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*Printed by the Mossén Alcover Press,
68 Calatrava, Palma de Mallorca*

R/99.045.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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TRIM'S MADRID GUIDE

Greetings! Here is Old Dr. Trim ready to hold your hand, for the air is wine spiked with brandy, and you're taking steps that are too big; you can sommersault and land on your head without either ceremony or grace. So hold on!

Want to go bar-hopping at a cost of 5 pesetas an hour? Want to go where "everybody" goes at the "right" hour? Want to make those copper pesetas act like gold? You want a toasted cheese sandwich?

You do want to enjoy Madrid, don't you? Both museum- and bar-hopping? Restaurants that are *really* Madrid, and don't cost a fortune? You want to know something about the town? You want to

know how much to tip a cab driver? What tickets to get for the bullfights? And where to get them? And should you go on excursions? To Toledo, Segovia, or where? Where's the railroad station for Sevilla? Where is the Prado Museum? What's where?

Dr. Trim diagnoses your illness as voyager's vertigo, which is an infirmity caused by being in Madrid without a copy of this little book which you now hold so delicately in your paws. The cure is now in sight. For specific symptoms of the illness, check the table of contents, but if you have only drooping eyes, fat feet, and reducing purse, the doctor prescribes that you read on until discouraged; then apply a triple brandy to the interior and proceed to a quick mend.

MADRID

"Madrid is so subtle a city that you can't grasp it in a few days," is the usual cliché. Balderdash! Perhaps the Spanish character is hard to understand, and the Spanish character makes Madrid, but we will now operate, and leave you the dissected bits to put together as you please.

But not too quickly. First, you really can't pin Madrid down as neatly by a catch word as you can some other cities. Like, "Skyscrapers—New York." "Strauss waltzes—Vienna." "Queen—London." And you must not tie Madrid in with flamenco dancing, roses in the teeth, dusky faces and flashing eyes and strumming guitars. That Spain of romantic legend is the south—Andalucía.

Madrid is something else, and since it is one of Europe's finest and most pleasant cities, it is worth finding out what it is. Sadly, in order to do that, we must delve into the climate, the people, and the history of the town. Sure, such things are deadly bores, but Old Doc Trim hates bores himself, and so will try to lighten it with a story or two, or at least keep it brief.

The climate, and what to wear

Technically, Madrid's climate is "temperate." So is New York's, which in summer makes use of its underground connections with the Belgian Congo, and in winter has its weather shipped in, refrigerated, from the Labrador.

However, palm trees survive in Madrid, (but not in New York,) and every Sunday afternoon a good many thousands of people sit at the bullfights, under the summer sun, which is something we would not care to do in Texas. This nonsense about Madrid's climate being "nine months of winter and three months of hell" was certainly thought up by an European, because Europeans know so little about climatic extremes.

Even then, the best time to visit Madrid is April-July and September-Christmas. Then, the weather will almost always be glorious, the sky that clear blue that is famous as a "Velázquez sky." A light topcoat or raincoat will do. Beneath the coat, one dresses closer to New York styles than to those of any other place. Severe but elegant clothes. Dark



suits for men, rather than sports jackets and slacks. Suits and dresses for ladies. Odd skirts and slacks haven't much place in Madrid. Your best jewelry, but also your simplest. No fashion is too extreme if it is simple. Avoid flower-printed dresses like the plague, and leave the frills and ruffles at home. Hats are seldom worn by men, almost never by ladies.

When Madrid's weather is right, it is the best in the world. You have springs in your feet and bubbling wine in your veins. You walk (or prance) for miles, and keep at it until 3 A. M., and awake early and fresh as a daisy.

And that is one of the basic things about Madrid.

The Madrileños

A Madrileño is a Madrid-er. While the city's enormous recent growth has brought in all sorts of people from all parts of Spain, the city as a whole is created out of two elements. First, the Madrileños are Castilians, the people of the central high plateau of Spain. Second, it was the Court that, settling in Madrid four centuries ago, made a country village into a city. Thus Madrid was not created as are most cities, by converging trade routes, mineral riches, or rich farmlands. Like Berlin and Washington D. C., it grew as a center of government.

The Castilians are famed for their pride. A Castilian peasant will say, "The difference between the King and I is that he is richer." He means it jokingly, but there is real meaning in it. A very

serious, grave person, is the Castilian. He will treat you as an equal unless you prove otherwise. In that case he will politely bow himself out of your presence. He is too dignified to show that you have embarrassed him by your ill-breeding. He will not try to prove that he is better than you, for that would show that he is afraid that he is not as good as you.

You will see that in Madrid; the fine buildings along the Castellana, where none is so fine that it outshines its neighbors. And that is Madrid, a city of fine streets and squares, where no building wishes to show itself supreme.

But, too, Madrid was created by the Court. So the Madrileño's manners are courtly. More business is done in the café than in the countinghouse. Royal Grants and Charters were for centuries his chief business, rather than commerce or industry. Yet this does not make the Madrileño an obsequious, scraping lackey. For he is a Castilian and a Spaniard.

We hope that this much will start you in your search into the Madrileño's character. And now to the history of Madrid, to see how this came about.

The History of Madrid

There was a Moorish city called Magerit, captured briefly by the Christian Spaniards in the 9th Century, then taken for good by Alfonso VI of Castille in 1083. Of the Moorish city there remains no more than a foundation here, a covered-over wall

there. Of the period between the 11th and 16th Centuries, there is a single church.

The truth is that, until the 16th Century, Madrid was not important or rich enough to erect buildings that were worth preserving. It was a frontier town, called "Madrit," and briefly chronicled as having taken part in the seige of Seville, (the driving of the Moors from that city, a sort of crusade in which many of the various kingdoms of Spain participated,) and later in the rebellion at the time of the Hapsburgs' succeeding to the throne. When Segovia and Toledo were great cities, Madrid was a country town. It lacked the industry of Burgos, the sea trade of Barcelona or Seville, and was not a trading center for rich farmlands. It was in a forest, and adopted the bear as its symbol, since the forest bore more bears than wealth.

The sole relic of those times is the Old Church of St. Peter, and its famous tower. (IGLESIA DE SAN PEDRO EL VIEJO, and TORRE DE SAN PEDRO.) It is in the Calle (Street) del Príncipe de Anglona. The church was built by Alfonso XI of Castile in the 14th Century. The tower is considered to be about a century older. The tower is square, in the Moorish style; the only example in Madrid of a type found plentifully in Toledo and elsewhere. Note that it was built by Christians. There was much more commerce and exchange of ideas between Christians and Moors than the accounts of ferocious fighting would indicate.

A note on "Moors." By this word we mean the Mohammedans (often called Saracens and sometimes Arabs) who ruled parts of Spain from the 9th

to the 15th Century. At the height of the Moorish power, they ruled all Spain but a corner of the province of Asturias, as well as much of Southern France. Until the discovery of America, Spain's history was largely one of fighting the Moors. The most significant date in Spain's history is 1492, when, not only did Columbus discover America, but the Moorish Kingdom of Granada fell to the Christians, thus freeing Spain to colonize the New World, as well as to become a major power in European politics.

You may run across the word "mudéjar." It refers to anything in the Moorish (Spanish-Moorish) style, whether built by Christians or Mohammedans. And Moor is "Moro" in Spanish. In the modern sense it refers to a Moroccan.

Madrid's birth

The Danube created Vienna; the Seine and the rich Ile de France created Paris; railroads made Chicago; and Hollywood (God save us) made Los Angeles.

But Madrid—it was as though Zeus had cast down a thunderbolt, and said, "There, make that mine." How it happened, we cannot learn. *What* happened was that Ferdinand and Isabella (Ferdinando and Isabel in Spanish), settled in the hick town of Madrid for a spell, and, thus, Madrid.

Ferdinand was born King of Aragón and Count of Barcelona. Isabella was the sister of Henry the Impotent, King of Castile and Leon. Isabella was

married to Ferdinand in order to create a loose linkage between the two kingdoms. But her brother Henry was, it seems, impotent. He divorced his first wife because she gave him no heir; he claimed she was barren. His second wife too was barren, until she took unto herself a boy friend, a fact well known in Court circles, and then suddenly she bore the King a daughter. Henry had the child legitimized, and made his heir; all Castile rose in arms. Many nobles backed Henry's brother as proper heir, but suddenly, the brother died. Then Henry died. The queen's brush-colt daughter was not at all acceptable, and so there was nobody left but Isabella.

Which was the greatest stroke of fortune Spain ever had. Isabella and Ferdinand ruled all Spain jointly. Besides "founding" Madrid, they financed Columbus, drove the Moors from Spain, unified the country, (which had been more a collection of petty kingdoms than a nation) and championed their faith to such a degree that the Pope gave them the title "The Catholic Sovereigns." (Los Reyes Católicos.) (Spanish writers of guidebooks in English call them "The Catholic Kings," which is a literal translation saved by its charm.) But also it bears a bit of truth, for Isabella did as much king-ing as her husband, and perhaps more. To us there is no doubt that she and Elizabeth (which is Isabel in Spanish, and so is the Anglicization "Isabella" Isabel), of England, were the greatest lady-rulers in history, besides which Isabel had a very competent husband.

We cannot learn why they stayed in Madrid. Did Isabella fall ill there, or did Ferdinand's horse cast a shoe? Or did they come upon Madrid in the Spring, when the air is like champagne, and the mules bearing Isabella's jewels rolled and kicked with joy, and Ferdinand's lackeys disappeared, chasing the buxom lasses of Madrid? The Court moved often, probably so that one part of the kingdom would not be jealous of another part, and Ferdinand and Isabella did not stay permanently in Madrid, but from time to time did come back. During this time, and that of their grandson, Charles I, noblemen built palaces in Madrid, and monasteries grew, and suddenly it was a courtly and noble city.

They left their mark in the form of the church of San Jerónimo del Real, on the heights above the Prado. (Uphill from the museum's north entrance.) It was not then in Madrid, but was built as a monastic retreat in the forest, and was not enveloped by the growing city until a century after its beginnings, in 1503. Eventually the monastery burned, leaving the church section as we see it today. It is Decadent Gothic, a style known in its Spanish form as "Reyes Católicos." (Catholic Sovereigns.)

The only other important pre-Renaissance building in Madrid is the Casa de los Lujanes, the palace of the Lujan family, famed for its tower. This is at the Plaza de la Villa, on Calle Mayor. Supposedly, Francis I of France was imprisoned in the tower after his defeat and capture at Pavia. Modern historians doubt the story. The tower was built at about the same time as San Jerónimo.

The golden age—the Hapsburgs

The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Juana, married one of the marrying Hapsburgs. Her son, Charles I of Spain and Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire, (Carlos, in Spanish, known as Karl der Gross in Austria,) inherited the throne in 1517.

Spain was thus united under one crown with the Austrian Empire, which included Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Lombardy, Holland, Flanders, Burgundy, and, somewhere along the line, Naples and Sicily were tossed in. Besides that, Charles was elected Holy Roman Emperor, which made him something short of King of Germany. The Beys of Algiers and Tunis paid him tribute. Spaniards ruled the Carribean, and shortly the shiploads of silver came pouring in from Mexico and Peru.

Thus, from having been a collection of petty states that could not even drive hated enemies from its territory, Spain became, in a generation, the pivot of world politics.

Ferdinand and Isabella had first entered Madrid in 1477. Charles I resided in the city from time to time, but also used Toledo as capitol, and more often the traditional capitol of Castile, Valladolid. He gave Madrid certain honors in 1534. His son, Phillip II, was the first to really favor Madrid. By Phillip's time, occassional royal residence had brought so many noblemen to the city that it became a magnet in its turn, its weight of wealth and nobility drawing the king. Phillip III, in the year 1600, pronounced Madrid what it really had

been for some time; principal seat of the Court, and thus capitol Spain. of a About this time, Jerónimo de la Quintana said, "Es la yema de España." "(Madrid) is the yolk of Spain."

Madrid's architecture begins with the Renaissance. For Gothic and Moorish works, go to Toledo or Segovia. Madrid grew with a rush and seized up the Renaissance—and Espanicized it.

Juan Bautista de Toledo was the first important architect, succeeded by his great pupil, Juan de Herrera, who stamped Madrid's style forever as "Herrera." The Plaza Mayor; El Escorial; and, even today, the wonderful new Air Ministry building, are Herrera.

