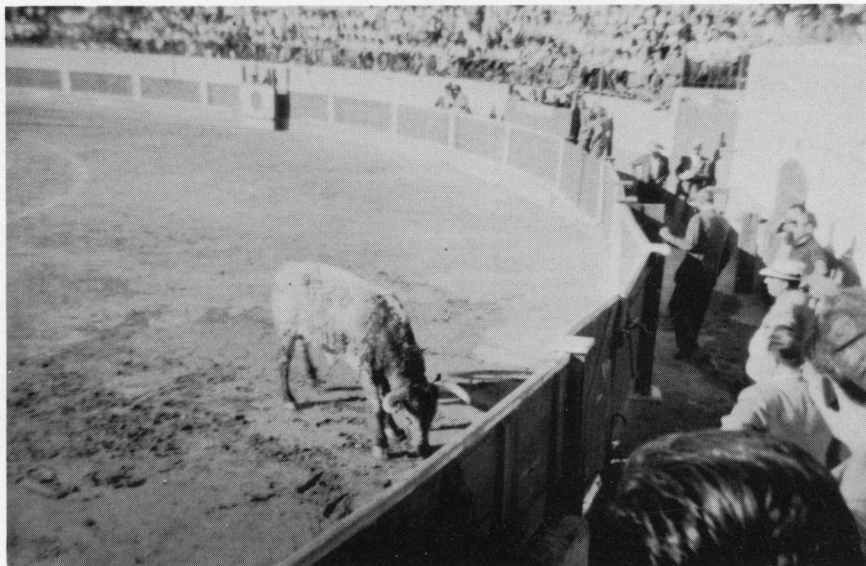


LA LINEA, Spain



Bull Grazing In Pasture



OLE! OLE!

In Monte Carlo, it's all gambling, the Casino and nothing but the Casino. Then in La Linea, it's bulls, bulls, and more bulls, and their sandy bloody temple of a bull-ring is the only thing that anyone cares about.

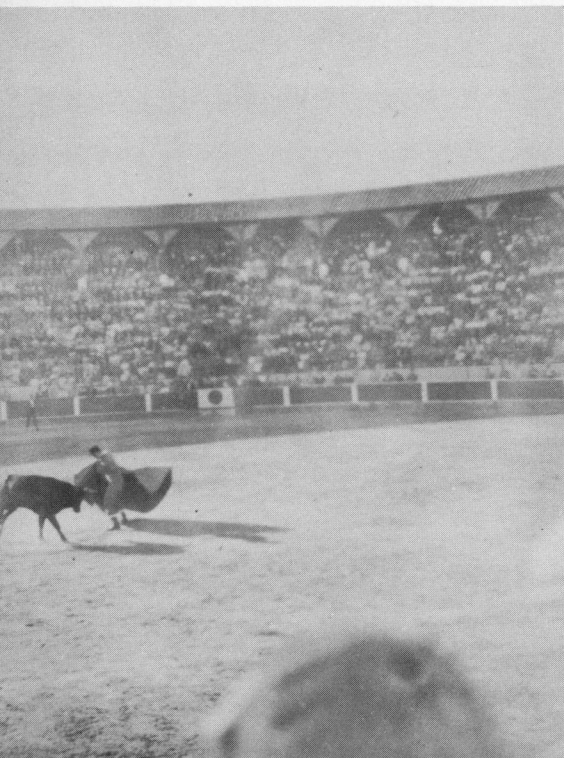
EL TORO! Blood and sand! Brave Bull and Frail Matador!

There's a tiny spit of land called the Crown Colony of Gibraltar; attached to it is the whole peninsula of Spain and Portugal, and the huge land mass of Europe. Go across the spit and the first town you hit is La Linea, older than the rest of Spain for the Moors took it when they branched over from Africa, and before the Moors, Hannibal used it to rest his battle-elephants on their way to the Alps and Rome.

But today La Linea is interesting only on Sundays, the festival days of the bullfight. You have to get over early to see the bulls being driven through the streets; a little later the toreadors and their managers make choices for the afternoon. Then you get a bottle of wine and some bread and cheese; you take your place in line to get a place in the shade. The crowd is intoxicated, the wine stronger than one expected. Shouting and greetings, the novelty of drinking wine from a goatskin.

TORO! TORO! PICADOR!

Here is the horseman baiting the bulls. And after him the matador, taking chances, or matching the rush—a body hurled high on the horns,



Ole! Ole!