FOREWORD
TO THE EDITION OF 1950

At the time of the first publication of this book in 1924, several Don Quixotes of the Revolution accused the author of distorting the beautiful Dulcinea of the Revolution into a bloody slut of Toboso. At present there are few, if any, such naive Don Quixotes, except, of course, the Communists. Being panders of the Revolution, it is their métier to glorify it. The events have proved my "close-up" of the Revolution to be correct. Millions of victims of the Revolution, its unsatisfiable bloodthirstiness, its overcrowded prisons and concentration or labor camps—all this has become too obvious during the past thirty years not to dispel all quixotic illusions about the Revolution's beauty, humaneness, virtue, and generosity.

If anything, public opinion in the West suffers now from the opposite one-sidedness, ascribing to the Revolution many sins it does not have and denying some of its actual virtues. This opinion suffers also from two other errors: it views the Russian Revolution as a self-sufficient phenomenon, dangerous to an otherwise sound Western culture; and it regards it as an especially vicious type of revolution, quite different from other revolutions, of which the reactionary posterity of our own revolutionary forefathers—the Sons and Daughters of This or That Revolution—are proud. The naked truth is that the horrors of the Russian Revolution are not peculiar to it, but are typical of practically all violent
revolutions, regardless of time, place, race, creed, or nationality. Likewise, the Russian Revolution is not an isolated disease, miraculously produced by the evil genius of Lenin, but is one of the four clearest manifestations of the disintegration of our Western sensate socio-cultural order, the others being the two World Wars and the Fascist-Nazi revolutions. It is not the Russian Revolution that produced the endless calamities of humanity after 1914, but it is this basic process of decay of our sensate order that produced the First World War, the Russian Revolution, the Fascist-Nazi revolutions, the Second World War, and the numerous revolts and anarchy in the Orient and the Occident. As long as this disintegration of the Western sensate order continues, all attempts to prevent revolutionary and war processes are bound to fail.

It is futile to try to stop these processes by building a cordon sanitaire around the Soviet bloc: since the germs of the disintegration are as virulent and numerous in the West as in the East, a cordon sanitaire will not eliminate them. An even greater folly is to attempt to cure the disease by mutual aggressiveness, toughness, “cold war,” and preparations for an apocalyptic new war. All such policies are but twin brothers of the Revolution — of its destructiveness, its bloodiness, its tyranny, its totalitarianism. All such crusades, no matter how conservative their names and how highfalutin their mottoes, merely reinforce, multiply, and spread the germs of the disease. Only a basic reintegration of our culture can stop the diffusion and growth of these destructive
processes. This reintegration can be achieved neither by the methods of the Revolution nor by the essentially similar techniques of the vociferous Crusaders against the Revolution. The techniques of love instead of hate, of creative construction rather than destruction, of reverence for life in place of serving death, of real freedom instead of coercion and pseudo-freedom—such are the techniques needed for rebuilding the house of humanity. The essay, "Thirty Years After," somewhat substantiates the main propositions of this foreword—the propositions distasteful equally to the proponents and to the opponents of the Russian Revolution. The only excuse I have for being disagreeable to both parties is the old maxim: Amico Plato sed veritas amicissima.