Juan de Herrera, 1530-1597, came up through the silver-spoon-in-the-mouth circuit. Well-born, he studied at Valladolid and there became bosom-buddy to Prince Phillip, and went to Flanders with him, where he studied architecture and became known to Phillip's father, Charles I. Charles gave him a command and sent him to the Italian wars. He did so nicely that he entered the King's Guard, and remained close to Charles until the king's retirement and death.

In 1562 he became a disciple of Juan Bautista de Toledo. His salary was paid directly by his friend, now King Phillip. Juan Bautista began El Escorial, and Herrera finished it. It was built by Phillip as a memorial to his father, and indeed it was a fitting building for the sovereign of Spain of the 16th Century; it is still one of the largest buildings on earth.

The towers are the mark of Herrera. You'll see them on the Ayuntamiento (City Hall), the Ministry



of Foreign Affairs, the entire Plaza Mayor, and various churches. The Herrera tower seems to us the precursor of the glory of New England (and Colonial in general) architecture, the church towers and those on certain public buildings, such as Independence Hall, in Philadelphia. Yet Herrera is distinct. After seeing the above, and the Air Ministry (to us Madrid's finest new building,) you'll get an idea of what "Herrera" means. One of his finest works, though an easy-enough project, is the Segovia Bridge.

All over Madrid you will see statues, and you'll run into references to the reigns of various kings. So let us plunge into the dreadful subject of dates. You needn't read the below, but keep it for reference.

House of Austria

1st Period. National Agrandizement. 1517-1621

Carlos (Charles) I. 1517-1557. (Grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella.)

Felipe (Phillip) II. 1557-1598.

Felipe III. 1598-1621.

Second Period. Decadence. 1621-1700

Felipe IV. 1621-1665.

Carlos II. 1665-1700.

House of Bourbon

Felipe V. 1701-1746. The legal heir to the throne was mentally incompetent. Felipe V was Phillipe, Duc d'Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV of France. As a Frenchman, he made many mistakes, and had several civil wars on his hands. Of course, the root of the trouble was that Spain did not want to become a satellite of France. In 1724 he abdicated

in favor of his infant son, Luis I, who died three months later. Felipe resumed the throne.

Fernando VI. 1746-1759.

Carlos III. 1759-1788.

Carlos IV. 1788-1808. This is the chap to whom Goya did such horrid mischief in his "Charles IV and family," in the Prado. Goya should have been hanged, but of course he knew how stupid the king was when he painted the picture.

Fernando VII. 1808-1833. His reign was disputed by Napoleon's appointment of his brother Joseph as King of Spain. The progression now becomes rather confused, not even the crowning of Isabella II solving the problem, as Carlos was still disputing the throne. Then came the period of the republic and no stable monarchy until Alfonso XII, and, finally, the last king, Alfonso XIII.

And now some of the great men.

Cervantes. 1547-1616. Who, significantly, died in Madrid, as it was by then attracting men of letters. But not paying them very well.

El Greco. 1548-1625. Who was not a Spaniard, of course, but still, Picasso, who has done wonders for French painting, is a Spaniard.

Velázquez. 1559-1660. Madrid's own, once and forever.

Lope de Vega. 1562-1635. Whose period matches Shakespeare's. A great age for the drama.

Murillo. 1618-1687.

Goya. 1746-1828. Poor Goya, all alone and away from Spain's great age. But rising with a Titan's might to prove that Spain was Spain, and no satellite of France.

The date 1621, when Spain's decline is considered (by the historians) to have begun, stands in the middle of the lifetimes of the four first mentioned. They tell us it is that way with great artists and their nations. It gives a golden age the sad aspect of an Indian Summer.

But now back to the 16th Century, and the Renaissance.

The Renaissance, the Re-Birth, the infusion of the knowledge of Greece and Rome into European life, begins with the Casa de Cisernos. (Really, the modest Capilla del Obispo (Chapel of the Bishop) mixes Gothic and Renaissance forms, but in the Casa de Cisernos the Gothic is swept aside and new Madrid and new Europe appear with a rush.) This palace is on the Calle del Sacramento, and was built by the famed Franciscan Cardinal Cisneros in the beginning of the 16th Century.

Another famous structure of the period is the Convento de las Descalzas Reales. (Convent of the Royal Barefoot Nuns.) On the Plaza Descalzas. This was first a palace belonging to Doña Juana, Queen of Portugal, built in 1559 by Juan Bautista de Toledo, and transformed into a convent. The church part was rebuilt in 1756, and decorated in quite tasteless fashion. But it does boast the fine tomb of Doña Juana beside the altar.

Then the Iglesia de la Encarnación, (1611-1616) and the Palacio de los Consejos, at the end of Calle Mayor. The latter is a vast edifice which formerly housed most of the government.

In the Cathedral of San Isidro, 1628-1651, we come into a different style, the "Churriguesco," the

last degeneration (and to us one of the most attractive) of Renaissance architecture. Latin America is full of it, including the impressive Cathedral of Mexico. This ornate style was the Catholic Church's riposte to the Reformation; a part of the program designed to woo the departed back into the fold.

San Isidro is Madrid's patron saint. He was an humble farm worker, thus representative of pre-court Madrid, rather than of great Madrid. He is called "San Isidro Labrador," and should not be confused with San Isidro, the great 7th Century archbishop of Sevilla.

Some of the best architecture of the epoch called "Phillips of Austria" is in the Ministerio de Estado, built 1628-1634. Again, churriguesco.

The Capilla (Chapel) de San Isidro en San Andrés, 1657, was built to house the remains of San Isidro. The silversmith's guild made a sumptuous urn to contain the ashes; it is now in the Cathedral of San Isidro. The chapel, however, is very attractive.

Casa Constitutorial. 1640. There are two attractive entrances. The one on Calle Mayor, a great porch with Doric columns, was the royal grandstand for reviewing processions.

Palacio Real. The Royal Palace. With this, let's end our architectural tour of Madrid. We don't want to bore you any more than is necessary. We'll even end the history of Madrid with this, excepting the sections under Plaza Mayor and Puerta del Sol, which merit their own histories.

The original palace was a castle, around which the city began its growth. It was transformed into

a hunting lodge by Henry the Impotent as a base for hunting trips into the woods of Pardo and Villaviciosa. Charles I did a lot of work on it; by the late 17th Century it was an enormous quadrangle with gilded balconies and flanking towers, including those of the original castle. Eventually it was crowned by the equestrian statue of Phillip IV.

Then in 1734 the whole thing burned down, so we have to start anew.

In 1738 the new palace was begun and in 1764 the king moved in. But note this; this most imposing palace, with its magnificent gardens, is no more Spanish than the Obelisque in the Place de la Concorde is French. The 18th Century was France's, generally to Spain's discomfort. This palace blazons the world-rule of France in that century. Yet, though the palace is Spanish only in that Spaniards built it, it is history and we must live with it. The charming square (Plaza del Oriente) that forms its upper entrance may also seem French, Parisian in particular, until you look closely at the roofs and other parts of these handsome buildings, and you will see Castile peeping out.

In 1701, Phillippe of Anjou, grandson of the Sun King, came to rule Spain. He promptly outlawed bullfighting, which he did not like, but in 1724 restored it, he being that much older and wiser. (Oddly, his prohibition practically *created* bullfighting; see Trim's Bullfight Guide, the section on bullfighting's history, to learn how this came about.) This action was typical of the Bourbons, who always looked toward France, but were always pulled up short by the Spaniards. (See the tragi-comic "Es-

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quilache," under "Plaza Mayor." And Goya! What was Goya but a revolt against the Frenchification of Spain? He and all his merry crew of ruffians: bandits and smugglers and bullfighters: Luis Candelas (see the section on "Where To Go By Night") and Pepe Hillo, the bullfighter whose death Goya made immortal; and others who were fully Spanish and Madrileños. The Frenchification was only skin deep, and below it Goya found his friends and subjects.

In the 17th Century we may regard architecture as reflecting Spain and Spain's glory. In the next century we must search deeper, below the facades, and find why a rogue like Luis Candelas became Madrid's favorite hero, and Goya, a man less accepted in the drawing room than in another room of the house, became its great artist.

Napoleon's invasion of Spain finished what Goya had begun. Spain became Spain again. It is significant that bullfighting practically began in 1800. Though its roots go far back into Spain's history, it became the most important factor in Spanish life during the 19th Century. According to some, its great age ended in 1900 or shortly after. Though Spain moved with and was affected by various European movements and shifts in viewpoint, the 19th Century was one of re-Espanicization, symbolized by the tremendous importance of bullfighting, that most Spanish of arts.

Madrid now had a history; of Spanish nobility and greatness under the house of Austria. Later, of daring men, outlaws though they might be, who defied foreignization. Madrid developed a fair amount

of provincialism, after losing most of its empire in the 1820's, and the barrier wall of the Pyrenees loomed higher than ever before. Yet, the Revolution of 1848, for instance, shook Spain as it did all of Europe.

So there you have a start at the task of relating Madrid's past to what you see today.

The following sections on the Plaza Mayor and the Puerta del Sol are meant to point out the importance of a "town plaza" in a country with as sunny a climate as Spain's.

Plaza Mayor

This great rectangle was for two hundred years the heart of Madrid. The Madrid of romance, "Old Madrid," is the Madrid of the Plaza Mayor. At the time of Napoleon's invasion, the center of gravity shifted to the Puerta del Sol, and the Plaza Mayor is now principally a street car exchange point. But not so fast; blood and tears and laughter have made Mayor one of Spain's great shrines.

Until the time of Felipe III, (1598-1621) it was a rough square edged by noblemen's mansions. His Majesty had it created in its present form, 100 by 120 meters, (about 330 by 400 feet) of 68 houses, all with three floors, not counting the ground floors and garrets. It bore 476 balconies, on which, when there were fiestas, 50,000 people could be seated!

In 1620 the beatification of San Isidro took place in the Plaza Mayor, and in 1621 Rodrigo Calderón was beheaded in the Plaza, and gave Spain the

expression "He's as proud as Don Rodrigo on the scaffold." Don Rodrigo, it seems, was a political adventurer who worked his way up to the king's right hand, lining his pockets quite nicely on the way. However, his enemies managed to throw him, and his vast fortunes were seized, and he met the headsman. But at the block his nobility was so great that most forgave him, and some even wondered if so brave a man deserved the axe. Then, in 1622, at a week-long ceremony, San Isidro was sainted, and at the same time Ignacio de Loyola, Francisco de Javier (or Xavier,) Santa Teresa de Jesús, and San Felipe Neri. Altars were set up; there were mascarades, fireworks, and a comedy of Lope de Vega was performed. In 1623 a great bullfight was celebrated in the Plaza.

So the Plaza Mayor was the Madison Square Garden or Albert Hall of its day.

In 1700, Phillip V declared it a public market. But still there were bullfights, even as late as 1833, in which same year Isabella II was proclaimed Queen at a ceremony held in the Plaza. Indeed, while Sol did take over during the 19th Century, there was considerable fighting during the troubles of 1848, and in 1854 the uprising began in the Plaza.

One of the Plaza's jolliest struggles was in 1766. Carlos III put out an order that the Madrileños change their way of dressing. Their round, wide-brimmed hats and long cloaks, he said, were old-fashioned, countryfied, and not at all like the latest style at the court of Louis XV. Carlos's friends at Versailles laughed at a king whose subjects, in his

very capitol, did not know that round hats were *passé*. Carlos declared three-cornered hats and short cloaks to be *de rigueur*; he threatened fines and imprisonment to all who did not comply.

Somehow, Madrid did not like this. Besides, the cost of food was too high, the King was surrounded by foreigners, and the foreign troops in Spain, especially the Walloons, were not popular. So Madrid rebelled, and mobs grew in the Plaza Mayor. They blamed it all on the King's Minister, an Italian named Esquilache. (The affair became known as the "Esquilache.") They burned Esquilache's mansion, and the King promised reforms. Then he went back on his word and tried to suppress the rebellion with force, and a merry time was had by all. We cannot learn if the hat-and-cloak business was settled by this.

One of the Plaza's troubles was that it kept burning. In 1631 the south part burned to ashes; in 1672 the north. In 1790, the east. This left only the west, and so rebuilding began, and was finished in 1853. The original style, the Herrera school, was fortunately retained.

