

SPAIN'S LAST BULLFIGHT

BY RICARDO BAROJA

[This ironical but gruesome tale is intended to be a contribution to the campaign against bullfighting in Spain. The technical terms are explained in the description of an Andalusian bullfight, published in the Living Age of January 21, 1922.]

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THE lessees of the bull ring at Madrid promised to open the season with a *corrida* unexcelled in the history of this noble sport. Six matadors of supreme renown were each to kill a bull, after it had been properly worried and wounded by their assistants. Six bulls from the most famous breeding farms of Spain were finally chosen for this glorious rôle by distinguished experts, after most minute and conscientious inspections and interminable discussions in the newspapers. Six animals without defects! They possessed power, weight, fineness of line, fieriness of spirit, and sharp intimidating horns. When their photographs were published in the newspapers, the people went wild with pride and admiration. Never before had our famous Spanish breeders put into the ring such perfect animals. No breeders of Great Britain, famous for its fine racing stock and its wonderful cattle, sheep, and swine, had ever shown such skill in their art as was revealed by those six horned champions, marvelously designed as they were for their inspiring mission in this world. Spanish bosoms fairly burst with pride! Two hundred years of skillful breeding reached a climax here!

The poster announcing the great festival was designed by the greatest poster-designer of Madrid, a master of the Cubist school. He covered two square yards of paper with diamonds

and rectangles of different colors, so striking that a man who looked at them was in danger of ophthalmia. This poster was hung in every railway station and hotel lobby, on every kiosk and hoarding, of Spain and Southern France. Since it was a highly artistic and decorative masterpiece, and the artist would not consent to have it deformed with lettering, it was necessary to print a supplementary advertisement giving the names of the bullfighters, the prices of the seats, and other details of the spectacle.

This programme, pasted below the Cubist masterpiece and published in the press, raised the enthusiasm of adorers of the glorious and noble sport to concert pitch. Of the 13,013 seats in the vast bull-ring of Madrid, no more than one half would be placed on sale. For these, fabulous prices were asked. A miserable and inconvenient seat on the bleachers was priced at 100 pesetas, including the tax, and the front seats immediately behind the barrier at 500 pesetas. The 6,506 seats left over were to be allotted gratis to those devotees of the sport who gave adequate proof of being worthy of this high distinction.

This announcement specified the conditions necessary for free admission. They were listed methodically and proved that the person who drafted them was an expert thoroughly familiar with the science of the ring. I

the first place all matadors, breeders of fighting bulls, managers of bull rings, suppliers of horses, and sporting editors of newspapers were to enjoy this privilege. It was also conceded to persons who had subscribed for season seats for six successive seasons at bullfights in Madrid or in the Provinces. Next came the satellites of the great stars of the ring, those friends and admirers who invariably bring costly presents to shower upon a successful matador. *Banderilleros*, *peones*, *cacheteros*, and *picadores* were entitled to barrier seats of their own right, while the *monosabios*, or ordinary ring-attendants, were allotted places farther back. Distinguished collectors of bull-ring tickets and posters, men who preserved the mounted heads of famous bulls and adorned their apartments with trophies of banderillas and other weapons of the ring, were given a position on the central seats and above the gate by which the animals entered.

The programme concluded with a note that aroused universal curiosity and astonishment. Its cause was incomprehensible, and it seemed likely to deprive the occasion of part of its charm. Women were strictly forbidden admission.

Many a chambermaid, butcher's wife, and follower of less honorable trades protested violently against this discrimination. Patro la Rubia in the bar of La Florida threw a serviette across her shoulder, stuck her arms akimbo, and demonstrated to the patrons of the place that she was a better *torera* than any of them. Amaranto y Perla, the celebrated sporting editor, also protested against this unjust decision. Don Arsenio López de Agudín, who signs his articles 'Devaneos,' thundered against the organizers of the festival. But oral and journalistic protests, and even the intervention of men higher up, were all in vain. The

mysterious parties behind the enterprise published an official paragraph reaffirming this decision. Only when Filomena Sanchez, familiarly known as 'La Chanuca' among her numerous male admirers, announced publicly that she and a gentleman friend would spend 500 pesetas, 1000 or 2000 pesetas, to get in, and that she would present herself at the *corrida* in men's clothing, did the directors print another short paragraph, stating that the managers of the affair were not going to convert themselves into detectives for the purpose of ascertaining the sex of the people attending, and that if ladies wished to come in men's clothing, they might do so; but the managers would take no responsibility for what might happen.

