me back a length of cloth for a suit - and another for an overcoat while you're at it.'

I thought this took a nerve, but everybody in Seville said: 'What a fine person Curro Chaves is. He doesn't steal from anyone.'

This was an important thing to hear, but I went to London rather doubting that Chaves was the man to manage me. I was met at the airport by a chauffeur and taken to the Epsteins' home in a Rolls-Royce. Epstein wanted to know all that had happened to me and how I had spent the money he had sent. I produced my accounts, and he had photocopies made of them. He wanted to know what managers I might get, and I told him of Sevillano and Chaves. He then told me that it was time to sign a contract with him and, when he produced one, I found it was so generous I hardly saw the point, but he wanted to be businesslike about it. The contract stipulated that if I made over four thousand pounds a year I would give him five per cent of my earnings for five years and pay back the money that he sent me to continue backing my career.

Among my adventures in London, I went to visit an old friend and he took me to a little flat to visit two girls. They were amusing, charming girls and one was extremely beautiful. My friend said: 'This here is a bullfighter.'

The beautiful girl said: 'That's interesting. You don't by any chance know Henry Higgins, because I know his manager, the manager of the Rolling Stones.'

'Well, actually, you are a bit wrong,' I said, 'because I am Henry Higgins, and my manager manages the Beatles.'

The girl and I hit it off very well, and she invited me to spend the weekend at her parents' house in the country. I said I would think it over because I thought I should appear to have many commitments. Actually, I had decided to go. Later, Epstein invited me to visit John Lennon with him the same weekend. I chose to visit the girl and had a wonderful weekend. Her family owned a beautiful farm and race horses. On Saturday the local hunt met nearby and hundreds of people came with horses. One man came up to me

on his horse and said: 'Are you Henry Higgins, the bullfighter?'

I said: 'Yes.'

'How did you get into such a barbarous profession?' he asked. 'Don't you think it's extremely cruel[2]'

When I went back to Seville I took the cloth for a suit to Chaves and said: 'Here's a present from London.' He looked at the cloth and asked: 'Where's the overcoat?'

I was eager to prepare for the season and fight a bull as soon as possible. Chaves said that if I wanted to pay for it I could kill a bull as soon as I wanted. Two days later we drove to Jerez and visited the house of 'El Jerezano' - the Man from Jerez - whom Chaves was going to manage that season. From Jerezano's we went to a ranch where Jerezano and I each killed a bull. I was less than fit, but things went well and I was satisfied I was ready to fight.

Unfortunately, after that very little happened. Chaves would often telephone me and get me to pick him up at his house and take him to Jerez to see El Jerezano. If we did not go to see Jerezano, we went to see Emilio Oliva. Both of them fought in Malaga and we made many trips there. The trips took ages because Chaves would stop at every bar on the way. Whenever he saw a bar, he would say: 'Stop. Here they have a fish that will knock you out,' or 'Stop. Here they have a cheese that will knock you out,' or 'Stop. Here they have a stew that will knock you out.'

Chaves could think only of his stomach. When his son went with us, Chaves would always eat at another table, or another room if possible, because the son would say; 'Papa, you mustn't overeat. You've had one stroke already.'

'I was left without a father at twenty-four,' Chaves would reply, so you aren't going to suffer if I kick off'

Chaves had a very fat friend who went with him everywhere. He was Chaves' eating companion and had nothing to do with bullfighting. The friend liked to say to Chaves: 'Curro, you're looking thinner. You're looking much better.'

I spent a great deal of time with these two. Occasionally we would find ourselves on the Calle Tetuan and see an impresario; Chaves would stop him. They would all greet him warmly, but Chaves would give them a very sad face and say: 'Let's see when Jerezano will fight - his fighting knocks you out - and Emilio Oliva, poor boy, hasn't even had a piece of bread to eat for a long time - and Caetano, who in truth has a pair of balls - and I've got a horseman who is better than the Peraltas - and I've got an Ingles, who is called Enrriii Iggg~ggg-hey, you, what's your name - Iggy - well, he calls himself Cañadas, and he fights better than Belmonte and looks like he was born in Triana.'

When I heard his plea to the impresarios in this way, I was very discouraged. I was the last on the list, but I still had hopes that something would happen. Everybody in Seville continued to tell me what a fine man Chaves was and that he was not a bad manager. One day in March he finally came to me and said I had a chance to fight in Tenerife, in the Canary Islands. The idea excited me because it would be my debut with picadors, an important step in a bullfighter's career. Chaves told me the conditions of the fight and that I would have to pay my own expenses. The expenses for a novillada with picadors were about thirty thousand pesetas, and for a novillada in the Canary Islands they would approach fifty thousand pesetas, far more than I had ever paid.

I had thought that in the Canary Islands I might expect to earn money because there were many English tourists. I told Chaves the expenses were too high and I would have to forget about the fight. For several days I thought about the fight and finally changed my mind because I wanted to make my debut with picadors. I told Chaves I would go, but that I wanted to speak to the impresario. This was arranged and I told him he should pay me something. He said that perhaps he could pay some of my expenses if things went very well.

The fight was to be held on March 19, 1967. A few days before the fight, Chaves invited me to lunch. It was one of many lunches we had had together, but up until this one I had paid for all of them. At lunch he told several amusing stories and, at the end of the lunch, he threw an envelope across the table at me and said; 'Take it away, read it and bring it back tomorrow. The fooling around is over. I'm not just another sausage. I managed Curro Giron to eighty-four fights!'

He pulled out an old newspaper cutting that showed him and Curro Giron standing together. I took the envelope home and found that it contained a long contract. Chaves wanted twenty per cent of whatever I made in bullfighting or out of it, and a minimum of five thousand pesetas per fight, even if I lost money. The next day I returned the envelope to him with the contract unsigned. Chaves did not open the envelope because he was sure I had signed it. We had a drink and laughed together. The following day, I saw him and he was furious. 'Son of a bitch!' he said to me. 'Now you won't fight at all.'

I feared that I had done the wrong thing. He told me that if I did not sign before I went to Tenerife, he would ruin me before I got back. I decided to sign the contract even though I had a premonition that I was being foolish.

To save expenses, I was taking only two banderilleros and a picador to Tenerife and Veneno complained terribly because I was not taking him. 'I am your most faithful supporter,' he said. 'I will inspire you."

At the last moment, I decided to take him as well. We went several days

early to help arrange the publicity for the fight. I hoped to stir up enough interest among the tourists so that the ring would be full. When we arrived in Tenerife, we went to a hotel. The owner was very cordial to us and we had drinks together that evening. When we came back to the hotel, one of my assistants said he had to go out for cigarettes and would be back shortly. I went to bed and woke up several hours later to find that he was not in his bed. I went back to sleep, but later I was awakened by a tremendous noise. Doors were banging and there was screaming and shouting outside my room. The door burst open and he came in. He looked dreadful. His tie was half off, his jacket was torn, and he had red wine spilled all over him. He started shouting at me: 'Ingles! Ingles! Viva El Ingles!'

I told him to shut up because I feared that the owner would be awakened. Soon the manager of the hotel came with another man, and they grabbed him and threw him out into the street. From my window I could hear him down on the street, shouting as if he was at a football match. 'A-La-Vi. A-La-Va. El Ingles! El Ingles!'

He went down the street and I fell asleep again. About an hour later he came back, repeated the same thing and was thrown out of the hotel. And he yelled again on the street. The next day I was very angry with him and embarrassed because he had made a disturbance in the hotel. 'I've done wonders for you,' he said. 'You're the talk of the island. The ring will be full and they'll carry you out on their shoulders.'

The fight was for Miguel Marquez, Juan Calero and myself. The morning of the fight I asked one of the banderilleros what the procedure was going to be about the press; he told me that one of the other bullfighters was giving three hundred pesetas to each of the journalists. If all of us did the same, no one would get a better review than the others. This sounded reasonable and I gave the money to Veneno to deliver to the journalists. I went to the hotel to rest.

I fought very well that day on both bulls, but I was unlucky killing. I got a round of the ring on my first fight and a grand ovation on my second. As I left the ring, I got another tremendous ovation. Marquez cut one ear, but Calero had a mediocre day. Back in the hotel where everyone went after the fight, I was content with' what I had done: people were congratulating me. Miguel Marquez's manager, Jose Maria Recondo, came to see me and said: 'You fought extremely well today and were the best of the afternoon in spite of not having killed well. But let me tell you one thing. You are doing the wrong thing having a good time here in the bar. You should be thinking over what you did wrong. Miguel Marquez has locked himself in his room and will not come out because he is ashamed that he only cut one ear today.'

The following day we returned to Seville. In the Canary Islands I had bought three transistor radios, a tape recorder and a cigarette lighter be-

cause they were tax-free there and Chaves had ordered me to bring them. I had told him I was worried about bringing them through the customs and he said he would take care of that. Still, I was worried when I arrived in Seville with the merchandise. In the airport building, I could see Chaves standing behind the railing. I got through the customs without difficulty, but Chaves still looked angry. When I reached him, he said: 'You've come back? Better if you had stayed there.'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'What did you do out there? Not one pass? The paper has written you up disastrously.'

'Of course I fought well!' I told him. 'Ask anyone who was there.'

We went back to Seville and Chaves spoke very little to me. In Seville all I wanted to do was to find a newspaper, and when I did, I found *Debut of an Englishman with Picadors. A Disastrous Performance.* I could not believe it. It said that I had done nothing with cape or muleta and killed badly. I wanted to kill whichever journalist had written it.

On the Calle Tetuan, many people made sarcastic remarks about the fight. This upset me all the more. It was useless to try to convince people that I had in fact done well, even though the banderilleros who had seen the fight said so. After this, Chaves did not find me any fights, until one day he introduced me to a small man who had curly hair, a gold tooth, a mischievous grin, and wore a large overcoat in which he appeared to be hiding.

This was Curro Vega, who wanted to organize a fight in Fuentes de Leon, a small town in the hills southeast of Badajoz. He wanted me to put up a third of the money required and I would receive a third of the profits. I had heard of this kind of deal before. Small town bullfights were risky ventures for everyone involved. Chaves was all for the fight and convinced me that everything would be all right. Above all, I was eager to fight to prove to the people around Seville what I could do.

Vega came to my house one day and asked for forty thousand pesetas. I tried to stall, hoping that the fight would take place without my money, but eventually I had to give him the forty thousand pesetas. A few days later he came back saying that he needed another ten thousand, without which the fight could not take place. I went with him to select the bulls I would fight because as partial organizer I had this right. The fight was to be a Corrida Mixta', which meant that a full matador de toros, Manuel Alvarez - 'El Bala' or The Bullet - would fight two full-grown bulls, a 'Rejoneador', Angel Peralta, would fight one from horseback, and I would fight two novillos. Vega and I had to choose two novillos for me, two bulls for El Bala and one for Peralta. The two novillos were beautiful, strong and solid, but not too big. The two bulls for El Bala, I must confess, looked enormous and had huge horns.

For some reason, only one of the novillos actually showed up the day of

the fight. The missing novillo was replaced by a much larger bull. The bulls were run through the ring on the morning of the fight so the people of the town could see them and everybody was impressed by their size. I realized that apart from the novillo, I would also have to fight one of the big ones.

Being the matador, El Bala fought in first place. Bala was a strange-looking man with spindly legs, big eyes and no neck. In the ring his eyes would get bigger and he was considered to be amusing because of the expression on his face. He knew this and was something of a clown, exaggerating his gestures and general behavior in the ring. When the gate opened for the first bull, out came the novillo, my bull. I thought there had been a mistake and I went out into the ring with my cape to face it. El Bala did the same thing and an argument started between the banderilleros over whose bull it was. The bull charged at El Bala first, and he tried to get it as far from me as possible. I realized that short of starting a riot, I would have to resign myself to fighting the two big bulls, and I went back to the barrier, cursing and swearing at El Bala. The novillo was an extraordinary one and Bala made more passes with it than he ever had in his life before. He was awarded the two ears.

My first bull was slow to charge and dangerous. The public liked my performance because of my bravery in front of a big bull, and I was awarded an ear. ‘El Bala ‘s second bull was huge and did not want to move. Bala tried to kill it more than a dozen times.

My second bull had enormous horns. I was still anxious to show Chaves that I could fight well. The bull charged erratically. It would back up, paw the ground, and then shoot forward with tremendous force. It also had a tendency to work its way towards one place in the ring, and in one of my passes I sent the bull off in that direction, turned around and walked away from the bull, looking up at the audience. They were applauding wildly, but suddenly I heard screaming; I did not know why. Behind my back, the bull was charging across the ring at me. It caught me at full speed and I went flying into the air. When I landed the bull hovered over me and I could feel blows from all directions. I thought it was the end. Finally, the bull was drawn away and I was dragged to my feet. When I recovered, I went back to the bull to make more passes. I positioned myself directly in front of the bull and swung the muleta from side to side behind me. The bull followed the movement with its head but did not charge. I was determined to convince Chaves that I had valor and could excite the crowd. I thought this would make him get me fights, and I inched closer and closer to the bull. When the bull charged, I made several passes and then I heard Chaves shout: ‘Enough. Enough.’

I killed the bull well and was awarded two ears and a tail. I was satisfied that I had made up for what had happened in Tenerife, but in my happiness about having cut the ears and tail, I had forgotten about the money I had in-

vested. When I found Vega he was almost crying and saying: 'Oh, this has been a disaster. We're ruined. We've made nothing. There was nobody there.'

'But the ring was almost full,' I said.

'Oh, what ruin,' Vega said. 'They broke down the gate.'

'I need' money right now,' I demanded.

'We'll have to get a check from the butcher,' he said.

The butcher was in a neighboring town and I had to drive there to find him.

The butcher gave Vega a check for twenty thousand pesetas, which he handed to an assistant of his.

'Give it to me,' I demanded.

'No. We must go back to Fuentes de Leon to settle up,' Vega said, and we went back to Fuentes de Leon. The friend with the cheque drove back in another car and arrived several hours after us. Vega seemed to hope I would have left by then. Meanwhile, there was a long argument.

Chaves was beginning to get bored with all this. He had been given a ham by a friend in the town. He kept looking at it and muttering: 'It's awfully small, practically worthless.'

Chaves wanted to leave for Seville because it was very late. When Vega's assistant finally arrived, I grabbed him and yanked the check from his pocket. When Vega arrived in Seville two days after the fight he had no money. 'Kill me if you like. I'm ruined,' he said. 'But don't worry, I wouldn't cheat you. There's another fight in two weeks and we will recuperate everything.'

He set out to organize another fight, believing he could make money. He did it all on credit. From the butcher he borrowed money to buy the bulls he was going to sell to the butcher after the fight. I was annoyed at Chaves for being useless and I decided to stick with Vega in the hopes that he might make enough money to pay me some of what I had lost on the first fight.

The second fight was to be held in Higuera la Real. The operation was much the same as the first fight in Fuentes de Leon with Peralta, El Bala and myself. It was raining and there were no spectators. The lorry driver who had brought the bulls refused to unload them until he was paid. The butcher came and claimed that the bulls were actually his because he had already paid for the meat. The Mayor and the Captain of the Guardia Civil gave orders that the bulls should be unloaded and the fight should begin. When the first bull came out, Peralta's horse slipped all over the mud. After that the fight was suspended before either El Bala or myself had fought.

By now it was time for the Seville Fair and Brian Epstein came to Seville and rented a house. He was surrounded by friends who suddenly appeared from all corners of the world. Vega was trying to organize another fight, again

in Higuera la Real. This time he hoped to bring Gregono Sanchez as an attraction. The day of the fight, I left early in the morning with Epstein, who had been out almost all night with his friends at the Fair. We drove to Higuera la Real and when we got to the town, we found nothing but a scruffy bit of paper pasted to the door of the main cafe; it said that because Gregorio Sanchez was unable to fight that day, there would be no fight. I was embarrassed at having taken Epstein to this little town for nothing, but he seemed to enjoy it all and simply said: 'That's show business.'

The fights in Seville that year were the best I had ever seen. After the fights, Epstein and I would go to the Hotel Colon. One evening I introduced him to El Pipo, who had discovered El Cordobés and was the most flamboyant manager of all time. Pipo always wore a big, wide-brimmed hat, of a type that was unique in Spain, and smoked cigars; he was a cheery, boisterous man, who looked very impressive in his hat. On the other hand, Epstein tended to be quiet, especially in unfamiliar surroundings.

When I introduced them I said: 'Here I have brought together the two greatest managers in the world.'

'Yes,' Pipo shouted, 'but he won and I lost,' - and he launched into a speech about how Cordobés had left him.

Another night in the Hotel Colon, two Englishmen came looking for me, accompanied by two striking English girls. The girls were long-legged and wore short mini-skirts, which were a novelty in Spain at that time. They attracted the attention of the entire lobby. All conversation stopped and people turned to stare at the girls. I was amused, but slightly embarrassed. The Englishmen had come to see me about a television program that had been suggested about my life for a series called *Man Alive.* We sat down to discuss it, and immediately all the managers and impresarios who were there came over to say 'Hello' to me. One of them called 'Fatigon' - The Languid One - came over and began to pester us. He would not let us talk. He was old, had a gigantic nose, wrinkled face and a hoarse voice that sounded like a loud whisper. 'You take one, and I'll go with the other one,' he told me. 'We'll go have a fantastic lobster at my pavilion at the Fair.'

'I don't even know them,' I told him, 'and I think one of them is married to the man she is with.'

'No, no,' said Fatigon, 'You have not understood. You go with one, and I'll go with the other.'

El Pipo arrived at the table and said: 'Let's go have lobster. That's the best thing there is. It makes you randy.'

The girls were rather confused by all this attention. In the background I could hear voices saying: 'Look! Look! You can see everything!'

Pipo was shouting and sent someone up to his room for some copies of his autobiography, in which he explains how he first launched El Cordobés.

A dozen copies were brought down and he set about dedicating them to the girls - and anyone else who would take one. The Lozano brothers, managers of Palomo Linares, showed up, patted me on the back, and said: 'How are things? I understand you'll be fighting some of our bulls soon.'

It was the first I had heard about it. In fact, I had no prospects and was very disappointed with what Chaves had done for me. Chaves talked of a fight in San Sebastian de los Reyes, just outside Madrid, but nothing had come of it. We began to have arguments, and one day Veneno came to my house with a little scrap of paper which said that I owed Chaves ten thousand pesetas, the commission for two fights, and several thousand pesetas more for things like telephone calls. I told Veneno that I refused to pay the money. I wrote out on another piece of paper the money that I estimated Chaves owed me. I included the merchandise I had brought from the Canary Islands, the expenses of trips I had undertaken for Chaves to deal with his other bullfighters, and the innumerable meals I had paid for. I sent this back to him with Veneno. The next day I saw Chaves in the Calle Sierpes in Seville and we had a furious argument. I walked away in a terrible rage and ran into Marcos Nuñez, son of the famous rancher Carlos Nuñez, and he asked me what was wrong. I told him the story and he told me not to pay Chaves anything. 'He's not a bad man,' Nuñez said, 'but he's no good for you.

The following day I went to Chaves's house and asked to be released from the contract. According to the terms, I had to pay half a million pesetas to break away. I was not going to do this - I did not have that sort of money. We argued again. The next day I went to Madrid to the syndicate to ask what the rules were about breaking contracts. There was a rule that said a manager had to give his bullfighter at least eight fights each year or the contract was considered at an end. I went back to Seville and told Chaves this; I said that I was prepared to sit out the year without fighting if I had to. He said: 'Give me five thousand pesetas for my expenses,' and I did this. In return he gave me a letter to the syndicate releasing me from the contract.

After this, I saw little future for myself in Seville. I decided to go to Madrid. In Madrid I stayed again with Bill Cemlyn-Jones and his family. I went to the Plaza Santa Ana, but it looked as if it was impossible to fight anywhere without spending money. I was out of money completely and cabled Epstein, but I could not get in touch with him. I trained in the Casa del Campo, but it was hot and miserable in Madrid, and by August I was very discouraged.

Then one day a journalist I knew came to me and said he had bad news: Epstein was dead. We went back to his office and read the news from the teletype. Another journalist in the office then said: 'Oh, by the way, your friend El Bala has just been very seriously gored in San Sebastian de los Reyes.'

El Bala had been rushed to the Bullfighters' Hospital, but there was little hope of his living. I went out to the hospital to see how bad things were. There were many people in the lobby of the hospital, and they all looked upset and worried. One of them was his sword-handler, a tiny man from Seville, whom I had known well. He greeted me when I entered and I looked at him and saw that his clothes were covered with blood.

El Bala survived, but he lost his leg several days later. This added to my general discouragement. Having no money, I had to sell everything I owned, including my car and my suit of lights. I kept only my capes and muletas for training, but it was hard to go to the Casa del Campo when things were so discouraging. I started to hang around one of the cafeterias that was frequented by foreign girls because it was next to the American Express office. I always told them I was a bullfighter, as I was sure that this would impress them; all I wanted to do was go out with the girls and have a good time. When they found I was a bullfighter, most of the girls would ask me questions about El Cordobés.

Towards the end of the bullfighting season, I met an attractive American girl named Linda and we started living together. I had to go to work because both of us were broke. I advertised English classes and got a job teaching English at a factory in one of the smoky areas of Madrid. The job paid well and I had to work only a few hours a day, but I hated it because it seemed I was back where I started. After a while Linda got a job as a waitress in the Officers' Club on the American air base near Madrid. She was very well paid what with her wages and tips, and sometimes she would bring home fifty or sixty thousand pesetas a month. Soon she suggested that I quit my job teaching and devote myself completely to bullfighting.

In the previous autumn when I was low on money, I had also worked as an extra in a cheap film. It seemed silly work, but while I was doing it an idea came to my head. I wanted to do something big and I went to see El Pipo and asked him about the organization of a bullfight. I wanted to organize one in Almeria and get the film crowd interested in various ways. Pipo advised me on costs and whom to deal with to get the ring in Almeria.

Several big films were being made in Almeria at that time. One was *Shalako* with Sean Connery, Brigitte Bardot and Steven Boyd; another was *Play Dirty* with Michael Caine and Richard Harris; and there were several other smaller productions going on as well. I went down there, not knowing anybody, and stayed in a small pension, but I pretended I was staying in the Gran Hotel by going there every day and sitting in the lobby. The lobby was full of actors, extras, assistant producers, producers, art directors, directors and so on. I was advised to go to the production office of *Shalako* and see the public relations man, an Englishman. I went there and told him of my project, a bullfight, the proceeds from which would go to charity. I would

benefit from the publicity of being involved with the actors, and I also wanted to get some of them to ride horses in the parade in front of the bullfighters. 'Oh, no, no, young man. You've come to the wrong place,' the public relations man said. 'We're making an important film here. We don't want your wretched bullfights around here.'

I hoped that from that moment *Shalako* would be a disaster, but I got similar treatment almost everywhere I went. I found one art director, an Irishman with a kind face, and told him of my project. He blew up. 'Monstrous!' he said. 'How can you possibly come to me and ask for such a thing? These dreadful bullfights! Disgusting! You're a dreadful, warped, backward man.'

I was very discouraged and I went to the Gran Hotel and began to drink. The same man came in and after a few drinks, I went up to him and said: 'How dare you come in here! This is a civilized hotel. You're just a hypocrite. You're making films that are far bloodier than a bullfight could ever be.'

After this, his attitude towards me changed. 'I disapprove of what you're doing, but I am impressed with your determination,' he told me.

In the end, he said he would try to help me by speaking to Harry Salzman, a film producer. 'If Harry Salzman can't help you, no one can,' he said.

Soon I decided to approach the actors themselves because I was tired of being thrown out of offices and was almost ready to go back to Madrid. I remembered something that Epstein used to say to me: 'You must turn over every stone.'

I approached Michael Caine, Richard Harris, Sean Connery and Steven Boyd with my idea. They were all very nice to me and invited me to have drinks. They all wanted to know about bullfighting, why I had become involved, and how well I had done. Encouraged by their attitude, I began to think that the fight might come off after all. I also approached Harry Salzman. It was obvious that someone had spoken to him because when I got within five yards of him - without even turning towards me - he said, 'I'm not interested in your proposition.'

After hearing my idea, one of the assistant art directors told me that he would help and wanted to go in on the deal with me. He would try to find the finance among the actors and would take a percentage for himself. I was very encouraged, but I realized that between one thing and another, I would not have time to do everything. I needed someone who was familiar with the organization of a bullfight and the first person who came to my mind was Miguel Cardenas. I thought Cardenas's talents might be useful.

The first thing that Cardenas said when he arrived in Almeria was: 'How much money have you asked for?'

I told him two hundred and fifty thousand pesetas, and he said:

‘You see, you’re a fool. You haven’t learned anything. Go back and ask for another hundred thousand. They don’t know how much things cost.’

Steven Boyd was the actor most interested, and said I could count on his help. Some journalists in Madrid were beginning to get excited and wanted to fly down to do stories about the fight. Cardenas ordered posters for the fight. Steven Boyd, Woody Strode, and Rod Redwing, an Indian and supposedly the fastest draw in the world, had decided that they would ride in the parade with the bullfighters. This was to be mentioned on the posters as an added attraction. The proceeds from the fight were to go to a Spanish girl who had been badly injured in a car accident.

The actors had found a Spaniard who said that he would pay for the cost of the bullfight if the actors promised to make good any losses. They all agreed to this and made an appointment to meet the man at an Almeria bank, but the Spaniard did not turn up.

With two days left and no money for the fight, Cardenas drove off to Cordoba to see the backer of one of the bullfighters and brought the man back the next day with the bullfighter and several others. We took them to the set where they were making *Shalako,* and the man from Cordoba said: ‘Look, there’s "007," but he’s on a horse.’

He was very impressed but could not understand why the famous actors had not backed the bullfight. He trusted their judgement more than his own. ‘I don’t see this clearly,’ he said.

Cardenas pleaded with him and said that the actors were all idiots, and that they had thrown away the greatest opportunity of their lives. The man from Cordoba was still suspicious. ‘Why wouldn’t "007" put up the money?’ he wanted to know.

Eventually, he left town and there was no time left for us to look for money elsewhere. The fight had fallen through. At this point Cardenas and I had an argument. ‘What do you mean by calling me down here when you weren’t sure the money was there?’ he said.

‘What do you mean?’ I asked him. ‘If you hadn’t asked for the extra hundred thousand we would have got the money.

We argued for some time and, had it not been for the fact that Brigitte Bardot was giving a party in the old Moorish fortress of Almeria, we would have argued all night. The party was supposed to be for a charity, and Cardenas and I were going as guests of the assistant art director who had originally tried to raise the money for us. We went to the party in very low spirits and started drinking. There were about twenty pigs roasting on spits, but no one touched them during the whole party. There were also gypsies playing the guitar.

We drove down into Almeria at about three in the morning in Cardenas’ car. We were both quite drunk and, as we were driving through the street,

there was a boy in the street swaying back and forth, obviously drunk as well. As we passed, he made a pass at the car as if it were a bull. Cardenas slammed on the brakes, put the car in reverse, and backed up to the boy. 'No one gives the horns to me,' he *said.* 'He's going to give them to his father now. I'll prove he's the son of a bitch.'

'Let's leave it,' I told Cardenas. 'The guy is drunk.'

Cardenas insisted on getting out of the car. 'I'm going to frighten him,' he told me.

I tried to hold him back, but he got out and hit the boy in the face. The boy started to shout, and about ten of his friends showed up suddenly. They all attacked Cardenas, and when I got out of the car, they attacked me. We were getting beaten and had been knocked down, but Cardenas managed to get back to the car, open the door and grab a sword. He unsheathed the sword and started waving it in the air. All the boys were suddenly terrified, and Cardenas told me to get into the car, which I did. Cardenas had a wild grin on his face and he taunted the boys: 'Come on, vou cowards. Let's see one of you attack now.'

Then he got into the car, rolled up the windows and locked the doors, but the boy who had started it all stood in his way and refused to move. Cardenas drove towards him, and the boy leaped up on the bonnet of the car and punched the windscreen, breaking the glass. We both got out of the car and started to fight again because now we were furious. At this point, two other men arrived and got involved as well. They turned out to be policemen, and we were all thrown in jail. The next morning Cardenas called the Colombian consul and we were released, but we had to appear before a judge. 'Are you married?' he asked me.

'No,' I replied.

'Well then, why were you so upset? If you're not married, the horns don't apply to you.

'It's the principle of the thing,' I said.

'Well, you're a fool. Get out of here.'

I was eager to leave Almeria, anyway. We had run out of money, and a few days before I had sold a watch to an Indian chief who worked in the movies. He had discovered that the watch was worth less than he had paid and wanted to scalp me. We also owed about twenty thousand pesetas for hotel bills and publicity material that we had ordered. Cardenas decided to take our difficulties to the assistant art director who had hoped to arrange he financial aspects for us, and ask him to pay the debts we had incurred as a result of his high hopes. We went to see him and he said he was not prepared to pay the money. Cardenas insisted that we go back two or three more times to convince the man, and the man pleaded that it was not his fault. Finally we went and waited all night outside the man's house until he

came home. Cardenas caught hold of him and we went up to his house. Cardenas was desperate and told him: 'You can divide up your loss with your associates. For you it's nothing. For us it's everything.'

The man finally pulled the money out from the back of a shelf, gave it to us, and we left. When I got back to Madrid, I realized I had spent too much time in Almeria for nothing and I needed some kind of backer. I could think of only one possibility. This was Tito del Amo, the American who had taken pictures of me in the hospital. Since then, he had inherited a large fortune. When I saw him, I told him of my difficulties. 'Now that Brian Epstein is dead, my career has died as well,' I told him. 'I'm desperate to get back in bull-fighting. I can't face the fact that I'm a failure.'

He seemed very sympathetic. I rarely saw him because he was always flying all over the world, but I began to think that of all the people I knew, only he seemed to have the attitude and potential to help me. Hoping to see him, I often went to the Hilton Hotel and the Hilton Coffee Shop, where he went when he was in Madrid. One day when we were talking, he said that he would discuss the idea of backing me with his lawyer, and if the lawyer agreed, he would help me. I was nervous about seeing this lawyer, not knowing how I could convince him of my capabilities, my sincerity and my needs. I realized that very few Spaniards knew how much it cost to launch a bullfighter.

I went to see El Pipo and asked him if he would accompany me to see the lawyer and explain how the business side of bullfighting worked. He came with me to the interview with the lawyer, Don Ramon Ortiz Urrutia, who listened intently. Don Ramon was a very serious and intelligent man, but he had had little contact with bullfighting. He proposed that I should be given enough money for three fights and on those fights, he and Tito del Amo could assess my possibilities and decide whether or not to continue backing me.

The first of my fights took place on June 2 in Lerida. I was completely out of shape, but fortunately because it was far from Madrid the lawyer and Tito del Amo did not see the fight. It was a disaster. One bullfighter could not kill one of his bulls and it was taken out alive. I was terrible with both my bulls and killed them only by good luck.

I knew that if I was to get the backing I needed, I would have to improve rapidly, but the fight in Lerida was such a terrifying experience that I wondered if this would be possible. Sometimes in bullfighting, particularly when you are not doing well, you see the bull in a completely new light. You always know a bull is difficult to control, but under these circumstances, it can seem almost impossible.

At Lerida, the bulls were from the same ranch as the one that had cost El Bala his leg, and they were gigantic. Every one of their charges seemed to

have unusual ferocity, especially to me since I had been some time without a fight. If the horn even grazed the cape, the force of the bull would tug at my arm, until after a few charges, I felt exhausted. In one particularly savage charge, the bull slashed the cape in two parts. With a new one I got the bull to the picador's horse as best I could, but the bull threw the horse on the ground and continued to attack it there.

The horse's padding has several layers to protect it in just such situations, but in this case the bull got his horn in one of the leg-holes, ripped the padding away, and continued to attack the horse's stomach until its intestines were hanging out on the ground. At that moment, I knew I had to get the bull away from the horse, yet it seemed the hardest thing in the world just to force myself forward towards the bull.

From where I stood, I could hear the hiss of the bull's breath in its nostrils as it attacked the horse, and such a sound, simple as it is, always reminds me of the terror a bull can create. There are many noises in the bullring that have the same effect. Whenever I hear, or even think of, the snapping sound of splintering wood as a bull crashes against the barrier, or the sound of the bull's hooves charging across the ring with dirt flying about, or the thump of the bull banging against the padded horse, I am filled with fear.

I had a fight scheduled in El Escorial two weeks after the fight in Lerida, but I was advised by many people that I was not ready for such a fight. El Escorial is near Madrid, and I would be seen by many people, including my potential backers. I knew that before I could fight again, I would have to do something to lift my confidence from where it had fallen in Lerida; I decided that I must kill several bulls before going to El Escorial.

I went to see Don Ramon and told him I had to prepare myself for the fight, and I needed money to kill several bulls privately in Salamanca. He agreed and I went to Salamanca and arranged to kill two very large bulls on the ranch of Juan Mari Perez Tabernero, one of the best ranches in Spain.

On the first bull I did fairly well, but I still lacked confidence in myself. Little by little I felt more secure. When the second bull came out, I realized it was a good one, and after several testing passes, I began to link passes together and rediscover my confidence. With this bull, bullfighting seemed almost easy and I went back to Madrid tremendously encouraged.

The fight in El Escorial took place on Friday, June 13, and the lawyer and all my friends were there. My first bull had a very uncertain charge and I could not do much with the cape. I was eager to fight with the muleta because I knew that this was my last chance in bullfighting. I dedicated the bull to Don Ramon and told him in the dedication that I would do everything I could to triumph. After I made two or three passes, keeping very still, the bull caught me and I went flying into the air and landed on my head. I was dazed and almost fainted. I went back to fight the bull as best I could, but there was

little I could do except show valour. I entered to kill and hit the bone three times; at the end of the fight, I got an ovation, but I was very disappointed.

