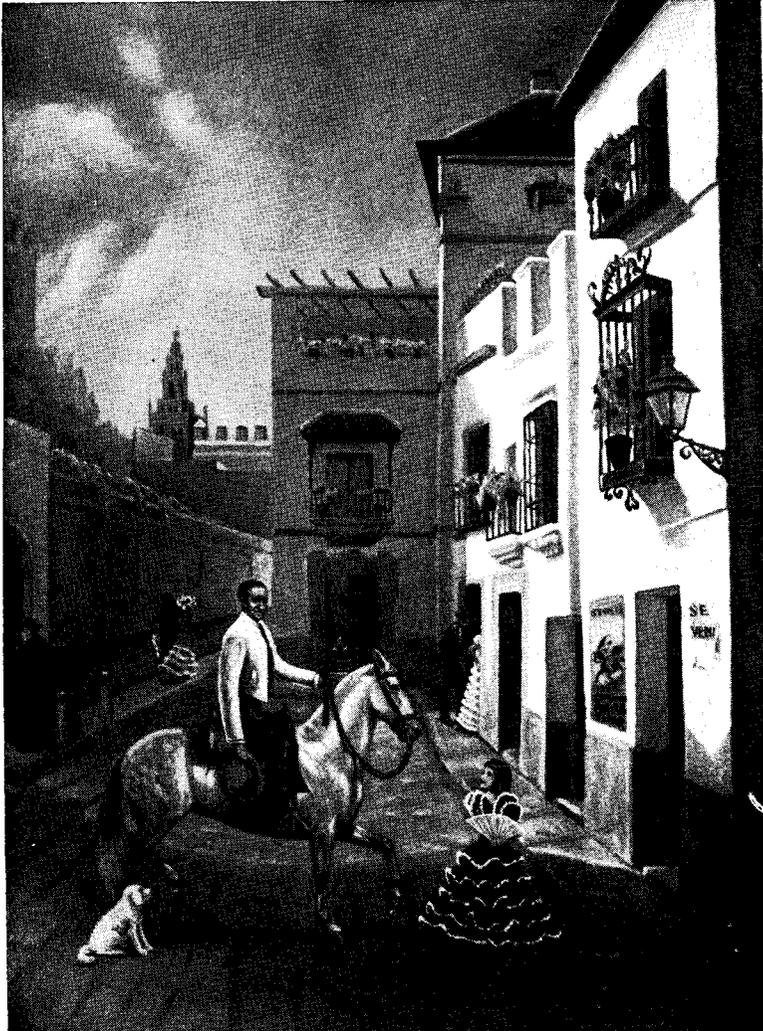


## Spring and the traveler

If you lived in Manhattan and you had a periscope and a psyche that was intrinsically hopeful, you could see the signs of spring. For one thing there were days when it didn't snow. For another there were events almost in sight, like the outriders of a familiar column, still tiny silhouettes on the horizon, but approaching with each warming day. Who said, "Flower Show"? Rolling eggs on the White House lawn? Shad roe on the menus, already?

Over on the far side they would be tulip-watching in Holland, dusting the sidewalk tables in Paris. And Seville would be a frenzy for its Fair, some attitudes of which have been painted on our cover and described within by Barnaby Conrad. Marc Connelly's memories of cats in Rome and some advice on how to travel heavy by playwright William Marchant, whose first novel, "Gondolier," is to be published with the spring, are on the pages that follow. So is the recollection of a breakfast in Titograd by Anita Leslie, author of "Mrs. Fitzherbert." Editor-photographer Les Barry tells of art in an abandoned Arab village in Israel, there is a calendar of events commemorating the centennial of the Civil War, along with a poem by John Ciardi. (A calendar of European music festivals appears in the music section on pages 94 and 95.) Neville Braybrooke writes from London about a memorial to W. H. Hudson. And the keeper of the local flame, who has been to Brasilia, is back with words and pictures. Please turn.

—H. S.



# THE FAIR AT SEVILLE

By BARNABY CONRAD

**I**F MY PAINTING on SR's cover looks vaguely unbelievable and rather like a fugitive set from the Metropolitan Opera version of "Carmen" it is no accident. These are the true environs of Prosper Mérimée's and Bizet's volatile heroine, and the district is one of the most colorful that can be found in the modern world: El Barrio de Santa Cruz in the city the Spanish gypsies call "Servalavari."

The cigarette factory where Carmen is supposed to have worked is just a few hundred yards away, and Sevillanos like to point out an ancient crone as she leaves work and claim that she is the prototype of the story.

Right now the Santa Cruz district is especially gay because it is almost time for La Feria: after the austerity of Holy Week Seville bursts out in the gaiety

of the annual fair. Everyone dons the traditional flamenco costume for a week of frivolity, the women in the brightly colored ruffled skirts and the men in the *traje corto* uniform of the Spanish rancher or bullfighter.

The horseman in the cover painting is both a cattleman and *torero*—the famous Juan Belmonte. The posters on the stucco walls proclaim the names of the new young matadors—Paco Camino and Diego Puerta and Antonio Ordóñez—but their performances are constantly measured against Belmonte's hundreds of triumphal afternoons; nearly every maneuver they make in the ring can be traced back to this little man who revolutionized the look of "*la fiesta brava*" back around 1915. His new style, that of taking the animal in "terrains" heretofore considered impossibly dan-

gerous and of working closer to the horns than anyone had ever dared, created a pattern for all bullfighters then and now. A frail man always, it is difficult when you meet him to believe that this is the celebrated "Earthquake from Triana" who dominated the bullfight scene for so long. Difficult, that is, until you see the look of eagles in his deep-set eyes and the determined barracuda-like jaw. Leslie Charteris wrote, back in 1936, when Belmonte was still active: "If, without having heard of Belmonte, you were told that a man who was practically a cripple, who was certainly a physical wreck, could become the greatest bullfighter in the world, would you not say that if he did it he would be performing a miracle? But this is only what Juan Belmonte has done."

After approximately 1,650 dangerous