

Education: Business Administration, Foreign Languages, I speak 8. I have lived under 4 wars: The Finnish Winter War, WWII, the Katanga War (the Congo), the drug related and guerrilla controlled war condition in Colombia in the 1980's. The guerrilla used to partly finance their operation by kidnappings of foreigners against ransom. It happened to several of my colleagues, some of them never returned. My first registered reminiscence of bullfighting dates from 29th or 30th of August 1947, when a Stockholm newspaper published a tiny notice about a bullfighter's death in Linares, Spain. Manolete! I was 8 years old. I became fascinated by the profession 'bullfighter' and started to try and find out as much as possible about it. An almost impossible task in a country like Sweden. The only occasion when media report something related to toreo is when someone gets gored or killed. During SF, for instance, headlines during 8 days report 'X people injured during today's bull run in Pamplona'. NEVER anything about el Arte!

As I grew up, I read everything published on the subject in Swedish and English but, of course very colored by the personal opinion of the author. I understood I had to learn Spanish, so I did and A NEW WORLD OPENED! I ordered books from Spain by snail mail – the Internet had not been invented - which was kind of hazardous but I managed to learn a lot. My father just shook his head in disbelief when I asked him something but my mother was very helpful. It turned out that she had seen some fights in Spain and also knew other non-Spanish aficionados a los toros. She NEVER had disclosed this HORRIBLE interest of hers to my father or ANY other relative. It was taboo.

1955, when I was 16 I was on holiday in Spain together with my mother and when my 17th birthday was due my mother announced that my gift would be to join her to the coming Sunday bullfight. I REFUSED! I felt that I wasn't 'ready' for that next step yet. Mother insisted and after a lot of negotiations I finally surrendered and joined her to the corrida. Reluctantly. After so many years (61), I am not quite sure what kind of bullfight it was – a festival or a novillada/corrida – but what I DO know, is that I was IN HEAVEN!

It was a mixed festejo with two toreros on foot and two rejoneadores. It was sensational for the 17-y-o! On that afternoon, I decided to become a bullfighter myself! But what really made my day, was after the fight, when my mother took me to the hotel, where bullfighters used to stay and there she introduced me to – Don Antonio Ordóñez Araujo – who she had met a couple of times before in Málaga. I pretended to feel offended – during all these 17 years of my life, my own mother NEVER had uttered one word about bullfighting! She explained that she hadn't dared to, since the entire society was against that barbaric custom.

I knew, that Antonio was the son of the bullfighter, pictured in "The Sun also Rises".

The years went by. Somewhere between business school and the Katanga War, I had some time off and went to a bullfighting school, run by an ex banderillero I had heard about. His business was entirely private and each student had to pay a fee. During that era there existed no state-aided schools, so either you needed to have money or you had to learn the profession 'the hard way' being a 'maletilla', a tramp offering his services to the ganaderos during their periodic tentaderos, testing of the animals to determine their bravery. Quite a few, later successful and

even famous, bullfighters learned the hard way but also many young boys, using daddy's money for private tutors, never became anything but retired early.

My teacher, who called himself The Fox, was a mean, middle-aged, man, who had done nothing in his life that wasn't related to los toros. Mean or not, he was an efficient teacher and, as I understood later, he saw business in three of us. We were the only three non-Spanish students, one Brit, one German and me. The rest were poor, non educated Spanish boys, a few of them, gitanos.

The Fox took us to a lot of paid-for(!) tentaderos at ranches in southern Spain and we had a lot of good experience added to the theory lessons learning the task by performing it. At the tentaderos we often met one or two of the top matadores of the era. Every free moment of the day we used to do 'toreo de salón' - doing all the different pases slowly, slowly but with an imagined bull. Camilo José Cela, winner of the Nobel Prize in literature 1989, wrote a fantastic book, TOREO DE SALÓN.

One day The Fox announced to us foreigners that we were to appear in public in about one week's time! Just that. No details. We were excited!

The next thing he did was to present us a hand-written receipt, declaring that he needed the money on the double, because 3 erales and 1 añojo were reserved at a certain ranch but not paid for! We HAD agreed, from the beginning, that we WERE willing to pay.

The Capea, because that was what it was going to be, took place at a small mountainous village in the province of Valencia. The main (only?) square had been shut off by carriages and the ganado still was in their cajones at one side of the rectangular square. Among the three of us, I was of menor antigüedad (age) so the 'cartel' read: EL ALEMÁN, EL INGLÉS Y EL SUECO con ganado de XX.

The village was in Fiesta, the public, almost entirely male, was drunk and noisy. When the first animal appeared, I took a deep breath! Erales, forget about it! This was nothing but 3-4 year-old animals which had been used before as toros de alquiler! = spoke fluent Latin ... In torero language, a way of saying that the animals searched for the body behind the cloth.

In one way or another, we managed to lidiar and kill those monsters and as the grande finale was the añojo, to be fought by the local becerrista. The little animal was beautiful, had NOT been fought before and the 11-12 year old boy was fantastic and naturally cut a tail. Not one eye dry! The villagers were happy and were toreando in the streets afterwards. The Fox was satisfied (and got drunk) and we had passed our first real test! Without horn wounds ...

This went on for one summer temporada, during which I fought and killed 9 animals. Only once I managed to place the full sword at the correct little spot between the shoulder blades of the animal.

The *correctly* placed sword penetrates in a falling angle between the shoulder blades and severs the aorta, causing abundant, internal hemorrhage and instant death of the bull. That's the theory ...

The other 8 – not as good! Which meant that I had to do several pinchazos until I managed to sink the steel all the way into the toro's body. Naturally, we never got our money back as the Fox had promised, so it was a damned expensive way to learn what the profession was to be. I was satisfied. Now I knew, what the profession was like I and I would be able to judge a bullfight based on my new knowledge. I cut my coleta.

Not until you stand there, exhausted and dusty after half a dozen volteretas, and look into the ice-cold, cunning, eyes of a fighting bull, WHATEVER his age may be, you know, what it is all about. You are looking into the eyes of The Reaper!

In the beginning of the 60's I met my first wife, who was the girlfriend of the Swedish author and teacher, who had translated 'Death in the afternoon' to Swedish. In the mid 60's we moved to T-town, where I became one of few Drifters, who had a job!

Together with a Swedish companion I ran a business located to La Carihuella, the former fishermen's village next door to T-town, Torremolinos. Jimmy Michener came to live with us for some time, joined us when we went to Pamplona, joined us when we came back and never disclosed that he was doing research for a future novel.

When his novel 'The Drifters' was first published in 1971, we were taken by surprise. Michener has mixed the characters from real life to his fictional ones but to us, the drifters themselves, it was directly obvious, who was who. Awesome! My wife is in there. I am in there. All my drifting friends are in there.

The novel, later translated into Spanish and entitled 'Los Hijos de Torremolinos', never became a bestseller but to us people who are in it, it's The Bible!

I, UNLIKE many of the other international friends I have met in Pamplona, did NOT come to SF in order to run the bulls in the first place! I came for the bullFIGHTS, which were excellent during the 60-70's, for the music, the Fiesta in the streets, the gastronomy. I did run, sporadically, however, just to find out what it was like at least once per Fiesta during 1959-1975. Then I cut my running coleta.