I waited impatiently for my second bull. It was big, a full-grown bull weighing over 470 kilos, and it charged with strength. When I got to the muleta, I made some low, punishing passes, and I realized that the bull went well and I could put a good fight together. I was determined to do everything I could. I made two or three series with the right hand, a series with the left, and then moved in very close to the nose of the bull with the muleta behind my back. From this position I made more passes. The crowd was excited and I knew that I could triumph. Finally, I knelt in front of the bull and threw my sword and muleta away. The crowd went wild. I got the muleta and the sword and aimed to kill,

but I hit the bone on the first two tries. On the third attempt, the sword went in and the bull fell. I was awarded two ears and a tail, and I was carried out of the ring on shoulders.

After the fight, Don Ramon was wildly excited. I was overwhelmed by his enthusiasm and went back to Madrid looking forward to my next fight and continued backing. A week later I went to Vigo, where I cut two ears. On the following day, I had a fight in Ibiza; I had to drive all night from Vigo to Madrid to catch the plane for Ibiza. In Ibiza a bull caught me in the chin and gave me a slight goring, but I cut an ear. The next week I fought in Almeria, where I had to kill three bulls because one of the bullfighters was caught by his first bull, went to the infirmary, and did not come out for his second. The third bullfighter could not kill one of his bulls and it was taken out of the ring alive.

The bulls were big and dangerous. It was one of the toughest fights I had ever had, but I pulled off one of my most convincing triumphs. I fought well, but I was caught twice by one bull and once by another. Bartolome Siles, my banderillero, literally had to pull me off the horns of one bull because my suit had stayed hooked onto the horn. It was a new suit and was totally destroyed. I was almost knocked out, but Siles screamed at me: ‘Get back in there! Get back in there!’ When I returned to face the bull he kept on shouting and I did everything he told me.

I had another fight in Ibiza the next day and that night we got a lift to Murcia. My body was aching from the beating I had taken. From Murcia, we hired a taxi to Valencia. The driver tried to cheat us out of several hundred pesetas, but protested: ‘I wouldn’t cheat you. An Englishman, yes. But not a Spaniard.’

‘Funnily enough,’ I said, ‘you’re speaking to an Englishman.’

Siles was furious, threatening to beat the man if he demanded more money. We finally flew to Ibiza, where there was a large crowd of English tourists, and I cut two ears.

Since I was fighting frequently, it was too much for me to arrange the

fights, prepare myself and my equipment, and then fight. Siles helped me often, but I needed a good manager. Siles said that he knew of an ideal manager, an honest, hard-working, intelligent man.

Several days later I was introduced to Pedro Robredo, a tall, serious-looking man who looked very fit, in spite of being almost fifty. I was very impressed by Robredo, particularly because he did not make grand promises the way other managers did. In fact, his outlook was somewhat pessimistic, not towards me in particular, but about the general business of bullfighting.

He also said he was unable to manage me at the time because he had another bullfighter named Joselillo de Colombia, and he would be far too busy to manage me properly. He said that if he managed me it would not be fun. 'Your life would be worse than it would in a military barracks,' he said. 'You would have to be punctual any time I asked you to do something. You would have to train hard every single day - and I would watch you. There would be no women, smoking or drinking, and I would call you every night to make sure you were home.'

All this impressed me immensely. I thought I had found a man who was sincerely interested in developing a bullfighter. I told him that I wished he could manage me. And a few days later something happened that made this possible.

Joselillo de Colombia was to fight in San Fernando in the province of Cadiz, but on the way he had a terrible car accident. One of his banderilleros was killed and Joselillo was very seriously hurt. He had to spend the rest of the year in the hospital.

Robredo decided that he could consider managing me, but first he wanted to see me fight. I had a fight in Leon and Robredo came along. This was one of the best fights I ever had. I fought my first bull almost exclusively with the left hand, after having done very well with the cape. On the second bull I also did well and I was carried out on shoulders. Robredo was still serious and when we were having dinner, he said: 'You've done very well, but you're a bullfighter with little stamina. On your second bull you lacked strength.'

I was not disappointed because Robredo criticized my faults. This was the kind of man I wanted, a man who would push me as far as possible. He agreed to sign up fights for me for the rest of the season.

I next fought in Siguenza, a small town in the province of Guadalajara. On my first bull I did very well, cutting the ears and tail. I was very pleased, but the second bull came out completely different from the first. It was one of the biggest bulls I had ever fought and had the biggest pair of horns I had ever seen. The sight of such a bull coming into the ring shocked me because I was not expecting it in a novillada. With the cape I made some very good passes, and I dedicated the bull to the public. I made some punishing

passes that were quite effective and the bull did not seem to be dangerous, in spite of its size and horns, but it was still impressive, even to me. After a while I could see that the bull had what was known as 'sentido'. It was beginning to learn and to hesitate before it charged at the lure. Soon it would be looking for me.

My banderilleros and Robredo were signaling for me to kill it quickly. When I aimed to kill the bull, I could see nothing but its head in front of me. There was no way of even seeing the spot where I should place the sword. Siles, who was continually yelling advice as usual, shouted: 'Throw yourself on top.'

I thrust the muleta towards the bull's feet, went in over the horns as decisively as I could, and the sword went in to the hilt. The bull caught the muleta, turned around, caught me, and threw me several feet into the air.

I landed on my feet, but one of my legs was twisted the wrong way. I staggered over towards the barrier, but I had to be assisted to reach the wall. I thought I had broken my leg and the assistants wanted to take me from the ring to the infirmary, but I wanted to see the bull die. I thought the sword thrust had been effective and that the bull would die immediately. I went back into the ring to stand in front of the bull, thinking it would fall over and I would be awarded the ears and the tail. My banderilleros were trying to turn the bull in circles so it would fall down, but the bull paid no attention to them. It stood completely still and as I approached the bull, there were banderilleros on each side of it. But the bull caught sight of me and charged towards me with tremendous force. I barely managed to escape by making a pass.

The banderilleros tried to turn the bull again, but it paid no attention. When it caught sight of me, it charged again. This happened several times, and finally the banderilleros shouted: 'Enrique, stand aside. The bull recognizes you. It's after you, and nobody else.'

I had never seen or heard of anything like it. As long as I was there, the bull continued to charge. When I left, the bull went down on its knees and Siless gave it the puntilla. After the fight, this injury continued to bother me and I went several times to the Bullfighters' Hospital for treatment. Each time they took an enormous amount of liquid out of my knee. I tried to train daily but I found it difficult because of the knee. On the Saturday following the fight in Siguenza, I was training and another novillero asked me where I was fighting the following day because now I usually fought every Sunday; for the following day, I had no fight scheduled. In spite of my knee I wanted to fight so as to maintain the rhythm I had established. When I went home I received a phone call from Robredo. 'How are you?' he asked.

'Discouraged,' I said. 'I wish I was fighting tomorrow.'

'Well, don't be disappointed because tomorrow you'll have as much as you can handle. You're fighting twice!'

The first fight was to be held in Arenas de San Pedro at five o'clock, and the second at eleven o'clock in El Tiemblo, about a hundred miles away. Robredo thought this would make good publicity.

In Arenas de San Pedro, I fought my first bull well, but killed badly and the public became impatient with me. My second bull was big, but did not charge with force enough to make what I was doing exciting. I killed the bull well and took a turn around the ring, but I was disappointed that I had not cut any ears.

It was necessary for us to leave before the fight was finished so that we could arrive in El Tiemblo on time. I had fought in first place and I asked permission of the president to leave the ring, which he granted. My sword-handler had packed my equipment and taken it to the car, but as I was about to leave the ring, a policeman stopped me and asked me where I was going.

'I have the permission of the president - I have to leave for another town to fight,' I said.

'Oh, no, you don't. You're senior bullfighter.'

The senior bullfighter is theoretically in charge and has to kill any bull that injures one of the other bullfighters. I went back and asked the president again, and again he gave me permission to leave the ring. The policeman let me pass, but as I started to leave, I heard a scream from the stands. The bullfighter in the ring had been caught by his bull. I turned back and I saw faces looking down at me. People started to shout insults at me.

I ran back to the ring, but I had no equipment. The bullfighter was being carried out and he seemed to be in terrible pain, but when they had carried him halfway across the ring, he suddenly struggled away from his banderilleros and ran back to his bull. He had only been stunned momentarily. I left the ring again, amid more insults.

We traveled to El Tiemblo in our suits of lights, which were drenched in sweat. We tried to wrap up in towels to keep warm. We made a mistake in the route and arrived in El Tiemblo half an hour late. The ring was packed with people and they were furious with us. They shouted at us during the parade and did not stop until my first bull came out. I wanted to do well because I was upset that I had cut no ears in Arenas de San Pedro. With the first bull I tried everything. I ended up throwing the muleta away and put one of the bull's horns in my mouth. The crowd was in a frenzy and I was sure I had earned the ears and the tail, but when I tried to kill the bull, I hit the bone six times and lost the ears. The same thing happened on my second bull. I feared Robredo would be disappointed in me because I had not cut any ears in either fight, but he was very sympathetic. 'You tried,' he said, 'but you had bad luck.'

It was at this time that the BBC sent a camera crew out to make a film about my life for *Man Alive.* The first thing the producer wanted to know was

my schedule. We asked Robredo to help us, but he thought the film was going to upset my regimen. 'This could do us a lot of good,' I told him.

'What for?' he said. 'They don't have bullfights in England.'

The film crew went with me to Ibiza where I cut an ear. Then I arranged to kill a bull on the ranch of Joaquin Buendia near Seville. I selected a bull that I thought would be appropriate for the occasion, and the rancher said it would cost thirty thousand pesetas, of which a third would be returned when the meat was sold. He also said that if the bull killed a horse, we would also have to pay for that.

Just before the bull was let into the ring, the producer came to me and said: 'Henry, don't you think it would be nice if we did this without the picador? They don't like that in England, and we don't want to show blood.'

'What about in Ibiza?' I asked.

'That's different,' he said.

I told him that the picador was necessary for a bull of this size. Without being pic-ed, it would be difficult with the muleta. I also said the rancher would want to see how his bull responded to pic-ing and I told him not to worry about the horse because very few horses were ever killed. He did not believe me, but I refused to change my mind. When the bull came into the ring, it knocked over the horse. Before the horse got up, I heard a sad voice from the direction of the camera say: 'Oh, no, there goes another two hundred quid.'

While I was standing in front of the bull with my muleta, I heard the same voice again, saying: 'Hold it there, Henry. Don't move. Tell the bull not to move. We want to get this sequence just right.'

I was standing in front of the bull and it was ready to charge at any moment. 'I hope it doesn't come,' I said.

'Don't move,' came the voice. 'Stay right there. Tell the bull not to move. In fact, it would be better if we could have him back about a foot.'

At this moment the bull charged, caught me, and threw me in the air. I was not hurt because the bull's horns were clipped. 'I'm out for the rest of the season,' I told the producer. 'I'm going to sue you people.'

'Please, Henry,' he pleaded. 'Go on, just for us.'

My next fight was in Haro in the north of Spain. Again the BBC was filming, and wherever they went there were arguments. This time the banderilleros of the other bullfighters and the manager of La Princesa de Paris wanted to collect money from the BBC. All of them thought they had a right to be paid for being on television. We told them the BBC was only filming my performance but they said the BBC would also be taking pictures of them. The BBC actually wanted to film the parade from a position looking over my shoulder. The Princesa fought from horseback, and in the parade she would

be in front of me on her horse. Her manager claimed that she should be paid. 'You have to pay the artists,' he repeated many times.

The argument went on for some time, and the fight was delayed as a result. 'But all that will be on the film,' I.said, 'is the horse's arse. What art is there in that?'

Eventually the assistants and the manager gave up. The fight was the best of those that were filmed. I cut two ears on my second bull and was carried out on shoulders. The next day I fought again in Ibiza and the BBC went with me again. When we arrived in Ibiza, there was another argument because the impresario of the Ibiza bullring wanted to charge for the filming. I was worried about something else, because that day I was fighting with Jose Saez - 'El Otro' or The Other One. El Otro was so named because he looked like an identical twin of El Cordobés and had also cultivated Cordobés' manner and style of bullfighting. He had a publicity campaign with the slogan: If I *had been born first, the Other One would be him.*

I had fixed up El Otro with his first contract in Ibiza because I fought there regularly; his manager had promised to give me a contract somewhere else. We had fought together once before in Ibiza and done well, but El Otro was now claiming that it was he who was drawing the crowds. This time I wanted to do better than he, but as it turned out we both did well, he in his way and I in mine. His way annoyed me because, after a mediocre fight, he put in a good sword and, realizing that the bull was about to fall, he went up to the bull, took the horns in his hands and butted it with his head. The bull seemed to fall over as a result of this and the audience, mainly tourists, thought he had done something spectacular.

On my last bull I tried everything. I wanted desperately to outdo El Otro, and I cut the ears of the bull and was carried out on shoulders. The BBC was now very content with what they had filmed, but before they left they went to my next fight in Miranda del Ebro. The bulls were enormous with large horns. I cut an ear and had a fairly good afternoon.

My next fight was in a tiny hamlet called Cadalso de los Vidrios, about forty miles outside Madrid. I fought with Antonio Alcoba - 'El Macareno' - who was one of the top novilleros in Spain and had fought in all the major rings. We both cut two ears. Next, I went to another small town called Madrigal de la Vera where I cut three ears and a tail. I was now in very good form because I had been fighting regularly. I was improving steadily, getting caught less, and the fights seemed easier for me. My banderilleros began to say: 'Go to Madrid.'

Instead, Robredo signed me up for a fight in Torremolinos. Torremolinos is a tourist center and I wanted to establish a reputation there as I had in Ibiza, but the bulls came out badly. I put up as good a fight as I could under the circumstances and would have cut an ear, but I killed badly. I fought the

next day in Cabeza del Buey where I had a fine afternoon.

That was my last fight in 1968. Robredo did not want me to go to Madrid; he thought it was pointless to go at the end of the season, when there was less interest in bullfighting, and started to talk about the next season when I could have contracts all over Spain. For the first time my future in bullfighting looked almost definite. I was very confident and began to think that the next year I could be the top novillero in Spain; at the end of the season I could take the alternativa and become a matador de toros. I also began to have a picture of myself as a successful bullfighter, travelling, making money and taking advantage of such a life to the full. I wanted to own fine cars, even airplanes, to be surrounded by beautiful women, and to feel the power and freedom that I imagined came with being wealthy.

PART THREE

In 1969, Henry Higgins was living in the Hostal Florida on the Calle Marques de Cubas. The Hostal Florida, which was recommended in the pages of *Spain on 5 Dollars a Day,* was just opposite the Ilsa Frigo Cafe and the American Express Office and a little down the street from the offices of United Press International. It was on the top floor of a building that included the Costa Rican Consulate and several other offices and pensions, and was reached from the street by an ancient elevator that rattled up the center of a spiral staircase. The Hostal Florida was usually full of Americans with knapsacks. The main living room contained a large, gold-framed photograph of Henry fighting a bull and Henry lived in Room 24, where there were more photographs of his bullfighting and two large posters announcing one of his fights the previous season.

The Ilsa Frigo Cafe was run by an ice cream company and was always full of American Express clients, many of whom were American girls reading their mail from home. They often went there with fistfuls of letters and some of them spent whole days and weeks of their European holidays in Ilsa Frigo. Because of the girls, a number of suitors gathered and tried to be charming. Henry went there by habit even though he disliked the place. The food was greasy and tasteless, and the place looked like a well-lit refrigerator, but among the tourists it was as well-known as the Prado Museum.

Henry liked the American girls. To a man who had lived as long in Spain as he had, they were exotic - they were not dark like Spanish girls - and a few other things, but not the kind of girls he might marry. No, if there was anything like an ideal for him, she would probably be Spanish, have cinnamon skin, dark, clear eyes, silky black hair, a look of neat self-assurance and unused sensuality, but she would come later, he hoped, preferably, if such a thing was possible, as a result of his bullfighting.

Girls aside, Henry heard that 1969 was going to be a big season for him so many times during the winter that he was anxious for the season to begin. Every moment of the winter, when nothing happened in bullfighting, seemed an eternity in which success was being denied him, and in the winter Madrid is a cold, gray, depressing place. Henry soon found his life boring and pointless.

Everyday he got up, went to the United Press Office where he collected his mail, to Ilsa Frigo, and finally to the Plaza Santa Ana where he did whatever bullfighting business needed to be done. During the winter there was little of this, but at the United Press Office, he sometimes found suggestions of things to come. In January, he received a love letter from an aspiring actress he had met at a party in London. The letter was an odd mixture of culture and affection, of ten syllable words and many little XXXXXXXX's and OOOOOOOO's. She had also sent some large, glossy photographs of herself, which Henry liked to admire.

The Plaza Santa Ana was in the oldest part of Madrid, near both the Plaza Mayor, a beautiful square with archways where bullfights had been held before the invention of bullrings, and the Puerta del Sol. Sol was one of Madrid's biggest traffic jams, and the theoretical center of Spanish life. It was kilometer 0 for signposts all over Spain. The Plaza Santa Ana had been a dusty square with a few small trees, but in 1969 it had been turned into an underground parking garage which eliminated the dust and some of the trees. The square sloped slightly from the old Hotel Victoria down to the National Theatre. The Hotel Victoria was a seven-story building - like most of the buildings in this area - but newer and in its day something splendid, because on top of the Hotel Victoria was a turret and globe that lit up at night. This suggested that the Hotel Victoria had been built to be the center of the world, and indeed it was still one of the centers of activity in bullfighting. In the lobby there were always impeccably dressed old men who lent the place the smell of men's cologne, shoe polish and cigar smoke. Many of them were bullfight managers or impresarios who tried to affect commanding airs of worldliness, which in fact suggested fatigue.

On the east side of the Plaza Santa Ana was the Cerveceria Alemana, a beer hall and once a famous gathering place for 'taurinos', the people of bullfighting. Inside were marble-topped tables, bent-wood chairs, taurine photographs, and the smell of an ancient urinal to remind one of the time when the great impresarios of Spain had frequented the place. The Cerveceria belonged to another age, when a man could enter a cafe and sit about as long as he liked; as such it was one of the last that remained in Madrid. There was a sign on the door that tried to keep the modern world away. *Entrance is prohibited to Hippies, Beatniks, etc.* it said, but many of the regular customers had more hair than the taurinos, and lounged along the wall with their arms around young girls. The taurinos believed in good posture and the eternal distinction between whores and good girls, and the new crowd, entering somewhat in defiance of the sign on the door, did not fall conveniently into the taurinos' values. This created a problem and caused the taurinos to glance nervously at the loungers, who appeared to be getting more out of life.

At first the taurinos had ceded the side of the bar along the wall to the newcomers, and held the bar as their own, but even then they were not comfortable in the same room with ‘hippies, beatniks, etc.’. Soon they began to gather and talk on the street in front of the bar and then finally abandoned the place almost completely for others beyond the Plaza Santa Ana in the direction of Sol.

Down the narrow streets towards Sol were hundreds of bars, and the whole area smelled of fish and wine. Hundreds of idle men stood about these streets especially just before lunch or dinner, and most of the regulars were taurinos, a dislocated lot who sought the shade in the summer and what sun there was in the winter. Rarely did one see the big names in bullfighting around the Plaza Santa Ana. If there was a center of power in bullfighting, it was the Hotel Wellington, a more regal place than the Victoria.

The Wellington was on the other side of the town. The big impresarios and managers gathered there and most of the taurinos who haunted the pavements and cafes around the Plaza Santa Ana were looking for work. The majority were banderilleros, picadors, sword-handlers, small-time managers, impresarios and bullfighters looking for small-town bullfights.

Everything that happened on the Plaza Santa Ana was basically small-time. A small-time impresario would rent a small ring or put up a portable ring in a small town. If the town fair was involved, the town authorities would provide a small subsidy to get things going. After the impresario had secured the ring and a date for his fight, usually a novillada with or without picadors, things would get grander. He would approach bullfighters or their representatives, offering them a grand opportunity if they would be willing to back part of the undertaking, pay a fee of perhaps fifteen thousand pesetas for a novillada with picadors or pay their own expenses. Bullfighters in these fights were rarely paid anything, and each bullfighter also had to hire banderilleros, picadors, sword-handlers, a car and chauffeur, and rent a suit and equipment.

Few bullfighters could do business on the Plaza Santa Ana without having money to spend, and any bullfighter who had money to invest in a few fights was besieged by a great number of friends and advisers, especially banderilleros and picadors and the like. The basic ambition of all the taurinos on Santa Ana was to keep the action going with fresh supplies of bullfighters and money, but everyone had the grandest dream of all, to escape to the Hotel Wellington. The thought of the Hotel Wellington kept the Plaza Santa Ana alive and performing its function. In a symbolic sense the Hotel Wellington was built on the foundation of the Plaza Santa Ana.

There were always Spaniards and South Americans on Santa Ana who were ready to spend money. The Spaniards dreamed of the Hotel Wellington, but the South Americans only needed to get home. They would fight

anywhere in Spain, publicize themselves in South America, and then return for the winter season. Almost all the South American countries demanded that one national should appear in every program, and a South American was assured of having fights and recuperating his money, even if he was not a success in Spain.

In 1968 Henry had spent over a million pesetas and was considered to be a promising bullfighter. It was assumed that in 1969 he would do even better, perhaps even end up near the Hotel Wellington. The million pesetas had gone for many things and was not an exorbitant figure in these matters. He had fought twenty fights for which he often had to pay for all his travel and hotel expenses and those of his assistants. He had to buy capes, muletas, suits and other equipment, and pay the wages of the six assistants, about three thousand pesetas apiece for each fight. Sometimes he had to pay the impresario ten or fifteen thousand pesetas. He had also killed five bulls in practice, which cost ten to fifteen thousand pesetas a time, and had inserted ten advertisements in *Digame* at twelve thousand pesetas apiece. On the profit side he was sometimes given a part or all of his expenses for fights in places like Ibiza.

Henry had done so much business on the Plaza Santa Ana that he was always surrounded by hopeful banderilleros, picadors et cetera whenever he went there. They all had bits of advice, and every day he was told he could be a top bullfighter. Pedro Robredo usually showed up at the Ostreria before lunch. Once there he chain-smoked Winstons and looked sourly at the world, particularly at people who were over anxious to charm Henry. By the time Henry reached the Ostreria, he had always been given much advice and received much flattery. He would have been urged to fight in the Canary Islands, Malaga, Barcelona, Vista Alegre in Madrid or any one of a number of other places that staged fights early in the year. He would have been told to stick with his manager, get another one, to rid himself of his assistants, keep them, train more, go to Salamanca to tientas, go to Seville to tientas, kill bulls in practice, lift weights, run, swim, avoid girls, and many other things. He would listen to all of it because it was accompanied by flattery. ‘You could be a great bullfighter, but...’ they would always say.

When he arrived at the Ostreria, he hoped that Robredo would clear the air with something definite. The Ostreria was a modern place with two bars, one on each side of the room, and a restaurant at the back. In the bars the waiters splashed whatever one ordered into a glass as they ran by on their way somewhere else. ‘They’ve got me so confused out there,’ Henry would tell Robredo, ‘I don’t know what I’m doing.’

‘What have you got to be confused about?’ Robredo would ask. ‘Don’t listen to them. I’ll take care of everything. I have a plan.’

Robredo’s comments always seemed incisive. They were short, sharp,

serious and had a tone of finality. He rarely explained details, but he was annoyed that Henry listened to others when he was the manager. Because Robredo took such matters as pride seriously, it seemed to mean that he was not a crook like everybody else. ‘I don’t want you listening to anyone,’ Robredo would tell Henry. ‘The banderilleros will tell you I’m stealing your money. If you listen to this, we’ll get nowhere. They’ll say your backer is queer, that I’m queer. Don’t listen. You must treat the banderilleros like dirt. Don’t give them anything. And don’t think of the fights. They’re there. Think of being ready when the time comes.’

Before Henry began his association with Robredo, his banderillero Bartolome Siles was his closest confidant. Siles had ‘nobleza’ -nobility - a quality attributed to a bull that is not tricky and does not think, but nobleza could also describe small-town Spaniards who were even-tempered, unsuspicious and meant well. Siles was all of these things and, unlike most of the taurinos, he had not wanted to be a matador before becoming an assistant. Siles was from Algeciras, on the south coast, near Gibraltar. He was a good man to have around when the going got tough. On several occasions he had yanked Henry off the horns of a bull.

Siles was very strong and had muscles everywhere. He even chewed his food energetically. In the bullring he was a madman. He would rush in where others would hesitate, and this made him a valuable assistant. On the other hand he lacked grace, style, subtlety and smoothness. Many people on the Plaza Santa Ana liked to criticize Siles for this. ‘Siles ruins the bull,’ they said, meaning that he taught it bad habits of attack because he was not smooth with the cape. When Henry was fighting, Siles would crouch down by the wall and shout advice. It usually started at a whisper, but as Siles became more involved it would turn into a scream and everyone in the ring could hear him. Henry appreciated this because he wanted to be pushed hard, but on the Plaza Santa Ana where almost anything was an excuse for criticism, Siles’s screaming was considered bad style.

Jose Puertollano, the other banderillero, set out to be much more suave and even. Since caping a bull was the closest thing a banderillero did to the work of a matador, Puertollano attached great importance to the style with which he did it. He was from Granada and had fought a few novilladas with picadors, including one in Vista Alegre, the second ring in Madrid, but he had not done well enough to continue as a novillero. He had a very nasal voice and appeared to be a permanent bachelor.

Henry did not have a regular third banderillero and either hired one from the multitude on the Plaza Santa Ana or borrowed one from another matador, which was a common but illegal way of saving money.

Paco Chenel Junior was the one permanent picador because his father was a friend of Robredo. Chenel Senior was proud of having placed Junior

with Henry Higgins, regarding it as one of the accomplishments of his life. Chenel Junior was a beginner and did not have any special qualifications other than the fact he was heavy.

The work of an inexperienced picador can try the patience of those with whom he has to work. Sometimes the bull is run up to the side of the picador's horse and bangs into the mattress padding, but the picador cannot sink the pic to wound the bull. This can happen several times in a row, and the bull will have made several entries at the horse and still not have been piced. Usually, it becomes harder and harder to get the bull to the horse and involves giving many passes with the cape. This uses up passes that the matador could have given with the muleta. Sometimes when an inexperienced picador finally gets the pic into the bull, he keeps pushing on it long after the bull has been pic-ed enough, because he is unable to maneuver the horse so that the bull will leave of his own accord.

An odd aspect of Chenel Junior was that sometimes he seemed to forget that he was a bullfighter. He often got very excited watching Henry fight and would shout, just as if he was in the audience, and then walk up and down the passageway asking everyone: 'Did you see that? Did you see that?'

Since Chenel Senior had a union card as a picador, he was often listed officially as Henry's second picador. Chenel's name appeared on the program of many fights that were organized around the Plaza Santa Ana. For this service Chenel received the appropriate 'gifts', drinks, and free lunches. He also had many other activities. He often tried to peddle old swords and suits of lights to Henry. Chenel's younger brother, Antonio, was a well-known bullfighter who fought under the name of 'Antoñete'. Antoñete was a great artist who had had an erratic career. Several times he had lifted himself from oblivion with a brilliant fight in Madrid. It was commonly thought that Antoñete had wasted a great career, but he had been successful enough to buy his brother two taxis. Because Chenel Senior was Robredo's friend, Henry saw much of him and shared many meals with him. Siles would try to explain it in a way that would make the old man more acceptable. 'You know why Robredo uses Paco Chenel?' he would ask. 'Well, I'll tell you why Robredo uses Paco Chenel. It's because he has ears and a mouth.'

Henry's manager and men were all optimistic about his future. They had great expectations and planned to share in the rewards. When Henry made a magnificent pass in a crummy town, the manager and the assistants would imagine the same pass in the ring at Seville or Madrid and dream of what a triumph in these places would mean. They would also gather together all of his good passes and his finest moments and imagine the perfect fight.

This ideal became such a part of their thoughts that reality seemed often to be something less. The assistants were the first to imagine that a bull was

better than it was or that Henry had given his all, but everything that Henry did had an heroic aspect and an exaggerated importance in their eyes. As they rode home from a fight they would babble about every detail until they fell asleep on each other's shoulders.

During the winter of 1969, Robredo made an addition to the group. He wanted Henry to have a permanent sword-handler, someone who would work full-time on Henry's business. He hired a sentimental, sad-eyed old man named Jose Maria Vizcaino, who was an ex-bullfighter. Vizcaino was born in the province of Albacete and raised in Valencia. As a novillero with picadors in the late twenties, he had fought with the best bullfighters of his time. Later his career lost momentum. Vizcaino said it was because of girls. Finally he went to South America and took, he said, the alternativa in Lima. He spent seven years there but when he returned to Spain, he became a banderillero and remained one until the Civil War. Vizcaino was a Republican and had ended up in jail after the war - he said because he had insulted a Nationalist officer over a matter of pride. He spent five years in jail and the experience ruined him as a bullfighter. He could no longer face bulls and became a sword-handler.

Even top impresarios and managers would salute him on the street. Nevertheless, Vizcaino was considered to be 'harmless', a man who had accepted his lot, to be pleasant, not powerful. Vizcaino reported every day at the Hostal Florida with news from the Plaza Santa Ana and soon became Henry's closest friend in bullfighting.

Robredo was Henry's manager, but in actual fact they were not bound together by a contract. He had signed up Henry's fights in the latter part of the 1968 season and received five thousand pesetas for each one, which was the standard fee. Robredo had a plan for 1969, but during the winter Henry was getting impatient to know what it was. In the meantime, he kept hearing ideas from other people. One of them, involving the Canary Islands, was going around like a case of the flu. 'You want to fight?' Henry would be asked.

'Yes, of course. I haven't seen a horn in three months.'

'Well, there's probably going to be a fight in the Canary Islands the last Sunday in January.'

'Who's fighting?'

'Well, the program is not definite yet. It is expected naturally that you would want to be included. You probably want to start early, get ahead of the others, and be at the top of the list.'

'Who's giving the fight?'

'Well, that's not definite either. There are several people who want to help out. The weather's great down there and there are loads of tourists, and of course any fight would include you because of the name you have with

the English.'

'Well, who's going to be helping out?'

'Well, that's not definite either. They're all waiting to see how interested you are. With you on the program, it would be impossible to lose. In fact, many of us were wondering why you didn't give the fight yourself. It would only cost, say, two hundred thousand pesetas, and the whole thing would be yours. You would get to pick the bulls and run everything, and get the . . .'

The conversation always ended with a gesture. The speaker held his left hand out palm up and smacked it with the fingers of the right hand. In the process of doing the smacking, he drew the right hand towards his heart and held it there for a respectful second. This meant money, as in 'You'll get all the . . . *(Smack)*! or 'I don't do anything without... *(Smack*)!'

There was a lot of smacking around Henry, and one rarely smacked in jest. It impressed him even though a little voice in his head kept saying: 'No one in the history of man has ever made money organizing a bullfight. People get rich in bullfighting, but no one ever made any money.'

This was the basic paradox in bullfighting as far as the Plaza Santa Ana was concerned. People smacked a lot, but in words they spoke of other things that were inspiring, but perhaps easier than making money. 'By May you could have twenty fights, be number one on the list,' everyone told Henry. 'And why not?'

Even though he knew that any suggestion he heard on the Plaza Santa Ana was really only a way his advisers had imagined to make a fee for themselves, Henry was impatient for his season to begin. If the banderilleros said he should fight in the Canary Islands, it was because they wanted to go there with him, but the suggestion that it could be done convinced Henry that he was losing time. Robredo had not proposed anything definite, and Henry decided to attempt the Canary Islands idea on his own. First he had to deal with Don Ramon Ortiz Urrutia, Tito del Amo's lawyer, and Don Ramon did not put his hand in his pocket without having all the details explained.

'I've discovered a very good proposition for us,' Henry told Don Ramon on the phone. 'A way we can do everything, get a fight, get publicity, and make money. *(Pause).* They're going to give a fight in the Canary Islands, and we have the opportunity to back it and get the profits. The weather's beautiful in the Canaries and there are hundreds of English tourists. It's a sure thing. *(Pause).* But everybody's doing it. It's the only way to begin these days. *(Pause).* Everybody's paying. Paying now to collect later. *(Pause).* I've got to get to the top of the list. *(Pause).* Well, it's important to look like the best, so you re in demand. *(Pause).* Number one. *(Pause).* Top of the list.'

After performing the basic catechism of the Plaza Santa Ana for Don Ramon and listening to Don Ramon's questions, Henry was very discouraged. 'I'm just a beggar,' he thought to himself, convinced that if he did not

fight in the Canaries, he would never be number one.

For several days he avoided the Plaza Santa Ana completely on the theory that if he received any more flattery or encouragement, he could go crazy not being able to do anything about it, but near the end of January, Robredo explained his plan. 'The point is,' Robredo said, 'to fight as much as possible, as soon as possible, no matter what the expense. By the time the big rings are giving novilladas, you'll be at the top of the list and they'll have to call you and pay your expenses. We have to get to the top of the list and stay there, and it's going to be expensive.'