The statue of Phillip III, in the center of the Plaza, was sculpted by Phillipe de Bourgogne, who also did the statue of Henri IV, in Paris, on the bridge across from Notre Dame. This was in 1848, and so Phillip III, founder of the Plaza, was thus celebrated in just about the same year that the Plaza passed into history.

For our part, in full realization of the needs of modern transport, we would like to see the street cars undergrounded, and the Plaza returned, not

as a relic, but as a useful thing, to its ancient uses. As a great public market, as a bull ring, for concerts and spectacles of all kinds, as a meeting place for the people.

Or maybe we just naturally hate street cars.

Puerta del Sol

Puerta, in this sense, means gate. Sol is sun. It was the gate leading to the Guadalajara road, and historians guess that it faced more directly into the sun than any of the other gates, and thus gained its name. During the uprising of the Comunidades, in 1520, it was built into a fortification. By 1570 it had become so busy a passage that the gate was widened, and then, as the city expanded, torn down.

Many buildings were erected, but it did not become an important center until 1808, when the Madrileños rose against Napoleon's General Murat. From then on, throughout the disturbed 19th Century, almost every rebellion or trouble started in the Puerta del Sol. The focal point of many streets, it drew trouble and bred trouble. Historians use the old cliché, "There is not a stone of Sol that has not been covered with blood."

Yet, we must not think of a Spanish square merely as a meeting place for hotheads. The courtships begun in the square, the bargains struck, the casual meetings of friends, the processions and the celebrations, all helped make Sol the heart of Madrid, and these milder things have helped as much as

the violence to make Sol the soul of modern Spain.

Madrid's street numbers begin at the point nearest to "Sol." It is also kilometer zero of Spain. The clock of the Puerta del Sol is Spain's Big Ben. Rubén Darío, the great Nicaraguan poet said, "The toll of the clock of the Puerta del Sol is heard wherever Spanish is spoken." (And so too are the poems of Rubén Darío heard wherever Spanish is spoken.)

The clock is in the little tower on top of the Dirección General de Seguridad building. (Roughly, National Police Headquarters.) The structure was first erected in 1768 as the central post office, and the clock was added in 1867.

You must go at noon and see the golden ball lowered. You'll see scores of Spaniards standing in the street (ignoring traffic) with their watches in hand, waiting for the "Hora de verdad," the "Hour of truth," signalled by the lowering of the golden ball at exactly noon. It was formerly worked by a cable from the astronomical observatory, but now the observatory merely telephones. In any case, if you want to be "castizo" (which is a person as thoroughly Madrileño as Churchill is English,) you must stand before the clock at noon and spend one moment of the day being serious about the time. From then on you can ignore it. When you arrive late for an appointment, you can tell people that you are not one hour late, but exactly 49 minutes, according to the "Hour of truth."

Sol is not ugly, but it is not pretty, either. Except at night. It has its charm, then, as you

come out of Old Madrid into its neon. It's a kind of nice neon; it feels good at night. But best is New Year's Eve. Then you kiss all the girls you couldn't touch otherwise, and everybody has a fine time. You must bring 12 grapes, and a pretty girl should feed them to you. One for each month of the gone year. The clock is crowned with electric bulbs, and Madrid swarms in through the nine streets to Sol to sing and dance out the "Nochevieja." (Literally, Old Night.)

At noon tomorrow check your watch at Sol; do not smile. Then you can do as the Madrileños do, forget about time for another twenty four hours.

Where to go by night

There are night clubs; elegant bars, cafes, and cocktail lounges; there are humble bars that are customarily surrounded by Cadillacs; theaters; orchestras, sporting matches of all sorts, movies in English. The one place where nobody hardly ever goes at night is to bed. Madrid is one of the latest cities in the world, and to go to bed before the night is absolutely slaughtered is, if not a sin, rather shocking to most Madrileños.

Dinner is very late; later than anywhere else in the world. So the cocktail hour is long, roughly from 6 to 11. 10:30 to 11:30 is the fashionable hour to eat, though many Madrileños would not let food pass their lips until midnight.

First we will go into the cocktail "hour" places. PALACE HOTEL BAR. Ladies, wear black. It

can't be too elegant. Gentlemen, a suit, white shirt, and a clean shave. Mixed drinks about 12 pesetas. Good solid drinks and worth the money. Frequented by fashionable gentlemen and ladies, and sometimes lady friends of the former.

We, disliking modernistic buildings unless really well done, love the Baroque white, gold and red of the Palace lobby. Slightly decadent, old-world elegance. A place that it's fun to dress for.

CAFE MANSARD. Alcalá 65. Where the elite meet to sip aperitifs before luncheon and dinner. Open 12-3 and 7:30-11:30, though men go for coffee from 3-7, and are not particularly pleased if the ladies join them during those hours. M. Mansard is a charming Frenchman, race-horse owner and bon vivant, who has been in Spain for 44 years; who has served kings and queens. Please tell the waiter you would like to meet M. Mansard.

If we sound snobbish, remember that it's fun to be a bit snobbish in Madrid. For contrast, let's go to the

PLAZA SANTA ANA. Sometimes written Santana, and always pronounced that way. Sahn-TAH-nah. From San Jerónimo, follow Calle Príncipe.

Here, do not allow yourself to be caught dead in any place that charges over 2 pesetas for a glass of wine. You can dress as you please, but the elegant clothes you've been wearing go as well here as do sport jackets. This is democratic Madrid, where you need only act like a gentleman and pay your bar bill in order to be accepted as one.

Start at the Plaza and roam. In every bar you will be given a tapa with your wine. The tapa

may be a meat ball the size of a marble, or a spoonful of paella, or an anchovy curled around an olive. If there's too much garlic in it for your taste, eat it anyway.

These bars are all clean, fine, and decent places, despite the low prices. You will act up to their level.

White wine is vino blanco, BEE-naw BLAHN-kaw. Red, vino tinto, (sometimes vino negro, never vino rojo, as would seem logical.) BEE-naw TEEN-taw. Note that the Spanish "v" is closer to our "b" than our "v".

Never refuse the tapas; they are free and rank with a hostess's serving hors d'oeuvres. Never have more than one drink in any of these spots. There are so many ahead.

This sport of bar hopping in this area is called "trasquear." It is a Madrid tradition and you haven't been in Madrid until you've been out to "trasquear."

Right on the Plaza Santa Ana is the Taberna O'Pote. See the restaurant section. This is not properly a trasquear spot, but note it in case the tapas do not answer all the calls of the inner man, and you want Galician food with wine like blood—drunk from cups.

If things are getting too Spanish for you, it's about time for the

AMERICAN STAR. Charlie Serra from California is host; do introduce yourself to him. In an American place, we say start with a martini; in any case, Charlie's place is American and you should order accordingly. (See restaurants.)

COWBOY BAR. Flor Bāja, 5. Casey is the name; American from Frisco to Spain by way of Egypt, China, Iran, and Iraq and everywhere else; which gives an international savor to his potent American drinks. Again, introduce yourself to Casey or Mr. Contraeris, his partner.

There are loads of bars in Madrid. Hemingway's and bullfighters' hangout; Chicote's, on Alcala, with, downstairs, probably the world's greatest liquor museum. There are some 600 different rums, 200 different Mexican tequilas, a French cognac dating back to the discovery of America.

Then the Erika, air conditioned, a hangout for many Americans on Calle de Silva, 19, corner of José Antonio. We love the bar in our Madrid home, the Hotel Luxor, and perhaps the bar in your hotel is a nice place. But the above we can recommend.

Almost forgot: LUIS CANDELAS. We have this under restaurants, but the bar out front is something special. Last time we were there, four of us had wine and cigalas, which are shell fish somewhere between shrimp and lobsters (they weigh them on a scale behind the bar and you pay by weight) and which are out of this world—and it cost us 30-odd pesetas for all four.

Where to dine

This goes for lunch too, but after talking about cocktails, dinner does sound like the next step. Why don't you have cocktails before lunch too, and then this section will be a natural follow-through?

In Madrid, you can eat well for 20 pesetas, well for 50 pesetas, and well for 100 pesetas. Also, you can have a horrible meal for each of those same prices. High price does not guarantee anything at all, though we will mention several expensive eating places that are really wonderful. In general, the most interesting places are in the middle price range—40 to 50 pesetas for the works—that is to say the ones where you will feel comfortable, will have truly unusual food, and where you'll pay the bill with a smile. We will start with those.

First, a warning. You will spend 150 pesetas in a 50-peseta place if you order; cocktails made from English gin; Scotch whisky; (written "whiskey" in Ireland and America), lobster, chicken; anything whatsoever that is imported. There's no need to drink French wines. It might be said that in food and wine no country comes up to France, but leaving France aside, Spain is one of the great eating and drinking countries.

Another note: (A Trim's Tip.) We do not recommend your drinking the *vin du pays* in all parts of Spain, but in Madrid, yes. The house wine will almost always be darned good. It is usually served in pitchers, often chilled.

EL PULPITO. Plaza Mayor, 9. In a charming archway off Plaza Mayor, called "Arco de Cuchilleros." The restaurant dates back to Madrid's most romantic age; founded in 1776.

The owner and the food are Basque. Here we got into a discussion on something that will strike you badly at first; unborn eels. Unborn eels are

little things the size of fine spaghetti, two or three inches long, and they taste like spaghetti; the most delicious spaghetti ever made. No sauce, understand—they are merely cooked in garlic and oil—but we tell you this; if you can put your at-home eating customs aside, this is one of the world's great dishes. They are not cheap. When you can get a little dish for 25 pesetas you figure you are lucky. Terribly filling, so the little dish is plenty for a first course.

At any rate, the owner of El Pulpito says that the best *angulas*, (unborn eels) are black, though the white ones are all we could ask for. Also, the biggest cigalas to be found in Madrid are at El Pulpito. (Cigalas are critters somewhere between a shrimp and a lobster.) We are told here that they are like oysters; best during the months with an "R" in the spelling.

MESON SAN JAVIER. Calle de Conde 3. Also in Old Madrid. Give your taxi driver the name of the restaurant, rather than the street, as it is really a flight of stone steps. Excellent; economical, and we love its antiquated gas lights, the crumbling walls, and the authenticity of this Old-World tavern. Good for drinking in the daytime or at night in the tavern downstairs. Restaurant upstairs—first rate.

This place specializes in "Fabada Asturiana," or "Asturian Beanies." Prime white beans with Asturian "chorizo" sausage and secret seasonings. It was a dish fit for King Phillip II, who used to come here exactly 400 years ago. Also, stuffed partridge (perdiz) and "Huevo Viuda," which is eggs combined with rice, ham, sausage, squid, etc.

HOGAR GALLEGO. (Galician Home.) Plaza Comandante Las Morenas, 3. We've had Basque and Asturian; now Galician. And Galicia is sailors' country. Almejas a la marinera—which means *clams a la sailor*—is excellent. Creamy, spicy. Then, "Empanada de mariscos" is a shell-fish pie. By the way, one restaurateur of our acquaintance was translating a similar menu, and came to a dish called "Rape a la marinera." (Rape is a kind of a fish.) In English he called it, "Rape in the sailor's way."

In summer there's a patio garden. And an iced red wine punch called "Sangría."

BOTÍN. Founded 1725, proper name Antigua Casa Sobrina de Botín. (Ancient House of Botín's Niece.) Famous for Hemingway's "Oh the hell with it, let's go to Botín's and eat suckling pig." Which is called "cochinillo." One pig for 2-4 people. The management will show you the 18th Century wood-burning ovens in which the piggy is prepared. The piggy is scalded and rubbed down with burlap, until it gets that "Ivory Look," and is then tossed into the oven. Ration, 25 pesetas plus service. House wine, fine.

Got mad there once. Asked for *dry* martinis, and the waiter decided that *dry* meant we wanted English gin, which upped the price 500%. We did not pay it, ended up buddy-buddy with the manager, and have fond memories of Botín's.

EDELWEISS. Near American Express. So why should you eat at a German restaurant in Madrid? Because it's so good. Red, smoked pork chops with sauerkraut, for instance, and enough of it to kill a

horse. Go there hungry. No more than two courses, and order the two sparingly unless you want to send food back. Russian eggs and smoked eel; umm. Check the price on the imported German beer. Very good, but it may go beyond your budget. Nothing else will. 40-50 pesetas for lunch. *Very* crowded.