Another paragraph of the programme that aroused tremendous curiosity read as follows:—

After the third bull has been killed, an act will be introduced that has never yet been presented in any ring. This spectacle is guaranteed to be a thriller, comparable only with some of the mighty incidents that occurred on the field of battle during the great European War, and on a smaller scale during certain summer days of 1921 on the Spanish Morocco front. This act will certainly produce a profound impression upon the spectators who deign to honor the bull ring of Madrid with their presence on this great occasion, and it will produce an immense, a transcendental, a radical transformation of the life of the Spanish people.

For three months men discussed, debated, conjectured, and fairly wore themselves out puzzling over this mysterious paragraph. Some imagined that it was planned to give a gladiatorial combat, employing for that purpose certain soldiers who had acquired an intense dislike for useful labor and an unquenchable thirst for shedding human blood during the late glorious war in Europe. It was conjectured that these might be men who had sought to en-

roll themselves in the Spanish Legion, for the purpose of killing Moors, to gratify their homicidal impulses, but who for some reason had been rejected by the examining officers.

However, that theory won few adherents. A more numerous party claimed to have evidence that an airplane with red wings had been seen on the premises, and that a Cádiz aviator would first use it to throw darts into a bull, and later would attract the attention of the animal with a *muleta* during great downward sweeps, delivering the fatal sword-thrust from the plane itself.

A great Chicago daily sent to Spain a certain H. I. J. K. Smith, S. P. Q. R., from Kalamazoo, Michigan, United States of America, as its special correspondent for the event. He was provided with a fat check-book and unlimited credit to bribe the secretary of the enterprise, and was expected to cable the sensational scoop to his paper. But Yankee dollars produced no more effect than the blandishments of Paqui la Retrechera, who presented herself bag and baggage at the office to satisfy her curiosity, without success.

Applicants for free tickets came from all over Spain, Mexico, and Southern France. They were armed with great files of documents proving that the petitioners were devoted frequenters and admirers of the noble sport. A syndicate of speculators tried to purchase outright all the seats placed on sale, but the factotum of a noble and influential Spanish politician, who scented a chance to make a fortune, got ahead of them and cornered the entire market.

Fifteen days before the date fixed for the great event, a seat that originally cost 150 pesetas was selling for 400, and was difficult to get at that price. A week later tickets were at a premium of 399 to 400 per cent, and a curb market

for dealing in them occupied the whole of Alcalá Street from Puerta del Sol to Calle de Peligros. This exchange had all the usual features of such an enterprise, with its bulls and its bears, its rises and its falls, its panics and its booms. Many a man lost a fortune and many a man made a fortune there. A quotation service established in the Plaza de la Cebada was a centre of universal interest, and its prices were immediately telegraphed to Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Nîmes, and Bayonne.

L'Écho de Paris published rabid articles, trying to prove that the great bullfight at Madrid was not as important a sporting event as the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in America, and attributing the tremendous enthusiasm it had aroused to German intrigues. *Le Temps* was more restrained, and confined itself to lamenting that Southern France would send some four million francs to Spain to pay for bull-ring tickets. On the other hand, D'Annunzio sent to *El Astro* a highly poetical dispatch, advocating that the Spanish lion should mate with the Roman wolf to give birth to the Latin phoenix. From a zoölogical standpoint the production of such a bird by crossing two quadrupeds presents difficulties; but it is a mere trifle for a poet.