Actually, after all the waiting, the plan turned out to be nothing new. Every year there had been one or two novilleros who were ordained by their managers as the messiahs of bullfighting. They fought as much as possible early in the season and invested heavily in publicity. Robredo wanted to do the same thing, using his contacts around the Plaza Santa Ana to add up a number of fights for Henry. One goal was to fight in big rings, where a novillero would receive his expenses or get paid. The other was to get Henry the alternativa at the end of the season and take him to South America for the winter.

Taurinos assumed that the big money was in America. Robredo had been involved with this idea before, when he managed Joselillo de Colombia. Joselillo never created much excitement in Spain and Robredo had him fighting in small towns without making money, just so that Joselillo could return 'triumphant' to Colombia.

Henry was skeptical about spending more money. It sounded bad, to say the least, but he still wanted to be at the top of the list of the novilleros. It would be like realizing one of those impossible dreams, and spending money in these ways had become the most common thing in bullfighting. 'What bullfighter,' Robredo would say, 'has not spent money getting where he is?'

In the meantime a lot of nondescript bullfighters with money to spend thought that they were on their way to the top, but this was the way the game was being played, and organizing fights around young bullfighters with money had become the way of life on the Plaza Santa Ana, even though novilladas were dubious ventures and fewer were being given each year.

In a general sense, this was becoming a serious problem because novilladas were the training ground of bullfighting. There were novilladas without picadors and small two-year-old bulls, and at a more advanced stage novilladas with picadors and three-year-old bulls. To fight a novillada with picadors, a bullfighter had to be sufficiently skilled to defend himself from an animal that could kill him. Those novilleros who survived technically, artistically and economically in fights with picadors and three-year-old bulls could take the alternativa, become matadors de toros, and fight four to five-year-old bulls, which were even bigger and more difficult. Corridas de toros with

four to five-year-old bulls were supposed to be the highest level of bullfighting, and although there were no rules governing who could take the alternativa, matadors de toros were supposed to be accomplished professionals.

Novilladas had always been popular for many reasons. They were cheaper to organize because the bulls were younger, or defective, or from inferior ranches. The salaries of all the bullfighters in a novillada were less, and the tickets cost less. But in the novilladas one saw the new faces in bullfighting. Many bullfighters had brilliant seasons as novilleros and were as well known as many matadors. The basic appeal of the novilladas was that the bullfighters were struggling to make it to the top, and the whole attitude of a novillero was different from that of a matador. A matador had more or less made it and was more or less a known quantity while a novillero was trying to call attention to himself.

The most popular bullfighter of the late sixties, Manuel Benitez El Cordobés had in many ways been an archetypal novillero. He had been immensely popular fighting novilladas because he was excessively brave, had an imperfect technique, a fresh face, and was hungry to succeed. But before him, back in the fifties, things had begun to change when many South Americans came to Spain to fight. They were willing to lose money and offered impresarios money to take the place of a Spaniard on a program. At that time, the Spaniards expected to be paid at least their expenses, but the impresarios soon demanded that everybody should pay to fight novilladas.

The story of El Cordobés became one of the big excuses to spend money in Spain because everybody knew that his original mentor, El Pipo, had spent a minor fortune. Pipo's bravura and flamboyance as a manager had turned Cordobés into a saleable commodity, and the fact that he had created Cordobés by spending wildly right and left, even throwing money out of hotel windows, encouraged others to try the same thing. All the novilleros lost money at one time or another, but it was thought to be the only way to do things.

Unfortunately, with the exception of El Cordobés, in the sixties there was little enthusiasm about novilladas. More and more corridas de toros were being given and fewer novilladas. Impresarios began to reason that although the expenses for a corrida were more than for a novillada, corridas were more profitable. Tourists wanted to see a 'real' bullfight, a full corrida de toros. People in small towns saw a season of at least ten top bullfights on television and were less interested in the novillada that might be given at the town fair.

There was another more telling reason why novilladas had become a risky venture no matter where they were held. As it happened, most of the bulls fought by top matadors were really three-year-olds that had been well fed with prepared grains and developed to look a year older. These bulls

were still novillos in terms of the difficulties they presented, but because they were well selected they were generally easier to fight than a novillo from an inferior ranch. Because there was nothing to be gained fighting novilladas and losing money, most bullfighters took the alternativa as soon as possible. This meant that the struggle of bullfighters to establish themselves actually took place in the corridas, not in the novilladas.

As a result of this, the character of what was generally considered to be good bullfighting changed. While formerly a good bullfighter had been masterful and obviously an accomplished professional, the new values accepted a bullfighter who was still having difficulties but meant well. This was an important development in the history of bullfighting. It had even begun to seem that mastery was no longer popular.

Still, a bullfighter had to fight some novilladas before taking the alternativa, but some managers decided to avoid the hassle of small-town bullfights as much as possible. They got their novilleros to kill bulls in private on ranches and gain experience in this way. These novilleros would kill dozens of bulls in secret and fight only a few novilladas. Naturally they looked very accomplished for having fought so little and were billed as the Messiahs of the bullfight.

Robredo's plan was a combination of all these things. In late January, Henry and he went to Salamanca and bought three bulls to kill in private. The bulls that Robredo bought were more expensive than any he had killed before. Robredo also arranged for the sale of the meat and the payment of the hotel bills. Henry began to worry about the cost of the trip. The bulls themselves did not charge well and he did little with them. He rationalized this misfortune by saying to himself: 'The bulls were no good, and there is no need to get tossed about in practice.' He decided he needed the stimulus of a bullring and an audience, but he knew he was not in the same form as at the end of 1968.

Robredo arranged Henry's first fight of 1969 for February 5 in Valdemorillo, a small hamlet thirty miles outside Madrid. The date was the traditional one for a fight in Valdemorillo. In the days before the fight, Henry was still worried because he had not done well with the three bulls and worried about the cost of the trip.

Thinking about money also made him worry about Tito del Amo, his backer, who was going to be at the fight. What could he do that would be worth the two or three million pesetas Tito was spending? The first time Tito had seen him perform was with one of the three bulls in Salamanca. Tito was a hard man to understand. He had arrived in a white Lamborghini Miura, an Italian car named after the famous breed of bulls, but had not seemed to be impressed with what Henry had done.

The day in Valdemorillo was very cold, so cold that all the bullfighters

shivered while they were waiting to fight their bulls. The ring was a portable one, and the bulls were irregular. Henry's first bull was strong but had no charge. Henry killed it as best he could. The other two bullfighters also had difficulties. Henry's second bull charged better than his first and Henry made good passes. He was caught once by the bull, but cut two ears. As he toured the ring with his trophies, it was beginning to get dark. During the last fight it got dark and many people left while the bull was still running around the ring. The fight was suspended at this point because it was impossible to see.

Henry went back to his pension in town, one of the local houses with a spare room. A television crew from England was setting up lights and cameras in the kitchen. The family sat around the kitchen table watching what was going on. The leader of the crew, a tall man whose face was dominated by a broken nose, was shouting: 'Everybody out of the kitchen,' but nobody moved because he was speaking in English. The women sitting around the kitchen table tried to act as if it was quite normal to have a television camera in their kitchen, and the man with the flat nose became very frustrated. 'But this will be seen by ten million viewers,' he shouted. 'Ten million viewers!'

This created no effect whatsoever. The Spanish women took his shouting very calmly. Spaniards often have an ability to accept the strange and the new without losing their cool. Henry was starting to get undressed because his suit was soaked with sweat in spite of the cold, but the man with the flat nose came and said: 'Oh, Henry, please don't get undressed. We want you in that lovely suit. It wouldn't be any good without the suit.'

Because he feared he had not made a two million peseta fight, Henry was discouraged and imagined it had been much worse than it was. He looked at Vizcaino and said: 'It wasn't very good, was it?'

'It was a good beginning,' said Vizcaino. 'You can't ask for more.'

The man with the flat nose walked in and out of the room several times to say: 'Henry, please bear with us. It will just be a moment. Remember, this will be seen by ten million viewers.

In his discouragement Henry was beginning to look sour about the delay and seemed not to care at all about making the interview. 'This will be seen by ten million viewers,' the man with the nose said again, trying to be enthusiastic.

Robredo and Chenel Senior were standing at the door of Henry's room. Robredo also looked very sour about the whole thing. 'This is a mess,' Henry said to Vizcaino.

Robredo was complaining to Chenel Senior: 'This is not good,' he said. 'My bullfighter will catch cold and be out for two weeks.'

'What good is this?' said Chenel. 'They don't have bullfights in England.'

'They're ruining him,' said Robredo. 'Here we are in a little town and they're trying to make a movie star out of him.'

'He's giving his life away for nothing,' said Chenel Senior. 'He should get some. . . *(Smack).'*

Having said all these things, Robredo and Chenel Senior watched the mysterious doings of the television crew, and imagined that millions of pesetas were in play, while they were getting nothing. The women in the kitchen were still trying to act as if everything was normal and brought out a jug of the local red wine. They gave everyone in the kitchen a glass, poured the wine, smiled and watched to make sure that the drinkers were happy. They forced the man with the nose to take a glass. 'Good God,' he said. 'Do I have to drink this?'

The women watched him to make sure that he did, and that he liked it. He drank and forced a smile, while the women went about refilling all the glasses. Everybody had to drink another glass of wine.

Both the television crew and a *Daily Express* reporter, who was also in the kitchen, had come to Spain to cover what was called a 'State of Exception', a period in which certain Spanish civil rights had been suspended while the government dealt with its opponents. People were being arrested and held without cause or banished to small towns where the government could monitor their activities. Most of this took place in secrecy, and there was little for the television crew or the reporters to do. They ended up following Henry.

The *Daily Express* reporter was in the kitchen looking for an inside story. 'Who are those very serious men over there?' he asked Henry, referring to Robredo and Chenel Senior.

'My manager and his assistant,' Henry said.

'Why are they so serious?'

Henry knew that the two of them were angry because a Hollywood film was being made of their bullfighter and they were not going to get rich, but he did not think he should tell this to a reporter.

'My manager is a very proud man,' he explained. 'He feels that he should be running things, but with all these strange people speaking a strange language, he feels left out and is hurt. His pride is hurt.'

'Pride!' said the reporter, having seen what he thought was the essence of bullfighting. 'Pride!'

It was a great discovery. 'It's so seldom that one gets to see pride. Real pride. Oh, how wonderful!' The reporter was thrilled.

The man with the flat nose came into the room and said: 'Bear with us now, Henry, we're almost ready.'

'Look at that man over there,' the reporter said to the man with the flat nose. 'Can't you see pride written all over his face?'

'What?' said the man with the flat nose.

'Don't you think we should do something to satisfy him? After all, Henry here is his bullfighter.'

‘I’ve already given a thousand pesetas to the cross-eyed one,’ said the man with the flat nose.

‘But it’s the other one who is proud.’

‘Well, actually, he *is* my manager,’ Henry interjected, ‘and I have to live with him after you are gone. Perhaps you could offer to pay something like the pension bill as a gesture.’

‘How much is it?’ said the man with the flat nose.

‘Almost nothing.’

‘Well, I don’t know. This is going to be seen by ten million viewers, and I wish someone would tell him.’

Finally, Henry was taken out into the lights in front of the camera. ‘It was my first fight of the year and I was a little rusty and over-anxious,’ he said. ‘The assistants were all running about and distracted me, which was why I got tossed.’

When he had finished the interview, Henry went back to his room to undress, and the man with the flat nose stayed in the kitchen and asked his questions to the camera. ‘That was quite a tossing you had out there today,’ he said with a note of authority. ‘How did that happen? Was it because it is early in the year?’

That evening Henry had dinner with Tito del Amo in Madrid. Tito del Amo was twenty-eight years old, a tall, strong man who spoke little and softly. His size, the size of his fortune, and his manner made him a mysterious person. When Henry arrived, Tito was very glad to see him. ‘I was worried,’ he said, ‘that you had been hurt.’

With Tito was a small group of people, his secretary and several others. ‘Oh that happens often enough,’ Henry told them all seriously. ‘It wasn’t that great a fight. The bulls didn’t help.’

‘It was so cold,’ said Tito del Amo. ‘I didn’t see how you could fight at all. I was amazed.’

Henry had imagined that he was going to have to perform well at dinner to make his fight look good, but then he also knew that he had never been able to make Tito del Amo out or know what kind of things pleased him. This always made him nervous. Tito had changed Henry’s life, but Henry was not sure why he had done it. Sometimes it seemed that Tito only wanted to hear the stories of Henry’s adventures over an occasional dinner, but each time they got together Tito said things which baffled Henry even more. Once again this was the case. ‘You know something, Henry,’ Tito said when they sat down to dinner. ‘That was the first time I’ve seen you really fight. You amazed me.’

During dinner, one of the waiters brought out two dead pheasants and showed them to everybody at the table. ‘They’re very proud of them,’ said Tito. ‘You’d never guess where I got them. I was shooting with Franco.’

The waiter also had a photograph which was shown around the table. It was a picture of a group of obviously country folk staring in awe at Tito's Lamborghini. In the group was Franco. After this Henry described the two bulls he had fought and explained why he was tossed.

'You mean you can understand all these things?' Tito del Amo asked. 'It's amazing.'

For that matter, Henry was amazed that he had passed his two tests that day. He felt exuberant and full of energy. He wanted to take everybody to a flamenco club, but Tito said he had another engagement. Tito's secretary, an English girl with a pretty face and short hair, agreed to accompany him, and after dinner the group went outside to look at Tito's Lamborghini and say good night. When Tito got into his car and roared away, his friends stood on the pavement for several minutes listening to the Lamborghini in the distance. The sound of the car carried across Madrid long after it had vanished from sight. It was a lonely sound that did not blend with the other noises of the city. It seemed to reaffirm that Tito lived in his own mysterious world.

'He's such a nice man,' said his secretary. 'I'm afraid he will kill himself in that car.'

'Don't say that,' Henry said, and they headed for the flamenco club.

Henry rarely drank, but he liked to act a little drunk, and was proud that he could do it without drinking anything. As soon as he arrived at the flamenco club, he was drunk. He put his arm around the girl, kissed her on the cheek, and said: 'I love you. You're just beautiful.'

At the flamenco club a man named Porrina de Badajoz was singing. Porrina was a small, lean gypsy, who called himself the Marques de Porrina and always wore brightly coloured suits, dark glasses, loud shirts and ties, and a flower in his buttonhole. When he sang he leaned over the back of the chair on which his guitarist sat bent over the guitar. Porrina put no visible energy into his singing, but what he did was almost perfect. Each song was a small gem, but because he did not sweat, suffer or give the impression hat there was any difficulty at all to what he was doing, the audience felt he was not trying. Several people said: 'What gall.'

Porrina sang four songs and sat down and Henry felt inspired. He wanted to fight a bull with the same ease.

The next morning in Ilsa Frigo he explained the rest of his adventures that night to Vizcaino. 'I had so much energy I couldn't stop going.'

'It was the bullfight. Everybody feels that way,' the old man explained.

'Well, you know the Tu y Yo Club (The You and I Club).'

'Oh, yes. My career as a bullfighter was ruined by girls. I couldn't get enough of them.'

'Well, I went there to have a drink because it was the only place open after I took Tito's secretary home. While I was standing at the bar, I saw an

attractive girl at the back of the room, so I invited her to have a drink with me. Pretty soon she asked if I wanted to go anywhere, and I asked her how much. She said a thousand pesetas and I thought : What the hell. Why not? And I went off with her.'

'That's good,' said the old man. 'After a fight, you should do that.'

'But wait,' said Henry. 'We went to a place up by the Real Madrid stadium. We paid for the room and all that, and started to get undressed, but she wouldn't take her sweater off, so I said:

"What the hell is this? You're not even going to take your sweater off," and so forth. "You're not very good at your profession." And she said: "Enriquito, if you wanted all that, you should have asked me back at the club. There are lots of girls in the club like that, but not me."

'They aren't as good as they used to be.'

'But that's not all! The minute we got going she started saying:

"Come on, Enriquito. Hurry! We've got to get out of the room!"'

'Times have changed,' Vizcaino said sadly.

'I'm through with whores. The whole thing turned me off.'

'Must be the tourists have spoiled them,' said the old man.

After the fight in Valdemorillo, a month passed before the next one, March 9, in San Fernando. In the intervening time, Henry became impatient again. Once having been fed the idea of being at the top of the list, he became discouraged when there were no fights. Training often became a ritual he followed without thinking what he was doing.

He also hated the Plaza Santa Ana because most of the conversations there only added to his anxiety to fight. On the other hand, Robredo was also a trial to be with because he stood around the Ostreria without saying anything and expected Henry to do the same. When Henry didn't come to the Ostreria for several days, Robredo suspected that he was not taking care of himself. Henry claimed he had done his training, but Robredo demanded that he phone him every night before midnight, presumably just before going to bed. These calls became part of Henry's routine. 'Anything new?' he would ask Robredo.

'Nothing,' Robredo would say.

'Well, until tomorrow.'

'Yes, until tomorrow.'

Instead of going to the Plaza Santa Ana, Henry spent more time in Ilsa Frigo and drifting around Madrid with nothing to do. Because of his impatience to get going in bullfighting, he was unable to concentrate on anything for more than a minute, but usually in his wanderings he would meet friends who had other things on their minds than bulls, and he thought that this was better for him than hanging around the Plaza Santa Ana.

One night he made his usual call to Robredo from the apartment of two

friends. There was a record playing in the background, and Robredo asked what the music was: 'I'm at the house of some friends,' Henry said.

'Oh, I see. That's it,' Robredo said angrily. 'I want you here in half an hour.'

'But it's eleven o'clock.'

'Show up or we're through.'

When Henry arrived at the Plaza Santa Ana, Robredo was waiting for him. 'What did you want?' Henry asked.

'Nothing,' Robredo said. 'You should spend your time with us whether you like it or not.'

'But I'm bored around here. We never say anything at all. I don't want to end up like the novilleros who spend their whole time standing around. When they fight, they have no imagination, no nothing.'

'That's not your problem,' Robredo said. 'Nobody's going to take away your personality. You should be up at eight, out at the Casa del Campo, training until your arms ache, eat lunch, take a siesta, and go back to the Casa del Campo. At night you could go to the cinema or the theatre, and then to bed. None of this running around all over.'

Robredo had described the ideal routine for a novillero whose mind was on nothing but bullfighting and reluctantly Henry agreed to follow it. The next day, he went back to the Casa del Campo to train, but when he thought of the fact that there were no fights in the immediate future, just an endlessly dull regimen, he was unenthusiastic and he began to fool around. The muleta felt heavy and he could not concentrate on what he was supposed to be doing. His mind drifted to a picture of a bullfighter who was totally exhausted and falling down in front of the bull. This idea touched something close to the way he felt, and he collapsed in a heap laughing. Several aspiring bullfighters arrived and asked him what he was doing on the ground. 'I'm thinking,' he said. 'What do you do if you are about to make a pass and the bull starts to shit? Do you wait?'

No one knew the answer. Surprisingly enough, they had never thought of the question before. Henry had other problems for them. 'Suppose I make a brilliant fight in Madrid, and at the point where I might get down on my knees in front of the bull and throw my muleta away, I leap up and down and stick my tongue out at the audience. What will happen?'

The aspirants did not know, nor did they think the situation was funny. After all, Madrid was the capital of Spain. 'Okay, then, if you all are so serious,' Henry said, 'what if the gate opens and the bull comes out but it's only two inches high?'

'No bull is two inches high,' said one of the aspirants.

'Well, I'll show you what to do in case it happens,' and he got up, fought a tiny bull bending over, and fell down laughing again while the aspirants

looked aghast because this all was coming from a top novillero.

Several days later, Robredo came up with a deal. An impresario named Silvestre Valencia needed two hundred thousand pesetas to begin organizing fights for the season. He wanted to put the money down on rings that he would rent during the season. In return for a loan, Valencia would give Henry six fights, pay his expenses, and pay him back three hundred thousand pesetas. Robredo was enthusiastic about the idea. Valencia had organized several fights in which Henry had fought. They had always been a mess, but Henry liked to tease him and call him 'Chopera', the name of the biggest impresario in the world.

Valencia hardly looked the part. He lived out of a suitcase, and when he was not on the Plaza Santa Ana, he spent most of his time in little towns where he organized his fights. He had yellowed white hair and a harried look, and usually carried an unlit, forgotten cigarette dangling from his mouth. He was so short that he appeared to be listening to the heart of anyone he spoke to. 'I know you trust your friend Valencia,' he told Henry, pointing his ear at Henry's chest.

Robredo, Henry and Valencia went to see Don Ramon and drew up a contract. The contract gave Henry confidence that he would not be cheated. 'And we'll have some laughs,' he told Robredo.

'You hardly need any more,' Robredo said.

The lawyer gave Valencia a check for the money. 'What's this?' Valencia wanted to know.

'It's a cheque.'

'It doesn't look like money to me.'

The fact is, this was the general attitude around bullfighting. If it wasn't cash, it wasn't money. 'If I don't get real money,' Valencia said, 'I'm pulling out right now.'

Henry and Robredo accompanied him to the bank where he got his money. 'This is no way to do business,' he muttered and scurried away.

When Robredo announced there would be a fight in San Fernando, March 9, Henry started training more seriously. On March 8, Siles, Chenel, Puertollano, Vizcaino, Robredo and Henry left for the south. During the trip, Robredo said little and smoked his Winstons constantly. The drive to Cadiz took twelve hours and Robredo had to stop every half hour at roadside cafes for bicarbonate of soda. His stomach was always upset before Henry's fights and he became more nervous, sullen and silent than usual, but this was considered to be almost normal because Robredo was born in Bilbao, a place thought to breed sobriety. He was now fifty years old but he had been a brave, serious bullfighter in his days. Vizcaino often told of the time when, as a novillero, he made a series of passes in Madrid with the cape called 'de frente por detras'. To make such a pass, the man approaches the bull with

the cape behind him, offering a smaller target. Robredo stood so still when he made the passes that he was given a round of the ring for them alone. ‘A unique case in bullfighting,’ Vizcaino said.

Robredo was a brave bullfighter, but lacked the flamboyance, subtlety, imagination and sense of variety that one associates with great artists. In the world of bullfighting, this was to be expected because few bullfighters came from Bilbao, and Basques were considered temperamentally less adept at bullfighting than the Andalucians, who produced the majority of top bullfighters. In 1947, Robredo took the alternativa in Barcelona, appearing with Antonio Bienvenida, one of the great ‘classicists’. Thereafter he fought a few fights and was planning to go to America at the end of the season, but for mysterious reasons never went, dropped out of bullfighting completely and got married. Robredo often said:

‘When I took the alternativa, I thought I had made it - and quit working.’

He told this to Henry as an example of what not to do, but in more introspective moments he would say that when he fought with the likes of Bienvenida and Dominguin, he found the competition ‘too fast’. The truth was that Robredo would not have been a great bullfighter, but he could have been a competent one, had he not been a perfectionist who was tortured by the slightest real or imaginary flaw in what he did. This had driven him out of bullfighting.

He had a similar problem as a manager. He had never had a top bullfighter. He claimed to have never been fortunate enough to find one he could exploit in big rings, but he had had several who went on to better things with other managers, so it seemed that Robredo had never done as well as he could. He was looking for the impossible, the perfect bullfighter who would never have a bad day. When he first saw Henry, he thought he might have found what he was looking for. If it were not true, he knew he would still collect his commissions, but there was another aspect to Robredo’s behavior. He was lonely and sought perfection in human relationships. Robredo was very fond of Henry and hurt when he did not act like the ideal novillero, but sometimes it seemed as if Robredo longed for something more than just an ideal bullfighter. It seemed all too simple. Robredo had been gored in a tienta by a cow of Sanchez Cobaleda and could have no sons.

The fight in San Fernando was important to Henry because it was in Andalucia and he wanted to triumph in front of Andalucians. To the Andalucians bullfighting represented values on which they prided themselves. They admired exuberance, variety, imagination and inspiration. To them there were such things as little elves called ‘duendes’. Perhaps in modern terms duendes were microbes. The duendes lived in the Andalucian countryside, but their favorite environment was the blood of the creative artist. As Lorca described them, they were sufficiently abstract to nourish themselves on a

diet of creative suffering, and in the simplest sense ‘to have duende’ meant that one played, sang, acted, lived, or fought bulls ‘with feeling’. This did not mean that all artists or Andalucians had duende. There was a sense of irony that surrounded those who had it. Their performances tended to be either wonderful or awful, and more often the latter. What was important was that these men and women seemed to represent the whole range of human experience and possibilities. People who had duende were splendidly imperfect.

To explain Andalucians, it is helpful to begin with someone else’s values. Outside Andalucia it is largely believed that bullfighting is an exercise of valor, intelligence, technical competence and athletic ability. A bullfighter performs a ‘role’ more or less to perfection depending upon his ability. In this role he has to look and act like a bullfighter. He has to be physically fit, behave with naturalness, grace and dignity, to be well dressed at all times, to have good taste, to be a master of the technique of bullfighting, and to have the intelligence to understand the problem that each and every bull represents. In the process of fighting a bull, the bullfighter maintains himself in his role. He is a good bullfighter, but the audience does not learn any other secrets about him as a person. It is more the bull who is revealed by such a bullfighter. To explain such a concept of bullfighting, one might say that every bull is different, but bullfighters are trying to be excellent in similar ways. This would not satisfy one who believes in duende. To him, the bullfighter must not only be excellent but must have an artistic temperament and represent a hopeful solution for the human predicament.

At the risk of oversimplifying things, one could say that the intellectual-technical bullfighter is supported by the patrons of the shady side of the ring, the expensive seats. He is the one who looks and acts like an aristocrat, and his followers see the bullfight as a reassuring ritual of order. The aristocratic bullfighter should labor to demonstrate that bullfighting can be done with ease, and that old values retain their worth. In such a case, the values are more important than the man who represents them.

The ‘sun patrons’ in the cheap seats, however, want to see a drama that represents social change, or which at least says that they are of equal worth to the patrons in the shade. Because he can be both dreadful and wonderful, the bullfighter with duende represents the hope of salvation. Rather than representing unchanging values, and by inference unchanging society, he demonstrates that ironically a normal human, with obvious flaws, can be wonderful and by inference that all men are equal in their potential to be wonderful.

Before Henry went to San Fernando, he imagined that his prospective duende, if he had any, would have something to do with the concept of ease. In the late sixties, because bullfighters wanted to do the socially relevant

thing, which was to appear as if they were struggling on their way to the top, they were expending great amounts of energy in their fighting and literally leaning over backwards to please. The aesthetics of this kind of bullfighting involved lots of muscle and contortions. Henry reasoned that it was actually much harder to appear facile, and whatever facility he had was not God-given, but the result of effort. He had to suffer to seem facile. Here was an important irony in bullfighting and the kind of thing that suggested duende. Ease did not come easily, but this difficult ease when demonstrated with a bull seemed to represent ease more powerfully than ease itself.

He had thought this all over before the fight. Robredo - who really belonged to the intellectual-technical school - was becoming more nervous as the fight approached. When they arrived in San Fernando he discovered they had not been booked into the best hotel in town, but one which had been the best fifty years earlier. This caused an argument with Vizcaino who had made the reservations. The hotel was on a side street and had old furniture and refrigerators piled in the main lobby. The morning of the fight, Robredo dressed in a dark gray suit and went down to the better hotel where the other bullfighters and their managers were staying. He greeted everybody and generally gave the impression that he, too, was staying there. When Henry joined him at the hotel, they sat in silence.

The more nervous Robredo became, the more he seemed to stare at others as if they were under examination for suspected faults. Henry had a hand exerciser, two red handles connected to a spring, which he often carried around on the days of fights and squeezed absent-mindedly while Robredo watched him. At noon he went to lunch. When he came back, Robredo was still in the hotel wearing a sour expression. Henry decided to avoid Robredo and went for a walk before taking his nap. He walked down narrow streets with white-washed buildings and grilled windows. It was pure Andalucia. Often he would stop and make imaginary passes. They were made with the wrists and fingers and had facility as an ideal. When he went back to his hotel, he told Vizcaino: 'I'm going to be natural today. I feel it. I'm not going to do anything ugly. All straight lines.'

He showed the old man what he meant. The straight lines were in his body. If he leaned forward it would be with a straight line from his head to his feet. If he leaned forward, bending one knee to make a low pass, the straight line would still be there, from his head to the foot extended behind him. 'Bullfighting can be easy,' he said, 'once you've found out that it is. I've got a good attitude now. I've stopped struggling against myself.'

Henry's first bull that afternoon was not big, but it charged well at the cape. He made three very smooth passes with the cape. He was calm, facile, smooth and his posture had the straight lines he had spoken of earlier. It was a good beginning, but Henry was thinking of facility and mistakenly let

the bull be pic-ed too much. It was a mental lapse and the bull charged weakly at the muleta. Henry was annoyed by his own error and ignored what needed to be done. The bull demanded effort, and he refused to give it any. The bull demanded a sharp provocation with the muleta and he gave it none. The more he toyed with the bull, the more he realized that it would not charge well enough to permit him his facility. This discouraged him more and he killed badly.

He had looked weak and will-less with his first bull, and he brooded during the next two fights. In a way, his thoughts drifted away just as they had been when he was training unenthusiastically. His second bull appeared to be much the same story, and this discouraged him before he began with the muleta. He did not stand still or extend his arm to lengthen his passes. Again he killed terribly.

In his car at the back of the ring, his assistants were congratulating each other as always. Henry slumped down in the front seat and looked at the floor. People gathered around the car and looked in the window at him. He had been bad enough that they stared at him as if he was a man who had fallen dead in the street.

‘Well, some days you’re good, and some days you’re bad,’ Puertollano said. ‘You don’t preoccupy yourself with keeping fit at all. You looked completely feeble. You’ll have to quit running around with women and train more.’

Henry did not respond. For this reason Siles and Puertollano began a conversation between themselves, speaking of Henry in the third person, which moved them a distance away from Henry’s failure. ‘The matador will have to get closer to the bull, get right on top of the bull. Say, "Here I am". Closer and closer,’ Siles said.

‘Well, the matador doesn’t see it that way,’ said Puertollano.

Henry knew sadly he had neither been drunk nor made love in weeks. ‘Shut your fucking mouth!’ he shouted.

‘But. . . ‘said Puertollano.

Robredo walked back from the bullring by himself and was the last to arrive back at the hotel. When he entered the room, Vizcaino was undressing Henry and saying: ‘It’s not so bad. We all have our ups and downs. I may be down, but I’m happy.’

When he saw Robredo, he decided to leave the room. ‘Shut the door behind you,’ Robredo said sourly.

Henry sat down on the bed and Robredo paced around the room without saying anything. He took an envelope from his pocket and began laying thousand-peseta notes in little piles on the dresser. The gesture had a frightening finality. He was doing all this deliberately and slowly, as if to say: ‘This is the way a manager operates.’

When he was finished, he turned to Henry and said: 'Here is the truth. You stank. You didn't have a whore of an idea of how to fight. You did everything wrong. You are asking me to put myself out for you and compromise myself recommending you. You have ruined Andalucia. This fight was the sum of your life in bullfighting. You don't care. You don't train. You are bored with the regimen, and now you are bored in front of a bull. You are weak. If you don't have strength to support it, you cannot have valor, art, or technique. You had nothing. If you do it again, you are through. I was a bullfighter. I had valor, but I didn't have what you are wasting. I didn't have the art that you have. But you're wasting everybody's time the way you are going. From now on we have to do better.'

The speech contained positive elements and was sincere. For that reason it almost made Henry feel better. He had expected something more painful but realized that Robredo was actually being very sympathetic. On the way back to Madrid, he was still dejected, but Robredo said: 'What's past has to be forgotten. We must work harder. I have been at fault. From now on I will help more. I will train with you until we get things right.'

Trying to remember the fight, Henry felt as if he had not been in San Fernando at all. The whole situation seemed confusing, especially when he remembered he had expected to do well. When things had gone badly, he had brooded over his failure and in doing this, his mind had left the bullring. The actual fight was almost a blank. 'The other bullfighters,' he asked. 'Did they cut any ears? What did they do? And my bulls. What were they like? I can't really picture them at all.'

That week Robredo went to the Casa del Campo every day and watched Henry train. This prevented him from brooding further over his disaster. Robredo insisted that he must pay more attention to the specifics of what he was doing and imagine the behavior of a real bull. As a result, he was practicing longer passes, positioning himself correctly, and thinking while he trained. This was all an improvement and the kind of thing that had been missing in San Fernando.

During the week he also had the opportunity to reject the attentions of a beautiful Cuban girl who was staying in the Hostal Florida, and he hoped that this sacrifice would help his bullfighting. That Saturday Henry and his assistants drove back to Andalucia for a fight in Arcos de la Frontera, but when they arrived in the evening there was no sign of a bullfight. The weather had been bad in Arcos and the impresario had decided to see if it was going to improve before he put up his posters. It rained Saturday and he had done nothing but the news had not reached the bullfighters. When they arrived Saturday night, there was an argument about whether or not to hold the fight. Even though the impresario had not even bought any bulls, Robredo demanded that Henry's contract be honored and the fight be held. 'I want

you to have a chance to re-establish yourself,' he told Henry.

Robredo and the impresario spent the night on the phone arranging things. Sunday morning a truckload of bulls arrived and the posters were distributed in the town, but the weather was still cloudy and only two hundred and twenty-three tickets were sold. 'I've done everything I can so you can get off to a new start,' Robredo told Henry. 'Now it's your turn.'

Having worked all night, Robredo was carried away with his own enthusiasm. During the first two fights, he paced up and down along the rows of empty seats, inspecting what the other bullfighters were doing. They were making mistakes. They were too close to the bull or too far away. They fought the bulls in the wrong direction and he started to shout to them. 'Closer! Farther away! The other way! Get the muleta down! Left side! Right side!' he called, and he seemed a different man, as if he had suddenly discovered he could be a good manager.