Now for something not so specialized as the above restaurants:

CASA VALENTIN. San Alberto, 3. In the heart of Madrid. One of the renowned eating and meeting places of Madrid. Because of its popularity with the upper strata of Madrid society, Valentín is reputed to be expensive. Not true! Without the faintest scrimping, you'll come out to about 75 per head. Pure Spanish cooking at its best.

Gaspacho, from the south of Spain, is like a "wet salad." Or a salad soup. Served with ice. There's garlic in it—

Then corderito asado. Roast suckling lamb, done to a turn. And for those who are so hungry they can eat an ox, entrecote de cebon—ox steak. And for the daredevil in the crowd, chiperonos en su tinta. Baby octopus served in their natural little black ink.

But Valentín's is a place where you can get absolutely everything; and good.

AMERICAN STAR RESTAURANT We proceed in accordance with no logical order. Just try and find any organization at all in this book and we will refund your money. Though perhaps we like to present things in contrasting order. Anyhow, the address is Desengaño, 12. Charlie Serra and

Rudy Ashbaugh, managers. Home away from home, here. All American specialties, such as waffles and hamburgers. USA coffee. Besides which, an Italian chef is on hand to whip up any old kind of spaghetti or ravioli you want. And besides, there's music and a colorful and spacious atmosphere.

The American Star is a *must* on your list.

GURI TOKI. García Molinas, 4. Near Plaza de los Mostenses. The frightening Oriental-sounding name is Basque, and it means "Our Place." The only restaurant in Madrid decorated in ultra modern fashion. Food: excellent and reasonable. Very popular with Americans living in Madrid. One of the specialties is "centrollo," a giant crab that looks like some creation of the Mad Scientist's, but wonderful eating.

TABERNA O'POTE. Plaza Santa Ana. This is where you drink wine from handleless cups. In Galicia, they are sometimes round-bottomed as well. Empanada is the favored dish. It may be veal empanada (the most popular) or made with other meats. It is a pie, served cold to Galicians and most Spaniards, hot to some Spaniards and most tourists. The tripe (callos) is superb, if you can bring yourself to eat such a lowly dish. Be sure you drop in here for a bowl of wine while out trasquearing.

LUIS CANDELAS. Arco de Cuchilleros, 1. The head man is don Feliz Colomo, who takes as much pride in his reputation of having been a famous bullfighter as he does in running Luis Candelas, the most famous place in Madrid. Indeed, when don Feliz retired from bullfighting to run this place he did it because—

But we must back up. Luis Candelas was the Robin Hood of Madrid. And this restaurant, 150 years ago, was his hangout. Ask don Feliz to show you the manhole through which Luis escaped into the sewers when the police were at the door. All things considered, Luis was, to our taste, a bit more credible than old Robin. First, there was no sentimental marriage to the fair Maid Marion; Luis was forever escaping the wrath of irate husbands through boudoir windows. Luis was a proper Latin hero; a man, by God, and not ashamed of it. Yes, he was betrayed and was hanged, but not before he had stolen mightily from the rich, and given unsparingly to the poor. (After collecting his cut.)

Don Feliz says his object in running Luis Candelas is to rob the rich and give to the poor—a remark typical of this charming and witty gent. The costumes of the doormen and waiters are those of 18th Century mountain bandits and smugglers, and the place is so very 18th Century that you'd think it's a tourist trap. Yet, most of the clients are Spaniards; Madrileños at that. And the prices will make you wonder how don Feliz intends to make many poor rich.

Incidentally, we've looked up his record in "History of the Lives of the Bullfighters," by the great critic, Don Ventura, and find that don Feliz was one of *the* matadores of his time, until the war and some injuries killed his career.

Now we will proceed to other restaurants, but in lesser detail. Because: 1. The above are our favorites. Because, A. The prices are decent. B. The food is better than it need be at such prices.

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Plaza de la Cibeles, where Alcalá crosses the great Paseo. Right, Paseo de Recoletos. Left, Paseo del Prado. The street leading to the upper left hand corner is Alcalá. At the Fénix building, (see the bird on top,) José Antonio (Gran Vía) splits off right, to end at the Plaza de España. Alcalá ends at Puerta del Sol.



Edificio (Building) de España, and Plaza de España, at the end of José Antonio
Don Quijote and Sancho Panza.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Puerta del Sol, where eleven streets meet. The famed clock is to the right, just out of the picture.
Which proves you can't get everything into a photo.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Plaza Mayor. The heart of Old Madrid, and, in its time, of Old Spain. If you know Mayor and the three previous plazas, and their main connecting streets, you know Madrid.

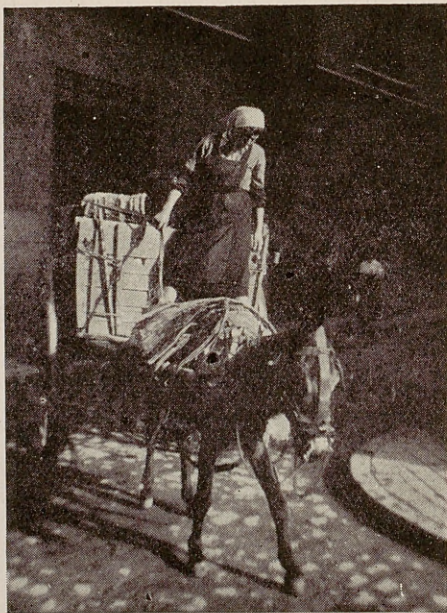
Plaza Mayor. The heart of Old Madrid, and, in its time, of Old Spain. If you know Mayor and the three previous plazas, and their main connecting streets, you know Madrid.



Calle de Toledo, leading out from Plaza Mayor, through the "Barrio Bajo," to the Puerta (Gate) de Toledo, and then the Puente (Bridge) de Toledo over Madrid's river, the Manzanares. And, of course, to Toledo.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Arco de los Cuchilleros. We would like to call this the "Arch of the Knifers." But, alas for romance, it means "Arch of the Knife-makers."
Left, Luis Candelas, with an 18th Century bandit as doorman.



Madrid has its particular customs. Left, the "sereno," has just answered the lady's handclap with a rap of his cane on the pavement, and now lets her in to her apartment house.

Right, a lady garbage collector.

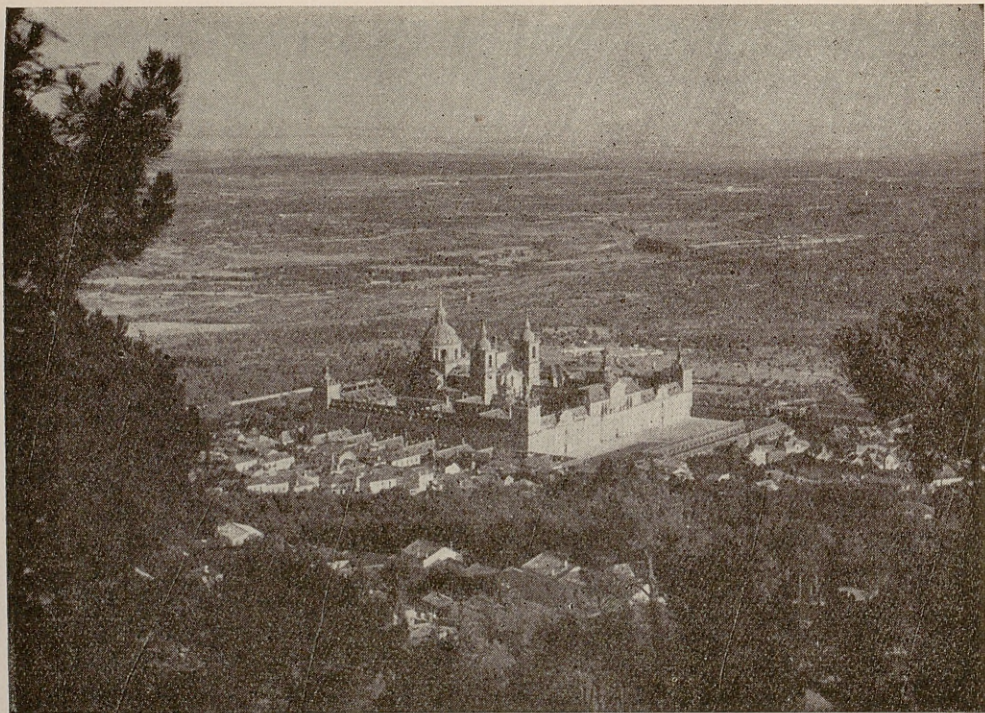
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Rowing on the lake at Retiro Park. You have not been to Madrid until you've rowed the Retiro.

Rowing on the lake at Retiro Park. You have not been to Madrid until you've rowed the Retiro.



El Escorial.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Segovia. The Roman aqueduct. Which perhaps never carried water, in a town where there were, perhaps, no Romans,

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Toledo. The Bajada de la Tripería. "The Alley of the Tripe-shop."
To show that the charm of Toledo is not merely in the magnificence
of the cathedral or the famed gates.



La Granja. Near Segovia.
By Segovia, did King Charles, a stately pleasure dome decree.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

C. When you meet millionaires, artists, and real estate agents in the same place, you're likely to think it has something.

And now the "classy" restaurants.

JOCKEY Possibly the most chic restaurant in all of Spain. By Spanish standards, expensive, but worth it if you've got the jack.

HORCHER Same class, no less good or expensive. (In all of these, we omit addresses, since you need only show the name to your taxi driver. He'll know it.)

COMMODORE HOTEL Truly deluxe. Chef is Esteve, formerly of the Tour d'Argent, in Paris. Wild boar, venison steak, chicken sauteed in whiskey. If the food is not fantastically good, throw it on the floor. Expensive.

CHIPEN Top snob, top food, top price.

The above are all what you'd call "French" restaurants, or "International." In other words, the same stupendous food you'll find in the most expensive and finest restaurants in the great cities of the world. However, in Spain it's cheaper. We will not venture to define them more neatly than above; when you've eaten there a couple times you'll know more about them than we do, and we assure you that you'll know good about them.

A few others that we recommend.

BAVIERA Alcalá, 33. Consistently excellent menu, French accent, makes this one of the perennial standbys.

LA HOJA. All-round good food, reasonable prices.

LA TASCA. Steaks. Reasonable prices, picturesque atmosphere.

Now for snacks. Madrid is full of American-style cafeterias, serving toasted cheese sandwiches (with knife and fork, however) and hamburgers and one-plate roast-beef-with-mashed-potatoes-and-peas-dinner, and so on. We hope that non-American readers will like them—if you have trouble adjusting, you'd have the same trouble in the States, because they are very, very American. Note that they are *very* crowded on Sunday nights.

Ah, forgot. Cider. Two Asturian places. In Asturias there is too much rain to grow grapes; the apple is king, and cider the drink. La Vigo, on Aduana 16, and Gori, on Aguana 23. *Hard* cider. We do not tout these places as restaurants, but it's worth going to see them pour hard cider in the Asturian fashion. They make a big production of pouring cider from a bottle held above the head to a glass held below the knee.

And for very reasonable places, menu at about 25 pesetas for full dinner, Las Candelas, San Jerónimo 17. Also, Siete Picos, Infantas 30.

Night Clubs

Pasapoga. 70 pesetas admission includes first drink. Always an excellent floor show with Spanish and foreign entertainers. Dancing.

Casablanca. About 80 pesetas first drink, less for succeeding ones. Featuring at times such people as Josephine Baker, Maurice Chevalier, etc. Dancing.

Rex. (In Hotel Rex.) Smaller than others, good orchestra, generally a couple of good entertainers.

Intimate and chic. You can see everything from the bar, where drinks are less expensive.

Zambra. New club, run by the Spanish Tourist Office. Always offers flamenco dancing. Though flamenco is South-of-Spain, here it is done by southern (Andaluz) dancers, and is tops. Less expensive than other places.

Alazon. Expensive! 80 pesetas *each* drink. Small, dark, and cozy. Very good dance music.

Recoletas. In summer you can watch fronton (jai alai) and then have dinner, dance and see a floorshow in their lovely patio. Winter, indoors. Very popular.

Villa Rosa. Outskirts of the city. A very late spot—best after 1 A. M. Good floor show. In summer out of doors in beautiful garden atmosphere.