On the evening before the fight, it was even hard to catch one's breath in Madrid, so packed was every street, alley, square, and parking space in the Spanish capital. Four lines of carriages and automobiles defiled in a steady procession from Puerta del Sol to the Bull Ring. Thanks to the energetic and competent measures taken by the Chief of Police, the chaos and the confusion, which were enormous in any case, were multiplied to inconceivable dimensions. Several old gentlemen and ladies and a couple of dozen children were run over by motor cars, thereby

proving even to the densest minds that the fault for such accidents invariably rests upon the persons injured.

A vast army of eager hucksters, selling every conceivable useless article, took up its position in the immediate vicinity of the ring. Booths were erected for the sale of soft drinks, wines, and liquors; platforms were hastily built where people could dance to the accompaniment of droning guitars and rattling castanets; and roulette games and similar devices did an enormous business. The air was heavy with odors of frying olive oil and fish, brandy, human perspiration, horses, and motor-car exhausts.

When darkness fell, the gentlemen in the automobiles turned on their glaring headlights, and blinded the multitude with their dazzling rays; but the offenders sped along with mufflers open and did not hear, or care to hear, the rude remarks and disparaging allusions to their mothers that the angry canaille heaped upon them. They continued to speed up and down the avenues imperturbably, their hats jammed down over their eyebrows, and their gaze fixed upon a point directly in front of their radiators.

Around every street lamp was a halo of illuminated dust, through which one could catch glimpses of gesticulating human figures perched in neighboring shade-trees. All night long the crowd clung to its position, until at length morning dawned and the sun rose above the far horizon like a shield of copper.

During the morning the speculative craze on the ticket exchanges reached a veritable paroxysm. 'A thousand! A thousand five hundred! Two thousand pesetas!' shouted a fat gentleman who looked like a fashionable gambler. He stood in the midst of a group of sellers, who were also fat and had the visages of prison-birds.

'Two thousand five hundred!' someone shouted.

'Done,' answered the fat gambler-like gentleman; and pulling out his pocketbook, he exchanged three banknotes for a little piece of blue paper, on which was printed a badly drawn picture of a banderillero just rising on tip-toe to thrust in his two darts for what is called, in the language of the bull ring, 'the final.'

The seller handed over his ticket, grabbed the bank notes, and vanished. The ticket was forged. The sharper ran down Calle de Peligros, then up Gran Via, and turned down Calle de Horteleza. He entered a lottery agency to buy a package of cigarettes and a ticket in the Christmas drawing, showing a bill for 500 pesetas across the counter. The agent put on his glasses, took the bill, examined it carefully, held it up to the light, and said with a Gallego accent: 'It looks false to me.'

The sharper was conscious of a simultaneous sinking in the pit of his stomach and rushing of blood to his head. Laying the other two bills on the counter, he stammered: 'And those, too. Are they bad?'

The agent picked up the bills, examined them, and answered placidly: 'Also look bad to me.' Then, stepping to the door, he called a policeman, who was yawning in the doorway of a drinking-shop across the way.

'Listen, Pedro, come here. This fellow is trying to do me.'

The policeman quickly stepped across, arrested the tricky sharper, and led him off to the police station. The lottery agent, who had not lost his composure for a moment, grumbled to himself: 'Scoundrel, forger, brazen cheat!'

'To the Ring! To the Ring! To the Ring!' Thus shouted the bus-conductors whose vehicles were lined up the full length of the Treasury Building. Tram-

cars made a deafening clamor with their gongs, in an effort to clear a way through the crowd. The honking of automobiles, the grinding of brakes, and the roar of unmuffled engines mingled in a horrible cacophony with the machine-gun rattle of motor cycles, each of which carried five or six enthusiasts on its saddle and in its side-car. Ancient sea-going hacks and prehistoric diligences, withdrawn from regular service in the days of our grandfathers, lurched past, their horses galloping at full speed, their windows rattling, and their loose ironwork jangling over the rough pavement.

Now and then a luxurious automobile, shining like a jewel, would thread its way silently and rapidly through the throng of heavier vehicles ascending toward Puerta de Alcalá. The people going to the ring would gaze enviously at the happy mortal who was taking one of the matadors to the scene of his coming achievements. The driver, however, disregarded these envious eyes, intent merely on the route he was pursuing. His companion, a dazzling gem of gold lace and bright silk beneath his riding-cloak, saluted his acquaintances with a gallant gesture, while the regular chauffeur lolled in the back seat, thus testifying to his confidence in his master's skill.