Henry's first bull charged hard and crowded him in against the wall, but he worked it out towards the center and Robredo smiled. With the muleta, he began with four long, low passes. He ended each one on one knee, and all the lines came out straight. With each pass, Robredo threw his arms in the air, shouted 'Great!' and then walked around the ring questioning spectators. 'Did you see that?' he asked. 'Does it or does it not look like Ordoñez?'

Henry made passes with right and left hands, got down on his knees and threw away his muleta and sword, and the two hundred and twenty-three people applauded. When he killed well and the bull fell over, Siles ran out, sliced off the ears and tail, and handed them to Henry, but Henry hesitated because the trophies had not come from a ring full of people petitioning for them. 'Get going with them,' Robredo shouted. 'Walk around the ring.'

His second bull was more difficult. Robredo muttered: 'He's going to get caught,' but as he muttered this he came upon a group of boys. The boys looked robust and he approached them with authority. 'You want to make a little money?' he asked them. 'When this fight is over, I want you to run down in the ring, grab that bullfighter, and carry him out of the ring.'

While he was saying this, the bull shot a horn up underneath Henry's armpit and snatched the muleta away. In the process it bumped him and knocked him over. 'Get up. Get back in there,' Robredo shouted, turning to the ring again. 'There's fifty thousand duros behind those horns. Fifty thousand duros!'

Taurinos always talked in duros. A duro is a five pesetas piece. When Henry killed the bull, Siles sliced the two ears. As soon as they were in Henry's hand, the boys ran up behind him to hoist him onto their shoulders. The generally accepted technique for doing this is to charge up behind the bullfighter without his knowing it and get your head between his legs. In the process the bullfighter is either tackled or ends up on someone's shoulders.

Some of the greatest bullfighters in history have been tackled ignominiously after their finest fights, but with luck the bullfighter is hoisted aloft and carried around the ring. Only Superman could get a bullfighter *all the way to hotel,* as the ads in *Digame* proclaimed every week.

When Henry got back to his car, the boys were exhausted but hung around waiting for Robredo, who had hired them. This embarrassed Henry, who wanted to hand out largesse after his triumph, but he had no money. Vizcaino had a one-hundred peseta note, so he gave it to the boy who had done the actual carrying. The carrier was happy but the others stayed by the car and pleaded through the window. 'And us,' they said sadly. 'We helped.'

Later that night on the road to Madrid, everybody was in a good mood. 'I want you all to be silent,' Vizcaino said. 'Don't say a word because I want to say something. Something very important.'

The others were embarrassed because they knew Vizcaino was getting sentimental. His eyes were wet. 'What I want you to do as we drive along,' he said, 'is think. You, matador, have done something good today. Yes. But I want everybody to think. Bullfighting is intuition and romanticism. Ro-man-ti-cismo,' he repeated, showing his teeth and the empty spaces. 'There is no prince or king on this earth who lives like a bullfighter.'

'Ole'!' Henry said.

Robredo had fallen asleep. Siles and Puertollano were sitting together in the front seat deep in conversation, and good cheer. 'Now I know,' Siles said seriously to Puertollano, 'that when they say on the Plaza Santa Ana that you dropped your cape that day in Ibiza because you were afraid it is really because they are jealous of you. You fight more than they do and have a matador like ours. And I defend you when they say things like that.'

'Yes,' said Puertollano, 'we are all in this together and we have to support each other. There is too much jealousy in the world. When they tell me you shout too much, I know they are just jealous.'

Back in Madrid, Henry again believed he might make it to the top of the list of novilleros. It was reported that the novillero who was then number one had run out of money after fighting ten fights. Henry assumed he could soon pass him. Robredo also had a new idea that seemed to suggest he was ready to move. He wanted Don Ramon to lay aside a sum of money that they could use at a moment's notice without having to spend time pleading for it. 'We might have to make a big decision suddenly,' Robredo said. 'It's the only way out of paying for the rest of your life.'

Henry did not know what the big decision might be, but he wanted to make it. He told the lawyer he needed five hundred thousand pesetas in a special account. The lawyer said no, and as usual after such rejections, Henry imagined his career was through. 'I'll spend the rest of my life explaining twenty pesetas to a lawyer,' he complained to Robredo.

'Don't worry about it,' Robredo said.

On Thursday of that week in Utiel, Henry had the first of the fights in his deal with Valencia. He, Robredo and the assistants drove there the night before. Robredo was still in an unusually good mood and after they had driven several hours, he announced:

'Actually they've cancelled the fight. I'm just making you come with me to show who's boss.'

When everybody believed him, he thought it was very funny. 'Well, actually there is a fight, I think,' he said. 'But there is a detour up ahead and we have to go to Alicante.'

Again he laughed and then began singing to himself. When they arrived in Utiel and found their hotel, he told Vizcaino : 'I want you to stay with him all night to make sure he doesn't go out.'

'If I can find something to do in this place,' Henry said, 'I have a greater talent than Ordoñez.'

This time it was all very funny because Henry had fought well in Arcos. In Utiel he went right to sleep. The next morning' Vizcaino came into his room and opened the blinds. 'Look,' he said, 'what a splendid day! Today is the day of my saint, San Jose (the Spanish equivalent of a birthday). I am a very happy man. Sometimes on this day I was in jail; sometimes I was fighting bulls; today I am in Utiel!'

Henry got up and went into the bathroom. When he came out, Vizcaino was laying out his suit of lights on a chair. 'Congratulations,' Henry said and embraced the old man.

'I am very happy,' Vizcaino repeated.

Everyone but Henry and he went to see the bulls divided at the bullring. When they came back they were excited because Henry had drawn a beautiful bull with a white mark on its forehead. 'I've put it second because it's bigger than the first one. On the first, keep the muleta low because it stands very high,' Robredo said.

They ate an early lunch and went for a nap. Vizcaino bought some cigars to celebrate the day of his saint and sat down with Robredo. They were both puffing away when another old man came into the room. He was thin, slightly lame, and his face was spotted and marked with age. Seeing him, Vizcaino shouted: 'Oh, now my day is complete!'

The two old men embraced and Vizcaino introduced the man to Robredo. 'This is Jose Calatayud. He was my banderillero,' he said. 'When I first came to Valencia, he gave me food because I had nothing to eat.'

Vizcaino gave Calatayud a cigar. It turned out that he had come to Utiel to be the adviser to the President of the bullfight. 'Pedro Robredo,' he said, 'I've heard of you. Weren't you from Bilbao?'

'This poison of the bull,' Robredo said, puffing his cigar, 'one doesn't

know what a cunt it has.'

The other two smiled and puffed their cigars. 'Twenty years ago, I fought in Valencia, and it seems like yesterday,' Robredo said.

'Forty years ago,' said Vizcaino, *'I* fought in Valencia.'

'What's best is to still have memories,' said Robredo.

He rarely spoke this way, and in a sense he was doing it for the old men. Jose Calatayud started to tell a story. Most bullfighting stories are similar. They involve bulls and bullfighters, and since everyone knows the elements, the stories rarely go into detail. What makes a story different, as in this case, is exotic names from the past. 'It was right here in 1916, a novillada with horses. The first bull came in and it was gigantic. Fuentes was next to me behind the wall and he said: "I'm not going out there." He's dead now, poor man. So he didn't go out. Just held up three fingers to the President to say: "Give me the three warnings. I'm not going out there." And the novillada went on with the two of us left. They took Fuentes away.'

'Today is my saint's day, and I'm really happy,' said Vizcaino.

'All the greats fought here,' Calatayud said. 'The one that was most popular was Saleri II. Camara was so bad that he left for the next town and changed clothes there after the fight. I fought four bulls without horses here, when a fellow from Albacete said he didn't want to fight and went to the infirmary. That was 1910.1 killed all four bulls. This ring has seen them all. Frascuelo and all of them.'

'I'm really happy,' said Vizcaino again. 'I was born in Albacete, raised in Valencia, fought in Spain and America. Oh how I loved the whores! Now I can do it once a month. I have one son, and three more without a brand. Not bad!'

'Show him your picture,' said Robredo.

'Oh, I mustn't,' said Vizcaino.

Vizcaino always carried a small plastic schoolboy's satchel with him. In it he kept blank contracts, in case they might be needed suddenly. He also had a clipping from an old bullfight magazine in a clear plastic envelope. It was an ad of the kind that bullfighters bought to announce their triumphs. This one said: *Jose Maria Vizcaino salutes one and all from South America and announces his impending return to Spain.* The ad included a photograph of Vizcaino fighting.

The ring in Utiel was old, but even though the rows of seats in many places sagged with age and the cast iron columns that supported the roof over the top rows were rusted, it gave an air of majesty to the bullfight. In relation to the size of Utiel, it was an enormous ring, almost a cathedral among rings. One wondered what spectacles must have been offered to fill such a place. Now it was only half full when the bullfighters made the parade.

Valencia had bought an odd lot of bulls for the fight. Some of them were big, some small. Henry's first bull came in with its head high in the air just as Pedro had said it would, but it charged hard. This is a major test for a bullfighter. Naturally the harder a bull charges, the more difficult and dangerous it is, but if a bullfighter controls a hard charging bull, the emotion of each pass is infinitely greater than the same pass with a more docile bull. Bulls charge with what can be described as either fire or sweetness. The bull with fire appears to want to destroy the object it is chasing. The sweet bull follows a lure but lacks fury and seems to walk through the act of being a bull. Ranchers have tended to breed for this sweetness because it is easier to dominate, less dangerous, and top bullfighters like it. When a rancher sees a cow with too much fire, he may reject it, so that this fury is not passed on to its offspring.

With a hard-charging bull it is necessary to make the initial passes well so that the bull does not pick up bad habits, which combined with the bull's strength could make it uncontrollable. This is a test of valor, calm, nerves and technique. When Henry's first bull charged the muleta, he made long passes that sent the bull a distance beyond him, turned around and made another pass. Because the passes were good ones, the bull continued to charge well. The audience was literally jumping up and down with each pass and exulting in every move Henry made. It seemed impossible for him to do wrong, but when he tried to kill the bull, he hit bone six times, and the audience was amazed. How was this possible? Henry could not believe it himself. Each time he hit the bone he could not believe it had happened. Finally, the bull fell, and the audience demanded he take a round of the ring, even if he had not cut the ears.

His second bull, the one with the white spot on its forehead, had a bulging neck muscle that rose as high as the points of the bull's horns, but it would not charge at anything. When Henry approached it with his cape, it ran to the opposite side of the ring. When the picadors entered, the bull refused to go near the horses. After many attempts to get the bull to the horse, the President ordered the picadors from the ring and the black banderillas to be placed. Black banderillas are made for this kind of bull and have larger barbs. Such a bull is the worst kind there is, both strong and unpredictable, and the back banderillas are no substitute for the pic-ing the bull needs.

Siles was the only banderillero who would go near enough to the bull to place the banderillas. When he did the bull ran several laps of the ring trying to escape the banderillas in his back. Everyone got out of the way and let the bull run, hoping it would use up some of its strength, but when the bull charged the muleta, it was almost uncontrollable, leaping in the air, twisting about, and hooking erratically. Henry could not make passes and had to fight much like an agile boxer who wins a fight on footwork and jabs. Long, low

passes are the roundhouse rights and lefts of bullfighting. When the bull follows well, they break the bull's strength, but when the bull will not charge for such passes, the bullfighter has to dominate it with flicks and jabs of the muleta that twist and turn the bull. By doing this, Henry brought the bull to a standstill and was able to kill it. Siles ran out and cut off an ear, even though the fight had been more practical than artistic. Henry threw the ear down on the ground and retired behind the wall. 'That fight wasn't worth an ear and no one asked for it,' he said.

'It's for the first fight,' Siles said.

After the fight, Robredo came smiling into the cafe where there was a gathering of all the people who had been involved in the fight. 'I've seen it,' he said. 'Nobody fights like he did on the first bull. He screwed it up with the sword, but nobody stands still and makes passes like that.'

Almost everybody agreed. The mayor came to congratulate Henry. 'If you'd got the sword in anyhow, I would have had to give you the hoof,' he said.

Finally Valencia arrived. 'Chopera,' Henry shouted, 'where did you get that set of bulls? Is that what you're going to have me fighting?'

'Oh, no, Enrique,' Valencia said. 'Don't look at me that way.

At this point he came up to Henry, leaned his ear to his heart, and began to whisper. 'I have a set of bulls now and they're just for you. They're divine. Dee-vee-no. Not a week - not a day - not an hour - not a minute over three years old. In fact, they are three years old this very second. And horns? They haven't got any!'

He made two little hooks out of his index fingers and pointed them at each other. 'Just like this,' he said. 'Oh well, there's one that's a little more, but nothing to worry about. Five are divine.'

In the midst of all the excitement in the cafe, Vizcaino discovered that he had lost his little brown satchel. He was almost in tears and he ran about asking everybody if they had seen it, but nobody had. 'God, I feel awful,' he said. 'It's nothing, but there are memories in it that have no value except to me. Oh God! Oh God! I'm afraid to go home. My wife will cry when she hears I have lost my memories.

The next day in Madrid, Robredo announced: 'I have done something clever,' and grinned.

He had scheduled Henry for a fight in Torremolinos on Sunday, and on Thursday of the following week in Benalmadena, a small town about six miles from Torremolinos. 'Now if you do very well in the first fight, everything will work out just fine,' Robredo said.

Henry was still enjoying his triumph in Utiel. When he walked around the Plaza Santa Ana, all the taurinos said: 'Congratulations.' It was the custom to do this to anyone who had fought, no matter how well he had done. Henry

had to prepare two suits for his trip south and went to see Nati, the tailor. Nati was a pretty, dark-haired girl. She was about thirty years old and had dimples when she smiled. She was also a hefty girl, just the way a Spanish man would like her. She always had a very complicated hairdo. When Henry arrived at her shop she said 'Congratulations' because she also was a taurino.

Nati's mother had been a famous taurine tailor, known as the Maestra, 'the Master.' Nati had married a bullfighter named Enrique Vera and had a child. Nati's shop was decorated with photographs of bullfighters, a photograph of her little boy in a. miniature suit of lights, and one of Nati in a flamenco outfit. There were parts of suits of lights everywhere and folded capes and muletas. She sold anything that a bullfighter could use, special suitcases for equipment, swords and cases, sticks for muletas, shoes, stockings, ties, everything.

Nati had a shy manner that was appropriate for a woman who was feeling over a bullfighter to make sure his breeches fitted right. When she was doing this, Henry liked to say: 'Nati, I love you. When are you and I going out?'

Nati always blushed and said: 'You know it's not possible.'

The day before Henry left for Torremolinos, a man telephoned his pension and said that he had found a schoolboy's satchel. Vizcaino was there, grabbed the telephone, and said: 'I am Jose Maria Vizcaino, ex-bullfighter, and now employed in the honorable position of sword-handler for my matador, Enrique Iggy-Canyah-das, who is standing by my side. I am a modest old man, but I have a few memories and I am eternally and humbly grateful for the immense favor you have done in finding my memories. And I would like to invite you, at the earliest possible convenience - for you, of course - to have a half-bottle of fine sherry with me. It would not only be an honor but a pleasure, sir.

'Ask him where the bag is,' Henry reminded him.

'Where is the bag now?' Vizcaino asked. He listened for a moment and then shouted with joy: 'Why, it's in Madrid!' and repeated his speech about the sherry.

Henry, Robredo, and the assistants left for Torremolinos on Saturday morning. Bullfighters know almost every road in Spain and their cars with equipment piled high on top are familiar sights on Spanish highways. When they pass on the road, they blow horns and wave, even though they seldom know whom they are saluting. There are cafes along the road where bullfighters have made a habit of stopping. These places are filled with photographs and posters they have left behind. Often the cafes are in little towns and old men who have once been in bullfighting spend most of their days sitting in the cafe to see who might stop.

They report this information to the others. ‘Fulano came through here two days ago, going north, and Mengano stopped last week, going the other way,’ they would say.

‘Were you in bullfighting?’ Henry would always ask because he loved to hear about the good old days.

On the way to Torremolinos, there was an old man in a cafe outside Cordoba who said several novilleros had gone through the day before. When Henry asked him if he had been in bullfighting, he said nothing but lifted up one of his trouser legs to display a leg so scarred, deformed, and discolored that it looked like a rotten banana.

Robredo had never been to Torremolinos before and when they arrived, he looked about suspiciously. ‘Hand over your keys and your money,’ he said to Henry.

He seemed serious this time and Henry was annoyed. ‘He doesn’t give me the slightest trust,’ Henry complained to Vizcaino.

‘That’s not true,’ said Vizcaino. ‘He worries about you because he knows you two can make a tour of the world together.’

The next day as Henry was about to dress for the fight, Vizcaino came into the room. He was trembling. ‘An awful thing has just happened to me,’ he said. ‘I just walked into Room 201, thinking it was 301, and there was a big man on top of a girl. What am I going to do? What if he sees me again?’

The experience had shaken Vizcaino so much he could not do his work, and Henry had to dress himself. The fight that day was much the same as the one in Torremolinos the previous year. The bulls charged poorly and there was little Henry could do. He got a round of the ring on his first bull, but no ears. One of the other bullfighters got a good bull and cut two ears, which discouraged Henry.

Back at the hotel, Henry was satisfied he had done what he could until Robredo arrived and said: ‘You don’t have a clue about the terrain, about where to stand, or about letting the bull come from a distance. You could have had the ears if you had given the bull a little space. This is just another opportunity lost.’

When Robredo left, Henry was upset about what he had said. The criticism was not completely warranted.

‘He’s just trying to keep you sharp,’ Vizcaino said.

Later, Siles came in and gave some advice. ‘On bulls like the last one, you’ve got to get closer, get on top of it and say, "Here I am.

‘Well, Robredo just told me to get farther away,’ said Henry angrily. ‘Which is it?’

Robredo tried to explain himself that evening. ‘You have to prepare a bullfighter like a racehorse,’ he said. ‘You’ve got to drive him and drive him.’

The next day, he took Henry to the Torremolinos bullring to train. ‘You

have to be more aware of where you are in the ring,' he told Henry.

While Henry was training, some young boys showed up at the ring with old capes and muletas and began to do what they thought was training. Since there were other people at the ring, they were anxious to show off. They made all their imaginary passes on their knees or backwards. When no one immediately contracted them for a fight, they soon became discouraged and left. After Henry had trained for several hours, Robredo said:

'Let's be friends until two o'clock tomorrow. Then back to the war. You can do whatever you want.'

That night Henry, Robredo and the assistants all went out to bars. Henry and Robredo went to a large discotheque, but Robredo found the dancing, noise and flashing lights strange and pointless. He wanted to go some place where people talked. On a side street he found rows of small bars with three or four girls in each entertaining the customers. He went in to several of them and the girls all said: 'Buy me champagne.'

He began to exercise his sense of humor. 'My name is Jose,' he told them. 'I sell sewing machines.'

Henry was trapped by a group of Englishmen who asked him questions about bullfighting all evening. It was an anthology of all such questions and it amused him. He forgot that he wanted to escape from bullfighting. 'Is your name really Henry Higgins?' they began. (This should all be spoken in a voice like Terry Thomas.) 'Oh, it's not just a publicity stunt. Well, you don't do it just for the money, now do you? Oh, you mean to say you don't make lots of money. I don't believe that. I suppose you want to be the Messiah of the bullring, no? Like Manolete. Wasn't he the Chosen One? Who is that famous one, now? The Corbador, Cordoboy, Cordobus, Cuspidor? What was his name? I suppose your ultimate ambition is to die in the bullring. Follow Manolete. Oh, well, I don't really mean it that way. Do you wear any kind of armor? You know what I mean? Oh, you don't. Well, shouldn't you, or maybe that wouldn't be fair. The bull doesn't really have a chance, now, does it? I mean all those people there waving red in its face. Oh, it's color blind. Oh, I see. Well, how do you learn? You go to school? Take ballet lessons? Oh, I see. You're telling me that you sometimes buy bulls, cut parts of their horns off and kill them? Oh, no! No! Shame! I really can't go along with that. Henry, I'm very sorry that you told me that. It's a disgusting practice and it just ought to be stopped. You must not clip the bull's horns off. Please don't do it again. Well, I can't agree with what you are doing, but I admire your determination. You seem to be a nice chap and you seem sincere.'

Don Ramon had been asked to send money to Torremolinos to cover the expenses of the second fight on Thursday, but the money did not arrive. By Tuesday, the group was almost broke and everyone was discouraged. Everywhere Henry went he saw beautiful girls and money being spent.

Wednesday the money had still not come and he saw the impresario of the Torremolinos ring squiring a tall, blonde girl around the main cafes. 'With my money,' Henry thought.

It rained all day Wednesday, but on Thursday it was cold and clear. There was still no money and Henry called Don Ramon. Don Ramon said there was no money available and there was nothing that could be done. That meant there was no money to give the customary 'gifts' to the correspondents. The ring in Benalmadena, a small town on the hillside above Torremolinos, had a beautiful view down towards the sea but only a few rows of seats. Most of the audience at the fight were tourists who had come on bus tours from the hotels on the coast. They had very little idea of what they were looking at and did not applaud.

Henry's first bull charged erratically. He tried to make passes with the muleta but could not get the bull going. Finally it caught him and Henry decided to kill it as quickly as possible. His second bull charged fairly well at the muleta and he made good passes, but the audience did not respond and because he did not kill with the first sword, he cut no awards.

Driving back to the hotel, Henry was very dejected. 'I'm quitting,' he told his assistants. 'There's no more money and I'm not enjoying myself just to say that I'm a bullfighter. I wondered if I was being a fool out there during the fight. There was no noise, no applause, no nothing.'

Robredo came to Henry's room with an angry look, and Henry thought he would get another lecture. 'That lawyer,' he said, 'doesn't give three eggs for what we're doing. This is shit, and it can't go on. We can't stay here forever. You're demoralized and I'm demoralized.'

'I feel like quitting,' said Henry.

'Don't worry about it. Those bulls were half-castes.'

Robredo decided to fly to Madrid and get money of his own and send it down so the rest of the group could get back to Madrid. While he was waiting for Robredo to pack his suitcase, Henry went down to a cafe next to the hotel. Siles, Puertollano and Chenel were sitting there. Siles looked very sour and said:

'You'd better find a way of demonstrating you are a bullfighter.'

'What do you mean?' Henry said angrily. 'That I should quit? Is that what you're trying to tell me?'

'Last year, I went everywhere with you. This year everything's changed.'

'You want to stay with me or not?' Henry asked.

'Now everything is fixed up for the year. It's too late to change. What I want to know is why is everybody saying that Robredo is going to hire somebody else and demote the rest of us. It's all over the Plaza Santa Ana. I'm not going to let anybody come in in front of us.'

'I'm not either,' said Puertollano.

How this idea had got around nobody knew, but it was typical of gossip from the Plaza Santa Ana. At this point, Robredo came into the cafe with the suitcase and the conversation stopped abruptly. The assistants sat brooding and Henry left to drive Robredo to the airport. At the airport, Robredo said: 'When the bull doesn't charge, you have to charge for it. You can't wait for your bull. Down here you've just got one round of the ring in two days. We haven't got anything done here, and if this keeps happening, it's no use going on like this with small towns and no money. The only solution would be to go to Madrid or Valencia and see what happens. Maybe your bull would come out.'

'I'm not getting any better,' Henry said.

'You've got to give the bull space, put it in the right place, be the right distance from it.'

'Today when I was in front of the bull, I thought I was making a fool of myself.'

'If that's the way you feel, get fifty guys to applaud. It'll cost you five thousand pesetas.'

'Today the banderilleros said kill the second one. I thought "No applause. I'm being a bore".'

'Why are you listening to them? This team is not working. I'd replace them all. This is a ship and there has to be a captain. You find it much more convenient to listen to them than to me because my way is the difficult one. They say: "Kill it." - and it's easier to kill it. Your desire is getting weak. You should fight on no matter what the audience thinks. What do you care if you're learning something? That's what you should have always in your mind.'

When Henry came back from the airport, he knew that the gloom of his assistants was because they were disappointed in him. 'This can't go on,' he said. 'I can't go on with Robredo angry and sour all the time. I'm demoralized.'

When Henry criticized Robredo, the assistants were glad to listen. 'Robredo is making me worse. He has us all doubting ourselves. Robredo thinks he's making things better, but he's making things worse.

The assistants then had their chance to give advice, which made them happier. They all said he had to train more, get closer to the bull, and avoid girls.

The next morning Robredo sent money for Henry and his assistants to leave for Madrid. Henry bought the morning papers from Malaga to read about the fight in Benalmadena. He expected to be treated well even though he had not cut ears, but one critic said he did not know what he was doing and Henry began to scream about journalists. The assistants tried to calm him down by saying that the article was unfair, but Henry would not stop

yelling. ‘I’m going to create such a scandal that you’ll never hear the end of it.’

The assistants feared this might be true. Henry wanted to get to a phone and they wanted to stop him, but he would not listen to them. He called up the critic and began a speech. ‘You are a shameless queer,’ he shouted, ‘a son of a bitch, ... ‘ Henry looked perplexed. ‘He hung up,’ he said.

‘If you start doing that, Enrique,’ said Puertollano, ‘you never know what is going to happen. Sometimes it’s better to be calm.’

‘Everything Enrique said was right,’ said Vizcaino.

‘What if you fight here again?’ said Puertollano. ‘This man could become very dangerous.’

‘All I want is the truth. Nothing but the truth,’ Henry said.

‘When you cut the ears,’ said Siles, ‘you don’t have this problem.’

‘That’s what you should be thinking about,’ said Puertollano.

‘Above all, bullfighting is honor,’ said Vizcaino.

Siles, Puertollano and Chenel were always a bit annoyed when Vizcaino defended Henry. He was a late-comer to the group and, to the picadors and banderilleros, those who did not fight the bulls were not in a position to comment. When they left for Madrid, the assistants began to talk about El Cordobés, which caused an argument. ‘One cannot deny the value of a bullfighter who is the most popular of all and fills the ring,’ Chenel said.

‘He is a clown,’ Vizcaino said.

‘If you had a chance to work for him, you would,’ said Puertollano.

‘You have no sense of the dignity of bullfighting,’ said Vizcaino.

‘I’m not going to have any old man telling me I don’t know anything about bullfighting,’ said Chenel.

‘I’m not going to sit next to him,’ said Puertollano, ‘if he is going to tell us we don’t know anything about bullfighting. We don’t have to stand for it.’

‘All of you, just stop talking,’ said Henry.

‘When I was young, bullfighting was different,’ said Vizcaino. ‘It had dignity. It meant something to be a matador.’

A fight that had been scheduled for the following Sunday in Guadalajara had been cancelled. When they arrived in Madrid, Robredo had a small piece of paper on which was written: *Because of the recent earthquake and rains, the bullring of Guadalajara is not in condition for taurine spectacles.*

Henry’s season did not gain the momentum of the previous year. He often fought well, but his killing was weaker, and many times he lacked enthusiasm. Siles, Puertollano, Chenel and Robredo continued to make criticisms about his bullfighting. Between fights Henry wanted to avoid the Plaza Santa Ana, his assistants - and Robredo. Robredo continued to schedule fights, but Henry almost always lost money. Most of the fights were in insignificant

places, often in portable bullrings, and in the process Henry began to hate small towns, the dark faces in the ring, the dingy hotels, the smell of stale olive oil, sway-back beds, and the little cars circling the towns with loud-speakers blaring 'Today at five o'clock. A grand novillada with picadors.'

The fights were always badly organized, the bulls were always rejects, and there were always conflicts between banderilleros, picadors, other bull-fighters and the impresarios. Nothing ever went smoothly. When Robredo scheduled fights in larger towns with nice rings, the fights were never organ-ized by major impresarios, but by minor ones who had been subleasing the ring. Henry got very little fighting with other top novilleros and he began to believe his career was going nowhere at all. He wanted to fight in a major ring where the fight would be well organized, the bulls uniform and his ex-penses paid.

Robredo always collected a five thousand peseta commission for each fight that Henry fought, but Robredo was withdrawing more and more from his involvement with Henry. He stopped going to all the fights, and Henry started to do some of the things that should have been the work of a man-ager. Often Robredo would make one arrangement and Henry would make another.

During the summer Henry sometimes fought brilliantly, but his triumphs were not really satisfying. A tone had been set for the season, and there seemed to be no way that Henry could escape from it. He felt like a marked man, a bullfighter who paid for fights, who fought in fights where bullfighters paid to fight and with other bullfighters who were also paying to fight. On the Plaza Santa Ana, people now told him it was a shame he had this reputation because he was a good bullfighter. They said the reputation would be his ruin. 'Who would ever pay a bullfighter who had this reputation?' they asked, and Henry began to believe them.

After Henry returned from the south coast, he fought in Ventas con Peña Aguilera, a small town in the province of Toledo. It was the second fight or-ganized by Valencia. Henry cut four ears, a tail and a hoof. It was a great fight, but like all the fights that Valencia organized, it had the personality of the man stamped on it. One of the bulls escaped from the ring while the picadors' horses were entering and ran out into a field. Valencia was very worried. 'Get that bull!' he shouted. 'Get that bull! There goes two hundred and forty kilos of meat!'

And what good was a triumph in Ventas con Peña Aguilera? He fought next in Navalmoral de la Mata, another place that sounded ridiculous. He cut three ears and a tail, but after the fight Robredo left without saying anything. Robredo had begun to entrust some of the details of managing Henry's fights to Paco Chenel Senior. Chenel Senior was supposed to contract a

second picador or extra banderillero when they were needed. This gave him a new power among the spare banderilleros and picadors on the Plaza Santa Ana.

After the fight in Navalmoral de la Mata, Henry went back to Torremolinos, again paying his expenses, but fought only one bull because it rained and the fight was suspended. He got a round of the ring. The critics had received their envelopes and all wrote well of the fight.

The following week he fought in Alcala de Henares, a suburb of Madrid with a nice ring. Being near Madrid, the fight was important and Henry convinced himself he had to triumph if only because Don Ramon, the lawyer, would be there. He stood still and made good passes with his first bull. With the sword he hit the bone twice before he killed the bull, but the audience petitioned for the ears. Siles, who always sliced off as many as he could, assumed that he could cut one and give it to Henry. Alcala de Henares was a more important ring than the usual places where Siles did his work, and Henry was worried that the President had not actually awarded the ear. He went before the President, held the ear up and bowed, acknowledging the fact that he had been 'given' the ear. The President made no gesture in return, but the audience applauded and Henry assumed that the President agreed with the award and started walking around the ring with it. People were throwing hats and wineskins into the ring, but suddenly they all noticed there was a policeman behind the barrier following Henry around the ring and motioning to him. When Henry saw the policeman, he realized he was in trouble about the ear. The President had decided to make a show of authority. As Henry walked over to the policeman, he threw the ear on the ground. People were shouting for him to continue with the ear round the ring, but Henry was embarrassed by the circumstances and went behind the barrier. At this moment, a man stood up in the audience and started yelling: 'Shameless! Shameless! You haven't cut the ear! This is Madrid!'

Unlike those of any other major city, audiences around Madrid seem to fear that they will be treated with disrespect. For this reason the man who had started yelling would not stop. 'Shameless! Shameless!' he screamed down at Henry.

Henry ignored him to no effect, and then suddenly ran over in front of him, climbed up so that he was level with the seats, and shouted: 'Son of a bitch! If you have any balls, I'll see you in the hotel after the fight!'

At this point Henry was grabbed by two policemen who escorted him out of the ring with the intention of arresting him for disturbing the peace. Robredo followed them out of the ring. 'You just don't do that in a bullring,' the policemen said.

'You don't do that,' Robredo told Henry and turned to the policemen. 'You see,' he said, 'this is a very important fight for him. He shouldn't do this

kind of thing, but you see he's worked himself up for days to do well here. You can see what a state he's in. You saw the fight. And well... if something totally beyond the normal happens. Well, you saw it. And you have to remember, his name is supposed to be Enrique Cañadas, but it's really Enri Iggy, and he's, well, sort of a foreigner. He doesn't exactly know all of our little customs.'

Hearing this, the policeman decided to let Henry back into the ring, and on his second bull he did even better than he had on his first. He made right-handed passes, left-handed passes, got on his knees, threw away his sword and muleta, bowed to the audience, and killed with one sword thrust.

The audience waved their handkerchiefs to petition for two ears, but the President awarded only one. Henry was satisfied and took his ear before the man who had done the yelling and shouted with a big grin: 'Yes or no?'

'Yes!' the man shouted to general applause.

For his next fight, Henry went back to another small town, Horcajo de Santiago. The bulls were difficult and one of the banderillas fell out of the second one. By chance it caught Henry in the leg. After the fight he had to have stitches in his leg. During the fight itself, Robredo got mad at Puertollano. 'You idiot!' he shouted. 'You're ruining the bull!'

After the fight, Puertollano was furious at Robredo and complained to Henry. 'Who does Robredo think he is? I am a banderillero de toros! Every day I risk my life for a modest wage. How unpleasant it would be for my mother if I was killed by a bull. Who is he? What was he in bullfighting? I've had enough of Robredo. He can't yell at me that way.'

'What Enrique needs,' said Siles on the drive back to Madrid, 'is a new manager. Enrique should be fighting in big rings where the money is. Everybody on the Plaza Santa Ana says so.'

Back on the Plaza Santa Ana people came up to Henry, said 'Congratulations', shook their heads and then said: 'You're getting a reputation for paying and you'll never get rid of it.'