Note that one just doesn't go to a night club until, at the earliest, midnight. Also, since many charge more for the first drink than for succeeding ones, it can be expensive if you hop from one to the other. All are perfectly decent places to take your date or wife to. This business about "men only" is meant to tease the bachelor trade. The roughest night club in Spain would seem like a Salvation Army meeting in some cities and countries we could name.

MUSEUMS

Del Prado

Besides being the capitol of Spain, and the bullfight capitol of the world, Madrid boasts the

Del Prado Museum. It is not merely another fine museum. If it does not have the finest collection of paintings in the world, then it is at least in a class by itself.

The museum takes its name from the boulevard, the Prado. *Museo del Prado* means Museum of the Prado, but somehow it is the custom in English to call it "Del Prado."

The largest national group of paintings is Spanish, but it still comprises less than half the total. The wonderful Italian collection alone would make Del Prado famous; so would the small but fabulous German collection.

Del Prado is strongest in Velázquez, Goya, El Greco, Murillo, Titian, Botticelli, Tintoretto, with fine stuff by Durer, Bosch, Rubens.

Some say that Del Prado looks like an American high school building. Since Del Prado came first, in 1819, perhaps it is the other way around. To us it is as simple and fine and unobtrusive a building as you could want. We think the columns are beautifully proportioned; it is a building with downcast eyes, modestly veiling a very fine structure. The lawns are lovely, and the benches are good for sitting on and reflecting on what you have seen inside. The two twisted firs, Madrid's most typical tree, are as unassuming as the museum itself. The trees and museum present a feeling to the passerby that is not indifference, but of serene assurance that they will, eventually, be appreciated.

Stroll along the front of Del Prado at dusk. The statues are backed by a reddish wall, and at this hour the wall seems to reach forward and

envelop the statues, caressing them with a red-plushy light.

The main entrance, to the side, is to us quite unattractive.

At the front entrance is the bronze statue of Velázquez, and rightly should it have this place of honor, for this is *the* Velázquez museum. Note the cross on his breast, the mark of a Knight of St. James, probably the first acknowledgement of an artist's being better than a lackey in modern history.

The story of the knighting is rather warming. The king, it seems, was himself a competent artist, as well as being a great enthusiast. He was Velázquez's chief patron and also an habitué of the studio.

At a time when the king had a lot of work for Velázquez to do, the artist decided to do a self-portrait. He shut himself up alone with his work, rather to the king's chagrin. The king became very anxious to see this work that was so important that the artist had risked the royal displeasure in order to do it. When at last the painting was unveiled, the king said, "It is your finest work. But it lacks one thing".

The king then seized up a paint brush and smeared up a gob of scarlet paint, and advanced toward the artist's self-portrait. Velázquez was horrified; after all, His Majesty was no more than a fairly-competent amateur. But the king, with two bold strokes, painted the Cross of St. James on the left breast of the portrait.

And thus Velázquez was knighted with his own paint brush.

Now, to get you inside. First off, we are not of the indefatigable school of museum-peerers. After an hour, we have Rubens nudes dancing with Velasquez dwarfs. So here is our method of attack. Count on three visits to "see" Del Prado. Enter by the door to the left, up the flight of stairs. This puts you on the central of the three floors. Go through the domed room and to the right, to the long gallery of Spanish paintings of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries. Ahead to the first Goya room, then right to the five small Goya rooms. Now back the way you came, to the center of the hall, cross over to the Velázquez room. Then back to the entrance, and upstairs to the salon of Spanish painting and the one of Goya drawings. Enough for one visit? If not, go to the lowest floor, to the first gallery on the left, and see the Goya cartoons.

Now go out and sit on the Prado lawn, or cross over to the boulevard island and have a vermouth at one of the cafes there, while you sort out your impressions.

Next day, away from Spanish severity to Italian lushness. Same entrance, left, are five Italian rooms, then four of Verones, Titian, and Tintoretto. Now upstairs, top floor, to the far end, where it's almost all Italian. Then back again to the Tintoretto and Titian so you leave with the taste of the best in your mouth. Then another vermouth.

Third trip, begin and end with the German and Flemish rooms to the right of the same entrance. Here, the Bosch and Durer are the best. Then the Rubens, Van Dycks, and Jordaens at the left end

of the gallery on the same floor. Downstairs, to the right of the main salon, the French collection.

Changes are frequently made in the placement of paintings, so the above can only be a rough guide.

Most noteworthy: Of all the great paintings in the Prado, the critic Eugenio D'Ors says, "The great critics that I know, would, if the Prado were on fire and they could save only one painting, without hesitation save the Mantegna "El Transito de la Virgen." He continues. "It is small, indifferently hung, (in the Italian section), it is not particularly pompous or even colorful, nor will the attention be captured by any vivacity... but it is one of the most pure realizations of beauty that men have ever known."

Most famous, probably, is the "Maja Desnuda," of Goya. Maja means about what the French formerly meant by "grisette." Which might be defined as "a girl of the working class, of lively and free manners." To use a harsh, Anglo-Saxon word would not be quite correct. Anyway, the model was supposedly the Duchess of Alba, the painting meant perhaps as an insult to her, or to her class, or—choose your own version. Eugenio D'Ors calls it (and the Maja Vestida) (Vestida means 'dressed') hanging next to it, "true monuments of obscenity." And he adds, "The dressed version naturally the most obscene."

Certainly, the crude brush smears that made the face, contrasted with the exquisitely painted flesh, are an insult to all womankind. A woman's value stops short of her head, Goya says.

Besides the great number of masterpieces, Del Prado has other claims to fame. First, it seems that the high, dry air of Madrid is perfect for the preservation of paintings, and works of equal value by the same masters, in other museums, nowadays cannot at all compare. Second, they are unpretentiously framed, well spaced, (in general), and hung at a convenient height where you can see them nicely. And the tall windows let in a very fine light for viewing.

There is something very Castillian about Del Prado. It presents itself as clean, dignified, and quiet. It tries to be no better than its fellows, but knows very well that it is just as good.

Visiting hours are a little capricious. Throughout the year, Del Prado is open from 9:30 to 1:30 every day, excepting the 1st of January, Good Friday, October 1, Christmas day, and some other "festivals."

Afternoons. November to January, 3:00 to 5:00

February to June, and October, 3:30 to 6:30

July to September, 4:30 to 7:30.

Weekdays only.

— Entrance fees. 5 pesetas, excepting Sunday mornings, 3 pesetas, and Sunday afternoon, free. Avoid Sunday, as it may be very crowded.

Madrid has 43 other museums. Here are those we think are the most worth while if your time is limited.

Museo de la Real Academia de San Fernando. Alcalá, 13. Excellent collection of paintings, sculptures, etc. Open daily 10 to 1:30. 5 pesetas. Sundays and fiestas, 3 pesetas.

Museo de Arte Contemporaneo y Museo de Arte del Siglo XIX. (Contemporary and 19th Century Art.) Avenida Calvo Sotelo. Daily 9:00 to 1:30, Sundays 10 to 2. 2 pesetas. Mondays free.

Museo Lázaro Galdiano. Serrano 122. Daily, 10 to 2. 5 pesetas, Sundays 2 pesetas. (Some Goyas here.)

Panteón de Goya. Paseo de la Florida. Collection of Goya frescoes. Daily, 10 to 1. Weekday afternoons, 3 to 6. Summer, 4 to 7 in the afternoons. 3 pesetas. Of lesser importance: *Museo Romántico.* San Mateo 13 Daily, 11 to 6.

Sundays, 10 to 2. 2 pesetas.

Bullfight Museum. At the Las Ventas bullring. 10 to 1 and 3 to 6. Best to go before a bullfight. There are beautiful embroidered capes, trajes de luz, etc. Let the porter guide you around, as it is not well labeled, and you won't know that this was Manolete's left shoe on the day he was killer, etc. Five pesetas entrance, five for the guide. There are lots of oil paintings of famous bullfighters. Usually the bullfighters were better than the paintings are. In fact, some are so frightful you could weep. Definitely worth a half hour's visit before the bullfights.

Royal Palace

All of the trinkets that a royal family accumulates are to be found here. Paintings, sculptures, tapestries, porcelains, Stradivarius violins, suits of armor—Gifts from this potentate and that. Too complicated a mass of stuff for us to give you any kind of a

guide. Suffice to say that the palace and the Prado are the two places that you must visit.

We particularly like the armory, the Armeria Real. And from it, the wonderful views over the Campo del Moro on the slopes of the Guadarrama mountains.

Other details on the palace are found in another section.

Libraries

Casa Americana. U.S.I.S. library, Marqués de Riscal, 11. Free. If you are not American, you must have an American vouch for you if you want to take books out. Open mornings and evenings—hours change with the season.

Instituto Británico. British Institute. Almagro, 5. 25 pesetas membership for three months. Hours change with season.

Municipal Library. (Biblioteca Municipal.) (Spanish.) Fuencarral, 78. Special exhibitions from time to time. Open 9:30 to 1:30. Closed Sundays. Free.

Bullfights

Madrid is the capitol of the bullfight world. No fighter is considered a graduate matador until he has fought either an "alternativa," in which he fights full-sized bulls for the first time, or a "confirmation of alternativa," (presentation in Madrid of a matador who has fought his "alternativa" in another city) in Madrid. And no bullfighter dares do less than his best in Madrid. Reports of his work

in the provinces are often discounted, but when Madrid says he is bad, he has had it.

In TRIM'S BULLFIGHT GUIDE you will find a complete explanation of bullfighting. Also a history of bullfighting, a section on the bullfighter's education, and one on the raising of fighting bulls. It is a book the same size as this one, so you can take it along to the bullfights in your pocket. Your first bullfight will seem to be just an incoherent mixture of color and violence if you have no friend handy to explain it to you; and the handiest friend may be Trim.

There are three ways of getting tickets. One is by buying them at the box offices (listed under "Important addresses") in Madrid. This is difficult, because if it is a fight that people think will be good, there'll be hours-long lines to wait through. If there isn't a long line, the bullfight doesn't promise much. The second and best method is to go to the "revendedores" on Calle Victoria. These shops sell bullfight (and football and other) tickets at a 20 per cent markup. They are legal and properly licensed. Or, you'll find squinty-eyed gents around the bullring entrance, selling tickets at double price. They are illegal and we don't recommend them any more than we would scalpers anywhere. They might even sell you tickets for last week's fight.

Take a taxi to the ring. If you gang up with others from your hotel, it will cost little more than public transportation.

Seat cushions are for rent at the ring. We don't care much for them, especially in hot weather, but ours seems to be a highly individual viewpoint. Probably it depends on your posterior upholstery.

Where to sit? In hot weather, avoid "sol." (Sun.) The ring is divided into sol and sombra. (Sombra is "shade.") Also, there is a division called "sol y sombra" in which you get sun for part of the fight, shade for the latter part.

Shade is the more expensive. Otherwise, tickets are priced according to how far uphill from the ring you are. Sol y sombra is priced between the two.

Besides the temperature, sol and sombra differ in that sol is generally given to raucous, carnival-type enthusiasm, and sombra is inclined to judge the fight more seriously.

But for fuller information, do get a copy of TRIM'S BULLFIGHT GUIDE.

EXCURSIONS

TOLEDO

Toledo, and the Toledo blade that could be bent double, or could cut through an iron bar without losing its edge; Toledo, and El Greco; Toledo, the pivot of Spain's history. Ah, wax lyrical on the Toledo that butts its towering head at the sky, and laughs at the angry rush of Tajo's waters!

Enough of that. We hate gushy guidebooks. Suffice to say that if you care at all for mothballs, Toledo is your dish. An English friend of ours, who is real gone on mothballs, has lived there for two years, and says he finds new jewels every day.

Toledo has been the capitol of both Christian and Moorish kingdoms. It was capitol of Spain for a while, especially under Phillip I. And for centuries it was a frontier city, Moorish when Christian fortunes ebbed, Christian during periods of Moorish weakness. The two cultures show everywhere, sometimes so intermingled that no one is quite sure what religion inspired what building.

Toledo is on a hill, to say the very least. Apart from its other virtues, El Greco's "Storm Over Toledo" is pretty accurate geographically. Busses have to fairly claw their way up the hill.