Those who had tickets in their possession, and were actually to see the show, were for the time being aristocrats among the immense concourse that packed the streets. The others were merely humble citizens, watching these great ones and children of fortune pass.

At length no one remained in the streets except these lookers-on, who drifted slowly toward the Prado to see the bulls brought out. The sidewalks in front of the cafés, which up to this time had been filled with customers, were suddenly deserted.

A bright-red automobile sped through the centre of the street toward the ring. It contained La Chanuca, the most beautiful of the many beautiful adventuresses in the city. She was clothed in the last word of gaudy elegance. She had promised herself the pleasure of a sensational entrance into the ring, and drove imperturbably through the long cue of people slowly working its way between the booths of the ticket-takers. People made way for her with open mouths, as she swept in and entered her box. She affected to be unaware of the sensation she made. Before taking her seat, she leaned forward for a moment, her hands upon the rail, and calmly surveyed the immense throng, while the crowd cheered and laughed at her defiance of the Management. At length, throwing her brilliantly embroidered mantle of red, green, and yellow brocade carelessly over the bench, she sank back into her seat.

The spectators formed an immense black circle reaching from the barrier to the remotest and loftiest seats of the great amphitheatre. There was not a vacant place. All one saw was row upon row of black coats and dark hats, for the exclusion of women robbed the scene of its usual display of brilliant coloring. It seemed for a moment as though an oppressive weight of silent melancholy had settled over the great circle, contrasting strongly with the vociferous tumult of the struggling mob without. Two or three of the men ventured to shout the usual humorous remarks, but they made no impression on the tense expectation of the 13,013 spectators.

Aldermen and members of Parliament appeared in the Presidential box. The President himself, in full evening-dress and a silk hat, was received with indifference. The eyes of all were riveted on the great doors to the right, be-

hind which the bullfighters and their assistants were making their final preparations. Matadors belted on their parade cloaks, picadors forced their unhappy horses — predestined to torture and sacrifice — to prance about, draft mules tossed their heads and shook their bright, beribboned trappings.

The Alguacil rode up to the Presidential box on a prancing Andalusian pony, and with the usual bombastic mummery begged that the performance might begin.

The President tossed him the key with such misdirected vigor that it hit the head of an enthusiastic fan in the front row of benches. Fortunately the key did not break, but found its way finally to the Alguacil, amid hisses and jeering remarks. Whereupon that pompous official cavorted off to the gate of the bull pen. Pulling up in full course, however, he turned about and took up his proper position at the gangway through which the bullfighters and their squadrons of attendants were to enter.

The President gave a signal, and these cuadrilleros entered in a column six files deep, irradiating the arena with all the glories of the sun. There was no blaring music to keep the marchers in step. Rumor said that the managers had been obliged at the last moment to assign the seats that the band usually occupied to a number of important and influential men — wealthy people who were never in the habit of paying for anything, city officials, cabinet officers, members of Parliament, and life Senators.

The audience forgot its disappointment, however, watching the advancing fighters. Among these were all the idols of the ring. In the place of honor marched Pedro Tomillo, alias El Tomillares, dressed in crimson and gold, his cloak belted tightly around his sinewy form. At his side marched Teodoro

Calderón, tall, powerful, with the air and visage of a Roman Emperor, clothed in red and silver. José Maria Rodríguez de Triana, clothed in Tyrian purple and gold, — a man rather past his prime, — advanced with indolent dignity. His huge muscles, scarred by many former combats, do not become flexible until the fight is well advanced. The Cordovan, Rafael Almodóvar, an active, lithe figure, with an Egyptian cast of countenance, came next. He too was richly garbed. His mistress Soléa had died the previous week. According to some, she wasted away with love; according to others, she perished of a dagger thrust, which this same Rafael gave her upon discovering her in amorous conversation with Perico de Gloria, alias El Formal, alias Fat Chestnut, a picador of his cuadrilla. The fifth 'swordsmen' was Florencio, sometimes called El Argüelles, because he was the son of a porter from the barrio of Argüelles in Madrid. The sixth matador was Vincente Macip, of Valencia, who stood out among his companions because of his remarkable resemblance to a well-nourished priest. His garb of gray and gold was rather tight around the waist, suggesting a predilection for convivial pleasures.

