

Good wages (machine miners get \$4.75 to \$5 at present, but living is expensive) and the two-man drill (one-man at present), and abolition of contract work, would wipe out the evils of unemployment and the slum conditions.

We need a fight, and miners surely can fight. At present though, they need organization. The two unions which exist—dually—among miners and smelter workers do not afford even the protection of their name to as much as five per cent of the miners. There are about 80,000 mine workers, and probably 20,000 smelter workers in these Rocky Mountain fields who could be organized into one industrial union. They have a tradition in favor of militant action, and recent experience in it. They are not divided by craft pride or skill to the extent that workers are in other industries. Their divisions are largely artificial, and boss-made, with the exception of nationalities, and this difference cannot be kept alive forever. A little energetic agitating, and who knows . . . ?

## A Disillusioned Intellectual

By A. BITTELMAN.

"Leaves From A Russian Diary." By Pitirim Sorokin. New York. E. P. Dutton & Company.

ONCE upon a time, when he was young and hopeful and innocent, Pitirim Sorokin believed in the people, in socialism and in revolution. He was a prominent member of the Party of Socialist Revolutionists. He thought he loved the people and hated the people's exploiters.

Now he thinks he knows better. He is older, riper and more experienced in the ways of life. He has seen a revolution. He saw the masses in action and he became another man. Now, he hates the masses and loves their masters. This is the substance of Pitirim Sorokin's confession published under the title: *Leaves From A Russian Diary*.

Professor Pitirim Sorokin is one of a group of counter-revolutionary intellectuals deported from Russia by the Soviet government some two years ago. He came to the United States and became professor of sociology in the University of Minnesota. Now he has published his diary which is a sort of confession and political "credo" combined.

It makes interesting reading. It reveals, against the will of the author, the innermost corners of a petty-bourgeois soul, frightened, terrorized and almost crushed by the power and grandeur of the titanic struggles of the Russian masses. Pitirim Sorokin was in the very center of Russian events between February and November of 1917. He was the personal secretary of "premier" Kerensky.

In January, 1917, Sorokin enters into his diary the following:

"Today I met three soldiers, friends of mine, just returned from the front. One of them spoke with such hatred against the government (the government of the Czar—A. B.) the expressions of the others of indignation and discontent in the army were so extreme that they shocked me. The army then may precipitate the revolution. I should prefer not to have it so."

On February 28 he enters the following note:

"What I observe now in the soldiers in Petrograd, their manners, the expression of their faces, does not please me.

Something distinctly menacing is reflected in their behavior."

Mind you, all this was written on the eve of the first revolution which overthrew the Czar and put into power the government of Prince Lvov and then the government of Kerensky. But Pitirim Sorokin is already frightened to death. The mere sight of the masses in revolt is driving terror into his heart, making him wish that even the bourgeois revolution should not take place. He is almost ready to make peace with the Czar—he, a Socialist Revolutionist—in order to forestall the great uprising of the masses.

Then comes the period of March—November, 1917, which led to the proletarian revolution in November. During this period Pitirim Sorokin is Kerensky's secretary. And here is an entry in his diary for the months March-April:

"More and more I hear the 'capitalists' denounced and even menaced. The workers have it obstinately in their heads that all their misfortunes were deliberately caused by the bourgeois. That the government must be purely socialist, and that a general massacre of all 'exploiters' must take place is rapidly spreading among the masses."

Note the quotation marks attached to the words "capitalists" and "exploiters," and then read:

"I sometimes long for some powerful force to appear and put a tight bridle on all these rabid and uncertain groups."

The terrorized petty-bourgeois is already longing for a military dictator, a Kornilov, Denikin or Koltchak, to put a bridle on the workers who want a "purely socialist government." And when in spite of all its enemies the workers' revolution emerges victorious, Pitirim Sorokin joins the active counter-revolution. He continues in this way for over four years. He fails. He is defeated. He comes to Petrograd, and by permission of the Soviet government resumes teaching in the University. As professor of sociology, here is what he teaches:

"In my speech I pointed out the new guide-posts which would be followed by the new generation. Old idols of socialism and Communism, atheism and revolution, had fallen and should be forever abandoned. Old teachers of life, Marx, Engels and others like them, had lost their authority and should forever be forgotten. They had led us to the edge of the abyss. Individual freedom, individual initiative and responsibility, cooperation, respect for liberty of others, reform instead of revolution, self-government instead of anarchy—these were now and should be our social ideals."

In short, a hundred per cent Garyism, complete surrender to the "ideals" of Morgan, Rockefeller and Hughes.

And so the story will run:

Once upon a time there lived in Russia a petty-bourgeois intellectual. His name was Pitirim Sorokin. He thought he loved the masses and hated their exploiters. So he joined the party of Socialist Revolutionists. But when the masses arose to overthrow their masters, and made a revolution and established Soviets, Pitirim Sorokin got frightened; then, in revulsion against the revolution, he joined the ranks of the people's enemies. And in doing so, he was simply one of the many petty-bourgeois intellectuals who thought they loved the masses, while in reality they were infatuated merely with their own petty-bourgeois notions and illusions.

Pitirim Sorokin is a badly disillusioned petty-bourgeois intellectual.