

# "MIA TAA DOR"

Written and illustrated  
by

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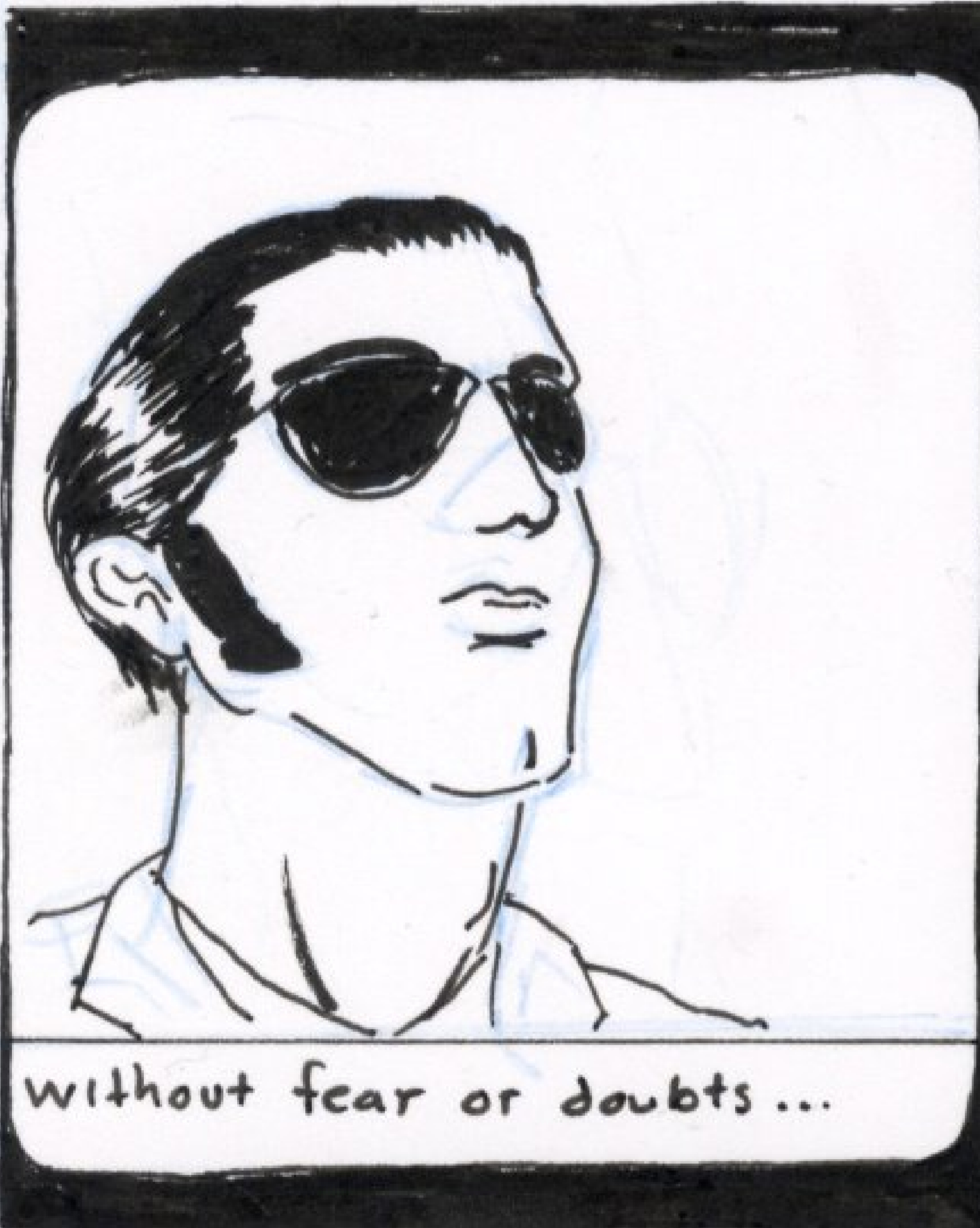
March 15, 1947.  
Interview with Spanish  
mag "Ya"

...Nervous at all?