The more Henry heard this, the lower his morale sank. 'We're spending millions and I'm not getting anywhere,' he complained to Robredo.

'What you need,' Robredo said, 'is lots of fights. Never mind what you make or don't make. We can still make a killing in Colombia. Who hasn't paid?'

Henry knew that everybody had spent money, and also that he had spent a great deal to get to the top of the list of novilleros, but that if things did not change he would have to spend more to stay there. He was third on the list. 'You have to train more and take bullfighting more seriously,' Robredo said. 'Get all the other things out of your mind or you'll never go anywhere.'

'But my personality and my faith are being strangled,' Henry said. 'You

and I have to work together and to have confidence in each other, but even the banderilleros are complaining about you.

‘They’re complaining about me, because they are trying to justify their shortcomings,’ Robredo said. ‘All of them are useless. I told you they would speak badly of me long ago. When I was a bullfighter, the banderilleros came to me and said : "Your manager is a queer. Get rid of him." And I said: "If he’s queer, he’s going to bed with me, not you, so shut up."

Even though his group seemed to be falling apart, Henry fought very well in his next fight at Villareal de los Infantes, cutting four ears and a tail. His next fight after that was in Tomelloso, a town in La Mancha. La Mancha is the flat, dry plain south of Madrid on which Don Quixote experienced his fantasies. There were hundreds of little towns like Tomelloso that dotted La Mancha, and they had become part of Henry’s bad dreams. The night before the fight in Tomelloso, Henry was sleeping there in a cheap hotel. It was a hot night and he dreamt of a town square like the one where he had fought capeas or the one in Tomelloso. In the middle of the square, instead of a fountain or a tree, there was a giant stuffed bull with glassy eyes. This bull looked dead, but slowly it began to come to life and, as it did, some young boys ran out close to it, laughed and shouted. In the dream, Henry felt that he was supposed to do the same, but seeing the others already there, he thought: ‘How useless to go out there with the dead bull. There are always thousands of kids who are willing to go out and get in front of the bull.’

One of the boys climbed on the back of the bull and rode it around the square. As the bull passed him, Henry could see that the boy was Miguel Marquez. Marquez was smiling and having a good time, just like the real Marquez who was so singularly dedicated to bullfighting, but suddenly he disappeared and the bull saw Henry and started to chase him. It followed him wherever he went and he tried to escape up the stairs of an old building. It was dark and he could not get away. The bull caught him and gored him in the leg.

The fight the next day did not work out well. The audience was cold, the bulls were bad and Henry was unenthusiastic. He acted as if his presence was pointless. His next fight was in Ciudad Rodrigo, near Salamanca. He made good passes but killed badly. After the fight, Robredo said: ‘You’ve ruined Salamanca. There were dozens of important people who came to see you, and look what you did.’

Henry did not think he had ruined anything. ‘This whole thing is going wrong,’ he told Vizcaino.

Henry’s next fight was in Guadalajara. The impresario of the fight had said that the mayor of Guadalajara would pay each bullfighter twenty-five

thousand pesetas for his expenses. Robredo asked for the money on the morning of the fight and the impresario said that no promise had been made to pay the money in advance. Robredo then announced that his bullfighter would not dress until he received the money he had been promised. The impresario went to Henry and said: 'Your manager says you won't dress without being paid in advance. What do you say? If you don't fight, you will be banned from fighting in the province of Guadalajara, and nobody will want anything to do with you anywhere.'

Whether or not this threat was real, Henry decided to contradict his manager and fight without being paid.

Again in Guadalajara Henry made good passes but killed badly. The following day he fought in Ibiza and was paid fifteen thousand pesetas, but this did not cover his expenses. In 1968, Henry had been repeated five times in Ibiza. Because there were always many English tourists at his fights, he considered Ibiza his hometown in bullfighting. He liked to walk along the harbor, visit cafes and nightclubs, and there were always dozens of people who wanted to talk to him and ask questions about bullfighting.

From Ibiza, he went back to Torremolinos. This time he cut an ear, and his next fight after that was in Sanisteban del Puerto.

The night before the fight he took a room in an old hotel in Linares. Robredo came but was sour-faced and made several complaints about the hotel. The next morning the manager of the hotel spoke to Henry. 'What are all the complaints about? Many great bullfighters have stayed here. The great Manolete stayed in the very room you had. In fact, it was the night before he was fatally gored.'

In Sanisteban del Puerto, it was raining and the ring was full of mud. Henry looked at the mess and decided he would be happy if he never saw La Mancha again. But the bullfight was held. The audience once again was dark-faced and unenthusiastic, and Henry wanted nothing to do with the bullfight. As far as little towns were concerned, he had arrived at a point where everything seemed pointless. He made a few passes with each bull, killed them as best he could, got in his car, and headed back to Madrid. On the way he promised himself that things were going to have to change.

On Friday the 13th of June, Henry had a fight in the province of Palencia. Tuesday, the 13th, is considered an unfortunate day in Spain and Henry was not tempting fate any more than usual when he went to the town of Guardo. On the 13th of June the previous year, he had had a triumph in El Escorial. Now, Henry was the number two novillero in Spain.

Guardo had no bullring and one of the largest portable rings in Spain had been trucked into town. It had a barrier and a passageway between the barrier itself and the seats, much the same as any good permanent ring, but the weather in Guardo on Friday the 13th was terrible. The day of the fight it

rained all morning and the ring was a sea of mud. Early in the morning, Rafael Peralta, a rejoneador who was to fight one bull from horseback, had gone to the ring and seen that the water was not draining from one area. Because it would be impossible to maneuver his horse in this muddy area, he got the workmen to tear down the barrier and move it so as to exclude the worst part of the mud. The seats of the ring still formed a circle, but the ring was shaped more like an egg.

All morning the bullfighters assumed that the fight would not be held because the ring was still in a mess and the rain had not stopped. The impresario pleaded with them all to hold the bullfight if it was at all possible because he had sold all the tickets. This was a rare event and he wanted to take advantage of it. He promised Henry his expenses and to everyone else truckloads of dirt to cover up the mud. All the bullfighters went to see the dirt unloaded, but it was obvious that the fresh dirt was making the surface worse. The rain continued and the ring was now covered with an even softer layer of mud. With the exception of a bullfighter named Paco Bautista and his assistants, no one wanted to fight.

Paco Bautista was managed by the impresario. His single claim to fame was a poster that his manager had designed. It was unforgettable. Bautista was a goofy-looking boy with big feet. Historically speaking, he came to bullfighting at the time of the first heart transplant, and Bautista's manager had an idea, the kind of thing that happened whenever the taurinos tried to extend themselves beyond their own little world. The manager had a giant color poster made of Bautista in a suit of lights. Above Bautista's heart was drawn a large, very realistic red heart with an aorta, ventricles and veins. *Paco Bautista, The Bullfighter with Heart!* the poster read. *If I am killed by a bull, I will donate my heart to whomever needs it.*

Many of the taurinos were jealous that they had not thought of it themselves. The campaign got Bautista fights in several places, but to the delight of many people on the Plaza Santa Ana, one major impresario, when shown the poster said: 'Don't show it to me. Take it to the hospital.'

All the same, the poster had inspired a new interest in current events around the Plaza Santa Ana. When the Americans landed on the moon, a page appeared in *Digame* advertising the feats of Vicente Linares. It showed a primitively drawn spaceship, the 1890 model, with a large window. In the window was a photograph of Linares in a suit of lights and waving with a silly grin on his face. *Launched from the firm launching pad of his manager, Mateos Campos,* the ad said, *Vicente Linares is now in orbit!*

Again many people on the Plaza Santa Ana were jealous, but one wit commented: 'And that's where he belongs.'

In Guardo, the Paco Bautista faction argued that the fight should be held, while the rest said that it should not. Although the argument was clear

at first, it soon became confused. In any bullfighting argument, those who want to fight have moral superiority over those who do not. If one banderillero wants to fight, he is superior to those who do not, and the same is true of matadors. The circumstances become irrelevant. After all, what kind of bullfighter does not want to fight?

Eventually, the bullfighters agreed to dress and go to the ring, but not necessarily to fight. Most of the people who had bought tickets came to the ring, expecting either a fight or to have their money refunded. When Henry and his assistants arrived at the ring, the other bullfighters were standing under the plank seats trying to escape from the rain and wearing their capes as raincoats. Bautista's men had become more enthusiastic about having the fight. If one bull was let in, the fight would be official and no money would be refunded to the audience.

Because the reason for fighting was financial, Puertollano had an idea that appealed to the other banderilleros. 'If we fight under these conditions,' he said, 'we should be paid double.'

Henry heard this and felt indignant because even if the impresario paid his expenses, there would still be nothing for him. 'If anyone should get double,' he told Puertollano, 'it should be me. I have to fight the bull.'

'No, Enrique. We're the ones who should get double,' said Puertollano. 'We have to run and place banderillas. We risk ourselves for a very modest wage.

One of Bautista's men examined the situation in the ring and said: 'It's clear now. Let's take advantage of the moment. Let's make the parade.'

In fact, there was no difference at all in the weather, but when the audience saw the bullfighters acting as if the fight might begin, they applauded. Now there was no way out of beginning the fight.

The parade was a strange one. The bullfighters hopped and jumped over puddles and detoured around patches of mud. It was impossible to march with order or dignity. Some bullfighters bounced like beans, and others wandered like somnambulists. When they reached the other side of the ring, they went behind the barrier and put their capes on as raincoats again.

The first bull was let in and it was large with big horns. It ran to the center of the ring, stopped and refused to come towards the wall. Siles and Puertollano shouted and waved their capes, but the bull remained in the center of the ring. Finally, Henry decided to wade out into the mud. The bull was strong and when Henry neared it it charged very hard. Instead of maneuvering the bull back towards the wall, Henry made a 'veronica'. The bull charged three times in succession. It passed him each time not because it was following the flow of the cape, but because it charged with momentum. On the fourth pass, Henry made a 'chicuelina', a pass where the bull passes more or less on momentum, but the pass was mistimed and the bull stepped on

the cape, slashed it out of Henry's hands and tossed it in the air. When the cape fell to the ground, the bull continued to attack it. Seeing this, Henry thought he could walk calmly back to the wall and get another cape. He had gone several steps when the bull looked up, saw him and charged. Siles and Puertollano had already started to run into the ring when Henry lost his cape. They had stationed themselves on the side of the ring where the footing was best, but when the bull attacked Henry, it chased him away from them towards the worst part of the ring. There was no way they could divert the bull's attention from him.

The bull caught Henry about ten yards from the wall and lifted him in the air. The bull tried to gore and slash several times, but Henry remained seated on the bull's horns and was carried this way almost to the wall where he tumbled to the ground. Siles and Puertollano came up behind the bull, shouting and waving their capes, and the bull turned towards them. Rafael Peralta, who had run around the passageway behind the wall, jumped into the ring and lifted Henry to his feet and held him upright. Two other banderilleros ran up to him while Siles and Puertollano held the bull's attention. Rafael Peralta and the two banderilleros examined the seat of Henry's breeches to see if there were any holes. There was one at the seam in the middle. Peralta put his finger in the hole and when he pulled it out, it was covered with blood.

'Quick! Where's the infirmary?' one of the banderilleros shouted.

'Over there,' the other one said. 'By the main gate.'

Peralta and the two banderilleros picked up Henry and ran along the wall towards the main gate. 'Where's the infirmary?' they shouted when they got there.

'It's not here,' somebody said.

'Where is it?' they said, holding Henry.

'It's outside,' someone said.

By law every ring has to have an infirmary, but when they carried Henry out through the main gate of the ring, they could not find it. They were surrounded by parked cars. It was suddenly like a bad dream for Henry to be gored by a bull and then find himself bleeding in a suit of lights in the middle of a car park. Twenty yards from the ring was a street. Several men from the town came from the inside of the ring to give advice. 'Take him to the clinic,' they said, pointing to the street. 'It's only several blocks away.

The group started to run, but Henry, who had recovered from the shock of having been tossed, shouted: 'You're killing me. Put me down!'

They did this and Henry felt the seat of his pants. Because he was bleeding he wanted to hold the wound himself out of a fear that something would fall out. A crowd of bullfighters and townspeople gathered around to direct them down a side street to the clinic. The clinic was a small single

story building, newer than the rest of the houses on the block. A small man with a black case and baggy gray suit came in and told Henry to lie down on a table. He cut open the seat of Henry's suit of lights with a pair of scissors from his bag and wiped the blood away with cotton. 'What is it?' the banderilleros and townspeople asked.

'The rectum,' the man said.

'The rectum,' the banderilleros and townspeople repeated. 'The rectum[1],'

It seemed to mean that Henry would survive, but Henry himself could see that the man with the bag was not a surgeon. He put cotton in and around the wound. 'Well, what are you going to do?' Henry asked impatiently.

'We must take him to the hospital,' the man said.

A car was brought to the clinic and Henry was carried to it and driven to the hospital in Guardo where he was undressed and taken to an operating theatre. The hospital was modern and inspired confidence. Seeing this, Henry relaxed.

In the operating theatre his legs were put in stirrups and he was given a shot in the arm, but he was conscious of the operation. He felt pushing, pulling, cutting, sewing, and pain. He was not lucid enough to follow what was going on. The operation was long and the doctor wiped his forehead and said the things that doctors and dentists everywhere always say. 'Don't worry. It will be over soon. Yes, we're almost finished. Just a little bit now. We're almost there. Okay, almost done.'

Henry's assistants waited outside. 'I said we never should fight in a place like this,' Puertollano said. 'It was impossible.'

Everyone felt they had been forewarned in one way or another about what had happened, but they forgot that they had done nothing to prevent it. In the process they began to feel sorry for themselves. 'How long will he be out?' Chenel asked.

They were all concerned about how many fights they would miss.

'The rectum,' Siles said. 'Who knows about the rectum.'

'How are we going to get back to Madrid?' asked Puertollano.

'If Enrique was not fighting in places like this,' said Siles, 'he never would have got a horn in the rectum?'

'He never would have got a horn in the rectum if he had not gone out in the middle of the ring,' said Puertollano. 'That was foolish. He should have let the bull come to him.'

'There is no use regretting what has passed,' said Vizcaino. 'The wounds and blood of a bullfighter are honorable things.'

After the operation, Henry was wheeled to a room with three beds. Puertollano and Chenel had found a lift back to Madrid and decided to leave Henry in the care of Vizcaino and Siles. Henry was only half awake after the

operation, and when the two assistants left for Madrid, Siles and Vizcaino sat on a bed next to him. A young nurse with dark hair, brown eyes and a pretty face came into the room and sat on the third bed. She was fascinated by the allure of a bullfighter, even a semi-conscious one. What beautiful eyes you have,' Siles said. 'They are like wells of liquid fire.'

He was very pleased with this idea. 'How can a pretty girl like you like this kind of work? You should be out having a good time.'

'I like it very much,' the girl said, using the eyes as much as possible.

'Oh, you do?' said Siles.

'Oh, yes,' said the girl. 'And the part I like best are autopsies. You saw a hole in the head to get to the brain. That fascinates me.

Hearing this made Vizcaino shiver. He wrapped a blanket around himself so that only his sad eyes showed.

'Look at Vizcaino,' Siles said. 'He knows there's very little time left. Another quarter of an hour and he'll be ready for the autopsy. Have you got your little saw handy?'

His joke was interrupted because a young man came to the door of the room and asked: 'Enrique? Where's Enrique?'

He seemed a little drunk and slightly effeminate, but the others assumed that he knew Henry. 'Poor Enrique,' the man moaned and walked gingerly over to Henry. Suddenly he seemed overcome by a strange sorrow. He whimpered, bent over Henry and kissed his face several times. Siles and Vizcaino leapt up and grabbed him. 'What the hell are you doing?' Siles shouted.

'Poor Enrique,' the man said and ran out of the room.

The pretty nurse laughed. 'What's going on in this town?' Vizcaino asked her. 'I've never seen anything like it. Doesn't anybody have respect for anything?'

The next morning an ambulance from the Bullfighters' Hospital in Madrid arrived. Henry was given painkillers and tranquilizers and driven to Madrid. Once at the Bullfighters' Hospital, he was fed intravenously for several days, then given a liquid diet. After a week he was given solid food and pills to keep it that way. During the first week he was relatively comfortable. Sometimes he would have a slight cramp in the area around the wound. Each day at noon a doctor would come, uncover the wound, examine it and rebandage it. The cramps and the inspections were the major annoyances of his first week in the hospital.

At the beginning of the second week, he was told that he would have to start going to the lavatory. He would go out to the lavatory, sit a while, come back and say: 'I can't do it.'

The trips to the lavatory were at first frustrating and finally painful. Many times he would scream in agony. At the same time, the cramps which had

begun the week before became more intense, particularly in the middle of the night. He would wake up screaming. ‘I promise I’ll never fight again,’ he would gasp because he could think of no bigger sacrifice.

Vizcaino stayed with him day and night and left only to buy cigarettes or eat a meal at a nearby cafe. Henry gave him a hundred pesetas each time he went out because Vizcaino had no money. When Henry slept, Vizcaino would stare at the wall with a sad, resigned expression. When the phone rang, he would leap up and answer: ‘Jose Maria Vizcaino here with my matador.’

When visitors came, Vizcaino would continue to look sad and resigned because he thought this was dignified. When he and Henry were alone, he would read aloud from a copy of *Don Quixote* he had found in the hospital. He would exhaust himself trying to pour feeling into the reading. Henry was amused by his performances and encouraged Vizcaino to read more. Sometimes he would recite poetry from memory or tell the plot of a Lorca play just as though it was a fresh piece of small-town gossip. ‘You see, poor Yerma has this problem,’ he would say.

Sometimes he would tell a story from his own life, usually when he had returned from the cafe after having had several glasses of red wine. ‘You know the great Maera?’ he would say to Henry. ‘There was a great man. He had more dignity than all of today’s bullfighters put together. Maera began as a banderillero, and he was a good one, not like what you see today. One day he went to Juan Belmonte and asked for a raise, and Belmonte refused, so Maera said: "If you aren’t going to pay me, I’ll become a matador and make as much as you." And he did.

‘One time I jumped in on one of Maera’s bulls. I was young and foolish, and I would do anything in those days. I made a few good passes, and I began to think that I was better than anybody. When Maera’s banderilleros came to get the bull away from me, I turned to Maera and shouted: "Son of a bitch! Let me go on." And I went right on making passes. I thought I was wonderful.’ (Here Vizcaino stood up and made the passes to demonstrate. Bullfighting has changed since the time of the story. Bullfighters try to fight lower, smoother and put more passes together. Vizcaino made his imaginary passes with his hands held much higher than Henry would fight. It made Vizcaino’s imaginary bulls seem gigantic.) ‘I was very proud of myself and after the fight someone came to me and said: "Maera wants to see you." I thought:

"Maera is going to congratulate me and help me!" and I went up to his room in the hotel. I walked in feeling very lucky and Maera came up to me, hit me in the face and knocked me onto the floor. Oh, what a punch he had! And you know what he said? He said:

"No one calls a matador de toros a son of a bitch."

‘After that I hated Maera and wanted to prove myself just to show him. There was a cafe in Madrid where bullfighters went, and an aspirant could not sit down when matadors were present until the day he had fought a novillada with picadors. Fighting with picadors was a much bigger thing then than now. Now everybody fights with picadors. I saw Maera many times on the streets and in that cafe and he never seemed to notice me. Finally, I made my debut with picadors and I went to that cafe and sat down, hoping that Maera would come in and challenge me. Eventually he did come in, and he came right over to me and said: "Congratulations. I hear you have fought with horses and done well. Come drink with me." Thereafter he always invited me to sit with him.’

When Siles, Puertollano or Chenel came to visit Henry, they always seemed jealous that Vizcaino was so close to Henry.

No matter what the others said, Henry preferred Vizcaino’s company, and he knew that Vizcaino had no money and a wife to support. The wife was almost blind. Henry thought his relationship with Vizcaino was clear. If Vizcaino was not given little sums of money, he could not afford to stay at the hospital. He would have to go back to the Plaza Santa Ana and look for work. While Henry was in the hospital, the others were doing just this.

A priest came to visit every day as part of his rounds of the hospital. At Henry’s instigation, the priest took an interest in Vizcaino. ‘You know, Vizcaino here has a son to whom he has not spoken in sixteen years,’ Henry told the priest.

Vizcaino admitted this was true. One day, sixteen years earlier, the son had said he was sick of eating the same thing every day. The family was poor and usually ate some version of a stew made with chickpeas. The complaint had started an argument and the son left the house. Now the son ran a bar in Madrid next door to the *Digame* office. When Vizcaino took the photographs to *Digame* for Henry’s advertisements, he passed the bar where the son worked but never went in. The priest told Vizcaino: ‘This argument is a senseless act of pride.’

Vizcaino felt the priest did not understand what was involved. When the priest left, he would say to Henry: ‘He’s a priest. They butter you up because all they want is money.’

The first day Henry was in the hospital, a BBC reporter came with a cameraman and filmed an interview, which was shown in England the next day. The following day, Henry got a phone call from London. It was Mary Adams, the girl who wrote him love letters. ‘I’m worried about you,’ she said. ‘You looked very ill on television.’

Mary Adams said that she wanted to come to Madrid to see him, and Henry liked the idea. ‘Why don’t you come when I get out of the hospital?’ he told her. ‘Then we can have a good time.’

Then he told Vizcaino what had happened. ‘You remember that film they made the other day?’ he said. ‘Well, here’s a girl who saw me on television, and she’s coming out to see me.’

‘Incredible!’ Vizcaino shouted. ‘This modern world is wonderful.’

There were always people coming in and out of Henry’s room. Most of his friends in Madrid visited him and apart from maids, nurses, doctors and officials from the Bullfighters’ Union - any taurino who came to visit one bullfighter would call in to see the others. Robredo also came every day but said little. He appeared to be brooding about something and would pace up and down with his hands behind his back. Henry dreaded being left alone with him because Robredo seemed to want to say something but could not bring himself to do it. Robredo would stay an hour, say nothing and then announce: ‘Well, until tomorrow’ - and leave. After Robredo had done this for a week, he came one day, threw an envelope on Henry’s bed and said: ‘We’ve been together long enough. It’s time we had a contract. Well, until tomorrow.’

It was something that Henry had feared would happen and he did not want to sign a contract that would bind him permanently to Robredo. He did not know what to do. Ideally, he thought, he wanted Robredo to continue working as his manager for the five thousand pesetas commissions until he could get someone else who was better. When Don Ramon, the lawyer, visited him he asked for advice. Don Ramon advised Henry against signing the contract.

‘If Robredo will not go on without a contract, who will get me fights for the rest of this season?’ Henry asked.

‘Robredo should be satisfied with his commissions,’ Don Ramon said. ‘If he demands a contract, I will write one that he will refuse to sign. You say: "They won’t permit me to sign anything but this," and that will be that.’

During his second week in the hospital, Henry started walking around on crutches to visit the other bullfighters. Each one had his own room, dedicated to a famous bullfighter - Manolete, Pedro Romero, Lagartijo and so on. The conversations between the bullfighters in the hospital were very similar. ‘How bad was it?’ one would ask the other.

‘I got banged up good,’ the other would say. ‘But fortunately it was clean,’ meaning that no arteries were broken.

‘How long will you be here?’

‘I’m here for a good while. If God wills, fifteen days. I have a fight on the twentieth.’

All of ‘them claimed to be losing fights. A top bullfighter might miss ten or fifteen fights while he was in the hospital. Some of the novilleros saw their stay in the hospital as an advantage. If they fought little and had no fights to lose, they got more attention than usual. They could dream that someone among the many taurinos who stopped to say ‘Hello’ might help them out.

This rarely happened.

When Henry wandered around the hospital, he would often see the silhouette of such a bullfighter through the translucent glass doors. Usually, they were alone.

In other rooms, the door would be open and there would be crowds of people, some waiting for a chance to go in. The rooms would be full of smoke and laughter. These were the rooms of top bullfighters and many of those who came hoped their visit would be remembered when the time came for hiring banderilleros, picadors, et cetera. Although the purpose of their visit was supposed to be friendship, they would pace nervously in the corridor like men facing an important interview.

Henry also went to the main lobby of the hospital, a room by the main door that featured photographs of Alexander Fleming, Ricardo Torres - 'Bombita', the founder of the hospital - and Diego Puerta, the president of the organization. The photograph of Dr. Fleming, wearing a bow tie, was an icon in Spain. It not only appeared in the hospital and other places frequented by bullfighters, but in bars where prostitutes gathered. Spaniards almost worshipped Dr. Fleming.

The longer a bullfighter stayed in the hospital, the more time he spent in the lobby willing to talk to almost anybody who came from the outside world. A goring rarely took more than a month to cure, but a bullfighter with broken bones might spend almost a whole season in the hospital. He was being fed and cared for and often he had no other place to go. The bullfighters with gorings usually limped about on crutches, but those with broken bones were often encased in casts that locked their arms and legs in strange positions. One banderillero from Sanlucar de Barrameda spent months in a cast that held his arms in the position of a man being flung in the air by a bull. He was lonely and bored and would never be able to fight again. He had become a gray ghost of a man destroyed by a bull.

As a bullfighter got better, he found himself being moved upstairs. There were three floors to the hospital, and on Sunday morning the patients were moved up into the rooms vacated earlier in the week. Sunday was the big day for bullfighting during the season and on Sunday night there was always activity on the first floor. On Sunday morning space was prepared for new arrivals, and on Sunday night they would come. If one was around the hospital long enough, the process seemed to have a sad inevitability.

Even the Spanish journalists who came to interview the bullfighters acted as if they were doing the same story over and over again. They wrote in little notebooks and asked their questions with the air of a bored traffic cop writing out a ticket. Because it was the same story each time, the questions they asked hardly seemed to require answers. When they came to see Henry, they seemed to have their stories already written. 'Well, let's see, Cañadas

was born, when?' they would ask him. 'Well, Cañadas, you are the second novillero in Spain. Right? Now this is the first time an Englishman has been in such a position. Uh huh. Now, the bull. Why did it catch you? Well, how does Cañadas see the present panorama of bullfighting? And, oh yes, I forgot. Has your valor escaped through the wound?

Just before he was gored Henry had moved from the Hostal Florida to share an apartment with a Spaniard named Jose Gasso. Gasso was an almost handsome man who had played several small roles in films. He could have easily been presented as Baron Werewolf because he had a gray pallor and a manner that reminded one of such roles. Actually, Gasso ran an art gallery. The gallery was full of cheap oil paintings and Gasso's clients were tourists. Some of the paintings might have made an art critic wince, but Gasso took his business seriously. The problem with Gasso's flat was that it shared some of the aura of the man, and Henry did not want to go there after getting out of the hospital.

He also wanted to avoid a confrontation with Robredo before he had made up his mind what to do about the contract. Fortunately, Tito del Amo, his backer, had invited him to come to Mojacar. Mojacar was a charming Moorish town on a hillside near the Mediterranean coast. In the late fifties it had been almost abandoned, but it was rediscovered by the film crowd who came to work in nearby Almeria. It was one of Henry's favorite places in Spain and, because he was going to visit his backer, a trip there sounded like 'official business'. Henry called Robredo and described it in this way and they decided to have lunch together before he left. Henry wanted to persuade Robredo to continue managing him at least for the ten days or so that he would be away so that there would be some fights when he was ready for them.

They met in a restaurant across the street from the Trucha. Robredo brought Chenel Senior along.

Robredo seemed more withdrawn than usual. Without a contract, he was not going to do anything. 'I have to see del Amo,' Henry said, 'before I do anything.'

After that they had their usual argument.

Henry: 'Why didn't you get me fights in France where at least they pay expenses? Everybody has fought there but me.'

Robredo : 'They expect you to kill with one sword and if you don't you're through. What kind of mess would you have made there? How many places have you ruined already killing the way you do? We can't go back to Salamanca or San Fernando.'

Henry: 'That's exaggerated. I've killed well, too. You say I've ruined Salamanca. I've never even fought in Salamanca. If I signed with you, could you promise me fights in good rings? I need some inspiration.'

Robredo: ‘When am I going to get some inspiration from you?’

Henry: ‘Can you promise me fights in good rings?’

Robredo: ‘Can you promise me you will get in shape, kill well and fight well? In a good ring maybe you’ll get away with it your way once. They’ll put you on the second time, and you’ll just be mediocre. And the third time, you’ll have a disaster. Your legs and arms will give out. You’ve got to be ready to fight bulls. You can’t wait to be inspired or work yourself up hysterically every time.’

Henry: ‘If I knew I was fighting in a good place and making money, I’d be ready.’

Robredo: ‘What you need to do is fight as much as you can. The money will come.’

Henry: ‘How do I know that? When have I felt that I could have faith in you?’

Robredo: ‘If you don’t have faith, then there’s nothing. We’re through. I’ve always been ready to put up my own money to back you. I’ve come to Madrid and got my own money for you. I’m ready to back you myself if need be.’

Henry: ‘But that still doesn’t mean I’ll fight in important rings. What about Utrerita? You got him on once in Madrid and what else?’

Robredo: ‘Utrerita was lousy in Madrid. I’ll tell you exactly what I did in that case. The backer said: "I want to see Utrerita in Madrid" so I called up and said: "I want *one space* in Madrid" - and they gave it to me. I didn’t even say who I was sending, so after the fight, they came to me and said: "How could you recommend him?" and I said "I didn’t recommend him. I only asked for a space."

When they had finished eating, Robredo said sadly: ‘It’s the same, isn’t it?’

‘I guess so,’ Henry said.

After lunch, Henry left for Mojacar. Once there he became a member of the small colony of foreigners. He spent his days on the beach and his nights wandering around the narrow streets of the town. He was beginning to feel better, but sometimes he would be awakened at night by terrible cramps like the ones he had in the hospital. As the days passed, he found that he enjoyed doing nothing and did not want to go back to Madrid.

One evening he saw Antonio Bienvenida sitting in a cafe on the little main square of the town and introduced himself. Bienvenida, who had just retired after twenty-five years as a matador, also seemed to be enjoying doing nothing. He was a short, stocky man with curly hair and a grin that creased his cheeks deeply and showed lots of teeth. As a bullfighter, Bienvenida had operated with deceptive ease, and his bullfighting usually demonstrated more intelligence than passion. His fights were like lessons in the

way things should be done.

Bienvenida told Henry that every other day for those twenty-five years, he had put on a suit of lights, a sweat suit on top of that, and trained. On the other days he played paddle ball. Bienvenida had fought with ease, but always looked portly in a suit of lights. Henry was disappointed to hear that Bienvenida had trained so seriously. He hoped at least that Bienvenida would say something different from Robredo or Puertollano.

He was still happy in Mojacar, and what eventually forced him to leave was not that he wanted to go back to bullfighting, but that Mary Adams was going to arrive in Madrid. When he got back to Madrid, he saw Siles on the Plaza Santa Ana, and Siles said:

'Robredo has cancelled all your fights.'

'Well, that's the end,' Henry said with finality.

He went back to his apartment and started calling impresarios on the telephone. None of them were giving novilladas. He made many calls until he had exhausted his little black book of people to call.

The next day, the day Mary Adams was to arrive, it was hot in Madrid and he went swimming. By the edge of the pool he saw a young, lean, dark girl with cinnamon skin and silky, long hair. He was entranced by the elegance of the girl and stared at her whenever she went by. She was the kind of girl he had always wanted to win through bullfighting. She had a boyfriend with whom she was laughing and Henry left the pool very discouraged. 'Mary Adams won't come either,' he thought. 'I haven't even written to her.'

Outside the pool, he looked at his car. It seemed older and dirtier and the battered aluminum rack on top that was used to carry his equipment on long trips was an unsightly mess. He decided to take the rack off for the occasion and have the car waxed. 'But she still isn't going to be impressed by the car,' he thought.

While he was waiting for his car, he went up to his flat. Gasso had hung paintings from his gallery everywhere, and the place was full of souvenirs for tourists. Gasso liked them. There were hand-carved wooden paperweights in the forms of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, hand-carved wooden forks and spoons hung on the wall, also in the form of Quixote and Panza, several cigarette boxes with live termites that scratched loudly, and ashtrays of embossed Toledo steel. Gasso had also strung a blue nylon fish net across the living room ceiling and thrown some more tourist items in it for effect. The theme of Quixote and Panza was repeated again several times in the net. 'I'm living in a universe of tourist junk,' Henry thought. 'She'll never be very impressed by this.'

That night he put on his best suit and went to the airport. He was convinced that the girl would not show up. At the airport he went into the men's room and combed his hair several times, but he was still nervous and he

went to the bar and drank a gin and tonic. He was embarrassed about his worries. When the flight from London was announced, he went downstairs. He felt small and insignificant in the airport. He came to a long row of plate glass windows, through which he could see the stairway down which the passengers of the London flight would come, and a conveyer belt which ran the length of the room and on which the baggage from the London flight would arrive. Henry began to fear that if the girl came, he might not recognize her, or worse still she might not recognize him. And what would she think of his car and his flat? Perhaps she expected him to be wealthy.

He waited by the plate glass window, and the passengers from London began to appear on the stairs. There were several pretty girls who seemed to know where they were going, and therefore were not his. Then a girl in yellow appeared. It was Mary Adams! She had blonde hair and pink skin and she was wearing a yellow hat with a large brim, a yellow blouse with lots of frills, yellow trousers and yellow shoes with lots of straps. She also had a yellow scarf, a yellow purse and a small, yellow suitcase. The general effect was quite striking and Henry was very pleased, even though he felt that the splendor of the outfit somehow obscured the girl. He wondered for a moment how he should greet her. Should he kiss her or shake her hand? When she saw him, she acted as if she expected to be kissed.