On the old Toledo blades was inscribed, "I was forged in Toledo and tempered in the Tajo." Toledo was built to dominate the river Tajo, and from the river drew its sustenance.

Let's start with El Greco, The Greek, who came to Toledo at about 30 years of age and stayed for 40 years. All over Toledo you'll see little red arrows pointing to El Greco's house, (Casa del Greco), disfiguring the city, perhaps, but without them you'd never find it. The house is very picturesque and definately worth a visit. It is fitted up in the way it would have been in his time. His easel stands there as though he is expected back at any minute. Unfortunately it is all just a bit too authentic, and happens to be a complete fraud. It is not El Greco's house. His, gone long ago, was a short distance away, and this one was not even built in the 16th Century. Likewise, one suspects the "original" El Greco paintings in the house, which are not quite well enough guarded to be masterworks. However, that's only a personal opinion.

There are fine El Greco's in the Prado, but Toledo has the toppers. Most famous is the Burial of Count Orgaz (El Encierro del Conde de Orgaz) at the church of Santo Tome. Next, perhaps, is the "San Mauricio and His Companions," in El Escorial. His Majesty King Phillip (called "The Prudent,") commissioned this, but a cortesán remarked, "It did not please His Majesty, because he is pleased with little, though one says that it is a lot of art, and the author knows a lot, and one sees excellent things from his hand." And when you come down to it, El Greco's mad colors, his giant figures flooding out and overstuffing the canvas, are hardly the thing for a king called "The Prudent."

To us, one of the best parts of Toledo is the town itself, aside from the churches and museums. It's just one never-ending maze of the quaintest, loveliest, twisted old narrow streets you ever saw. Don't be afraid to dive in through open doorways and look about. The patios, often showing much Moorish influence, are peaceful, wonderful, and in summer very cool. A good part of your Toledo trip should be spent getting lost and seeing what comes up.

Toledo changed hands many times during the wars of the "reconquest." The cathedral, you'll note, is Gothic, but with parts that are as Moorish as the Prophet could have wished. Then there's the Sinagoga (Synagogue) of the Transito, a beautiful thing, an Hebraic version of the Moorish style, and now a Christian church.

The other sinagoga, that of Santa Maria La Blanca, is also well worth seeing. Both date from the 13th and 14th Centuries.

The finest of the mosques, and probably the earliest, 10th Century, is the present Church of Cristo de la Luz. Santiago del Arrabal, some three centuries younger, is also very fine. They are the most unchanged, though there are other churches that show Moorish forms and decorations.

The cathedral, however, is the most important edifice in Toledo. (The Alcazar is for the moment out of the competition. It was defended to the last stone during the war. It is now being rebuilt.) The cathedral is Gothic in form, but in various chapels and altars and niches you will find Moorish (Mudéjar), Renaissance, Baroque, and Neo-Classical forms and art works. The Cathedral of Toledo was begun in 1226. The magnificent doors, that of the Clock, (Reloj,) end of the 13th Century, and that of the Lions, (Leones,) a century later, are true jewels of Gothic art.

In the Sacristy are some El Greco's and works of other painters. All in all, this is one cathedral worth your time.

The Toledo blade survives in a hundred varieties of Damaskeened wares. Swords in gold or gold plate, richly ornamented. Toothpicks and cocktail-cherry stabbers, scissors and letter openers.

An even better buy is Toledo lace. Prices are as much as 50 per cent below Madrid. Some is made here, some at nearby Lagartera, which is perhaps the true home of "Toledo" lace.

Then there is the Toledo ceramic ware, related in origins and development to Talavera ceramics. (Talavera is about 50 miles west of Toledo.) Cups and saucers, etc.

The last Toledo specialty is marzipan, varying from little lumps in curious forms to be eaten like candy, right up to enormous cakes. Good stuff with which to teach the kiddies a lesson in gluttony.

As to eating. Right on the Zocodover, the town plaza, are the Meson de Toledano and the El Suizo. We prefer the Meson, but the Suizo is also reasonable and good.

SEGOVIA

Pronounced, say-GAW-vyuh. What a fine, poetic ring to the word! A Slavic sound to it, perhaps, though of course it has no such origins. Indeed, we have been unable to find what the origins might be, and that is not the most mysterious thing about Segovia at all.

The most mysterious thing is the Roman aqueduct. In spite of what the guide will tell you, Spanish archeologists have not learned where it conducted water to, and from where the water came. There was no Roman town of Segovia—it is a mere 800 years old. One is led to wonder if the Romans, fine engineers as they were, weren't the victims of a bureaucratic error. Perhaps the aqueduct was supposed to have been built on the other side of the mountains, or perhaps somewhere in Gaul with a similar-sounding name.

It is a fantastic structure, some 2000 feet long, with 166 arches. It must have taken years to build—and yet, the archeologists wonder if it was ever used. A strange note is that there are absolutely

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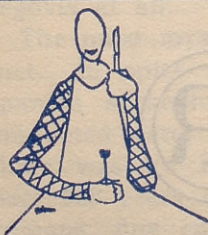
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no other Roman remains in the area, and not even coins or pot shards have been found. This completes the mystery, for in all other parts of Spain where there was even a hint of Roman civilization, at least some tools or coins have been found.

Folk tales ascribe a non-Roman origin to the aqueduct; a pretty story out of the Middle Ages.

It seems that one day the Devil approached the Lord Mayor of Segovia. The Devil said, «You know, your town is dreadfully short on water. If you don't get in a fresh supply before the next elections, well—»

The Lord Mayor of Segovia was a good Christian who abominated the Devil and all his works. But he was also a politician, and, it was true, the voters were not happy about the water shortage.

The Devil said, «I could build you an aqueduct.»

The Lord Mayor said, «I suppose you'll want my soul in exchange for the aqueduct?»

«Oh, no,» said the horned-and-tailed gentleman. «That's not my mood, old chap. What I'd really like is a nice, ripe, young virgin, about 17 or 18 years old—you get what I mean.»

The Lord Mayor considered this. He reflected that the Devil hadn't stipulated that he have his choice of the city's virgins, and there were a few that Segovia didn't find absolutely indispensable. As in all classes and types of people, there were some whose good qualities didn't overcome a short leg or a wall eye.

«The aqueduct will be finished by dawn,» the Devil promised.

And so agreement was reached.

The Devil went at it that night, hacking stones out of the mountains and slapping them into place, and in spite of the night chill, the sweat poured down his fiery brow. It was a develish lot of work and his hoofs were bleeding and his forked tail drooping, when, at about dawn, he chucked the last stone into place.

Meanwhile, the Lord Mayor had been thinking. His politician's wife took him about the bargain, inspecting it from every angle. After all, even a wall-eyed, short-legged virgin had a father, who had a vote. Craft wrinkled his brow. It came to him at last, and he shouted with glee. Just before dawn he sent a lackey down to the aqueduct. When the Devil finished and ran, panting, to the Lord Mayor's, the lackey kicked a stone from the aqueduct, to tumble into the valley below.

«Virgin?» the Devil panted.

«Gone to a convent,» the Lord Mayor replied.

«Convent? Why?»

«Job not finished. Breaking contract.»

And so there was a stone missing in the aqueduct when dawn came. The Devil ran roaring off into the hills, baffled and frustrated. The virgin entered the convent, the Lord Mayor campaigned successfully for re-election, and the Segovians drank their fill of the Devil's water.

The proof of the story is to be seen today. Look high up in the middle of the aqueduct, and you'll see the little stone image of the virgin, in the niche where the stone was knocked out by the Lord Mayor's lackey. The statue of course celebrates

the short-legged wall-eyed virgin's exemplary behavior—or something.

Besides the aqueduct, which crosses the heart of the city, Segovia is filled with fantastic structures. They range from the Gothic Alcazar (Moorish for fortress) the 16th Century (Renaissance) cathedral, to the Baroque structures of the 18th Century.

Segovia was a great city when Madrid was a pup, particularly in the 12th Century and again in the 14th and 15th Centuries, when it was a great textile center.

First, there are the Romanesque churches, 12th Century, with their fine towers and extensive porticos. Those of San Martin and San Millan are the most interesting. There are a good dozen others. This should give an idea of Segovia's importance in those times.

The Cathedral is situated in the highest part of the city. A wonderfully fine piece of work, begun in the 15th Century, but destroyed during the civil troubles of the early 16th, after which it was gone at with great vigor and finished in a century, probably a record for cathedrals.

From the city proper, the famous Alcazar is not too much. From its tower, the view is wonderful. But to see it, itself, you must go, (a long walk, better to go by car,) down to the road way, way, way down below the castle, on the other side of the town, and from there contemplate the castle, raising its spires and towers into the sky. It looks like a drawing out of a child's book of Aladdin.

For eating, the Meson de Candido, right on the main square, is tops. A tiny, narrow little house with dining rooms on about three floors, very quaint, colorful, with excellent food. You eat the 15th Century soup: which is quite an experience. And the wonderful suckling pig.

To get there: American Express runs tours, and so do many other travel agencies. By train, from the North Station, lower level. (Abajo.) This electric train takes a bit over two hours, and is much better than the bus. By car it is about 1 1/2 hours. Make sure the pass over the mountains is open, if you go in winter.

La Granja

La Granja is a lovely Versailles-type palace a few miles from Segovia, formerly a summer residence for the royal family. The gardens are very lovely, a fine place for restful strolling. If you go by car it is well worth a stop, but without your own transportation there's no easy way to get there.

The famed fountains are played only once a year; August 25.

Aranjuez

This is another country palace, with Versailles-style gardens. However, this one has older origins—Charles I—and as a museum has more to offer than has La Granja.

El Escorial

Here, the Kings of Spain are buried. In its endless halls are art works of every kind, endless art works. Gardens and chapels and much more.

We've mentioned this in another place. Suffice to say that you haven't quite visited Madrid until you've been to El Escorial.

A WEEK IN MADRID

Let us say that you have a week to spend here. This will give a rough guide as to what you might do, and will give us a chance to include some odd tatters of information that we haven't been able to include elsewhere.

Sunday. Sunday is rather different than in Anglo-Saxon countries. It starts the same, with church, and father devotes much of the day to his family. But from late afternoon on, the Spaniard wages war against Sunday-boredom. Sunday afternoon is spiced by the most exciting events of the week. Bullfights, football, or horse races, according to season.

Churches

Iglesia de San Martín. Catholic. Desengaño, 26. Confessions heard in English.

Claudio Coello, 100. Mass every Sunday at 12 noon. Confessions in English before and after Mass.

St. George's Chapel. (Church of England.) Corner of Núñez de Balboa and Hermosilla. Communion, 8:30 a.m. Children and family service, 10. Matins, 11.

Jewish Synagogue, Cardenal Cisneros, 62. Near Calle de Toledo. (Pardon our listing the Synagogue under Sunday.)

The Rastro

The Rastro is the flea market, a flea market to end all flea markets, and one of the *must* sights of Madrid. It is held every day, but Sunday noon is not only the best time, it is the time when you *must* go.

The Rastro (the word means scraps, remains, remnants,) begins at Plaza Cascorro. You get there by going south on Toledo from the Plaza Mayor.

Rastro vocabulary.

Expensive	<i>caro</i>	poor quality	<i>calidad pobre</i>
too expensive	<i>carísimo</i>	ugly	<i>feo</i>
ill-made	<i>mal hecho</i>	worn out	<i>usado</i>

My price is..... pesetas
You want to cheat me.
I am not rich.

Mi precio es... pesetas.
Usted quiere engañarme.
No soy rico.

You will notice that there are no laudatory words in this vocabulary. You will not need them, since you are buying. The seller will furnish words that praise his goods. Do not worry about what he's saying; he's just stretching the truth about his wares.

The proper approach is to nudge the desired item as though trying to push the ugly thing out of sight. Look at the seller with a pained expression, as if to say, "I don't blame you for wanting to get rid of it."

The sale price will be about 65 per cent of his asking price, but you cannot arrive at it until you have had a mutually enjoyable stretch of bargaining. The walkaway is always good here. Each time you walk away, you should get about 5 per cent off. I should say, the first walkaway should come when he is down to 80 per cent of the asking price.

