

ATHENA

FOREIGN POLICY SPEECH

MSc Course

"The EU and the Post-Soviet Space"

Tom

Scanlon

AS

Vladimir Lenin

Head of the Bolshevik Party
and first leader of the
Soviet Union



Co-funded by
the European Union

ATHENA
- Jean Monnet Chair -



Funded by the European Union. Views and opinions expressed are however those of the author(s) only and do not necessarily reflect those of the ATHENA Jean Monnet Chair, the European Union or the European Education and Culture Executive Agency (EACEA). Neither the European Union nor EACEA can be held responsible for them.

This “foreign policy speech” was originally written for the ATHENA Jean Monnet Chair MSc Course “The EU and the Post-Soviet Space” taught by Dr. Olga Burlyuk. It is published as part of our mission to showcase peer-leading papers written by students during their studies. This work can be used for background reading and research, but should not be cited as an expert source or used in place of scholarly articles/books

Throughout our EU and Post-Soviet Space course, we interrogated the influence of memory, history and culture on politics in the region, asking ourselves how these forces shape contemporary politics and discourse.

Context: It is December 2023... people at home across the countries that once constituted the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics are surprised to see an emergency broadcast from the long-defunct CT USSR come on their television screens. The broadcast is from Moscow, but it is not from Russia's current leader. Rather, Vladimir Lenin appears on screen to address the people of the former USSR from his mausoleum.

Good evening, great peoples of the lands we once called the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Many of you may recognise my face, which was once so prominently displayed across our beloved Union.

Others among you may be shocked to see my face not being a pile of cracked stone on the streets of Kyiv, Kharkiv, Tallinn or Tbilisi. I will not condemn your fervour for Leninopad, as I can understand your anger... I too am sickened by the events since our great union's disintegration.

For almost a century I have kept a watchful eye over our proletarian mass from my mausoleum, in the days when we formed one unbroken chain of comrades from Lviv to Baku to Vladivostok to Leningrad - or rather St Petersburg. I watched as we sent the first man to space, as we first harnessed nuclear power for the good of the people, broke free of the chains of serfdom and oppression to become the greatest union that ever did grace this landmass, powerful and brave enough to make those fat bellied imperialists in America and Britain quake in their boots. Who can forget how we made those bourgeois armies run?

And then how I wept. I wept as I saw solidarity give way to destructive nationalism, as our masses grew drunk on the false promises of freedom fed to us by those Western pigs. And what a freedom it was - the freedom to live in poverty and insecurity, while the fruits of your parents and grandparents

labour was gobbled up by oligarchs. The freedom of our comrades to offer themselves to the Franco-German imperial monster of the European Union and allow their lands to be drained of youth and vigour.

And to see our Ukrainian brothers and sisters misled by their leaders, making them believe that they are a part of some technocratic 'Europe' rather than yet another fertile land ripe for them to pillage. And do not believe that just because your current leader trades in jokes instead of chocolate that he is some kind of proletarian hero. Your roots lie here, in the steppe, in the earth, in the dirt in your fingernails and the toil of your forefathers. And while I have my regrets about the missteps my successor took in your land, you of all peoples must know that the ends always justify the means.

To the people of Russia: how could you sit by so idly and watch these crooks steal every penny from your coffers? How could this land of workers and warriors look on as the capitalist class reasserted itself so violently while your families struggled to keep warm in the harsh winters? And now you sit idly, and even cheer on as history repeats itself, with Putin marching an army of proletarians to oppress your comrades in Ukraine, as the Romanovs did across Eurasia in my lifetime. Your buffoon of a leader even besmirches my good name, claiming that it was I who invented the Ukrainian state. If only the late historian Hrushevsky, who knew the value of Bolshevism were alive to hear this drivel!

As Marx said: "No nation can be free if it oppresses other nations". Since the fall of our union, you have grown blind to the fact that you share the same enemies as those you are shooting at. The cries of 'European Integration' and 'Russian glory' are merely masks to hide the fact that these leaders are the same type of capitalist swine who seek to steal your labour and sell it to the highest bidder.

As I said a century ago - what is to be done? First you must wake up! The freedom of the working people will not be brought through the West or nationalism or any amount of economic privatisation. You must harness the brilliant power of the proletarian masses and come together as one

revolutionary force, in a rejection of childish nationalism. You must remember that we Bolsheviks were a beautiful patchwork of nationalities, united under the banner of socialism. And so, you must unite once more, break through the gates of your many Potemkin parliaments, overrun the dachas of the capitalists, melt down all the gold of Putin and Yanukovych's palaces and turn them into shining bullets that will pierce the cold hearts of your current leaders. Then and only then will you know the meaning of freedom.