It was dark when they got into his car. Mary Adams was slightly nervous. ‘I was down in Devon for a dance,’ she said, meaning what must have been the day before. ‘I was tired and everything went wrong. The chain I was going to wear broke, and I had to go down the King’s Road to get it mended.’

Yes, she was an orderly girl, planned her outfits in advance down to the little details and liked to frequent fashionable neighborhoods. She also said that she had recently been to Rome, but had found the Romans uncivilized.

‘Oh, dear,’ Henry thought, ‘what is she going to think of taurinos?’

All the same, he was very pleased. She had a cultivated way of speaking.

‘Darling,’ he told her, ‘I crashed a DC8 over there about two miles away. I missed the runway and landed in a field.’

‘Oh, my goodness,’ she said. ‘How awful! Where were you coming from?’

‘Paris,’ Henry said. ‘I was the pilot.’

‘What!’ she said, shocked to be told such an obvious untruth so soon after arriving.

‘It was in a simulator. I have a friend who runs the simulators for pilot training. Actually, I landed very well several times even with four engines.’

‘Oh,’ she said, still confused but relieved that she was not in the company of a madman.

As he was driving her to Madrid, Henry decided he did not want to take

her straight to Gasso's flat. Because he knew Mary had trained to be an actress, he thought of the Cafe Gijon where the after-theatre crowd gathered in Madrid. In the Cafe Gijon, Henry tried to act as if he too had just come from the theatre, but he was soon discovered by two characters wearing Cubana shirts and reptile shoes. 'What are you doing here?' he asked them.

Because one of the men was a small-time impresario, Henry momentarily forgot about Mary and had the idea of trying to get himself a fight. He left her at a table and went to talk with the taurinos. He was gone some time and when he came back he told her that they were impresarios and they had been talking about a fight. This made sense to her and she seemed impressed; this gave Henry enough confidence to face Gasso's flat.

The next morning, Henry wanted to go training in the Casa del Campo. Mary looked tired and a little bit confused by the strange new world. When they arrived at the Casa del Campo for what she believed was very serious business, Henry stopped the car, flopped down on her lap and said, 'Ohhhhhheeeeee. My Little Rabbit' in a tiny voice.

She was rather surprised to find herself involved with someone who behaved like this, but while Henry was training, she watched intensely. Most of the people in the Casa del Campo were playing tennis on improvised courts. The nets were pieces of string strung between garbage cans. 'How can they play tennis without proper courts? That's not right,' she said seriously.

'Since Santana won at Wimbledon, everybody plays tennis,' Henry explained, but she still seemed puzzled by Spaniards.

After he had finished training, Henry went to see Don Ramon and introduced Mary. She appeared to like Don Ramon, even though she could not understand a word he said. He would probably play tennis on a proper court, and he had a modest, orderly manner. 'You've had eighteen fights this year,' he told Henry. 'You have demonstrated enough merit to make money and take the alternativa.'

Henry was pleased to hear that Don Ramon felt this way and told him of his last meeting with Robredo. Robredo had been to see Don Ramon while Henry was away and had presented a list of expenses.

They had had an argument and Robredo had said: 'If you think it's easy to fight under some other conditions, then go ahead. Do it yourself.'

'At the lunch,' Henry told Don Ramon, 'Robredo kept saying "If we don't have faith, then there's nothing."

That afternoon Mary and Henry took a siesta. In the middle of it, Puertollano called to ask when he was going to get paid. That evening they went to the Plaza Santa Ana where they found Siles and Vizcaino in one of the bars. They had got red wine spilled all over them and were clashing their glasses together with such force before each drink that they had broken several.

Vizcaino smiled knowingly and put his arm around Henry. 'I have neither gold nor flowers,' he said, 'but I have a friend.'

Henry urged him to recite some poetry. He did, then addressed Mary: 'Bullfighting is romanticismo,' he told her. 'Is romanticismo. *Ro-Man-Ti-Cismo!'*

They all decided to go to the Trucha for dinner. Henry saw a banderillero standing in front of the restaurant and insisted that he join them. 'Who's the best?' he shouted.

The man always had a puzzled look on his face. Through a major error of judgement, he imagined he was the best banderillero in the world. Most people thought him crazy.

'Who's the best?' Henry asked him.

'I am,' he said.

Henry insisted that he repeat this several times before he sat down. Several taurinos passed and Henry shouted: 'Have a drink!'

When they said they were on their way elsewhere, he said: 'What are you going there for? Here's where the action is.'

'If Robredo shows up, I'm going to break the window,' Siles shouted.

Henry started to imitate El Pipo. Pipo never said anything calmly and, like many taurinos, was in the process of ruining his voice making grand pronouncements and ordering people to join him in whatever he was doing. Henry was amused by this kind of behavior. He, too, wanted to be a commanding presence in the world. He was committing a wonderful crime to be seated in the Trucha, drunk, shouting and with his arm round a blonde. Mary did not quite understand the significance of this. Siles was happy to join in and was examining the street for people to shout at. He saw one young possibility and said: 'Do you know who that guy is? He jumped in on Miguelin's bull.'

Hearing this, the man turned towards Siles. 'You jumped in on Miguelin's bull!' Henry shouted. 'Have a drink!'

The young man's story was complicated. Miguelin had jumped from the audience in Madrid during one of El Cordobés's fights. Miguelin claimed that he had been kept out of programs because he was a better bullfighter. Miguelin ran up to the bull, got down on his knees in front of it, hit it in the face and made it go around in circles, using his hand for a muleta. As Miguelin was dragged off by the police, he shouted : 'I challenge him to a fight with Miuras (by reputation the most dangerous breed of bulls).'

Others set out to find someone who would do the same thing to Miguelin. The someone was the young man whom Henry was ordering to have a drink. Not only had he jumped into the ring in Zaragoza, but he had repeated the act in Madrid.

'You may laugh,' the man said, 'but if they had given me three minutes in

Madrid, I would have mounted the bull. I pulled its tail in less than two minutes, and it was a fresh bull.'

He had several photographs which he felt would prove his point. One showed him jumping over a large cow, and in another he was holding up the forelegs of a smaller cow as if he was dancing with it. 'I did all that up north in capeas,' he said proudly.

'He knows how to run,' said Siles. 'I saw it.'

'Now get this,' the man said. 'I was promised a car. They said:

"We're going to give that man a car". But where's my car? Why haven't they delivered it?'

'Don't you want to be a bullfighter?' Henry asked.

'I don't want to be a bullfighter or anything to do with it. I want a car. I have plenty of valor, and they have offered me five thousand pesetas to kill a bull, but I'm not going to. I want my car.'

'But have you got the balls to stand still and make passes or to be a simple banderillero?' demanded Siles.

'Look,' he said, 'I don't want to be a bullfighter. I understand this chap here is a novillero and you are whatever you are. It does you no good to stand still and make passes if you don't have anyone behind you. Money! You know what I mean. I'm the best at what I do.'

Henry shouted to the banderillero who thought he was the best in the world. 'Who's the best?'

'I'm the best,' he said.

'You see,' Henry said. 'He's the best. You'll be given a bicycle.'

'They said a car,' said the man. 'What should I do? I have a wife and two kids. Become a queer? I've got two balls, and I've said it on the radio.'

'Sit down and have a drink,' Henry said. 'Relax a moment.'

He took a drink but continued to mutter about his car. Jose Gasso, who had been out driving around Madrid in a second-hand Mercedes he had just bought, happened to walk by and sat down with the group. Because Gasso was a new face, the man told his story again: 'You want to drive my car?' Gasso said. 'I'll let you drive it out of the garage,' and the two of them got up and left.

'I'll show you I can drive,' the fellow said.

Mary was a little taken aback by all this. In the days that followed, she tried to study Henry's problems realistically. Although she could not speak Spanish and had never seen a bullfight, she knew Henry needed a new manager and to train more. He confessed all this, but Mary also got the impression that among the taurinos, there was no one who could do a decent job at anything.

Henry also thought he should tell her what the taurinos said about women. 'They talk about women all the time,' he explained, 'but they vow not

to touch them during the season.

Taurinos especially liked to talk about the parts of the women they were not touching. An English girl with blonde hair would be considered the worst possible distraction for a bullfighter. Henry explained all this. 'I hardly think *they* should talk about girls making a mess of things,' Mary said.

She wanted to be a sensible addition to Henry's life, and although he knew the taurinos would expect him to show weakness at his next bullfight, he believed the girl was doing him good. Among other things, she insisted that he went on training. They took long hikes in the Casa del Campo. When he trained with the muleta, she would watch him and say things like : 'Your backhand looks okay, but I think you need fifteen minutes more on the forehand.'

After several weeks, Henry was ready to fight again. There was a fight in Azpeitia that remained out of those that Robredo had cancelled. The fight was a big success and Henry fought well with both bulls. Everything went perfectly, except that he was tossed as he killed his second bull, but there was no wound. Siles, Puertollano, Chenel and Vizcaino were enthusiastic and hoped a new and glorious stage in Henry's career was beginning. They chattered optimistically all the way back to Madrid.

The next day the leg that had been hit in Azpeitia began to swell, and it hurt so much that Henry went to the Bullfighters' Hospital to see a doctor. The doctor ordered him into hospital again. He had a hemorrhage in his leg. Two days of medicine and ice packs did no good, and the doctors had to operate. After having fought well in Azpeitia, Henry felt extremely frustrated to be back in the hospital again. 'We've got to put this time to use,' he told Vizcaino. 'Find me a manager.'

Vizcaino set out with a portfolio of Henry's photographs, but naturally all the major managers were committed for the season. When Vizcaino came back, he said: 'I've found a fine man. He says he doesn't want to manage anyone, but I've persuaded him to come to see you.'

The next day, Antonio Posada arrived at the hospital. He was sixty, but lean and elegantly dressed in a suit, turtleneck sweater, and the fanciest pair of reptile shoes Henry had ever seen. Henry could hardly believe his eyes. Posada looked like a perfect manager. He smoked long cigars and had delicate hands with well-manicured fingers. He spoke with an Andalucian accent and often affected a look of wide-eyed innocence that made what he said seem a surprise, even to him. He told long stories about his life and loves, using his hands as if he was making a delicate maneuver with a bull. The stories always had long pauses and rhetorical questions for effect, and Posada always stared directly at whomever he was talking to make sure they were listening to every detail.

Posada had been a bullfighter and, like many of those from Seville, he

had been long on elegance and short on consistency. He had fought brilliantly in Madrid at the beginning of his career and had commanded wages as high as any bullfighter of his time, but because of his inconsistency, he created hopes that were never fully realized. Posada confessed that whenever possible he took the easiest way in bullfighting, but he had a good reason for doing this. His family had been one of the most unfortunate in bullfighting. Three of his brothers were killed by bulls. One of them had been gored in the face and went mad before he died a year later. Posada fought his last fight just before the end of the Civil War. After the war he returned to bullfighting to manage his nephew, Juanito Posada, and had also represented the major Mexican rings in contracting Spanish bullfighters.

Posada said he was not interested in managing a novillero, but he came back to the hospital a second time and brought an old photo album with pictures of his brothers, his family and himself.

Henry told him of his dealings with Robredo, the money that he had spent, and where it went.

Henry had a fight scheduled in Ibiza several weeks later and Posada wanted to know what the arrangements would be. Henry told him that previously in Ibiza he had received fifteen thousand pesetas. ‘But that doesn’t cover the expenses,’ Posada said. ‘You mean you’re bullfighting for nothing?’

Posada made a phone call to the impresario. ‘This is Antonio Posada. You have the fight scheduled for Cañadas. Yes, well, we’ll need fifty thousand pesetas . . . Yes, but that’s the way we’re doing it now... Okay, fine. Good-bye.’

Henry was amazed. ‘We’ll see what happens,’ Posada said, smiling.

A week after Henry got out of the hospital, he went to Ibiza with Posada and his assistants. The fight was to be a ‘Corrida Mixta’, a mixed bullfight in which both a matador and a novillero fight two bulls apiece. The matador would fight two full-grown bulls and the novillero two novillos. In the corrals, Henry discovered the two novillos were tiny, especially when compared to the bigger bulls. ‘No,’ Posada insisted. ‘Take the easy way. There’s plenty of time for difficulties later.’

Henry’s first bull was a very small bull, but it did not want to charge. When he went out with the muleta, the bull pawed the ground and backed away from him. Henry followed it and finally the bull sprang forward. He made several passes, but in between each of them, the bull pawed the ground and retreated before charging. After each pass, the bull retreated closer to the wall until it reached a defensive position facing the center of the ring with its back to the wall. When a bull is in a defensive position, it will not charge wholeheartedly. It moves forward to catch an object that is actually in the little area it is defending, but if the object moves out of the area, the bull

will not follow.

Henry could have moved the bull to another area of the ring with flicks and jabs of the muleta. In another place, the bull might not fight defensively. But he did not want to destroy the continuity of his fight by doing this. He stood still and made another pass. The bull edged forward, not at the muleta but at him, and lifted him off the ground. Siles and Puertollano ran up immediately to draw the bull away. Many of the tourists in the ring thought the bullfight was a contest and that the bull had scored a point. They applauded politely.

Henry had been tossed hundreds of times in his life and it was part of his experience with bulls. He knew their smell, the feel of their flanks with warm blood flowing through the coarse hair, and the feeling of being propelled into the air by the bull's power. It was almost exhilarating to be tossed by a bull. Henry always found himself tossed beyond his ability to know what was going on, almost as if he was relieved of worldly problems, yet when the bull hit him in Ibiza, he knew that he had been gored. For the first time, he had a vision of something happening inside his leg. He could feel the horn hit the leg, open the skin, enter the flesh, and he could feel where it went inside. This vision of a horn and his leg fed his imagination after he was operated on in the infirmary of the Ibiza bullring and flown back to the Bullfighters' Hospital in Madrid.

Once this vision entered his head, it seemed to take on a life of its own and leap about his brain with total disregard to what it was doing to his feelings. Whether he was asleep or awake, he found he could not rid himself of the idea of a horn entering his leg, and as long as it was there, he could not escape from being afraid.

When he arrived at the Bullfighters' Hospital, he discovered the place had changed. The sense of routine had disappeared and had been replaced with gloom, because the day before, a bullfighter had died. A banderillero named Paco Pita had been gored in the ring in San Sebastian, a major ring like Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona or Seville. It appeared to be a routine goring in the leg and was treated in the infirmary. Pita was then brought to the Bullfighters' Hospital to convalesce. When he arrived in Madrid, he had a slight fever and was in pain, but this seemed normal. The next day he was in agony and his wife said: 'There's a strange smell around my husband.'

When they opened Pita's leg to find what was wrong, they discovered that the flesh around the wound had been eaten away by gangrene. Word went around the hospital. 'They can't even sew him up. There's nothing there to sew together.'

When horn wounds are cleaned and antibiotics given, there are rarely complications. Pita's wound went in two directions, which was common enough. A man when caught in the leg by a bull's horn tends to spin on the

horn like a pinwheel. Because the horn is curved, as it chops and the man spins, a wound is created that may have one entry but several or many trajectories. This is what had happened to Pita, but in his case, the doctors in San Sebastian had discovered and cleaned only one of the trajectories. Pita survived only through the night after the gangrene was discovered, but his screams seemed to be still echoing around the hospital when Henry arrived.

Although there were no complications in his wound, Henry began to imagine there were. When he went to sleep, he dreamt that all Spanish doctors were incompetent and he was going to die. When he awoke, he imagined the slightest pain in his leg was a sign of doom. When his leg got better he began to worry about his mind. He thought he would fall apart the next time he stood in front of a bull. How could he fight bulls again with his head full of gruesome thoughts?

When he got out of the hospital, he heard on the Plaza Santa Ana that Silvestre Valencia was planning a fight and including him in the program. This was supposed to be one of the fights included in the original deal he had made with Valencia. Valencia was to have paid him his expenses and three hundred thousand pesetas after the last fight. So far he had paid him nothing and still owed him for several fights. 'You'll have to fight this one,' Don Ramon told him, 'so he can't say you were the one who broke the contract.'

The fight was to be held in Los Yebenes, another little town in La Mancha. The buildings of the town were built of small pink and tan stones cemented together, and the inhabitants dressed predominantly in black. The men wore black berets low on their foreheads. They appeared to be brooding over somber thoughts. There was a fair in the town and the bullfight was going to be part of it. There were posters pasted on the walls near the town center which announced *GRAND KIKI AND HIS CIRCUS, THE CHINESE BULLFIGHTER AND HIS BAND OF COMIC MUSICIANS* - who were going to perform in the bullring the day after the bullfight - and *HENRY HIGGINS CANADAS.* It was raining and groups of dark-eyed men with shadowy faces had gathered in the main cafes at the center of town. They were obviously from the country. They shouted at each other as if used to communicating over large spaces, and stared with haunted eyes at any strangers who entered.

On the main street of Los Yebenes, Henry spotted his poster on the wall. 'Will I spend the rest of my life in the company of clowns?' he asked Posada.

Posada had his own thoughts and did not seem to understand what this idea meant to Henry. 'This place is dead,' he said. 'It hasn't changed since the days of the duke.'

'What duke?' Henry asked.

'The duke, any duke,' answered Posada. 'You know, the duke. The duke

owned everything and took half of what the people grew every year. "We need this, your crops and your daughters."

The idea of the duke amused Posada greatly. He began to imitate the manners of his imaginary duke. At the same time, Henry stared at his own poster. He was almost surprised to discover that, after all he had been through, he was still being announced as a bullfighter.

The main cafe in Los Yebenes was full of people. Two groups of bullfighters were sitting in a dining hall at the back of the cafe when Henry arrived. The people of Los Yebenes had filled the other tables and were shouting so loudly that no one could hear what was being said. The bullfighters at the table looked up as Henry and his group entered, and for a moment they all eyed each other like gunmen in a Western, even though they all knew each other very well from the Plaza Santa Ana. As a group, the bullfighters at the table had eyes that were unusually hollow and faces drawn over old bones. In short they were a collection of the most exhausted, defeated men in bullfighting, including one man who individually was probably the most pathetic of the taurinos who haunted the Plaza Santa Ana and small towns like Los Yebenes.

He was a banderillero who looked as if some of his insides were missing. The final blow to his career was a bad goring after which he spent three months in the hospital. He had never been a good bullfighter, but after the goring, he had hobbled around the Plaza Santa Ana for months and stood in the vicinity of anyone who might buy a round of drinks. He refused to do anything else because he longed to dress up in a suit of lights; he often got an opportunity because, even if he was too afraid to come out from behind the wall when there was a bull in the ring, his presence made things legal. Every matador was supposed to have three banderilleros, and he would be the third for next to nothing. His suit of lights was an ancient, faded one from which all the brocade and tassels had worn away. He had laboriously drawn in the designs with a ballpoint pen and was always touching up the details before a fight.

Seated at the head of the table was a novillero. He was a stocky man in his early twenties. He had the look of a man from a small Spanish town and dressed in a suit of a cut popular ten years earlier.

The novillero had a sour face. It suggested that he thought life had treated him unfairly. The truth was he was a lousy bullfighter. He fought when and where he could and dreamt of the things that bullfighters in his circumstances did. Someone with money might back them for a series of fights, they would have luck with the bulls, and suddenly be better than they had ever been. It was another of those impossible dreams, and when he stood up to shake hands with Henry, Henry thought he was shaking hands with a vision of his own demise as a bullfighter. Los Yebenes was the graveyard of

bullfighting.

It rained all day and after the bullfighters dressed and went to the rickety portable ring, which Valencia had set up in a sea of mud, the fight was suspended. Before the bullfighters left the town, Valencia suggested they stay and hold the fight the next day. The novillero who had sat at the head of the table and his men were all for this because they feared that, if there was no fight in Los Yebenes, they might never fight again. That night Posada told more stories, and while he was doing this, the picadors' horses, which had been contracted for another fight, were carted off to another town. Valencia expected to find more horses for the next day, but when the hour of the fight arrived, there were none.

This caused a long argument but those who wanted to fight won over those who did not. The pathetic banderillero, who was not going to get into the ring at all, was loudly in favor of holding the fight so that he could dress in his suit of lights two days running. The first bull proved to be almost impossible to fight without having been pic-ed and repeatedly chased the novillero from the ring. Watching this scene from a bullfighter's nightmare, Henry decided he would refuse to fight and marched up to the mayor of Los Yebenes, who was sitting as president of the fight. 'Sir,' he said, 'look at this mess. If there are no horses, this fight should be suspended because it is dangerous, illegal and ridiculous.'

The mayor looked puzzled. 'What do you mean?' he asked. 'I thought that you bullfighters wanted to fight. Your man came and told me that you all agreed.'

'Not me! I didn't!' Henry shouted. 'This fight is against the law. If there are no horses, I'm not going to fight.'

'But what can I do about it now?' asked the mayor. 'I'm the mayor of this town.'

'You can put me in jail,' Henry said. 'I want my rights!'

Valencia feared that some terrible disaster would take place in the ring. At the same time, several of the darker characters of Los Yebenes, seated in the top row of the bullring, were shouting:

'Horses! Horses!' and pointing off into the distance.

Henry looked up and saw one of them walking along the last row of seats imitating the gestures of a picador pic-ing a bull and pointing off into the distance outside the ring. 'The horses are coming, the horses are coming!' the man was saying.

To most people, this would suggest a climax borrowed from a Western cavalry film, but to Henry the man was making a bad and slightly surrealistic joke; Henry wanted the picadors to arrive so much that he feared he was the victim of a delusion.

Henry spotted Valencia and shouted at him: 'I refuse to fight.'

'Don't let a moment's rashness ruin your whole career,' said Valencia. 'Don't let all these people go back to Madrid saying you have gone crazy because you have been gored too many times.'

Soon everyone knew that the horses had arrived and Henry had to face his first bull. It ran into the ring and went straight to the muddiest part. Henry spent most of what was left of his energy trying to maneuver the bull to a place where he could stand on firm ground. Having done this, he made several passes, but the bull ran back to the mud. When he killed the bull, the audience applauded and Siles ran out and sliced an ear. Henry walked halfway around the ring with the ear, and then suddenly turned, walked across the middle of the ring, threw the ear on the ground, and retired behind the wall. 'I quit,' he told Siles.

'What the hell's wrong with you?' Siles said. 'That bull had passes.'

'I couldn't even try,' Henry said.

His second bull was much larger, had big horns and charged dangerously. Henry killed it quickly, left the ring, and walked gloomily across the muddy field to his car. 'I've had it,' he told his assistants. 'No more of this. No more portable rings. No more mud holes. I don't care if I never fight again if it means fighting in places like this.'

'The second bull had passes on the right side,' said Puertollano.

'Oh, shut up!' Henry said. 'You act as if this was Madrid. You find me a ring where I can stand up without falling in a mud hole, with a proper wall and a proper infirmary, and I'll stand still and make passes. You don't think of that. You just want your wages.'

He repeated much the same to Posada. 'It took my nephew Juanito a year to recover after he had been gored,' Posada said.

'Was I really bad?' Henry asked.

'Don't worry about it,' said Posada. 'I'll see if I can get you a fight in Valencia.'

Then Henry began to worry about what he had done. He had been afraid and wanted to quit, but he had blamed the circumstances. Now he wanted a fight to find out if he could stand still and make passes. In Madrid the next day, Vizcaino brought him the Monday paper. *Another triumph of Enrique Cañadas,* it read.

'Posada phoned it in,' Vizcaino said.

'Tell Posada I've got to fight again,' Henry said. 'Anything. Anywhere.'

Later Vizcaino reported that Posada said there was a fight the following Sunday in Valencia, for which the bullfighters were already contracted, but if the fight drew people, they would give another one and include Henry. The paper the following Monday reported that no one had gone to the fight in Valencia. 'I need a fight, any fight,' Henry told Vizcaino. 'Look for one yourself'

Henry went to see Posada at the Fine Arts Club where Posada went every day and met with his friends. The Fine Arts Club was a big building on the Calle Alcala, next to several banks. On the first floor there were always old men sitting in over-stuffed chairs smoking cigars, reading the paper, or looking out the large window onto the street. On the second floor there were always card games. Henry found Posada there and told him he was desperate for a fight. Posada told him not to worry, but seemed more interested in the card game. Several days later, Vizcaino reported: 'Posada is annoyed that you have not offered him a little gift.'

'For what?' Henry asked.

'For going to Los Yebenes with you. It's the gesture.'

'He didn't get the fight or do anything there to help me, and he saw that it was a ruin for me. I didn't get any money from Valencia and I paid for everything.'

'It's the gesture,' Vizcaino repeated. 'You have to treat him as if he is important to you.

The following Monday, Henry read that there had been another novillada in Valencia. That week he got three thousand pesetas, put it in an envelope, and went to the Fine Arts Club. 'I've been meaning to give you this for some time,' he told Posada, 'but after the mess in Los Yebenes, I had no money.

Posada seemed content, but the following Sunday there was another novillada in Valencia. when Henry saw Posada, he said: 'I was hoping to fight in Valencia.'

'I think the thing to do is fight in Barcelona at the beginning of next year,' Posada said. 'Do well in Barcelona and you have the season made. Now, take a month off and have a good time for a while.'

The first thing Henry did that winter was get himself a new flat. It was on the sixth floor of an old building across the street from the main entrance to the Hotel Victoria. From the window one could look down to the street where the taurinos stood in front of the hotel. The apartment was small but cleverly designed by an interior decorator. It had old beams and one brick wall. Almost everything was either carpeted or painted a bright color. As to what was left, the decorator had obviously thought: 'When in doubt, put a pillow on it and call it a chair.'

It was a perfect bachelor flat, but then Henry was not exactly a bachelor. Mary Adams was still in Madrid, and under her influence Henry spent less time wandering around the Plaza Santa Ana. She liked to give dinner parties in the new flat. The guests always arrived panting at the door, having walked up six flights of stairs. Mary would greet them theatrically. 'Darling, I'm so glad you could come,' she would say.

The guests would gasp for air. Most of them were English or American, writers, newspapermen, or embassy officials who had places of their own in

which to give similar dinner parties. Talking to these people had an odd effect on Henry. They all knew little about bullfighting but admired Henry for what he had done. He, in turn, found this admiration frustrating because it did not correspond with what he demanded of himself.

The evenings at Henry's house were always jolly, but this only thinly disguised his disillusionment with his life as a bullfighter. He and Mary decided to take a trip to England, but after several weeks there he found himself driving back to Madrid with a carload of Mary's books and records, and nothing new in his future.

In Madrid, he found that Posada was still watching card games in the Fine Arts Club, and was very vague about what he had in mind for the season. If there was some money to spend, he told Henry, he would go to Barcelona to see about lining up a fight. Henry went to see Don Ramon about financing Posada's efforts, but Ramon said things looked gloomy. The American stock market had fallen and there was no extra cash in del Amo's accounts. Tito del Amo himself was in California. There would be one thousand dollars for Henry that year, but that would be all.

Henry explained all this to Posada, but Posada seemed content to do nothing. Shortly afterwards, an article appeared in *Digame* about Posada in a series on retired bullfighters. He told about his life and said that he walked ten kilometers a day, visited the Fine Arts Club and was currently handling a series of bullfighting films to be marketed in South America. He made no mention of Henry Higgins, and Henry decided that Posada had no intention of managing him through the next season. Shortly after this, Posada was appointed adviser to the President of the Madrid ring; Henry stopped visiting him at the Fine Arts Club.

Even though he had neither money nor prospective fights, Henry decided to prepare himself for the season. Mary got a job working on an advertising campaign for Lipton's Tea. The idea of the campaign was that Mary would drive an old London taxicab around the Spanish cities and a man dressed in a bowler hat, purporting to be Mr. Lipton, would leap out and give away tea. Mary left for Barcelona to get her taxi, and Henry went to Salamanca for the tienta season.

In Salamanca, he met El Pipo who was there squiring several new discoveries. 'Don Rafael, you've got to manage me,' Henry told him. 'You're the only one.'

'Cañadas. Son of a bitch. Have a drink,' said El Pipo. 'I'll manage you if you become a Colombian citizen so we can clean up in South America.'

Henry telephoned Mary to tell her the news. 'I'm going to become a Colombian citizen and El Pipo is going to manage me,' he told her.

'Oh, God,' she said. 'You're selling your soul for a few bullfights.'

This discouraged Henry somewhat, and he told everybody his troubles.

They all sympathized. When Henry went back to Madrid, he wrote a letter to the English consulate in Bogota, asking what his status would be as a Colombian. ‘If you want to be a Colombian,’ the reply said in short, ‘you will have to serve in the Colombian Army, and if you ever go to Colombia, they will want to know why you haven’t.’

So much for Colombia. When the 1970 season began, there were new names dominating the list of novilleros. Siles went as permanent banderillero for one of them. Puertollano free-lanced on the Plaza Santa Ana and bought a little car. Vizcaino saw Henry almost every day, but there was little for him to do. Henry usually gave him a hundred pesetas when he saw him, and Vizcaino tried to augment this income in several ways. Some days he went around the grocery stores with bottles of boiled squid, clams and shrimps in the same satchel that had formerly been full of contracts and old clippings. ‘I am Jose Maria Vizcaino,’ he would say, ‘the sword-handler for the famous English novillero, Enri Iggy Can-yah-das. Today I have come to introduce you to a new product.’

But the seafood business went slowly or not at all, and when the bullfighting season began, Vizcaino hired himself out to help promote bullfighting. His specialty was speaking over a loudspeaker, and he would drive around in a little car on the days before a fight giving his spiel. When Henry met Vizcaino on the Plaza Santa Ana, the old man usually had his mind on some aspect of these ventures. Often they did not work out to his liking and he would have a long face. ‘What’s the matter?’ Henry would ask.

‘Nothing,’ Vizcaino would say. ‘That man I’ve been working for is a son of a bitch.’

‘Why’s that?’ Henry would ask.

‘Well, I’ll tell you. He only gave me four hundred pesetas and I asked for six hundred. Only I can do these things right, and I’ve been going round Aranjuez in a little car until I’m practically crazy in the head.’

‘Well, why is it that you are so indispensable?’ Henry would ask, hoping to hear Vizcaino launch into his speech.

This was easy enough, because Vizcaino was ready to make a speech at a moment’s notice. ‘Well, you see, Enrique,’ he would say, ‘it was like this. I was going round and round Aranjuez just like I used to go around Torremolinos saying "The great English bullfighter! Art and valour united! The revelation of the year! Enri Iggy Gan-yah-das!"‘

Vizcaino ‘s whole expression would change as he forgot about the four hundred pesetas and launched into the speech. His sad little eyes would develop a far away look. ‘It’s this way, I was going around Aranjuez saying, "Señores and señoras!"

His voice now had a high pitched intensity. He held his hand up in front of his mouth as if he was holding a microphone. ‘Today, at five in the after-

noon. In the royal seat itself! Aranjuez! There will be a grand and magnificent corrida de toros. Six brave and beautiful bulls from the accredited ranch of Don Samuel Flores!"

Vizcaino loved the names of towns, ranches and bullfighters and the enunciation of these words was the high point of his performance. At such moments, his voice would careen out of control.

'For the valiant matadors, Diego Puerta, the colossal Sevillian! The Lion of the Barrio San Bernardo, his body crisscrossed with gorings. Never has there been such a valiant bullfighter! In second position, Sebastian Palomo 'Linares' *(Palomo* means 'Dove')! This dove who has flown so high, he has transformed himself into the Golden Dove of the National Fiesta! And in third position, Gabriel de la Casa! Son of the famous and unforgettable Morenito de Talavera.

'Listen, señores and señoras, I have noticed that the tickets for this unforgettable spectacle are rapidly disappearing. And now, while this humble speaker rests a brief moment, listen to the music of the bullfight!'

This music of the bullfight' was usually a scratchy record of a *paso doble,* the march-like two-step that bands play at bullfights.

Morenito de Talavera was actually one of Vizcaino's favorite drinking buddies and heroes. Whenever there was nothing going on, Vizcaino would usually meet Henry after having just left Morenito. 'Don't be discouraged, Enrique. Think of what has happened to poor Moreno,' he would say.

The story of Morenito even consoled Vizcaino when he was discouraged. 'Moreno is the one who has tragedy on top of him,' Vizcaino would say. 'And what a bullfighter he was! He fought everywhere. There was a time when they didn't give a bullfight without him. When they were going to give six bulls, they'd make it eight so they could have Morenito. If they were going to have eight bulls, they'd make it ten. No one ever got the better of him. He was like a wild boar. At one point he had three cars and when he came down the Calle Alcala in one of them, everyone would say: "Look out! Here comes Morenito" - because that was the kind of man he was.'

Henry was always moved by the story of Morenito because he would have liked to have people say: 'Look out! Here comes Henry Higgins.'

'Just today,' Vizcaino would say, 'he was so frustrated that he was going to go down to the Hotel Wellington and shoot everybody. I had to calm him down.'

'Why was that?'

'It's the sons. You know, Morenito was a rich man, but he was badly advised and he lost most of his money. He spent the last of what he had organizing novilladas for his sons, and when he was all but broke, people went to the sons and said: "The worst thing in bullfighting is to have a father for a manager" - and the sons left him. Now you, yourself, know that Gabriel is a

good bullfighter, but where does he fight? They keep him off programs because he would make the others look bad and they've put more money into the others. That's what Morenito sees - that Gabriel is not being paid what he's worth.'