The Rastro is practically walled by antique shops, whose duty it is to make sure you do not pick up any Ming vases for a dollar each, or find any Goya etchings lost between two 1938 copies of Life Magazine. The open stalls do offer a wonderful profusion of rusty bedsprings, burnt-out light bulbs, genuine Roman coins, (scratch them carefully to see if the patina of age has been well applied,) silk toppers, sword canes, Wehrmacht gas masks, derbies, scarf pins, and door handles. The Rastro covers many blocks, a fabulous display of the flotsam and jetsam of Spain and the world.

It is said that you should be careful of your wallet in the Rastro. We suggest that you leave everything but a hundred pesetas in the hotel safe. This will not only foil pickpockets, but also the little woman. Otherwise she'll bring home Edison's first phonograph, a pair of castanets, and an umbrella stand carved out of an elephant's foot. (With two toes missing.)

Lunch. We warn you against eating too heavily this Sunday noon, because there's no point in being logey through this, the best afternoon of the week. According to season, you'll go to :

The bullfights. April to November. See the bullfight section.

The horse races. All holidays, though March through July is the main season. Hipodromo de la Zarzuela, 5 miles from Madrid on the Coruña highway.

Football. October to May. Estadio (Stadium) de Chamartin, Carretera (Highway) de Chamartin. Home grounds of the Real Madrid club. 100,000 spectators.

Also at El Campo (Field) del Metropolitano. Home grounds of Atletico de Madrid club. Not so large as the other, but darned big.

To us there is an aspect of Spanish football so riotously funny that it is worth going for that alone. The referees wear the international costume, an English schoolboy's Lord Byron shirt, blazer. and shorts. On an English schoolboy or an English referee it looks fine, but on a Spaniard it is like a London banker wearing a bullfighter's costume. But do not let it affect your opinion of Spanish football. The Madrid fields are excellent, and the players are not only the best in Spain, but many are imported. Football is now a serious rival to bullfighting during the periods when their seasons overlap.

Americans would do well to become acquainted now with football, (soccer,) the world's most popular sport.

Sunday Evening. After a long time, it penetrated our dense head that the bullfights take a terrible amount out of you, and you need food immediately. Indeed, it's also true of football and racing, but bullfights probably drain you more. You won't want to rush off to supper, and the quick-snack cafeterias are all jammed at this hour of a Sunday evening. So have an emergency sandwich at your hotel bar.

You won't realize that it is what you need. You're too worked up to know. **Trim's Tip.** A sandwich and a bottle of beer, a shower, then a cocktail. This will save a fine day that would otherwise be ruined.

If you followed our advice about eating lightly at noon, you'll be primed for bear by now. We suggest Valentin's. Dress well.

Monday. Start with a tour of the shopping area on the Gran Vía, sort of sizing up the shops. The Gran Vía (José Antonio) has shops of all classes, and you'll get a good idea as to what prices are. Start with coffee or tea at the hotel, and along here you'll find cafeterias where you can get eggs, bacon, toast, and suchlike. We've had the best experiences with the California chain, but the Dolar outfit has also served us well.

Work your way over to the Prado. (See *Museums*.) An hour or so will do for your first visit.

After the Prado, go to one of the cafes on the boulevard islands in the Prado. Fine places for aperitifs. Open air, reasonable, and you'll see all Madrid pass by. Also, by watching the trams, you'll

see why you should not take public transportation but stick to taxis and walking. You likely will see the employee whose sole job is that of "pusher-onner" at the tram stops; when people can't stuff in on their own accord, he supplies help from his his position of leverage on the curb.

For lunch, how about the nearby Edelweiss? Very close, and the staunch German food goes well on a morning of walking,

Afternoon. After resting, (have your coffee on the Prado; we do not hold with taking coffee in a restaurant) maybe a stroll through the lovely Retiro park. Boating on the lake if in season.

Evening. Cocktails at the Palace or Mansard's. Then to Old Madrid for real Madrid atmosphere. This is not the "Spanish" atmosphere of flamenco dancing that you're likely to think of. This is Madrid, an astutely dignified place with time-mellowed walls and good food at reasonable prices. Luis Candelas, Botin's, Meson San Javier, are the "most Madrid."

If night clubs are in order, see our section on Night Clubs.

Tuesday. Toledo. You absolutely must go. Please do not argue. It is by far the most interesting single city in Spain; so much so that the whole town has been declared a national monument by government order.

Wednesday. Let's take time out to mention that Madrid boasts golf, tennis, swimming pools, skeet (blue rock or clay pigeon) shooting, horseback riding, bowling, roller skating, etc. See our list of Important Addresses.

Or now you may want to get down to shopping in earnest.

José Manzano, Abada 8. Basket and knick-knack shop. Only place in Madrid where you can buy the straw bulls' heads. Also have a great variety of gifts such as canape trays, sewing baskets, etc.

Marcos Meukes (Trajes Típicos.) A visit is an absolute must. Authentic regional costumes from all parts of Spain, for women and children. Also dolls, and gowns adapted from these regional styles. Particularly attractive are the boleros and trousers adapted from bullfighters' costumes.

Mirgam. Antiques. Claudio Coello, 40. Old Spanish porcelains, paintings, furniture. The authentic treasures of Old Spain at very reasonable prices. Tell Sr. Mir what you want, and if he hasn't got it, he'll get it.

Artesanía. Near American Express. Handicrafts from all Spain. People come from the smallest villages to sell their wares directly here. Another must.

For The Ladies: Moratilla. Gran Vía 45 and Montera 19. Exclusive frocks and accesories. Madrid representatives of Jacques Fath, and half the Paris price.

Rango. San Jerónimo 19. Near Palace Hotel. Dior's Madrid representatives. Beautiful shop, beautiful stuff.

And three others in this same category. Not cheap for Spain, but much less than for *haute couture* in other countries.

Chic. Los Sótanos.

Femme. Gran Vía 53.

Gonzalo. Gran Vía 43.

Odette. Edificio de España. The famed pearled and sequined sweaters, handbags, scarves by Odette of Palma de Mallorca.

Various: Ferrache. 60 Gran Vía. Men's shop, very high quality. Lovely suede and leather goods.

Ramón Hernández. 57 Gran Vía. A charming gift shop, high quality, both Spanish and imported items, not cheap.

Zaranz. Gran Vía 45. Haberdashery. Men's shirts, ties, and sox, top quality, yet reasonable.

Almacenes Capitol. Gran Vía 43. A Woolworth type place. Everything from men's clothing to soap. Good place to find the odd items you forgot to bring. Occassionally, crazy bargains, like men's flannel shirts at 80 pesetas.

Los Sotanos. General shopping arcade beneath Hotel Emperador. Underground. Also called Gran Centro Commerical.

There are hundreds of other fine stores, of course, but we have had good experiences or else heard good reports of the above.

Lunch. Why not a picnic in the Campo del Moro, the Bois de Boulogne, of Madrid? The "Man-tequerías Leonesas" are a chain of fancy grocery shops that are most likely to have the particular delicacies that you think of when you say "picnic." Hunt in the phone book for the one nearest you. Mortadela is one of the best sausages; moist, spicy. Chorizo is very spicy—perhaps too much so. Spanish salami is really a bit dull. There are two kinds of ham; dried, and sweet (dulce), which is our kind. There are cans of sardines and anchovies at ridicu-

lously low prices, also clams, mussels. Smoked herring that is very good. For olives, ask for Sevilla olives always. They cost more but are the best. Spanish pickles rather lack body. Your best cheese is either imported Edam or Swiss, or Spanish-made Edam. Manchego is rather chokingly heavy, and a very small chunk will do. (Try buying very small amounts of several Spanish cheeses; its a taste that needs to be acquired, but you'll enjoy small bits of each.) For beer, Aguila is about the best. For barrel wine, pay about four or five pesetas a liter. Below that price, you can't trust it.

And if there's a bunch of you, a taxi will probably cost no more than public transportation.

At the Casa del Campo, there's swimming and tennis and lots more. You won't lack for things to do this afternoon.

Now back to Madrid in the evening, and it's time to trasquear. (See Where To Go By Night.) Picnic lunches are never too filling, so you won't want to wait for the late Madrid supper before eating. So bounce about the Santa Ana area, and with a half dozen small wines you'll get enough to satisfy you for the moment, while you talk about food. A good solid spaghetti at Charlie Serra's American Star?

Thursday. Have a late, difficult night? Old Dr. Trim to the rescue. There's only one cure and you need our assistance to get it prepared properly. Tomato juice is called "jugo de tomate," and comes in little drink-size bottles. Lemon is "limon." Tabasco sauce is sold as "Salsa de Tabasco" and also "Salsa del Diablo." (Devil sauce.) Both are

under strength, so tip the barman's arm. Black pepper is "pimienta negra," and the hotel bar will probably have it in a tiny pepper mill that you grind directly over the glass. Gin is "ginebra." Best brands are Giro, Lario's, and Fockink. Worcestershire sauce, alas, has only that name, and we don't think it's made in Spain, but for sure your barman will have some.

Use enormous amounts of the above seasonings and a good slug of gin, and you'll have a Bloody Mary that will carry you through the trip we have planned.

Really, this trip should have come earlier in your week, but perhaps you arrived on Thursday, so there. You must adjust all of this.

Stroll down the Gran Vía (José Antonio) toward the Plaza de España. On your right, on the same floor as the big TWA sign, is the American Visitors' Bureau. Here, Lee Dye, late of the U. S. Marines, is prepared to do anything for you that Trim can't. He'll mail your parcels home, and get you reservations, and get you tours and tickets for the bullfights and only the Marines know what else. Whatever problem you have, see Lee. He is your friend away from home. José Antonio 68, 2nd Floor. Tel. 32-04-14.

Now to the Plaza de España, dominated by the enormous Edificio de España. The plaza itself contains the noted equestrian statues of Don Quijote and Sancho Panza. Personally, we don't think that the complete, certifiable insanity of the good Don is captured in the statue. And Rosinante is not the flea-bitten, spavined, bag of bones that

Cervantes declared the nag to be. However, it wouldn't quite do to have the Plaza cluttered up with such dreadful objects.

The Edificio is the pride of Madrid. Up top is a fabulous lounge (not cheap) with giant window-space looking out over all Spain, rather like the Top Of The Mark in San Francisco. And our friend Odette's Madrid shop is in the Edificio. All of her pearled and sequined blouses, sweaters, shoes, bags, scarves, are on sale there. You'll have to drag the little woman away with a longshoreman's hook, because she'll see just the duckiest little pearled collar to decorate the dress she must wear tonight at the Palace—but it will be a good buy.

Now to the left from the Plaza, into the gardens of the Royal Palace, and to the views over the Manzanares River and the Campo del Moro, and the Guadarrama mountains. And through the palace. Then out to the lovely Plaza del Oriente, ringed with the statues of Spanish kings, and centering the mammoth equestrian statue of Phillip IV. The statue was copied from two paintings of the king done by Velazquez, the sculpting done by the Florentine, Tacca. We are told that the aid of Galileo was required to solve the problem of balancing the 9 tons of bronze on the horse's hind hoofs. (And tail.)

This is one of the loveliest, most peaceful of squares. It would almost make pushing a baby carriage a pleasure. Great place for the kiddies. There are delightful little wagons like train carriages, pulled by donkeys. A dozen of the kiddies across the lake with a Gypsy girl and a bottle of

tumble in and the donkey lady starts them off, sometimes having to push from behind when the donkey is lazy. You'll see the park guards, in Three Musketeers dress; alas, they were once Royal Gamekeepers, and thus the hearty, gallant uniforms. But still they look fine, even if their main charge is keeping little monsters from trampling the grass.

Now to the Plaza Mayor, through an area teeming with Madrid history. Many of the famed buildings we've mentioned under "History" are on this route. And then to Sol. It's about noon, and time to see if you are going by "The Hour of Truth."

For lunch, how about the Gure Toki? Ever try Basque food? Ah!