I am not worried, No. Those men, while great fighters in their own right

-were not me. I am the greatest. And I will face the bull



without fear or doubts ...

You have dominated the arena. You are the pride of Iberia



... What has Escamillo de Torrez still to achieve in this life?



To meet John Wayne ...



Ha-ha-ha, always a pleasure to have you "Escamillo"





It was only a dream, Carmen.



No. This was different.  
Don't do this today Escamillo.  
Please...  
... stay...



... If not for me, then for the seed of our congress.



I'll return Carmen. I promise.

I... I love you

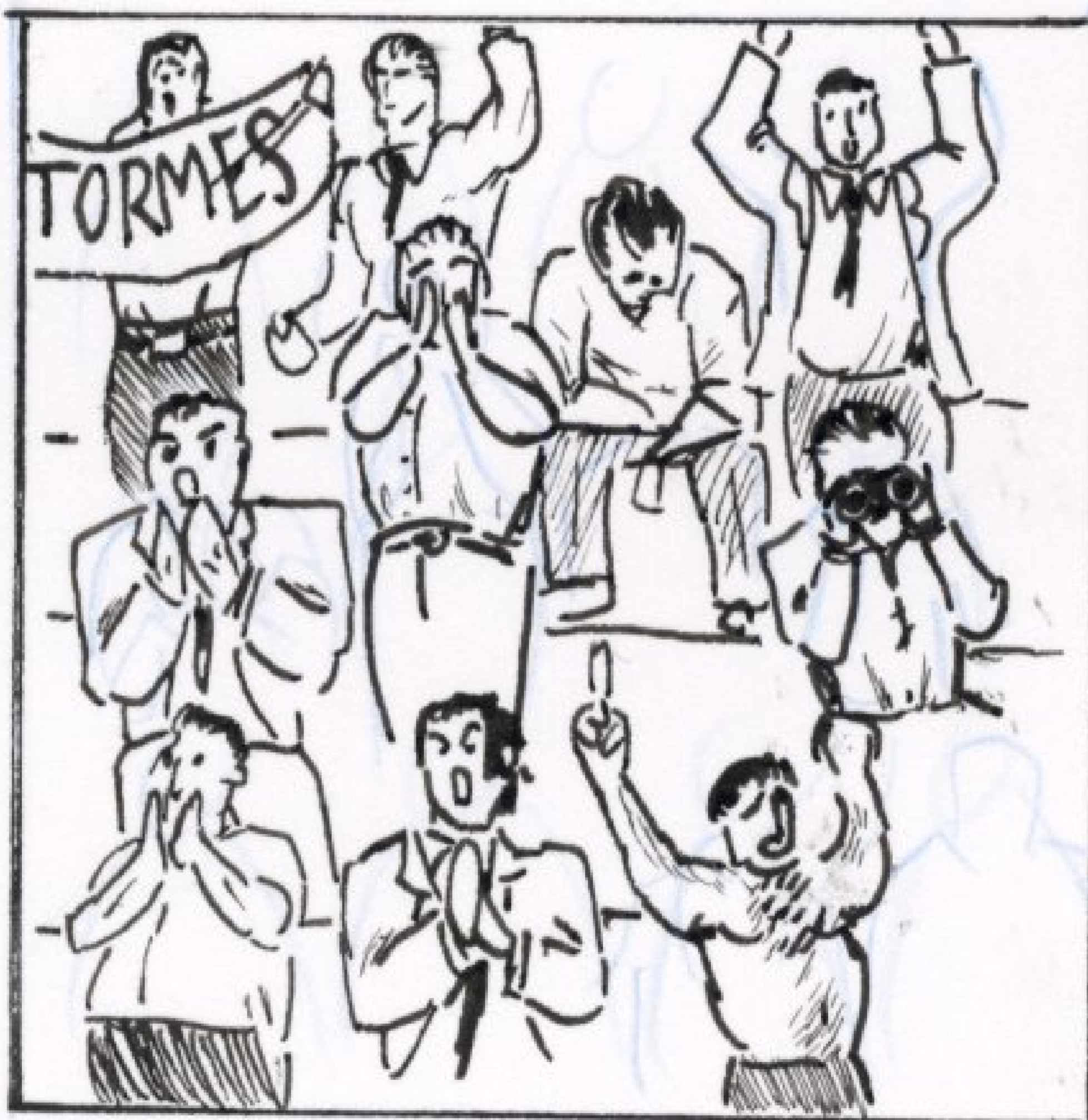


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"And finally!  
The moment weve all waited for.  
The Great, Champion Triumphant!  
Escamillo de Tormes!!"



