

thoroughly for their duties. Seldom, we think, have the evils of a State monopoly of education been so forcibly expressed. The words of the royal critic deserve still more weight when we remember that he had once been the champion of the system which he was now obliged to condemn. (Ruiz Amado's *La Leyenda del Estado Enseñante*, Cap. x, p., 119.ss).

Everywhere, tyrants and autocrats see in the control of education by the State, an instrument for the furthering of their high-handed plans. While in Spain the Bourbons used it for their ambitious designs, the Hapsburgs in Austria were following the same dangerous policy. Emperor Joseph II., "my brother, the sacristan," as Frederick the Great used to call him, absolutely enslaved education. Its primary and higher branches were under his complete control. The universities, the seminaries, were degraded into mere instruments of the police power of the Empire. Professors, courses, programmes, textbooks, vacations, examinations, degrees, all were regulated by imperial decree. Professors were State officials; and in seminaries supposed to teach Catholic doctrines and to train the future priests of his Apostolic Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, Janssenists, and unbelievers held chairs of dogmatic and moral theology. The State had turned teacher, and it taught as it liked and only such doctrines as were calculated to make its pupils its pliant tools. And, indeed, States have never followed any other programme.

Religious Fanaticism of the Bolsheviks

As Revealed by Bertrand Russell

At the very moment, practically, when the "recognition" of the Soviet Government by Great Britain has been granted, there is evident a growing disillusion among England's revolutionary intellectuals concerning the spiritual value of Bolshevism. Henri Barbusse, the French leader of the Clarte group (also in sympathy with the Soviets) wrote: "Let us have the boldness of truth, let us have the courage to burn, if it is necessary, that which we once adored." Hon. Bertrand Russell, who recently "went Bolshevik," and then visited Russia with—though not a member of—the British Labor Mission, is now evidently following this advice of his French confrere. In a series of impartial and arresting articles in the *London Nation*, the distinguished English philosopher gives a straightforward account of his impressions of Bolshevik Russia. His report is enough to dampen the ardor of the most impartial defender of Bolshevism in Western Europe or America.

It is not the industrial basis of the Soviets that is criticised by Bertrand Russell. It is rather the lack of "psychological imagination," since Bolshevism attributes everything in politics to purely material causes. Life in modern Russia, he says, is in many ways contrary to instinct. If the Bolsheviks ultimately fall, it will be "because there comes a point at which men feel that amusement and ease are worth more than all other goods put together."

Bertrand Russell's conclusions are the result, not merely of observation and investigation of life under Bolshevik dictatorship, but of meeting and questioning Lenin and Trotzky, Sverdlov, and other leaders, including Maxim Gorky. Of the typical Communist or Bolshevik Mr. Russell writes:

"He is not pursuing personal ends, but aiming at the creation of a new social order. The same motives, however, which make him austere make him also ruthless. Marx has taught that Communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the Oriental traits in the Russian character, and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mahomet. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the methods of the Tsarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik regime while it has to fight private property will automatically cease as soon as it has succeeded.

"These views are the familiar consequences of fanatical belief. To an English mind they reinforce the conviction upon which English life has been based ever since 1688, that kindness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in

the world—a view which, it is true, we do not apply to other nations or to subject races."

The most typical example of this new Marxian fanaticism Bertrand Russell found in Lenin himself. Lenin laughed a great deal—"at first his laugh seems merely friendly and jolly, but gradually I came to feel it rather grim." The materialist conception of history, Mr. Russell felt, is Lenin's life-blood. "He resembles a professor in his desire to have the theory understood and in his fury with those who misunderstand or disagree, as also in his love of expounding. I got the impression that he despises a great many people and is an intellectual aristocrat." Lenin, to this impartial and even sympathetic observer, was the true type of religious fanatic, "too opinionated and narrowly orthodox."

"His strength comes, I imagine from his honesty, courage, and unwavering faith—religious faith in the Marxian gospel, which takes the place of the Christian martyr's hopes of Paradise, except that it is less egotistical. He has as little love of liberty as the Christians who suffered under Diocletian, and retaliated when they acquired power. Perhaps love of liberty is incompatible with wholehearted belief in a panacea for all human ills. If so, I cannot but rejoice in the sceptical temper of the Western world. I went to Russia believing myself a Communist; but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of Communism, but of every creed so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery."

Trotzky made a more favorable impression on the great English philosopher, from the point of view of intelligence and personality, though not of character. This may have been because "his vanity was even greater than his love of power." In striking contrast to the Bolshevik leaders was the tragic figure of Maxim Gorky, with whom Bertrand Russell had a short interview in Petrograd:

"He was in bed, apparently dying and obviously heart-broken. He begged me, in anything I might say about Russia, always to emphasise what Russia has suffered. He supports the Government—as I should do, if I were a Russian—not because he thinks it faultless but because the possible alternatives are worse. One felt in him a love of the Russian people which makes their present martyrdom almost unbearable, and prevents the fanatical faith by which the pure Marxians are upheld. I felt him the most loveable, and to me the most sympathetic, of all the Russians I saw. I wished for more knowledge of his outlook, but he spoke with difficulty and was constantly interrupted by terrible fits of coughing, so I could not stay. All the intellectuals whom I met—a class who have suffered terribly—expressed their gratitude to him for what he has done on their behalf. The materialistic conception of history is all very well, but some care for the higher things of civilisation is a relief. The Bolsheviks are sometimes said to have done great things for art, but I could not discover that they had done more than preserve something of what existed before. When I questioned one of them on the subject, he grew impatient, and said: 'We haven't time for a new art, any more than for a new religion.' Unavoidably, the atmosphere is one in which art cannot flourish, because art is anarchic and resistant to organisation. Gorky has done all that one man could to preserve the intellectual and artistic life of Russia. But he is dying, and perhaps it is dying too."

These spiritual evils are in no sense due, in the opinion of Mr. Russell, to the blockade against Soviet Russia. He admits the whole of the Bolshevik indictment of bourgeois capitalism. He was a convinced Communist before he went to Russia, where he was a guest of honor, and made "to feel like the Prince of Wales." But, after carefully weighing the Bolshevik beliefs, he finds himself definitely and strongly opposed to them:

"My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviks believe, but that Socialism is less good, at any rate in the form which can be brought about by war. The evils of war, especially of civil war, are certain and very great; the gains to be achieved by victory are problematical. In the course of a desperate struggle, the heritage of civilisation is likely to be lost, while hatred, suspicion and cruelty become normal in the relations of human beings. In order to succeed in war, a concentration of power is necessary, and from concentration of power the very same