

ers and a student. The student says he is a Socialist. The rioter replies: 'We spit on the Socialists; we are Bolsheviks,' and he adds: 'We know you students. You have always rebelled. You're b—bourgeois.' On another day he is at the corner of the Lityeny Prospekt, watching a group of some hundred people talking quietly. Suddenly, for no visible reason, someone begins to fire at a house. A frenzy of mad dashes to the door. No one knows why or at whom they are firing. A girl comes staggering out of the house through the crowd, wounded. Gorky goes up to her and helps her to shelter. She pushes him away. 'Tell them they are firing on their own people.' At another moment an armoured car rushes along the street. A machine gun is being fired from it incessantly. Someone on it cries: 'Comrades, the social revolution!' and Gorky just has time to see the hand of a soldier beside him trembling on the trigger of his gun with the itch to fire at somebody or anybody. The November days come, and with them an increase in Gorky's fear, and also of his conviction that the Bolshevik leaders are deliberately setting themselves to arouse all the beastlike instincts in the ignorant mob, not with any view to a subsequent reconstruction of society, but merely in order to gratify a cold-blooded intellectual curiosity. The new Government allows no books to be published. All news papers, save those which are to their readers to acts of rebuilding violence against the bourgeoisie, are suppressed. The Commissary of Education abolishes the great Russian writers from the schools and replaces them by a modern poet who has won notoriety by his glorification of the obscene. Gorky gives us a picture of the children. A handful of Red Guards are dragging what was once a man along the street. They have battered his face with the butts of their guns. All that can be seen of him is blood, a tangle of hair, and an eye still hanging to the socket by a sinew. Behind them is a crowd of children running and shouting, on their way to the river. After a little while the children come running back, laughing and shouting: 'He's drowned!' But the children laugh seldom enough. Most of them are starving. The peasants are blockading the towns, and the Bolsheviks, who know that their power depends on the acquiescence of the peasantry, connive at their extortions. Most of the Soviet officials are themselves engaged in the illicit trade. The Red Guards, the railway workers, and the Bolshevik officials alone are fed, and the sole ray of light in the growing darkness is the news that one group of railwaymen—a very small group, alas!—has refused to accept the unequal treatment.

'I cannot love the proletariat,' says Gorky, 'but I can forgive it. It is stupid and cruel because it does not know. But Lenin is not to be forgiven. What is he, the grand seigneur, to do with the proletariat? He is a ruthless experimenter with the lives of men. He has deliberately sought for anarchy and provoked it, no, in order that good may come out of the chaos which he has created, but merely in order to see what will emerge. One day the people will understand what Ulanoff-Lenin has done to them, how he has made them beasts that he may treat them as beasts; and then they will turn upon him also. Till that time there is one hope in the midst of so great despair. By this orgy of indulgence the beast instincts in the people may be glutted, and at last in a final paroxysm the devil of cruelty and bestiality cast out.'

Titoff's statement of the failure of industries under the Bolshevik policy of nationalization is supported by a host of statements from authoritative sources. Dr. E. J. Dillon, an authority on Russia, who received the degree of Master of Oriental Languages at the University of Petrograd and was professor at the University of Kharkoff, lectures that the Bolshevik Government has no future, since it is utterly impossible to carry on industry and commerce on the lines on which the Bolsheviks work. He adds:

'Not ten per cent. of the factories of Russia are working at the present time. Industry is practically at a standstill, because under the system of the Bolsheviks the factories have been seized by workmen who have no capital to carry on the industries. Of course, many workmen got a great deal of money, but what happened was simply that they took money and used it up on themselves and the things they were interested in or wanted to spend it for, and then there was none left. There is nothing left now. Economically, it is absolutely impossible for the Bolshevik Government and the Bolshevik system of running things to last.'

Again, writing from Paris, he says:

'Bolshevism is fascinating the gaze of the civilized world. It is recognized as a universal danger by the European Governments, whose efforts are being directed to its removal. These efforts may appreciably modify their general policy in a direction opposed to doctrinarism, and reconcile them to the achievement of the practical rather than