Behind these followed the most celebrated banderilleros of Spain: El Tostao, El Caracolito, El Ardura, Montanchez, El Pili, El Chilla, Ordóñez el de Peñafior, El Saliva, Vinagre, and Rodriguillo de Carmona — the flower of their profession, skillful in thrusting their darts precisely in their allotted places in the raging animal. Next followed the picadors, firmly seated in their cowboy saddles, upon sorry nags that seemed to drag themselves forward with an effort. Behind these marched the various ring-attendants, in blue trousers and red shirts and caps, looking like a band of pirates. The draft mules wound up the proces-

sion. They were restless, impatient, stamping beasts, and the hostlers at their heads had difficulty keeping them in line.

The sixty members of the company took position in the centre of the ring, advanced in column to the Presidential balcony, and saluted the presiding officer as ancient gladiators were wont to salute Cæsar. The President, who was in real life a Cæsar of the distinguished guild of coal and wood dealers, replied to this salutation with all the snap and vim that could be expected of an old Asturian, who had spent his youth packing bags of coal and coke upon his back.

Thereupon the toreros threw their cloaks into the audience, where they were seized by the men in the first row, and spread out upon the railing of the barrier.

La Chanuca had the honor of spreading the cloak of Rafael Almodóvar beside her own bright brocade mantle, on the benches of her box. More than one of the spectators was consumed with curiosity to know just what that signified, and dispatched a secret prayer to Heaven, which he hoped a bull's horns might speedily cause that matador himself to follow.

The bullfighters who took no part in the first combat sprang over the barrier, rolled cigarettes, and conversed with their friends among the spectators.

'What's up, Joaquinillo? What have you up your sleeve?'

'Honestly, I don't know. I'll be hanged if they told us anything.'

'Bah, you're a great bullfighter! Can't a person know, if there is any way of knowing, what it is to be?'

'What about that airplane?'

'No, that's not what is in the air. They must have something back there in the bull pen.'

'Oh, probably just some trick.'

'Is it true that the Charlot, the real one, is honestly going to kill a bull?'

'All I know is that Mr. Fulgencio and I saw him going down Seville Street with Paco, the shoemaker.'

'So we are not going to learn anything.'

A trumpet sounded and the bull pen opened. A beautiful animal, sleek and finely lined, emerged and slowly paced down the great crescent of shade that covered half of the arena. He was black, and the red device on his flank was set off by his velvet skin. The fans shouted with joy.

'There's a black boy for you!' cried Juanillón, the carpenter. 'That's class for you, even if the rest is a fake.'

'As good as if we picked him out ourselves,' assented Señor Manuel.

'Pretty enough for a glass case.'

'Magnificent! Remarkable!' declared Monsieur Grandidon, a dealer in rubber toilet-goods, from his high seat.

'Bully boy!' shouted Monsieur de Petit Gris, who had left his haberdashery shop at Marseille in charge of Madame Petit Gris in order to be present at the great bullfight in Madrid.

The bull spied the picadors, stopped a moment, hesitated, and pawed the sand. A shiver shot over his hide. Then he darted like a flash of angry lightning against a horseman, who awaited him, leaning forward, his feet firmly planted in the stirrups, and his lance under his arm.

In a moment the little ball that dangled from the base of the lance-head was taut against the black hide of the bull. But at the same moment that the lance struck him, the furious beast drove his horns into the chest of the horse, throwing him and his rider heavily backward against the barrier. Seeing both prostrate, the bull, disdainful of his fallen enemy and frantic with wrath and pain, turned against the second picador, and catching his horse just behind the foreleg, overturned and disemboweled him. The stricken ani-

mal lifted his head in torture, noble as a martyr, but a terrible thrust of the bull's horns in his neck stretched him lifeless on the sand.