If it was not one thing about Morenito, it was another, but Vizcaino thought everything about Morenito had grandeur. 'He still looks exactly the same as when he was a bullfighter and that was twenty-five years ago!'

There was one story that Vizcaino told often. Before he had become a bullfighter, Morenito had been a railway porter in Toledo, and he had a girlfriend who became pregnant. Morenito went to her family and offered to marry her, but the family was wealthy and did not want their daughter to marry a railway porter. They owned trucks and Morenito offered to drive one of the trucks to support the girl, but the family also rejected this. Eventually, Morenito became a top bullfighter and got engaged to marry another girl from a wealthy family.

His original girlfriend had a daughter in the meantime and, the day before Morenito was to be married, she came to him and said: 'This should be my wedding' - but Morenito refused to change his mind and married the second girl. The years passed and Morenito lost most of his money. His wife's father was still alive and eventually Morenito saw in the old man the only hope of ever being solvent again. He often said with a despairing sense of humor: 'The son of a bitch. He still lives on with one foot in the grave.'

One day Morenito heard that the daughter of his original girlfriend was about to be married and the reception was to be held in the Hotel Victoria. The day of the wedding Morenito wanted to go, but could not force himself to enter the hotel. He stayed outside on the street with the taurinos who stood in front of the Simeon. One of their pastimes was to watch the brides who came out of the Hotel Victoria and make salacious remarks such as: 'I'd like some of that.'

Morenito and the taurinos were standing in front of the Simeon when the bride and groom came out of the hotel. Some of the taurinos looked at the pair and said: 'That guy's going to have his hands full.' But the bride, instead of ignoring the taurinos as brides usually did, looked over, saw Morenito, and ran over to him. To the surprise of all the taurinos, she embraced him and said: 'Papa, I'm so happy.'

Morenito, whose own life was full of frustration and disappointment, began to cry.

As the season of 1970 progressed, Henry became more and more frustrated. It was reported on the Plaza Santa Ana that Valencia was organizing fights again. Henry told Vizcaino to listen for rumors of when and where they would be. Don Ramon would prepare the proper papers and they would appear on the day of the fight to collect what money there was in the till. The

old man promised to find out when Valencia was giving fights, but the first Henry heard of one of Valencia's fights was from the other taurinos on the Plaza Santa Ana. 'Valencia gave a fight and sold all the tickets,' they told him. 'And Vizcaino was there as a sword-handier for one of the bullfighters.'

Henry was furious and went to look for Vizcaino. 'Is this true?' he asked the old man when he found him in the Oficina.

'Yes,' Vizcaino admitted, 'it's true.'

'How could you do this to me? I can't believe it.'

'I needed the money.'

Henry stormed out of the Oficina and the old man sat sadly at one of the tables. Everywhere he went, Henry told people what Vizcaino had done. 'How could he do this to me?' he would ask.

Several months passed and Henry searched for a taurino who had something to offer him. 'I will not pay to fight,' he told them all, and it appeared there was little that could be done for a novillero with that attitude. He had said this everywhere until in ate June he was sought out by two men who visited his apartment. One was Madrileñito, an old ex-bullfighter in a sloppy suit, and the other Pepe Monllor, another of the taurinos. When hey came to see Henry, they looked around his flat and said they had a plan for him.

They would give him twenty fights and the alternativa at the end of August. They planned to do this in conjunction with a bullfighter named Blas Romero - 'El Platanito', the Banana Boy - who was managed by Madrileñito. 'The Banana', as Madrileñito referred to him, was well-known for his comic imitation of El Cordobés. The Banana was a product of the Oportunidades several years earlier and had had the fortune to have his debut televised. The laughter that night could be heard everywhere in Spain. The Banana was a big-featured, large-footed, clumsy kid with a bad posture. When he tried to imitate the idol of Spain, it was very funny.

That year he fought over a hundred novilladas without picadors, in which he repeated his imitation of Cordobés, added a few refinements, and he learned something about bullfighting in the process. He made his debut with picadors, but the bulls were bigger and more dangerous. The Banana could not be funny with every bull. When he was not funny, he had little to offer. After several novilladas with picadors, The Banana dropped from prominence.

At that time, most people felt that bullfighting was a serious business and that the appeal of The Banana had died a natural death. But at the same time, people were laughing their heads off at El Cordobés. Because he was a national hero who had shown serious valor, personality and even been an entrancing bullfighter at times, none of his fans considered him a comedian. But the fact was that in the process of maintaining his personality as a bull-

fighter, El Cordobés had become an imitation of himself. Deliberately, he exaggerated all his identifying quirks, dragging his feet and muleta around the ring, acting alternately fatigued and loco. His audience was delighted and laughed; these were the things they paid their money to see. No one wanted to see El Cordobés be a good bullfighter. They wanted to see him being himself, and he obliged.

Spaniards are not an excessively serious or sober people when these things are not called for. Manolete, the hero of the forties after the Civil War, was a lean, somber man with haunted eyes, but times have changed. Spain was still full of the serious rituals of Church and State, but bullfighting was the one serious ritual that could admit humor, gaiety, rebellion and change. A humorous, revolutionary bullfighter was an acceptable social symbol; the good and slightly irreverent boy who had struggled hard and become a success.

Madrileñito had tried to resurrect The Banana's career by presenting him in Vista Alegre in the beginning of 1970. He stood behind the wall and shouted advice like: 'Do the frog leap' - and The Banana had a big success. Madrileñito was convinced that times had changed and The Banana was the only novillero who could make money. He talked of a season of eighty fights. When he and Monllor came to see Henry, they said they also wanted a serious bullfighter who might, they thought, be a more long-term investment. Henry would be perfect. He had artistic possibilities and was senior to The Banana. He would fight first and warm up the audience for The Banana's antics. This all sounded like thin logic, but Henry decided to give it a try.

Monllor was sixty years old and he usually dressed in white - a white hat, white reptile shoes, white Cubana shirt and light colored trousers. This sometimes gave the impression that he was younger. He wore thick glasses and was bald. He kept his hat on almost everywhere he went. Unlike most of the older taurinos, he spoke very little about his past and did not seem to be a romantic about bullfighting in any way. What he did say came out with a Catalan accent. Most of the taurinos spoke as Andalucians. In spite of the dapper flavor of his white outfits, Monllor was boss-eyed, which unfortunately made him seem evasive without his meaning to be. He was a different kind of man to those with whom Henry was used to dealing in bullfighting.

To begin with Henry was to be given a fight in Pamplona, the biggest ring he had ever fought in, and be paid his expenses. 'Whatever happens,' he told Monllor, 'I want to be rid of the reputation of paying to fight.'

'Okay,' said Monllor. 'After Pamplona, I'm going to give a fight in Villena. You put up one-third of the money and get one-third of the profits. You're not paying to fight. You're giving the fight.'

Monllor never seemed to mention great bullfights he had seen or bullfighters he admired. Among most taurinos, conversations eventually turned

to these things, so that one understood that their complaints about the state of the bullfighting business did not diminish their love of bullfighting in general. On the trip to Pamplona, Henry decided to ask him what bullfighters he liked or had admired.

'What do you want to know about other bullfighters for,' Monllor said. 'Worry about your own bullfighting.'

'But,' Henry said, 'since we are going to be working together, I wondered what you thought about bullfighting.'

'Yes, we are going to be working together,' Monllor said, 'and I have known many bullfighters.'

'But what do you think of the bullfighting of, say, Antonio Ordoñez?'

'Antonio Ordoñez,' Monllor replied very seriously, 'is sometimes very good, and sometimes not so good.'

'But do you like what he does?'

'I like it and I don't like it.'

'What about El Cordobés?'

Since Cordobés was perhaps the most popular bullfighter of all time and filled bullrings like no other man, taurinos who did not like his bullfighting would often admit to admiring him if only for this. Monllor thought over the answer to this question more seriously than he had the earlier ones. 'Cordobés. …' he said slowly, 'is very good ... and then Cordobés ... is not so good.'

'But if you are not really convinced by great bullfighters,' Henry asked, somewhat perplexed, 'what arc you going to think about me?'

'Now, that's different,' Monllor said. 'You are an entirely different case from these. You *may* be very different.

Henry doubted it, but for the time being his career was in Monllor's hands, and he hoped that Monllor would be enthusiastic about his bullfighting. Half way to Pamplona, Monllor decided they should change direction and pass through Soria. 'I have a good friend there,' he said. 'Maybe we'll discuss some bullfights for you.'

The route through Soria was much longer and involved travelling over bad roads. When they finally arrived in Soria, Monllor said: 'It's always good to see old friends,' and they drove around the town, retracing their steps several times. 'Stop here,' Monllor said in front of a cafe they had already passed twice.

Monllor got out of the car, adjusted the old white, straw hat he always wore, marched into the cafe, and started talking to one of the waiters. 'Pepe, here, is a very good friend,' he explained to Henry. 'Heard about any bullfights?' he asked Pepe.

'No,' Pepe said.

'Well, we've got to get to Pamplona,' Monllor said. 'We've got a big fight

tomorrow in Pamplona. A very big fight. In Pamplona.'

When Henry woke up in Pamplona the next day, he found Monllor at the foot of his bed, wearing his white hat and doing an arthritic soft-shoe routine. 'It's all coming back,' he said. 'I haven't done this in years. It feels good, too. I was marathon dancing champion of Europe. Danced eighty-two consecutive hours.'

For the first time in nine months, Henry was feeling the nervousness of waiting for a bullfight, and was trying to decide whether or not it was a premonition of disaster. He was interrupted by an English ex-journalist in his fifties, who burst into the room and started talking. He was in the middle of a story he had started down on the street or in the elevator. He went on as if Henry had been with him all the time.

The story was unintelligible, but it seemed to be about the bullfighter, El Gallo, Gallo's wife, Pastora Imperio, a suspected infidelity and a group of gypsy dancers who stomped so hard they fell through the ceiling of a fancy hotel. It sounded like good material, but at any point where the ex-journalist might have actually brought these elements together, he became so excited that he could not mouth the words. Instead, he grunted and made noises. 'El Gallo *pppppphhhhhhtttt* right-handed passes *ttttttsssssppppp* killed *ffffuuuuurrrrrppppp'* - and so forth.

Henry could not stop laughing and Monllor was confused. 'Bullfighting is a serious business,' Monllor said and left the room apparently offended.

It rained in the early afternoon. The fight was held in the evening under the lights but, because of the rain, the ring which seated eighteen thousand had only a thousand or so people in it. The voices of those who had come echoed off the empty seats, presenting a dismal sound to Henry when he arrived at the ring. It was an echo of his emotional state. He had arrived in Pamplona empty of many of the illusions that had driven him to want to be a top bullfighter. Night was falling, the air was damp and the empty ring was full of dismal shadows. None of his assistants had seen him fight before or were enthusiastic about his prospects. But perhaps the strangest sensation of all to Henry was that he found himself standing in one of the most famous and almost sacred bullrings in the world, and he was being managed by an ex-marathon dancer.

It seemed to show in his bullfighting. His first bull came out badly and Henry could do little with it - but at the same time he did not seem to want to do anything.

The Banana came out and did his act and everybody laughed. Henry's second bull was a good one and he made a good fight in spite of himself. The passes were beautiful, elegant, smooth and he worked the bull with ease. After The Banana's act, the audience greeted good bullfighting like an old friend, but as good as Henry's fight was, his personality as a bullfighter

failed to flower as it so often had before. He was reserved, cautious and lacked enthusiasm. Even the audience seemed to be thinking still of The Banana. ‘Look, Banana Boy,’ people were shouting, ‘this is how it’s done.’

Even though he had fought well and cut an ear, when he went back to Madrid, Henry was dissatisfied with his own lack of enthusiasm. When he went down to Villena the next week for the fight that Monllor had organized, he had one of the worst fights of his life. The bulls were terrible and Henry had no desire to do anything. The fight was so bad that it seemed he might never be able to pull himself together again. After the fight, he went back to the ring to witness the accounting. When he arrived, he saw the other bullfighters leaving. They were smiling and had what looked like money in their hands.

In the back room of the bullring, there were four men, including Monllor, sitting around a table that was covered with money and slips of paper.

The accounting took almost an hour. A sick bull still in the corrals of the ring changed hands several times around the table, and a long list of Monllor’s expenses was read out. He had borrowed the money for these things from one of the other men at the table. The expenses were all legitimate, but in the process of organizing the fight, buying the bulls, contracting bullfighters and arranging propaganda, he had had to spend thousands of pesetas in personal expenses. As each of the expenses was read out, Henry became more furious.

On the final accounting, Henry’s third was twenty thousand pesetas short of what he had invested. ‘You stood the chance of making lots of money, and as luck would have it you didn’t,’ Monllor said. ‘We all lost, but I’m not crying. I’ll wait for another day.’

Soon after Henry’s return to Madrid he was training at the Casa del Campo when a large, new Pontiac drew up nearby and out hopped Curro Romero, one of Henry’s original heroes in bullfighting. Romero was accompanied by a tiny girl with blonde curls and an elderly nanny in a blue dress and white apron. Immediately, Romero started to stride across the Casa del Campo with a pleased but determined look on his face. As he passed, Henry shouted:

‘Hello, maestro’ and Romero strode over to where Henry was training.

Romero was a good-looking, large-chested man in his early thirties. He had the most self-conscious sense of posture and elegance in all bullfighting, but it was Curro Romero of all the modern bullfighters who was most associated with the idea of duende. Romero had a rigid and limited idea of how to do things.

When a bull did not fit into his plan, Romero looked like a nervous wreck, but on rare occasions his style was the grandest triumph of idealism that bullfighting could offer. Things had been going badly for him and it had been

a long time since his last big triumph. He had retired for most of the previous season, come back, but done nothing, and he was about to have an important fight the following Sunday in Madrid.

'You're looking fit,' Henry said.

'I've lost eight kilos,' Romero said proudly.

As he spoke, he squinted slightly. It gave his expression a touch of anguish, as if he could still hear the whistles and cat-calls of his bad days. 'It's hard times,' he said.

Even he was having difficulty finding fights. 'Would you consider giving me the alternativa?' Henry asked out of curiosity.

'Sure. Let's see what happens,' Romero said, referring to the fight in Madrid.

Then he marched off across the Casa del Campo while Henry went back to his training. That Sunday Romero had another of his disasters and decided to retire for the rest of the season. In the meantime, Henry went back to Pamplona for the last days of the San Fermin Fair. This was one of the most famous events in bullfighting. Each morning the bulls for the day's fight were run from the corrals, through the streets, to the bullring, and people came from all over the world to run in front of them. The bulls were accompanied by steers which were used to move the bulls about. As long as they stayed with the steers, they followed in a herd to the ring, but if one of the bulls was separated from the group, it would charge about like a bull in a bullfight. When this happened, it was very dangerous to be in the narrow streets.

Much of the San Fermin Fair took place in an atmosphere of hysteria and drunkenness. At the bullfights themselves, the Basques jumped up and down, sang and shouted, and there were many bands playing at once. The whole effect was exciting enough that it drew people back year after year.

In Pamplona, Henry saw a fight in which his favorite bullfighter, Antonio Ordoñez, and Miguel Marquez killed three bulls apiece. Marquez cut more ears, but Henry preferred Ordoñez, and what bothered him most was that people seemed to appreciate Ordoñez less than they once had, even when he fought well. They said he was getting old, but his problem was that he had a more and more private vision of how bullfighting should be and pursued this regardless of the audience.

Ordoñez had been generally considered the top bullfighter for years and also the object of much criticism. The partisans of youthful and technically brilliant bullfighting said that Paco Camino was better than Ordoñez. The fans of the socially relevant El Cordobés said that their man was the best. Ordoñez insisted on doing things his way. He could achieve the most complexly orchestrated bullfighting of all time. His passes could encompass a great variety of moods and feelings, and his work with one bull could have

symphonic grandeur. Many people would rather hear the latest pop song, but Ordoñez would not sing it. If a bull did not fit into his views, often he would do nothing. But although no one could fight with the smoothness or the same sense of space as Ordoñez, he was not that popular.

Reluctantly, many people would fall into the sway of his greatest works, but they did not like him as a person, perhaps because he was too complicated and grand. To confuse people more, he had many quirks that seemed petty. But these flaws were marks of genius to his admirers and Henry was one of these people. After the Ordoñez-Marquez fight, he found himself defending Ordoñez to a group of English and American bullfight fans who had preferred Marquez.

Henry was never completely comfortable in the presence of such people. They were usually far more critical of a bullfighter's performances than Spaniards and considered their knowledge of bullfighting something of an accomplishment. Henry imagined many of them saw him as an annoying presence whose bullfighting they would gladly criticize with all the severity they could muster. He suspected that they thought him as helpless in bullfighting as a man falling off a cliff, so that when he spoke to them of Ordoñez's inspiration, individuality and dedication, he was really talking of his own personal frustrations.

Eventually one in the group, a gray-haired English lady, eyed him severely and said: 'I've been watching bullfights for twenty years. I don't need any English novillero to tell me what to think.'

As it was said, an English novillero, no matter how well he fought, was one of the lowest forms on bullfighting's tree of life; in the terms of what Henry had sought to gain from bullfighting, it was one of the low points of his career, but it caused him to search for some potential vindication.

In doing so, he knew he had to do something to salvage his career, and the thing that stayed in his mind, now as an obsession, was that no one said such things to a matador de toros, no matter where he was from.

PART FOUR

Matador de toros literally means killer of bulls and while a matador does much more than just kill bulls, his work with the cape and the muleta are considered to be preparation for the placing of the sword, which also is referred to as ‘the supreme act’, or ‘the moment of truth’ by bullfight critics grinding out reviews of Sunday’s fight.

In fact, the most important part of a matador’s work is with the muleta, and a bullfighter who makes great passes but kills poorly actually has a better chance of succeeding than one who kills brilliantly, but makes undistinguished passes. Listening to some taurinos, one might think killing was only a way to cut ears and tails, which were awarded for passes made with the muleta. All this means that bullfighting has degenerated from the intellectual purity that most old men will claim it once had.

At the same time the title matador de toros seems to have lost some of its significance. Among bullfighters, matadors were the aristocrats and the most obvious thing about most of them was that they acted like aristocrats in front of bulls, transcending, by suggestion, their origins at the other end of the social spectrum. This was a very important suggestion when Spain was a more obviously classed society, but as Spain became a society seeking social stability through the creation of a middle class, the bullfighter became a less significant symbol of hope than the presence of thousands of little cars on Spanish streets and roads.

There are now hundreds of men who are or have been matadors de toros. For most of them achieving this title did not in itself mean they were successful bullfighters and many were forced eventually to renounce the title and work as banderilleros. There are probably at the most ten matadors sufficiently successful to control where, when and what bulls they will fight, and with the possible exception of El Cordobés, the powerful men in bullfighting are the big impresarios.

Still, the title of matador de toros has a mystique, even if the man who possesses it is having a hard time finding a fight. Virility aside, at least it represents dedication to a cause, even if that cause is a lost one; if Henry Higgins was to become a matador de toros, it could represent a triumph of will

over seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

Henry himself wished that the title meant more, yet when the time came, he was forced to consider taking the alternativa as a way of escaping from the problems of novilladas. His career as a novillero had reached the point where it could lead him nowhere. The motivations that should drive a bullfighter were totally missing in novilladas, and although his last few fights as a novillero had not been brilliant, he knew that he had fought enough fights to be prepared to take this step forward in category.

To take this step he had to convince himself that his deficiencies as a novillero had really been questions of morale and, in spite of this, there had been times when many people had considered him one of the best novilleros around. Certainly, this potential still existed, but he lacked only immediate evidence - recent fights for example - to convince himself that he could do well as a matador.

After the fight in Villena, he definitely did not want to fight any more novilladas. The least he could do by taking the alternativa was become the first English matador de toros. He did not even have to do well to achieve this, just kill his two bulls which he had always been able to do. From there, depending on what happened, he could quit or continue. This was a simple enough design, but when he thought about it he also wanted to make some money, another of the goals which had eluded him bullfighting. What better event than an alternativa would there be for him to make money? It would be covered by English papers and television, and he could publicize it among the tourists. There were many English tourists in Spain and, if they were going to go to a bullfight, it ought to be this one.

The idea that he could draw tourists to the bullring was one of Henry's favorites, even though events seemed to prove the contrary. When he thought of the event of his alternativa, he began to dream of filling a ring with Englishmen on holiday. He talked to anyone who would listen about this and one of those he saw was Jose Maria Recondo, who had managed Miguel Marquez to the top of bullfighting. He was an ex-matador from San Sebastian, a younger taurino whom Henry thought was the kind of man who would understand the importance of tourists in the economics of bullfighting. Henry asked Recondo to recommend that he be given the alternativa on one of the Spanish coasts. 'It's only once,' Henry said, convinced that the fight would make money.

'These experiments of yours are very costly,' Recondo said. 'You'll be lucky if seven people go.'

Even though he did not believe in the project, Recondo telephoned Pepe Ordoñez, brother of Antonio and an ex-matador who was the impresario of the ring in Fuengirola, a town on the Costa del Sol near Malaga. Fuengirola was between Torremolinos and Marbella, and besides having its share of

tourism, was the hometown of Miguel Marquez. It had a seven-year-old bullring that seated six thousand. Henry thought he could fill such a ring if he had the time and resources to publicize his fight well.

Pepe Ordoñez offered to put Henry on in one of the two fights he was having during the Fuengirola Fair in October. Marquez would fight in one of the fights and Henry in the other, Sunday, October 4. When Henry considered this date, he realized it would be too late in the year to prove anything. The tourist season would be over, but Pepe Ordoñez did not plan any other fights before that date because the ring in Fuengirola had not drawn many people all that year. However, he said he would give Henry the ring sometime in September if he wanted to back the fight himself. He offered generous conditions. He would not charge for the ring but would receive fifty percent of the profits, and his share was not to exceed one hundred thousand pesetas. Any other profit, a possible five or six hundred thousand pesetas, would be for Henry. The fight would cost five hundred thousand, but if the ring was full, there could be a gross of one million, one or two hundred thousand pesetas. When Henry thought of this half million pesetas profit, he imagined his body and soul were worth at least that and the event of his alternativa would be sufficient inspiration for him to fight as well as he was capable. All he lacked was half a million pesetas to organize the fight.

About the same time, Henry discovered several other possibilities. He could fight in Torremolinos with 'El Monaguillo' -'The Altar Boy'. Monaguillo had been the top novillero in 1965 but had never been as successful after taking the alternativa. This fight would be with Monaguillo and Henry alone, and it did not sound like a proper alternativa because a traditional bullfight has three matadors, and in the case of an alternativa the senior matador 'gives' the alternativa and the second matador 'witnesses' it. Henry would also only receive his expenses for the fight, nothing more.

He also heard that El Cordobés had been approached and had agreed to give him the alternativa on a later date in Torremolinos. Again, he would not be paid, and because wherever El Cordobés went he drew crowds, Henry would not be able to demonstrate any power at the gate. There was also another aspect of this idea that made it less than ideal. As part of his irreverence towards the seriousness of bullfighting, El Cordobés would give the alternativa to almost anyone. Giving it to an Englishman might appear to be another of his jokes. Then Henry was also offered a position on a program in Malaga later in October, very late in the tourist season, and he heard that the bulls were to be monsters.

Fortunately, Tito del Amo, who had not been in Spain for months, arrived in Madrid just as Henry was considering these possibilities. 'I've tried everything in bullfighting,' Henry told him. 'Would you back me to one more fight? I want to play my last card.'

Tito agreed and Don Ramon prepared a contract for a fight in Fuengirola. Having overseen all Henry's previous dealings, Don Ramon wrote a contract which covered all details over which he had learned to be wary and Henry took the contract to Pepe Ordoñez in Fuengirola.

Henry had also begun to organize a publicity campaign which he hoped would reach every English speaking person within a hundred miles of Fuengirola. He and Mary Adams hired mini-skirted girls, a Cadillac convertible, several loudspeaker cars, and had thousands of handbills printed. They plastered his large poster, the one with the bemused, lean-and-hungry look, in every available space on the Costa del Sol. *Henry Higgins, the famous English bullfighter,* it was announced everywhere in one form or another, *will become the first Englishman in history to reach the rank of full matador. This historic event will be covered by British television and world press.*

Then Henry went to Madrid and bought two bulls to kill in practice. They both came out well and he made good passes with them. It was the first good bullfighting he had done in several months and as a result he was very encouraged. When he went back to Fuengirola to see how things were going, he telephoned Pepe Ordoñez. Pepe Ordoñez was not there. He was in Ronda with his brother Antonio at the Ronda Fair, but he had left a message. The fight was off.

Frantically, Henry drove to Ronda to see Pepe Ordoñez and found him in the Hotel Reina Victoria. 'Don Jose, how can you do this?' he said. 'I've got posters in the streets. I've got everybody working for this fight.'

'It's the contract,' Pepe Ordoñez said. 'It covers everything, every little detail. It would offend my brother. We are the Ordoñezes. We can't be treated as if we are going to steal your money.'

Pepe Ordoñez referred to his brother, Antonio, as 'El Maestro', a term of respect reserved for great bullfighters. It gave the conversation a strange flavor. Henry was desperate to have the fight. 'Tear up the contract,' he said. 'If that displeases you, we'll do it without a contract. That is only what my lawyer wanted. He's not a taurino. Dealing with my career, he's become very suspicious about bullfighting. You can imagine the things he's been through.'

'But we must think of the Maestro's feelings.'

'Can't we speak to the Maestro himself and explain?' Henry asked.

'Well, I don't know if this is the time to approach the Maestro . . . He's with his family at his pavilion in the Fair.'

'Couldn't you speak to him? You're his brother.'

'Well, possibly I could go there and I could see if there might be a moment when I could speak to the Maestro about this.'

Pepe Ordoñez went and Henry waited nervously in the Hotel Victoria. Half an hour later Pepe Ordoñez returned and announced with seriousness: 'I have seen the Maestro!'

'Well, what did he say?' Henry asked.

'I have spoken to the Maestro and he said "Yes, we possibly could give the alternativa to the Englishman." But before he says yes or no he wants to know one thing.'

'What's that?' Henry asked anxiously.

'The Maestro wants to know if the Englishman has *aficion.'*

Once again it was the old word that more or less means 'a sincere love of bullfighting'. Bullfighters all claimed to have lots of it.

'My God,' Henry said. 'Of course I have aficion! Would I be here if I didn't? I have to love bullfighting or I wouldn't still be in it. Tell him I'm loco with aficion.'

'Well, in that case,' said Pepe Ordoñez, 'the fight is on.'

Henry wanted to dedicate the final week before his alternativa to preparing himself. Pepe Ordoñez was going to make all the arrangements for the fight itself, and Mary Adams was to continue working up publicity. Henry was going to indulge himself in a way that he had always imagined would be the perfect way to prepare for a fight. He was going to go to the ranch of Antonio Onorato near Seville and start buying bulls, fight them on the ranch, and continue doing so until he was completely satisfied that he was ready for his big day.

Henry had known Onorato and his sons years earlier when he lived in Seville. Onorato's ranch was small and sold only three or four sets of bulls each year, but they were of good bloodstock, and although Henry had never fought any of them, he assumed that they would charge well. The ranch was thirty miles outside Seville in a region of rocky hills, covered with short, twisted oak trees. When he arrived at the ranch, Henry told Antonio Onorato: 'I need six, ten, twenty bulls. Whatever I need to get ready.'

Antonio Onorato was a mild mannered, grey haired man. 'I don't think you need quite that many bulls,' he said. 'Why don't you try, say, three, and if you're not satisfied, then you can try some more. When you see the three bulls I have in mind, you'll be satisfied. They're made just for you.'

It sounded rather as if he was going to sell a used car. He, with two of his sons and the foreman of the ranch, led Henry down a trail covered with the hoof marks of horses and bulls. 'Wait until you see these bulls,' they all said.

The trail passed beneath oak trees, went over the top of a hill and down towards a ravine where the bulls were grazing. From the top of the hill, one could see Seville in the distance and the plain that spreads south from Seville along the Guadalquivir River. At the bottom of the ravine the bulls had gathered around their feeding troughs. There was one set of seven and four more in another field separated by a fence. 'Now look at those,' Onorato said

proudly. ‘Tell me, isn’t that a beautiful novillada, a novillada for picadors? And aren’t some of them big enough for a corrida de toros? I bet you’d like to take the alternativa with them.’

Everyone agreed. The bulls were beautiful. ‘Now tell me, how old are they?’ Onorato asked. ‘I’ll bet you say four.’

Henry said ‘four’ to make him happy.

‘Well, I’ll tell you,’ Onorato said. ‘They’re two-year-olds. What do you think of that?’

Onorato explained proudly how a two-year-old bull could be made to look like a four-year-old and what this meant to bullfighting. The bulls were actually almost three, but looked a year older than they were. Appearances aside, this meant they still had a youthful innocence that made them easier to fight. The secret was in their food. When ranchers gave scientifically prepared foods to fighting bulls, it advanced their development. The majority of bulls fought in Spain were bred this way, and everybody knew it. For ranchers and bullfighters, this was an advantage. On the other hand, the purists said they rarely saw a ‘real bull’ anymore.

Henry agreed to buy three of the bulls and fight them, one each day starting two days hence with the smallest, the middle-sized the day after, and so on. The next day the bulls would be run up to the tienta ring which was actually on another ranch several kilometers away. Each morning they would clip the tips of the horns off that day’s bull, and Henry would fight it. The foreman would be his picador and one of Onorato’s sons would assist wit the cape when necessary.

Onorato’s ranch was near Ronquillo, a small town with low, white buildings. There was little to do there but watch television and walk up and down the main street before dinner. The main street of the town was actually the highway between Seville and Badajoz and had several cafes where bullfighters had made a habit of stopping to eat. They were simple, small places, but the specialties of Ronquillo, rabbit and partridge stews, were well known to bullfighters and the cafes had photographs and posters of those who had stopped there.

A few kilometers from Ronquillo was an artificial lake. On the shores of the lake, a company from Seville was building a housing development as a summer retreat for families from Seville. They had finished several cottages and a bar on the lakeshore, but there were few people around. To Henry, all of this seemed the perfect situation to prepare himself. He could train, fight the bulls and think over his problems calmly.

His first day in Ronquillo, Henry trained with his cape and muleta on the lakeshore. The next morning, when the first bull was let into the little ring, it charged poorly. After Henry moved it about with the cape, it tired quickly and went to the shady part of the ring. Henry tried to move the bull from the

shade, but the bull would not charge and finally lay down. There was nothing Henry could do. The bull was carrying too much weight for its strength, and because the bull would not move, Henry killed it with a descabello. The butchers who had come from Seville for the meat sliced open the bull where it had fallen.

Even though the bull had not charged, Henry was tired from the effort of trying to move it and from the tension of facing it. He went back down to the lake, jogged a bit along the shore, swam, rested and then ate lunch. He assumed that the next two bulls would be better than the first one, and was very pleased with the situation. He felt both calm and confident.

The next morning, when he arrived at the ring, he found the wind was so strong there that he doubted he could fight the second bull, but the butchers and everyone from the ranch had arrived and Henry felt forced to kill the bull against his better judgement. They all said the wind would get worse in the afternoon. The bull was bigger than the one the day before, but when it came into the ring, it went straight for the shade and refused to charge. It backed up to the barrier, breathing heavily and pawed the ground. Henry tried to get the bull away from the wall, but it was exhausted like the one the day before. Again, he had to kill it with the descabello because it would not charge.

After the fight, Henry was more tired than the day before. The size of a bull affected this. The bigger the bull the more the emotional strain, even if the bigger bull was not more difficult to fight. When he went back to the lake to relax, he began to worry about the big bull that remained. He had counted on building up his confidence fighting the smaller bulls, and the biggest one would then have seemed less formidable, but he had been able to do almost nothing with the first two bulls. Most of all he feared that the big one would be useless as well and that he would come away from his preparation less confident than when he began.

The next morning the third bull turned out to be different from the other two. It had long horns that were spread apart and it charged erratically. The horns hooked sideways and chopped up and down in each charge. Henry tried to maneuver it for some passes, but he could not stand still, because he did not trust the bull's charge. It was a bad bull, but Onorato, who was embarrassed by the way his bull had come out, tried to defend it. 'It goes on the left,' he shouted.

Henry could see no evidence of this and began to be afraid. Perhaps, he thought, he had lost the ability to see bulls clearly and was making a fool of himself. He walked away from the bull over to the wall to rest for a moment and tried to think over the situation more clearly. Again, Onorato shouted that the bull would go on the left side, but Henry decided that this was not sufficiently clear to warrant risking an injury only a few days before his big

fight. He would kill the bull rather than attempt more passes. Still, he was not sure he was doing the right thing.

When he killed the bull, the butchers jumped down into the ring to cut it up. Henry left the ring so as not to see this going on, because he still wondered if he had done the bull an injustice by not making passes. He sat down on the ground next to the wall of the ring, still with his muleta in his hand, and tried to convince himself that the bull had been too erratic to fight. One of Onorato's sons came by and told him not to be discouraged. 'You probably think I'm a fool,' said Henry, without looking up.

'No. It was a bad bull,' the son said. 'Maybe it had a little something on the left,' he added for the sake of his father.

When Henry went back to the lake, he had almost satisfied himself that the three bulls he had killed had been next to useless. Still, he realized, the exercise involved in killing them had been worth something because his wrists and arms felt strong. Rather than dwell on the dead bulls, he began to wonder about the bulls he would face on Sunday. They were to come from the ranch of Antonio Ordoñez, and if they charged smoothly, Henry imagined he would make a great fight, full of style and smoothness. As he walked along the lake, he could almost see the fight taking place. He would walk slowly and elegantly in front of the bull, making every move deliberately, almost in slow motion, and he would do it all with feeling. Most of all, he wanted to *feel* everything he did.

