

right to go where they choose. Again, they may very likely be tried again on the charge of having false passports. Finally, there is the ever-present likelihood that these heroic Communists, like so many of their comrades, will one day be reported to have "died of heart failure" or to have been "shot while attempting to escape."

That the Reichstag trial was held in public instead of secretly, that Torgler, Dimitroff and the others are alive today at all, that the Nazis have been forced to acquit them of the Reichstag

arson charge—all this has been achieved as the result of mass pressure. It is not the "even-handed justice" of the Nazi-controlled court nor a "liberal attitude" on the part of the Nazi rulers that has snatched these Communists from the headsman's axe. International solidarity, the mounting total of demonstrations, protest telegrams, pitiless publicity and mass pressure, have shown in the Reichstag fire trial that the working class has an effective weapon in its battle against the class justice of its capitalistic enemy.

osophy and the fine arts as if he was speaking to his students at the university, and he ended with a throaty oratorical period that quite took the audience's breath away. The gist of it was that the Socialist Party was the party of discipline and order and that the best thing sincere Socialists could do was stay at home and pay their dues and leave talk about attaining a socialist state in the interest of the workers to their betters, their political leaders who had the interest of all humanity at heart and understood the need for law and order and were honest men besides. The interests of all humanity demanded confidence and discipline from the Socialist Party.

When the speaking stopped, the sick pigeon was still teetering in the center of the bullring. With as much discipline, but perhaps with less confidence than they'd had that morning, the members of the Socialist Party grouped themselves for the parade through the center of town. Everybody was telling everybody else that the watchword was order.

By that time it was afternoon and very hot indeed. The Socialist Party members with their banners and their children and their lunch baskets marched without music through the center of the town to the beach, mild, straggling, well-mannered and a little embarrassed. All the cafés were full. The people sitting at the café tables were telling examples of the type of Spaniard who's hated in Mexico. A gachupin, pear-shaped men with gimlet eyes and predatory lines on their faces, jerkwater importers and exporters, small brokers, loan sharks, commission merchants, pawnbrokers, men who know how to make two duros grow where one had grown before, men who'd discovered the great principle that it's not work that makes money. They'd never been much before, mostly they'd had to scrape up their livings in America, at home the hierarchy, the bishops, the duchesses, the grandees and the Bourbons had high-hatted them off the map, but now the feudal paraphernalia was gone, the gachupinos were on top of the world. They sat silent at their tables looking at the embarrassed socialists straggling by. There are a great many socialists; it took them a long time to pass with their banners and their children and their red ribbons and their lunch baskets. The silent hatred of the people at the café tables was embarrassing to them. They filed on by as innocent as a flock of sheep in the wolf country.

Doves in the Bull Ring

JOHN DOS PASSOS

IT WAS a hot Sunday morning in July. Members of the Socialist Party had come from all over northern Spain for the big meeting in Santander. They had come with their red gold-lettered trade-union banners, with their wives and children and lunches in baskets and leather canteens of wine. They had come in special trains and in busses and in mule carts and on bicycles and on foot. The bullring held about ten thousand; every seat was taken, agreeable mildly intelligent looking people mostly, mechanics, small storekeepers and farmers, shoemakers, tailors, clerks, school teachers, bookkeepers, a few doctors and lawyers; for this part of the world a quiet characterless crowd, but a big crowd.

The proceedings began by the singing of the *Internationale* by a bunch of school children in white dresses with red bows. They sang it very nicely. It passed the time while we waited for the speakers to arrive. The more important dignitaries seemed to be late. Then when the speakers filed onto the stand set up in the broiling sun in the center of the bullring, everybody sang the *Internationale* again, standing, red bunting waved.

Somebody may have gotten the idea that it would be effective to send up two white pigeons with red ribbons round their necks, but (maybe it was the heat or that the ribbons were tied too tight or that the pigeons were sick) the pigeons couldn't seem to fly, they fluttered groggily over the heads of the crowd, and crashed against the wall of the bullring. One of them managed to rise over the roof of the stands and disappeared into the sizzling sunny sky, but

the other fell back into the crowd. People tried to coax it to fly, to give it a starting toss into the air but it was too weak. It finally came to rest in the middle of the bullring, right in front of the speaker's stand. It stayed there all through the speaking, a very sick looking pigeon indeed. I kept expecting it to flop over dead, but it just stood there teetering, with its head drooping.

The first speakers were local leaders, working men or trade-union officials. They spoke simply and definitely. The fight at home, as all over the world, was between socialism and fascism, the kind of order the workers and producers wanted and the kind of order the exploiting class wanted. The Socialist Party had no choice but to go ahead and install socialism right away (cheers) . . . through a dictatorship if need be (more cheers). When the deputy to the Cortes spoke he was a little vaguer, he talked more about world conditions and the course of history and economic trends, but in the end he could think of no other way of finishing his speech than by promising socialism (wild cheers). But when the Socialist Minister spoke (cheers, cries of *Vivan los hombres honrados*, Hurray for honest men) things became very vague indeed. It was very hot by this time, the Socialist Minister was a stout man with a neat academic beard. Neither the stunning heat nor his obvious sweating under the black broadcloth suit introduced a single tremor into his long carefully modulated sentences. He used the classical form of address, subjunctives and future subjunctives and future conditional subjunctives and conditional subjunctive futures. He brought in history and literature, phil-