While the spectators were wild with enthusiasm, and filled the great amphitheatre with the din of their applause, Pedro Tomillo flirted his cape before the eyes of the bull, and advancing deliberately, his arms held on high, gradually distracted the brute's attention from the fallen picador and the monosabios who were helping him to rise. The contrast between the repose and self-mastery of the man and the blind fury of the bull evoked another paroxysm of enthusiastic and clamorous approval from the spectators.

'There's grit for you,' shouted El Pequeño of Arahál.

'No great thing.'

'You'd do it better,' with a sneer.

'Just a trick.'

'But he does it well.'

'I don't approve it.'

'Back to the pen with him!'

'Oh, you're small potatoes at home. You don't fool anybody by your chesty knocking.'

The spectators were becoming more and more excited. The fight promised to be a thriller.

The bull received eight lances and killed five horses. El Tostao and a picador from Penaflor set their darts in him accurately and without mishap. Then El Tomillares, after making a little speech in a cavernous voice, threw his cap to one side and advanced toward the bull, displaying all the niceties of his art, dexterously playing his animal with the highest skill. At length he dispatched him with a mighty thrust.

'A little off on his thrust,' remarked El Manolo, more familiarly known as El Malhuele, on account of his malodorous reputation.

'A little off! You mean to say a botch,' interjected Don Ruperto, an

ardent roofer for El Tomillares's rival, Almodóvar, looking askance at the first speaker.

'Right you are,' broke in another.

'Nothing of the kind; nothing of the kind. Anyone but a blind man would see that he touched the point exactly.'

'You may understand lending money on clothes at 75 per cent, but when it comes to talk of bulls you're nowhere.'

While the spectators were thus arguing among themselves, El Tomillares cut off the animal's ear, and paraded twice around the ring, picking up a harvest of domestic cigars that would certainly have been fatal had he tried to smoke them. The news of his success was telegraphed immediately to the press. The matador ordered his servant to send special messages as usual to his friends, worded in this manner: 'I was the best. The others fair. The cattle fair.' To be sure, the other matadors had not yet had their turn when this telegram was written, but that did not matter.

The second bull was not as interesting as the first. To tell the truth, he only satisfied those good-hearted enthusiasts who are not satisfied with a fight in which a bull's horns are not fleshed in human blood. This bull dismounted a picador and gored a banderillero in the calf, tearing his silk stocking and the muscle beneath from the vicinity of the knee down to the ankle. It took twenty-one stitches to close the wound. Teodoro of Alcalá de Guadaira dispatched the bull with two ineffective sword-thrusts, followed by an awkward *descabello*. It was a clumsy proceeding that added nothing to the laurels of this celebrated matador. Notwithstanding this, he directed his servant to telegraph his friends as follows: 'I the best. The others mediocre. Cattle ditto.'

Meanwhile the public was becoming impatient. In the bleachers people

came to blows on three or four occasions. M. Grandidon called M. Petit Gris, *Cocu*, because he had the presumption to say that Tomillares had changed his original trade of boot-black for that of torero, in order to make a position for himself in society; while everybody knew that Pedro Tomillo became a matador because a famous singer, Camisona, with whom he was at the time infatuated, insisted that he do so.

'Moonshine; castles in Spain,' the gentleman addressed replied disdainfully.

The third fight passed almost without notice. When the draft mules dragged out three disemboweled horses and the slaughtered bull, the great throng suddenly became silent and motionless, waiting tensely for the great mysterious spectacle that had been announced to follow. The voices of the great throng outside the ring reached the ears of those inside like the half-muffled roar of distant surf. The toreros withdrew behind the barrier. The attendants cleared the ring. Its vast circle remained deserted. Thirteen thousand and thirteen spectators breathlessly waited while the great portal again swung slowly open.