The audience welcomed him as always.



He was their hero. He was their lover. But the crowd, the arena, the animal

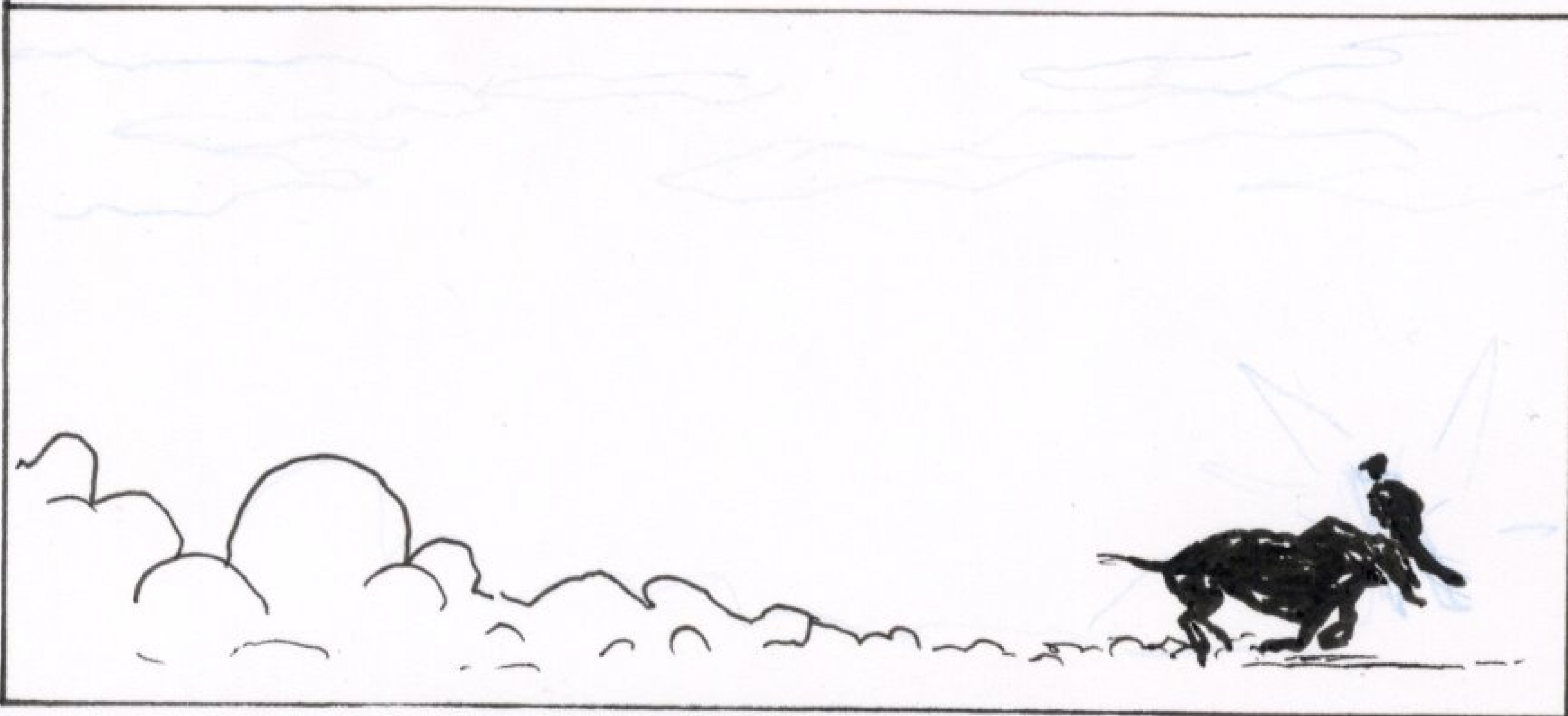
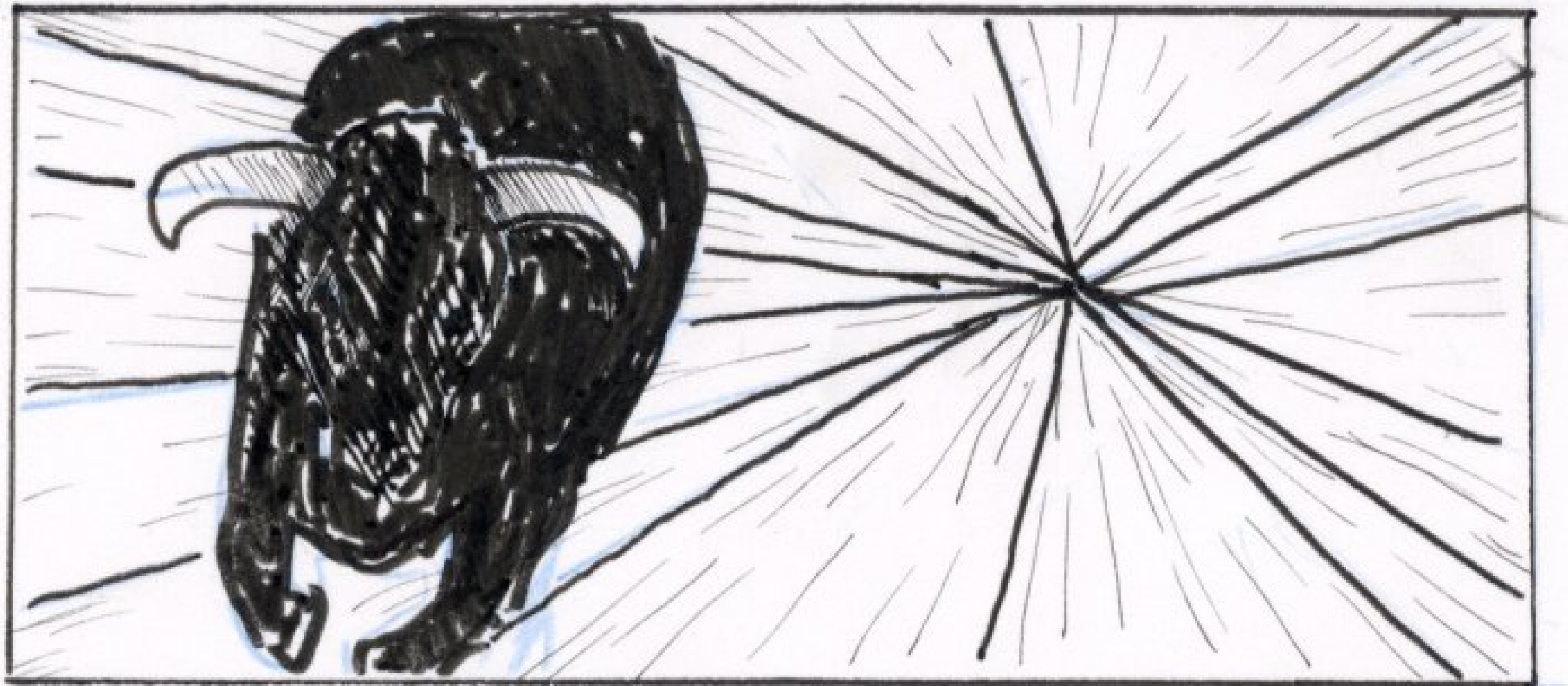


-the dance. These were his veins. They were his life force

It was during the calm prelude that he felt this the most.







In the end, he knew she was right



As long and hard as he had tried to fool himself

He knew he was living



As much as he wanted to, he understood

that he was made to be alone.  
He knew that soft lips and tender words could never satisfy his restless soul.  
He knew that he was made for the arena.  
Only here could he truly live.



Only here could he truly die.

Only here could he truly live



Only here could he truly die.