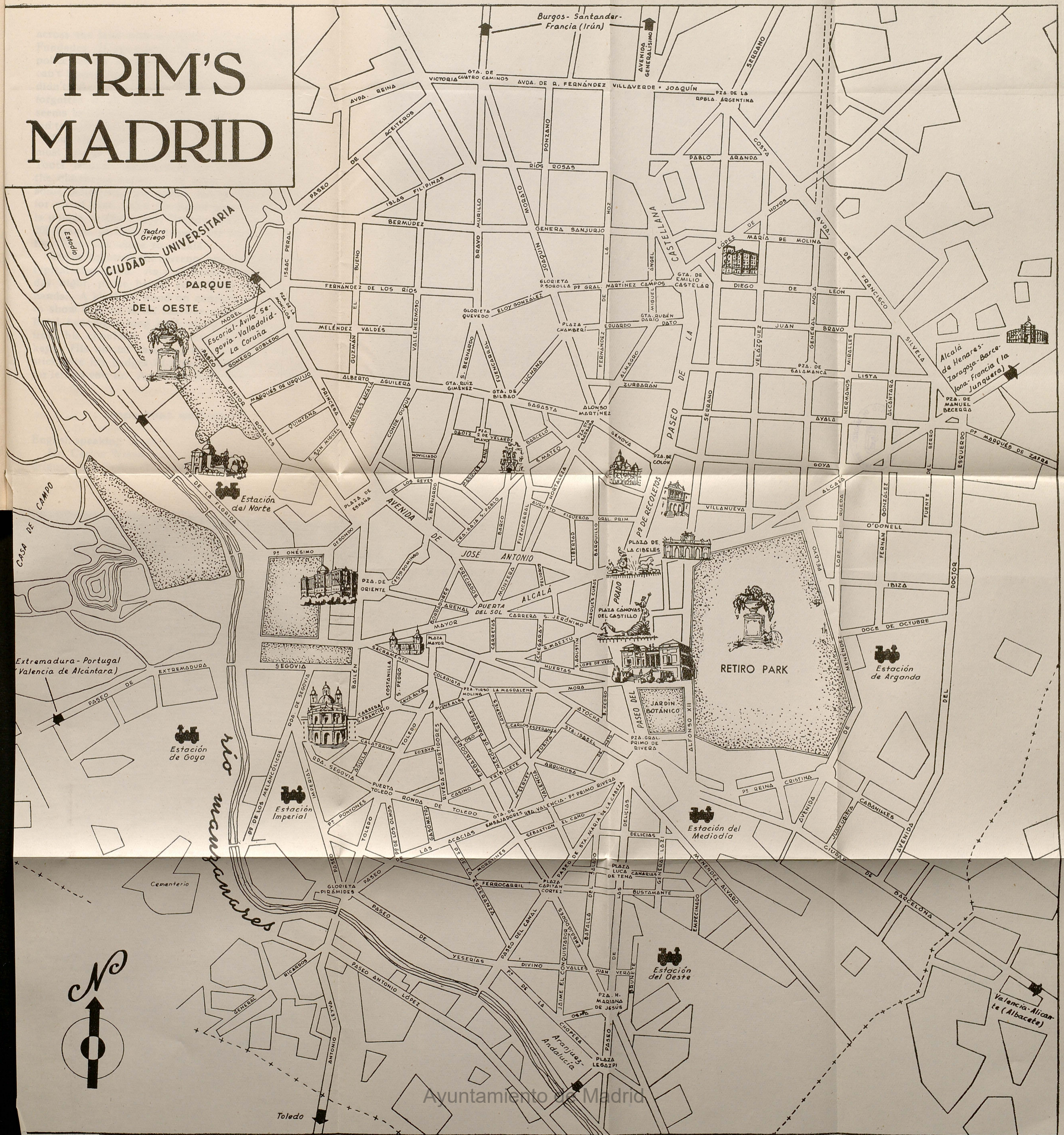
After lunch, take a siesta. Old Madrid custom. Don't kill yourself rushing about. You've been tramping all morning. Do nap. This is Trim's most important tip.

Evening. By now you'll have picked a favorite cocktail spot and become familiar with our recommended dining places. So take your pick. And note that two theaters show movies in English on Thursday night. (At times it has been Friday. Subject to change.)

Friday. Segovia. Or, if you have less time to spend, El Escorial. We'd like you to see all three; Toledo, Segovia, and El Escorial.

Saturday. Alas, our last day. Let's boldly trample into the Prado museum again, shopping on the way, trying to cover what we've missed. This afternoon to row on the lake in Retiro Park, if you've missed it, as it is a tradition. (But not as a friend of ours did. It seems he found himself rowing

TRIM'S MADRID





across the lake with a Gypsy girl and a bottle of Fundador. It was a fine trip, except that a couple of policemen in another boat were chasing him. He can't remember why—met somebody in Chicote's—didn't like them—harsh words and trouble. He'd forgotten it all, but the police hadn't. Further, it seems he claimed the island in the lake for Australian territory, and asked the policemen for their visas.)

But above we mentioned Chicote's. Tonight you must go, if you can elbow in. It is a Madrid Toots Shor's. Bullfighters, promoters, rasslers of the old-cheese variety, and other citizens including some ladies who are hardly ladies, but jolly chaps for all of that. And the liquor museum downstairs is unique in the world; Brandy of Columbus's time, 200 brands of Mexican tequila for instance. It's on the Gran Vía, close to Alcalá.

We've forgotten the serreno, one of Madrid's most typical characters. As you weave home this Saturday night, pause before your hotel and clap your hands. A clack of wood on concrete will be heard, to show that he is on his way. He will have your hotel key on a long stick slung by leather bands from his choulders, along with hundreds of other keys. His official cap, and his cane, with the key-stick, are his badges of office. Give him a peseta for letting you in. And wish him "Buenas Noches."

Important addresses

English-speaking doctors.

Dr. Carlos Wissemann, general practitioner. Rodríguez San Pedro, 7. Tel. 24-98-35.

Dr. Sizto Botella. Plaza Santa Bárbara, 8. Tel. 31-40-45.

English-speaking Dentist.

Dr. Eitel Martínez. Orellana, 6. Tel. 30-75-68.

Police Headquarters.

Franco Rodríguez, 11. Tel. 33-44-36.

Embassies and Consulates.

British. Fernando el Santo, 16. Tel. 23-28-10.

British passport control office. Orfila, 5. Tel. 24-01-80.

Canada. José Antonio, 88. Tel. 22-88-10.

U. S. Chancellery. Castellana, 35. Tel. 24-23-31.

Ireland. Castellana, 62. Tel. 25-16-85.

Netherlands. Zurbaran, 10. Tel. 24-01-00.

Norway. Miguel Angel, 18. Tel. 23-45-78.

Sweden. Zurbano, 25. Tel. 23-06-31.

Note: Others, less important to English-speaking travellers, are listed in the telephone book under embajadas (embassies) and consulados (consulates).
Postal and Telegraph.

General Post Office. Plaza de los Héroes del 10 de Agosto. (Cibeles). Tel. 21-81-95 and 21-91-45.

Telegrams by telephone. (Tleben). Tel. 22-29-51 and 22-47-91.

Radiograms and Cables.

Italcable. José Antonio, 27. Tel. 22-38-40.

Transradio Española. Alcalá, 48. Tel. 21-11-31.

Via Radiar. José Antonio, 39. Tel. 21-82-45.

Railways.

Information Service. (Tickets, timetables, reservations, etc.) R.E.N.F.E. (Spanish National Railways).
Alcalá, 44. Tel. 22-46-20, 21-46-20, 21-30-00.

Atocha (South) Station. Carlos V, 5. Tel. 27-39-60. Trains to Aragón, Cataluña, Valencia, Murcia, Andalucía. Also to Toledo. Also to France by Port Bou.

Delicias (West) Station. Paseo de las Delicias. Tel. 27-30-20. Trains to Extremadura and Portugal.

Príncipe Pío (North) Station. Paseo Florida. Tel. 22-11-05. Trains to León, Galicia, Asturias, Santander, Vascongadas. Trains to El Escorial, Avila, Segovia. Also to France by Irún.
Air Travel.

Barajas Airport. Tel. 22-11-65. Public bus service from Paseo del Prado, on corner of Plaza de Cibeles. Each company also runs its own busses.

Airlines.

Aerovias Venezolanas. Princesa, 16. Tel. 23-27-35.

Air France. José Antonio, 57. Tel. 31-10-04.

Aviación y Comercio. Alcalá, 42. Tel. 31-70-00.
(Flights within Spain.)

B.E.A. José Antonio, 68. Tel. 21-10-60.

F.A.M.A. Calle del Prado, 29. Tel. 21-82-20.

Iberia. Plaza de Cánovas, 4. Tel. 21-82-30. (Both flights within Spain and international.)

K.L.M. José Antonio, 59. Tel. 31-82-30.

Pan American World Airways. Plaza de las Cortes, 4. Tel. 22-46-45.

Phillippine Air Lines. Núñez de Balboa, 20. Tel. 35-84-35.

Sabena. José Antonio, 57. Tel. 21-87-96.

S.A.S. José Antonio, 55. Tel. 21-30-60.

T.W.A. José Antonio, 68. Tel. 31-83-01.

Bullfights and sports

Bullrings.

Plaza Monumental. Alcalá, 231. Booking office, Victoria, 9. Tel. 21-48-70.

Plaza de Vista Alegre. Carabanchel Bajo. Booking office, Tel. 28-86-33.

Frontón. (Jai Alai.)

Chiky Jay. Aduana, 19.

Fiesta Alegre. Alfonso XI, 6.

Madrid. Doctor Cortezo, 10.

Recoletos. Villanueva, 2.

Football.

Estadio de Chamartín. Booking office, Alfonso XI, 5. Tel. 21-11-60. (Or at revendedores on Calle Victoria.)

Estadio Metropolitano. Avenida de la Reina Victoria. Office, Calle de la Beneficencia. Or, revendedores, Calle Victoria.

Horse Racing.

Hipódromo de la Zarzuela. Monte de El Pardo. Busses leave from Argüelles.

Real Sociedad Hípica Española. Casa de Campo. Fernanflor, 6.

Swimming.

Club Stella. Arturo Soria, 160.

El Lago. Carretera de El Pardo, 37.

Municipal. Casa de Campo.

Real Madrid. Campo de Chamartín. Avenida del Generalísimo.

Tritón. Francisco de Diego, 15.

Bowling. (Bowls.) (Boliche.)

Boliche Club. Fernando el Santo, 24.
 Roller Skating.
 Casa de Vacas. Parque del Retiro.
 Palacio de los Deportes. José Antonio, 35.
 Golf and Polo.
 Club de Campo. Casa de Campo. Fernanflor, 6.
 Real Club Puerta de Hierro. Puerta de Hierro.
 Tennis.
 Club de Campo. Casa de Campo. Fernanflor, 6.
 Club Velázquez. María de Molina, 19.
 Real Club Puerta de Hierro. Puerta de Hierro
 Shooting Ranges.
 Canto Blanco. Colmenar Road.
 Club de Campo. Casa de Campo.
 Somontes. Prado Road.

Hotels

Alas, our experience in this field is limited. We know only the Hotel Luxor, José Antonio 45, and Felix Yotti's Residencia Roma, Plaza de San Martín, 3. Since we always stay in one or the other, depending on which has room for us, because we are more than happy with them, we know no others. If they cannot fill your needs, contact the American Express Travel Service, Plaza de las Cortes, 2.

And Where Do We Go From Here?

Why, naturally, off we go to Spain's earthly paradise, Majorca. There are a couple of daily planes, flying to Palma in two hours. Palma also has direct flights to Barcelona (a half dozen or more daily,) Paris, London, Marseilles, Algiers, and Valencia.

As soon as you arrive in Palma, do get a copy of Trim's Majorca Guide, and let Trim spin you about the island. We'll spin you into Mam's Bar and Grill for waffles or hamburgers or chili beans, and introduce you to Carl and Marion Steeves, the American proprietors. And then to Larry's, for drinks and singing around the piano, and seeing people, because everybody goes to Larry's.

Most likely you'll want more than a vacation in Majorca, and Bill Vich is the man to help you stay. Bill's real estate agency is right on Plaza Gomila, Terreno. At Vich's you can rent or buy a house, or buy a lot. And with us, you'll trample on to Miguel Sampol's antique shop, where there's everything from ancient muskets to antique furniture.

We'll take you to Palma cathedral, to the beach, to the mountains, night clubbing and dining. Do come along.

So if you feel sad at leaving Madrid, remember that you can look forward to Palma and Majorca. See you there!

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We'll take you to Palma, and out to the beach, to the mountains, right *Guadalupe* and *Chino*. Do come along.

So if you get out at *Madrid*, remember the way and look forward to Palma and *Majorca*. See you there!

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