Eight black horses with black harness and blankets first appeared, drawing a vehicle covered with heavy canvas. At its side marched six men, like mourners. They were strange-visaged men, garbed in long cloaks and wearing tall silk hats. The two leaders held the bridles of the first pair of horses with their gloved hands. Their pale countenances, thin beards, and slanting eyes protected by large spectacles, gave them the appearance of Asiatics. They looked like twin brothers. The second pair appeared to be Jews, judging by their features and their sallow complexions. Two tall corpulent bearded men, with their hats pulled down to

their ears, concluded the procession. This strange company halted with military precision in the very centre of the ring.

One of the gentlemen crawled under the canvas that covered the vehicle, and the platform of the latter descended some fifteen inches, remaining solidly fixed upon the ground. Thereupon only the frame and the four wheels remained. Obedient to a shrill whistle, the eight horses drew these away at a lively trot and disappeared down the entrance passage.

The six mourners laid aside their hats, disappeared on hands and knees under the canvas, and began to adjust something. The public commenced to show signs of disappointment. Whistling, hissing, and sarcastic remarks were directed at the concealed exhibitors.

Finally the canvas was quickly drawn aside, revealing a circular steel platform, carrying six machine guns of ten barrels each. The six men in mourning were crouched behind them, glancing along the sights and grasping the levers. A sharp command rang out, and each gun began to volley with all its ten barrels against the spectators. In an instant there was an awful tumult. The machine guns were aimed first toward the entrances, which soon were heaped with corpses. Then they turned slowly but implacably toward the interspaces between the aisles. In the fearful panic that ensued, many men, beside themselves with terror and unable to escape through the regular exits, hurled themselves to certain death over the outer walls. A monosabio seized his dagger and rushed furiously toward the infernal machines that vomited fire upon the multitude. One gunner instantly directed his weapon against him, and the brave fellow was blown back in fragments into the panic-stricken throng by a hail of steel.

Deliberately and pitilessly the fire of

each of the six guns swept through its respective sector, until the fatal circle was completed. Here and there a panic-stricken group survived a moment, only to collapse under its withering blight. Beautiful Chanuca lay stilled in carmine sleep upon the embroidered cloak of her torero admirer; but this time it was not the sleep of love — it was the sleep of death. From the boxes and benches above, trickling rivulets flowed down and saturated the disorderly heap of jackets, cloaks, and hats piled near the ringside. The cuadrillas of the bullfighters lay, a distorted mound of bright-garbed corpses, in the runway just behind the barrier, their darts and lances, and all the gay paraphernalia of their trade, strewn in confusion around them.

Long before the six guns stopped firing, their ammunition exhausted, no other sound or motion was perceptible in the vast amphitheatre; and when their sharp staccato suddenly ceased, one caught for a moment an impression of the silence of cosmic space. The bright sunlight played indifferently over the frightful scene of carnage; and a mist of blood seemed to rise until it almost touched the national banner of Spain, billowing proudly over the home of our glorious national sport.

The six men clad in mourning exchanged a few words in Russian, after which each drew a pistol from his pocket and joined his victims.

This was the event that finally ended bullfighting in Spain.

THE MAN WHO STOLE FROM HIMSELF

BY N. TEFFI

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A YOUNG literary man, Arkady Kastalsky, had written a story that was very interesting indeed — at least that was his own opinion of it. When the story was published, Kastalsky went to a café where journalists and literary men used to assemble, and after he had drunk enough beer to use up all the money the story brought him, he felt swelling within him such violent pride that, cost what it might, he had to pour out his emotions to a kindred soul. Fortunately he noticed the painter Biakine at the table next him, placidly consuming a dish of calves' feet. Biakine's tranquil posture and peaceful

occupation inclined Kastalsky to frankness.

'Good morning, Biakine! Say, Biakine, have you read a certain very interesting story?'

'Which one?'

'Why, one I've just published. Something amazing, I assure you! Everybody says so. The subject is like one of H. G. Wells's. The style's like Flaubert's. The action is condensed — oh, a De Maupassant sort of thing. The dialogue and the humor make you think of Chekhov. Not a bit tiresome — very remarkable. Do you mean to say you have n't read it?'