He tried to remember as many moments in his career as he could, especially the things he had done which worked out well. Some of them were only details, but he tried to fix them in his mind, so that when the moment came in Fuengirola, he would think of them again and try them with his bull. He also tried to think of his bad habits and ways to correct them. In his mind he went through the motions of each pass with the cape and the muleta, dwelling on all the details of good posture, and when he felt that these things were so vivid in his mind that he would never forget them, he sensed a new confidence about his possibilities as a matador. He trotted past them all feeling strong. He was satisfied that at least physically he was well prepared, and this in turn seemed to suggest that if the circumstances were right, he might really be able to make the great fight that he had been imagining. What if the ring were to be full, he thought, and the bulls came out perfectly? It almost frightened him to expect too much, but he tried to reason with himself in a positive way. Whoever came to the fight would be coming to see him, and whatever money was made would also be for him. And if there were untapped resources in his bullfighting and his personality that might make their appearance, it would be in such a situation. He had never before felt quite this way.

That evening he went to the center of Fuengirola to see Pepe Ordoñez. The streets were full of tourists wandering about, many of whom had gathered around the main ticket window. Henry parked his car behind one that had a loudspeaker mounted on top. As he switched the ignition off, the loudspeaker erupted. 'Tomorrow, at five o'clock, Henry Higgins will become the first Englishman to reach the rank of full matador,' Mary Adam's voice said.

'Oh, my God,' Henry thought.

In the course of wanting to be an actress, Mary had taken elocution lessons. To hear her voice suddenly in the context of bullfighting was a shock. Her finely turned English syllables were flaming arrows that flew through the air and skewered Henry right in the bull's eye of his fears and anxieties. He was really an Englishman at heart and what was an Englishman doing trying to be a matador de toros? For a moment the test of this bullfight seemed maddeningly more difficult, and he wanted to get away from there as soon as possible.

He went inside the main cafe. Pepe Ordoñez was there and Henry asked how the ticket sales were going. 'Very good,' Pepe Ordoñez said, trying to sound nonchalant.

'They're nibbling,' another man said.

'There are some things I want to ask you,' Henry said to Pepe Ordoñez.

They walked out of the cafe and down a side street. Pepe Ordoñez had many of the features of his brother, Antonio, but because people tended to compare him to his brother, one of the great geniuses of bullfighting, on him they seemed less profound. Perhaps his was a happier face than Antonio's. He wore a light blue Cubana shirt, sky blue trousers and matching canvas shoes. He was dressed as a taurino but seemed more like a young businessman from a coastal town. They walked down several streets, one of which was the Calle Miguel Marquez, recently renamed in honor of the local hero. 'How's everything?' Henry asked.

'Everything's perfect,' Pepe Ordoñez said. 'The bulls are beautiful. We brought them in yesterday. They're very nice. About seventy kilos.'

'Seventy kilos' was the estimated weight of the meat, and actually meant two hundred and seventy kilos. Taurinos always omitted the hundreds. A very nice bull in a novillada with picadors would be twenty kilos, and fifty or sixty kilos sounded threatening. For a corrida de toros the nice bulls had gained fifty kilos. It had happened so suddenly that Henry was slightly shocked. 'To tell the truth,' he told Pepe Ordoñez, 'I don't even know how to take the alternativa. Who gives what to whom?'

In this sense, the alternativa was a little ceremony that took place before the new matador began his work with the muleta. The senior matador gave a muleta to the new matador, symbolically ceding the first bull to the new

matador. The problem for Henry was that each man was carrying a cape or muleta and sword, plus a hat. It sounded like a lot of objects and there was always some embracing during the ceremony. Henry feared that as an Englishman it might be held against him if he dropped a hat or a sword. ‘Is that what you wanted to ask me?’ Pepe Ordoñez said.

‘Well, yes.

‘That’s easy,’ Pepe Ordoñez said, moving his hands as if he were holding the equipment involved.

He soon discovered it was harder than it seemed, even though he had taken the alternativa himself. ‘Well, first you must, then, well . . ., ‘ he said. ‘I never thought about it. Just act naturally.’

The hotel where Henry was staying just outside Fuengirola appeared to have been designed by someone who had wanted to build a space station. The main sections of the hotel were round and the place was filled with Germans. The next morning, Mary was nervous and fretting over several hundred handbills that still remained in the room. ‘If only I could hit Torremolinos at eleven,’ she said almost desperately. ‘We haven’t hit Torremolinos at eleven.’

Finally, she left for Torremolinos and Henry went to the beach. At eleven-thirty he went back to the hotel and asked for a steak to be brought to his room at twelve because he had to eat early. He explained to everybody in the lobby that this was not a private caprice of his but something that all bullfighters did. They all claimed to understand and promised the steak, but by twelve-thirty it had not come. Henry paced about and complained:

‘Where’s my steak? These idiots are making a mess of everything.’ At one, he went upstairs and stormed into the large dining room, which was full of Germans. ‘Where’s my steak?’ he demanded of the first waiter he found.

‘It’s coming, sir,’ the man said coldly.

‘Son of a bitch!’ Henry said. ‘I’ve got to eat right now.’

The waiter who was dressed in a formal black outfit with a black tie suddenly became very angry and stuck out his chest. In hotels like this one the waiters had picked up some of the affectations of bullfighters. ‘No one says "son of a bitch" to me!’ the waiter shouted.

Henry lifted his arm to punch him into a table full of Germans when another waiter interceded and promised his steak immediately. The Germans looked up, wondering what could be the cause of the commotion, and Henry went back to his room. When the steak arrived, he nibbled at it for a moment. ‘It’s ice cold!’ he exclaimed.

Instead of eating more, he decided to take a nap, but when he lay down he found he had to go to the bathroom. He went to the bathroom several times again before his sword-handler arrived to dress him for the fight. The

sword-handler had been hired by Pepe Ordoñez and he had a slightly unctuous manner he had obviously developed to deal with nervous bullfighters. He brought another short, round man with him, who stayed by the door of the room holding his cap in his hand. This man was wearing a white Cubana shirt with a large red handkerchief in the breast pocket. He had a large mouth, meaty hands and his hair was combed in a way that made it look like a blond wig that was too big for him. His manner of standing by the door radiated a false humility. 'This gentleman,' the sword-handler explained, 'is known all over Spain for his wit.' The man said nothing, but smiled humbly.

'He has a special contract with the Granada football team to make witty remarks during their games and stir up the enthusiasm of the audience. He also specializes in alternativas and has said witty things for the greatest of bullfighters.'

'So?' said Henry.

'Well, matador,' said the sword-handler, pretending to give Henry a secret bit of wisdom, 'you don't seem to get the point. If you were to favor this man with a small gift, it might be to your benefit.'

'Let's hear some of this wit first,' Henry said.

The man bowed, smiled and made a gesture to say: 'This is not exactly the right moment,' and the sword-handler said: 'I can assure you that he is very good at what he does.'

'Tell him to see Pepe Ordoñez. He's handling everything.'

The sword-handler related this message and the man left the room. 'Now I've been asked for everything,' Henry said.

While Henry was dressing, Tito del Amo and Don Ramon came to wish him well and he told them about the wit. The story gave Tito the idea that Henry was worried about the money that was going into the fight. 'Just worry about the bulls now,' Tito said.

At this moment, however, it seemed unnecessary to urge Henry to do well as had been done before so many fights that were of less importance. Now that he was dressing for his most important fight, it seemed to speed the process of getting ready. At four-thirty he was dressed in his maroon and gold suit of lights and on his way to the ring.

In the patio behind the ring, the other bullfighters and banderilleros were shaking hands as they always did before a fight. When Henry arrived, they paid special attention to him because he was to be the featured performer. The fight would always be described in terms of how well he did, and if the others did well it would be on the day of Henry Higgins's alternativa'. Antonio Ordoñez arrived and sought out Henry to say: 'Don't worry. Everything will be fine.'

Ordoñez, too, had something to worry about because the bulls were his, and whatever happened would also reflect on him. He went down into the

tunnel under the seats and out into the passageway behind the wall of the ring, and the other bullfighters followed him down into the tunnel and looked out into the ring. What they saw was a cause for general excitement, and they hurried back to tell Henry that something unexpected had happened. The ring was full.

Juan Carlos Beca Belmonte, the first of the other two bullfighters on the program and the one who would 'give' Henry the alternativa, was the grandson of Juan Belmonte, a man often considered the creator of modern bullfighting. Before Belmonte, bullfighters made a pass here and another there, giving ground when and where it was necessary. Juan Belmonte stood still and forced the bull to go where he wanted. No one expected him to survive long, but eventually he forced the other bullfighters to follow his way. He was a man with a big nose and jutting chin, which made him seem determined. His grandson had the nose and the ranch that Juan Belmonte founded, and he looked like a bullfighter - even resembling a young Ordoñez - but there was also something wrong with his bullfighting. He was too frail and, when he did things well, they did not seem important. As a bullfighter, he had not created much of a stir except among those who were sentimental.

One of Belmonte's flaws was that he fought a bull as if it were a cow. He had obviously fought many cows. Cows are light, quick on their feet, turn rapidly, and when a bullfighter fights a cow, he must adapt to these things. Since a cow does not have the strength, size or appearance of danger of a bull, fighting a cow becomes a technical exercise more than an emotional spectacle, and Beca Belmonte could not bring much emotion to his bullfighting. He made many of the gestures of a bullfighter trying to be convincing but they always seemed hurried and unfelt.

In bullfighting terms, Jose Luis Roman, the second bullfighter who would 'witness' the alternativa, had wonderful hands, wrists and fingers. Many bullfighters grabbed the muleta with all their strength, but Roman held it with his fingertips. This gave all his passes an air of delicacy and precision. Roman had been a matador de toros for a year but fought relatively little. His problem was that he had no personality. When he fought he maintained an expression on his face that suggested anger, and one assumed it was because even when he fought well, he created little excitement. Both Beca Belmonte and Roman were fighting on September the twentieth because they were known on the coast. They were good bullfighters, but not great crowd-pullers. This was all part of Henry's design.

Ordoñez's bulls were to be presented under the name of his daughter, Carmen. Like many bullfighters who did well, Ordoñez had invested in a ranch; generally speaking, bullfighters have not made good ranchers, but Ordoñez seemed a possible exception. It takes years to develop a ranch and a breed of bulls that have a consistency. By this time, Ordoñez could pro-

duce a number of bulls each year, but as yet few people had seen them in action.

Henry had seen only one, but it was a bull whose life had been spared six years earlier in Jerez de la Frontera during a fight in which six bulls from six different ranches had been fought in contest to see which one was best. Only an exceptional bull is ever pardoned and, as he recalled the bull, it had a big face and long horns with a graceful curve that left the points not far apart. It had charged from a distance with what was called ‘alegria’. It was ‘joyful’ bull, if there could be such a thing, because it gave the illusion that it loved to charge; in his recollection, its charge had been very smooth.

Since that bull had been pardoned, it was to be supposed that it or one like it was the father of the bulls he was going to fight, and when the first bull appeared in the ring, it looked very much like the one Henry had seen six years earlier. There was the big face and the curved horns. It ran around the ring once and Henry went out with the cape, called to it, and the bull charged towards him.

For Henry, the first few passes with the cape often signaled the direction the fight would take. He had wanted to dominate this bull as quickly as possible with the cape to build his confidence. He had always felt less sure with the cape than the muleta, and specifically least confident making cape passes to the left side. Before the fight he had wanted to stand still and keep his hand low on the left side, no matter what happened; when the bull charged, he did this, and the bull passed well. It was a good sign that erased many of his doubts. Immediately, he felt he could be more aggressive with the cape than he usually was. He made good veronicas and, when the picador entered, took the bull to the horse. After it was pic-ed, he made a series of chicuelinas.

The bull was pic-ed a second time. It was obviously beginning to become more hesitant before it charged. After the banderillas were placed, there was a pause for the alternativa ceremony.

Actually, speaking of alternativas, it has never been decided at what point a man actually becomes a matador de toros, whether it occurs before the ceremony, during the ceremony, or when he kills his first bull. Beca Belmonte symbolically ceded his first bull, by handing Henry a muleta and sword. ‘It’s a pleasure,’ he said, ‘to give the alternativa not only to a good bullfighter, but a friend I have known for years.’

The reference went back to the days when Henry lived in Seville and Beca Belmonte was one of the promising novilleros of that time. Henry gave Beca Belmonte a cape and they embraced and then Henry embraced with Roman. The ceremony concluded, Henry took the muleta and sword, and went to face the bull.

He worked outwards from the barrier towards the center of the ring with low, easy passes. When he brought the bull to a stop, he moved back from it to cite for right-handed passes, but when he shook the muleta, the bull did not come. He moved in closer and shook the muleta again, and when the bull still did not charge, he took a sharp step across the bull's line of sight to provoke it.

This maneuver carried out at a distance from the bull often makes a reluctant bull charge more enthusiastically. Perhaps in this case Henry was too close to the bull or did not shake the muleta definitely enough as the bull came, because it went straight at him and flung him in the air, and, worse still, because it seemed as if he was caught on the horn for an instant before flying into the air, it was almost certain that he had been gored.

When Henry landed on the ground, the bull hovered over him. All the assistants ran into the ring to draw the bull away. One banderillero caught hold of the bull's tail and pulled on it. Others were throwing their capes in front of the bull's eyes and, as soon as the bull was lured clear, Henry got up, his banderilleros circling him and examining his leg to look for a hole in his suit. Everyone thought that Henry had been gored, but, miraculously he was not, and he staggered over to the barrier to catch his breath.

When they are tossed, many bullfighters leap up, run back to the bull and shout hysterically for the assistants to leave the ring. Strange as it may sound, this has become almost a cliche and the accompanying message, that the bullfighter doing it is hungry to succeed, often seems to be a burlesque of the same idea. Henry, on the other hand, always seemed to act with greater deliberation. The hysterical response to being tossed was supposed to suggest that the bullfighter had lost all sense of the danger involved, but Henry wanted to appear as if he knew exactly what he was doing. This was the first thing that people had admired in his bullfighting. At the beginning of his career, he had had much more valor than technical competence, but seemed to show the kind of toughness one would expect of a rugby player lifting himself out of the mud. This fascinated people in bullfighting, perhaps because there was no such parallel in Spanish life, and it had always made Henry's desire to be a bullfighter seem more convincing.

When Henry went back to the bull, he maneuvered it into position and, having been caught on the right side, cited for left-handed passes. As before, the bull hesitated before it charged, but now Henry built up the situation of each pass slowly and deliberately before he shook the muleta. When the bull charged, however, it came smoothly. For each pass, Henry approached the bull in front of its nose, placed himself in front of the bull almost in between the horns and, once there, he rose slowly on his toes for dramatic effect, before he advanced the muleta to initiate the pass.

It was the kind of fight he had always admired in a bullfighter like Or-

doñez, who tried to dramatize the predicament of the bullfighter in front of the bull at length. As Henry established the position of his feet, his posture, and moved the muleta to the exact point at which the bull would charge, one seemed to see the exact progression of his thoughts and, by inference, to feel as he did facing the bull. It was, in fact, as if one could almost read the thoughts that had been going through Henry's mind as he prepared for the fight, and see each of the details of good bullfighting as he put them into effect.

Henry did not kill as well as he had fought, but this had always been his problem. Henry thought of his work with the cape and muleta as a language in which he could express himself but killing a bull seemed more like a technical exercise and he had never been inspired to work on it enough. He lost numerous ears because he killed badly and, once again, he did not receive the awards he deserved. By every other standard, he had made an excellent debut as a matador de toros.

Beca Belmonte and Roman fought their two bulls each, had luck in killing, and cut an ear apiece. Henry had the last bull of the six because once having taken the alternativa, and having fought the first bull, he was the junior matador and in the last position of the three. In his first fight, Henry had established himself well with the audience and there was expectation as he went out to face the last bull.

Again, he worked well with the cape, and when he came to the muleta, the bull charged with less provocation than the first one. It offered greater possibilities and there were more ideas Henry wanted to express. He began taking the bull low, ending the passes with one knee on the ground and holding the posture as the bull turned to charge again. When he was sure the bull was charging well, he began his right and left-handed passes. On some of these he wanted to give a feeling of ease and delicacy as if the passes came out of tiny movements in the tips of his fingers and on others he wanted to move his whole body with the rhythm and flow of the charge. He wanted to confront the bull in different ways, sometimes face to face, beginning with the muleta behind him, and other times at a forty-five degree angle to the line of the bull's attack, so that he could guide the bull in a circle around him; he wanted to take these elements and mix them, so that the fight would have surprising changes of thought and mood.

The bull was so good that Henry discovered that the more passes he made, the less he had to think of the details of good technique. This seemed now to come naturally. The more passes he made, the easier bullfighting seemed to become, and he could concentrate almost completely on the variations he wanted to perform, the feeling of easy smoothness, and the postures with which he wanted to make each pass.

As the fight was nearing it's conclusion, the wit with the wig-like hair who

was watching the fight from one of the expensive seats stood up and began to shout to the people around him. Henry's dream of filling the ring with English tourists had been realized, to the point that a good proportion of the audience did not have the basis on which to judge how well Henry was fighting. The wit estimated that they were not making the noise the occasion merited. He showed his meaty hands in the air and began to shout at the tourists in Spanish. 'What are these for?' he asked, referring to the hands. 'Applaud!'

Most of the tourists had already reacted to the excitement of the fight, but once again they began applauding. 'Applaud the great bullfighter,' the wit insisted.

Henry made several passes on one knee. Then, with the bull facing him, he threw away his muleta and sword, turned his back on the bull and smiled up at the audience. Of all the fights that day, this was the most exciting, and many people were now standing to applaud Henry. There is a point on occasions like this when the audience has ceased to sit in judgement on what a bullfighter is doing and joins almost into the rhythm of the fight, to say in effect 'This is fantastic'.

In bullfighting, applause and the choruses of *'Ole'!'* are almost part of the performance. These are the moments a bullfighter wants to remember about his work. Suddenly, he feels he is unique among men, having brought thousands of people into an intimate rapport with every detail of what he is doing. Now, Henry rose slowly from his knees, walked slowly towards the barrier, looked up at the audience and beamed with delight. There were thousands of faces beaming back at him. In effect, Henry had already cut the tail of the bull, and the audience was only waiting for the bull to fall from the effects of his sword.

Knowing he had to kill well, Henry aimed carefully, but as he prepared himself, the bull charged unexpectedly. In that instant, Henry moved forward towards the bull and thrust the sword in up to the hilt. It was not the deliberate way he had planned to kill, but the audience saw the sword buried in the bull, applauded and got out their handkerchiefs to petition, assuming they would now go back to the cafes and say: 'We saw Henry Higgins cut the tail.'

It would be an apt description of how well he fought, but as luck would have it, the bull did not die immediately; it started to wander slowly, mortally wounded, towards the barrier. This presented a problem. Spaniards understand that bulls in this state do not fall immediately, but tourists do not. Henry was impatient to please everybody and went for the descabello, while many Spaniards yelled down for him to let the bull fall on its own. It was too bad Henry thought about the tourists; he failed in four attempts with the descabello before dropping the bull. Nevertheless, he was awarded an ear. He displayed it proudly, and one could easily imagine from his expression that

this was the most satisfying moment of his life.

Each of the three bullfighters had now cut an ear apiece. There was one detail that Henry enjoyed particularly. After he had made his round of the ring with his ear, the audience had stayed applauding, and he made another round with Beca Belmonte, Roman and the foreman of Ordoñez's ranch, and the audience continued to applaud. It was something that happened only after the best bullfights.

After the fight, he was mobbed by admirers and when he reached his hotel the lobby was full of people waiting to congratulate him.

'You were great!'

'It was fabulous!'

'Can't believe it!'

The bar of the hotel was full of people celebrating his success. Some of them Henry did not even know. Along the fringes of this crowd were a number of out of work bullfighters who thought it was now the right place to be. In the background several reporters could be heard shouting in their reports to London.

'Henry Higgins overcame the brink of disaster today to win over the crowd on his first day as a full-fledged matador... for a kiss and a smile from his blonde girlfriend …'

It seemed that a new and possibly glorious stage of Henry's career was just beginning. Pepe Ordoñez wanted to repeat the same fight, with six more of his brother's bulls, for the fair in Fuengirola. Henry had several other offers, but turned them down in favor of fighting in Fuengirola again. And again he triumphed and was especially elated about his prospects for the next season. He had proven he could draw good crowds to a tourist ring and that he could fight well. When he allowed himself to imagine what these things could mean, he saw the possibilities of triumphs in major rings and financial security following logically upon his new successes.

First of all he wanted to fight in the Canary Islands where there were a number of tourists during the winter months and, correspondingly, a number of bullfights. He hoped that if he fought and drew well, he would be repeated, and would have several fights behind him even before the real Spanish season began. The impresario in the Canary Islands, however, stalled him for six weeks and finally gave him an opportunity with a set of bad bulls that were left over from the fights he had already given. There was a good crowd and Henry gave good passes, but he felt uncreative because the bulls offered few possibilities. Once again he killed badly and left the Canary Islands very discouraged.

For the next few months he felt even worse. No impresario wanted to put him on until the height of the tourist season which was in June. Henry knew

that every week he did not fight, he was getting further from the form he had reached in Fuengirola. He bought and killed several bulls in practice, but this was not enough. In June, he fought in Ibiza, but the bulls were terrible, and he continued to feel frustrated. Then, he was offered a fight in Torremolinos, where the ring had been doing mediocre business all year. It was an important chance, and Henry drew one of the best crowds of the season there. He fought very well, and was offered another contract. He also fought again in Ibiza and did well.

Finally, it seemed that his career was beginning to reach the promise of his alternativa. Each time he fought he made money, and in many ways he was fighting better than ever. He was quicker to understand his bulls, to adjust to the problems they presented, and to position himself in the ring. He had also worked on his killing to good effect. These were all signs that Henry was maturing as a matador.

Mary Adams had a job in Madrid and, as a result, Henry saw her less and had to handle the propaganda for his fights himself. This was a tremendous task. For each fight he had handbills and posters printed and distributed. He also wanted to meet as many people as possible, almost supposing he could eventually fill the ring with people he knew.

He had two new helpers. One was Manolo Diaz, a picador who dealt with impresarios. The other, who was actually Diaz's companion, was a fifteen-year-old midget named Paco, who was Henry's chief publicist. Paco repeated everything that Manolo said, but because the midget had a small, high voice and giggled before and after everything he said, Manolo could never say anything that would be taken seriously when Paco was around. 'You've got to concentrate on being fit for Sunday,' Manolo would say to Henry.

'You've got to concentrate on being fit for Sunday,' the midget would repeat.

'Oh, shut up you idiot,' Manolo would say. 'You don't know what you're talking about.'

After training for several hours in the morning, Henry usually thought of some place to make propaganda. 'Later we'll go to Lew Hoad's,' he would inform the other two. 'That will be good propaganda.'

Hoad had a tennis club outside Fuengirola and it was the kind of place Henry always liked to visit, because there were usually interesting people there. Manolo and Paco found such places boring because there were no taurinos around, and the conversation was always in English. When they arrived, Henry talked to Hoad and some of the other tennis players. Meanwhile Paco told Manolo about one of his amorous adventures. 'I was sitting on top of her. I could feel everything she had had for lunch. Peas. Beefsteak.'

'You're ridiculous,' Manolo said. 'Go hand out some propaganda.'

Just at that moment, Henry called to Paco. 'This man was champion of the world playing tennis,' Henry explained, introducing the midget to Hoad.

Paco looked up and eyed Hoad suspiciously, perhaps because Hoad was blond, tanned, healthy-looking and wearing a tennis outfit. 'You know what tennis is?' Henry asked.

'No,' Paco said.

Tennis was being played on all sides, but Paco was shy in such situations. 'He's a bit small for tennis,' Hoad said. 'We'd have to give him a big racket.'

At this point Hoad made a noise very much like a leaky tire, to accompany his joke. Paco looked around to see if there was a leaking tire nearby, but saw only Hoad's wife approaching. 'And she was champion of Australia,' Henry explained to Paco.

She was also tanned and healthy-looking; Paco eyed her suspiciously, too. 'Do you know where Australia is?' Henry asked.

'No,' Paco said.

Meanwhile, Manolo had drifted further away doing tricks with a twenty-five peseta coin, and had drawn a group of children about him. They were all tanned, healthy-looking, wearing tennis outfits and carrying expensive rackets. Manolo flipped the coin in the air, kicked it in the air again with the heel of his reptile shoes and finally caught it in the breast pocket of his Cubana shirt. Then he flipped the coin, caught it on his forehead, bounced it off his heel and into the pocket again. The kids were amazed. 'Gosh,' they all said in English, 'do it again.'

Seeing this, Paco ran to join the group. 'I can do that, too,' he shouted, but in Spanish.

'Shut up,' said Manolo, bouncing the coin from his forehead to his knee to his heel and into a pocket.

Paco went through all the gestures, without the coin and grinned. Manolo started to chase after him, shouting: 'Don't make fun of me, you little bastard.'

Henry had begun a conversation with a well-known writer who had just finished a set of tennis. Henry was explaining an idea he had for the loudspeaker van that went round Torremolinos and Fuengirola advertising his fight. The message was usually given in several languages, and Henry wanted to record a special one in English. 'We've got to make it seem like an important event,' he explained, and then made his speech.

'Henry Higgins, the Englishman who fought his way to the top of bullfighting will be fighting in the Torremolinos bullring tomorrow at six o'clock. This is a big fight for Henry Higgins who will be out to settle a long-standing dispute of honor with Juan Calero, the proud and popular star from Seville. Both men will face possible death to determine which is the better man.'

The writer seemed to like the speech. 'It's a little exaggerated,' Henry explained, 'but it would sound good if it were read in a voice that sounded like Winston Churchill.'

'We'll fight them on the beaches . . . ' the writer said.

Mrs. Hoad began to say that she liked Churchill's speeches, but at that moment Paco came running up to Henry and tugged on his trousers. Manolo was right behind him. 'Tell grandma to leave me alone,' Paco said.

It was getting dark when Henry, Manolo and Paco left the Hoad's. As they left, they passed a housing development and Henry wanted a handbill put under the door of each house. Paco ran off to do this. During the ten minutes he was gone, there was a general commotion in the development. Doors were opening and closing, and people were looking out of the windows. 'I had some difficulties,' Paco explained when he came back. 'I couldn't get the handbills under the door, so I made airplanes out of them, and flew them in the windows.'

On the way back to Torremolinos, Henry stopped whenever he saw a car with a British license plate and Manolo put a handbill under the windshield wiper. On each handbill Henry wrote *Best wishes, Henry Higgins.*

That night, Henry went out to visit a few bars. After he had ordered a tomato juice in the first one, someone asked for an autograph, and Paco had a supply of handbills and photographs for this purpose.

'What's your name?' Henry asked.

'Charles.'

To Charles. Good luck, Henry Higgins Henry wrote.

'Could you make one for George?' another asked.

To George, Henry wrote. *Best wishes, Henry Higgins.*

'My name's Bill,' another said.

To Bill. Good luck, Henry Higgins.

'Do you want a drink?' asked Charles.

'When we get back we can say we had drinks with Henry Higgins,' said George.

'Thanks. I've got a tomato juice.'

'Tomato juice!' said Bill.

'I'm sure I wouldn't want to get in front of an angry bull without something stronger,' Charles said.

'Sometimes I don't want to either,' answered Henry.

When this conversation seemed destined to continue, Paco and Manolo left, because they could not understand it. Henry soon went into another bar alone. It was empty, except for two girls who were sitting at one end of the bar talking together. It appeared that they wanted to be left alone but Henry did not want to drink his glass of tomato juice by himself, and he went over to the two girls and said: 'Can I buy you two girls a drink.'

They inspected him, and with reluctance agreed. ‘But let’s get this straight,’ one of them said. ‘You’re buying the drinks and you’re paying for them.’

This was not quite the response Henry had expected. ‘Of course I am,’ Henry said.

‘You’re sure you’ve got money to pay for it,’ one of the girls said, inspecting him again.

‘Don’t worry about it,’ Henry said, and put his arm around the girl nearest him.

She squirmed, uncomfortably. ‘Now what are you girls doing here?’ Henry asked.

‘We’re on a holiday,’ one of them said. ‘We’re going back to England tomorrow.’

The new drinks came, and the girls looked at them sadly, as if they represented an unfortunate contract to deal with Henry. ‘Let go of me,’ said the one around whom Henry had his arm. ‘What are you anyway?’ said the other one in a slightly hostile tone. ‘Are you Spanish or what?’

‘I’m English,’ Henry said.

‘English?’ she repeated, obviously doubting his honesty. ‘What are you doing here anyway?’

‘I’m a bullfighter,’ Henry said.

‘Oh, another one,’ the other girl said and sighed to indicate she was sick of meeting people who said they were bullfighters.

‘I suppose you’re going to tell us you’re Henry Higgins,’ said the first one. ‘We know you’re not Henry Higgins.’

Henry was puzzled and slightly offended. ‘Well, as a matter of fact, I am Henry Higgins,’ Henry said to set them both straight.

‘You’re not Henry Higgins,’ they both said in unison, and with surprising conviction.

‘How can you tell?’

‘We just know. You don’t act like Henry Higgins, and you don’t look like Henry Higgins.’

The girls spoke with assurance and seemed to be losing interest in the conversation, because Henry was an impostor. Henry started to imagine how he would tell this story later. ‘What do people think?’ he would say. ‘Am I supposed to be rich, drive a Jaguar, and be surrounded by beautiful girls? I have to struggle. Not only do I have to prepare myself for fighting, I have to make propaganda for the fights. One time, believe it or not, I met these two girls …’

It would be a good story, but of course it needed an ending. It was like a bullfight. Now, so to speak, he had to put in the sword. Henry thought this over for a moment and decided to make a confession. ‘I’ll tell you the honest

truth,' he told the girls seriously. 'I'm not Henry Higgins, but I wish I were. He's wonderful.'

That Sunday in Torremolinos, Henry fought brilliantly, cutting three ears, with a petition for the tail on the second bull. His next fight, September 26, 1971, was in Benidorm, where he was appearing for the first time, fighting with Joaquin Bernado and Santiago Lopez. It was to be remembered that Bernado had fought the first bull Henry had ever seen and, in appearing with him now, it seemed that Henry had realized his original dreams. On his second bull in Benidorm, he made one of the most varied and interesting fights of his career, but he was caught trying to kill the bull and carried from the ring. Bernado killed the bull and Henry was awarded an ear, which was brought to him in the infirmary.

Henry Higgins suffered a serious goring from the horn of a bull, said the medical report posted outside the ring, *in the middle third of the inside of the right thigh, with three trajectories, one deep reaching the outside of the thigh bone, another upwards for eight centimeters, and the third, downwards for five centimeters. He was operated on under total anesthesia in the infirmary of the ring and taken to the Vista Hermosa Clinic in Alicante.*

The next day, Henry was driven to the Bullfighters' Hospital in Madrid, where he stayed two weeks. Even though Henry had been gored, Manolo Diaz was very excited about what Henry had done in Benidorm and told everyone he met that he was ready to sacrifice his career as a picador to manage him. Henry was beginning to realize that Manolo was unlike any taurino he had ever encountered. For one thing, and this was certainly unusual among taurinos, Manolo had married an aristocratic English girl and had two children, but more important was Manolo's constant energy and optimism. He was always on the move and, like many Andalucians, he did a lot of shouting to make his points. His voice was well worn from doing this. 'Take this seriously,' he would say to Henry. 'I'm ruining my voice for you.'

It almost seemed to be true. Whenever he met other taurinos, Manolo would corner them, and make a pitch about Henry. 'Look,' he might say, pressing his face close to his listener. 'My bullfighter is the highest paid in Torremolinos, he filled Benidorm, and he didn't even sweat during the fight.'

Manolo was aggressive enough to take Henry's case to anyone in bullfighting and, when the occasion called for it, he used a brand of subtlety, especially when he was speaking to an important impresario. 'I want to talk to you about my bullfighter, but not right now,' he would say. 'I've got an idea, perhaps a very important idea, but first I want to think it over for a while. I'm not quite ready yet. Let me think it over so I can get it exactly right.'

'They're curious,' Manolo would report to Henry. 'They want to know what's going on. They say, "Come on, Manolo. Tell me now," and I say "No. Now's not the right moment, but I'll tell you when I've got everything right."'

In one way or another, Manolo's manner would suggest that his bullfighter was the only one in the world. In his presence, one had to talk about Henry Higgins, and he had decided that Henry would fight twenty-five or thirty fights the following year. As time progressed he began listing the impresarios with whom his arguments were in varying stages of completion. It became almost a daily ritual to see Manolo counting out fights for the next season on his fingers. Naturally, Henry would appear several times at least in each of the places like Torremolinos, Ibiza, and now Benidorm where he had done well, but Manolo also wanted him to appear in the major cities with good competition, because Manolo thought he was obviously ready for this.

But before all this, Manolo insisted that Henry fight as soon as he could after he got out of the hospital; he arranged a fight in Torremolinos a month to the day after Henry had been gored in Benidorm. Henry could hardly be in top form under such circumstances, but Manolo thought it was important to get going immediately. By the time of the fight, Henry had been on his feet only a week, but it was a great success and Henry cut two ears and a tail. Manolo was in ecstasy. 'I feel happier than if I had won the lottery,' he told everyone afterwards.

Perhaps he had.