

## Selected Articles

These selected articles and extracts, 1954-60, were sourced and transcribed from newspaper cuttings and manual typewriter manuscripts, published and unpublished, in the Dobrzynski archive held by the NLI and in private hands. A composite list is in an appendix.

To avoid duplication and repetition of well-known history only a few lecture extracts are given; the main series were published in *Poland – Lights and Shadows of an Ancient Nation*<sup>1</sup>.

The articles selected are a small representative sample which primarily concern Cold War Politics. While most have been omitted as they have been overtaken by events; those included have analogies with current affairs or of biographical and/or historical interest. Transcripts of typescripts are footnoted as ‘Ms. Typescript 1954-60’.

The articles, arranged thematically under Ireland, Poland, Russia and Europe, are as follows:

Ireland in 1932 – From a Diplomat’s Scrap-Book

(Roger) Casement through Polish Eyes

Polish Easter

His Late Holiness Pious XII and Polish Soldiers

“All is quiet on the Eastern Front” – On the Margin of the Polish Election

Humour in Poland

The Future of Poland

Patriotism – The driving Force of these Composers

In Russia Forty Years Ago

From Rasputin to Sputniks

Home-made Moon: the Aftermath

The Enigma of the Russian People

Is Limited War Possible?

Europe’s Future

United States of Europe – A Dream or Possibility?

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<sup>1</sup> Dublin 1941 & 1943

## Ireland in 1932 – From a Diplomat's Scrap-Book<sup>2</sup>

July: Political situation growing definitely tense. The majority gained by Mr de Valera in his first victorious election seems too small to give an authoritative *placet* to his far-reaching constitutional reforms. The abolition of the Oath of Allegiance is in the fore-front. It looks to me as if the Cumann na nGaedheal opposition had as much love for the Oath as the governing Fianna Fail, but the kernel of the matter rests upon the question whether the Oath, included in both the Treaty with Great Britain, which is an international instrument, and in the Free State Constitution, which is a purely domestic affair, has a compulsory character or not. The opposition says 'yes', the Government party – 'no'.

With my certain training in international and constitutional law, for what it is worth, I cannot unconditionally adhere to either, so I prefer to efface myself behind what Lord Birkenhead, a signatory of the Treaty, is supposed to have said about the Oath articles, to wit, that it is a master-piece of legalistic tortuosity. Mr de Valera's Bill is passed by a small majority owed to the support of the Labour Party. The way the Senate dealt with the Bill is likely to keep the issue in suspense for quite a time.

October: It looks almost certain that, for the time being, Mr de Valera is not contemplating anything like separation from the British Commonwealth or Proclamation of a Republic. But, on the other hand, he is not hesitating in his progress of introducing a wall of customs duties meant to protect the nascent national industries. As no understanding was reached between the Free State and Great Britain at the Ottawa Economic Conference, Great Britain responded with duties on the imported Irish cattle – meant apparently as retaliation to the retention of the land annuities.

So far the 'economic war' seems to run to the mutual disadvantage. There is plenty of money in Ireland (it has been estimated that she benefited, during the War 1914-18, by her exports to Britain to the amount of approximately 300 million pounds) and whoever wished to buy British manufactured goods does it regardless of price; whilst the British consumer has to pay unreasonably high for Irish beef and mutton. An exchange of ministerial visits between Dublin and London did not bring, so far, any hope for the cessation of 'hostilities'.

A good deal of disorientation can be observed in the country. In search of a form of government best fitting in with the previous tendencies of the Irish people numerous articles

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<sup>2</sup> Ms. Typescript, 1954-60 June: Eucharistic Congress omitted as it is has a separate chapter in his memoirs

and suggestions are offered by the press and speakers at all kinds of public meetings. Even Communism is not entirely overlooked. At the 163<sup>rd</sup> annual meeting of the Trinity College Historic Debating Society views on the subject have been exchanged between representatives of three nations: one of the Irish speakers, whilst suggesting that not everything inherent in Leninism should be discarded, did not visualise the possibility of Russian Bolshevism being implanted in the Western world; the other Irishman rejected communistic doctrines as absolutely incompatible with the spiritual and supernatural essence of the man.

Out of the two English speakers, one was advocating the precepts of the British liberalism of a rather antiquated pattern, whilst the other sang a hymn of undiluted apotheosis of Leninism and all it stands for. I think it was the Scotch contributor to the debate who regaled his audience to a *piece de resistance*. In his opinion the world reached today the cross-roads and finds itself on the eve of a great battle which will decide whether man will retain his individuality or will let himself get drowned in a regimented multitude in the false hope that safety lies in numbers. Ireland, in his words, without realising it herself, is greatly influencing the young generations of England, Scotland and Wales by her undisputable choice between Communism and Nationalism.

Ireland seems to come to the front of the American-European air communications. Incidentally, both Longford-Smith in 1930 and Mollison in this year took off from Portmarnock Strand. An interesting experiment has been arranged: post-bags brought by a trans-Atlantic boat were transloaded in Galway to a plane which covered the Galway-Dublin distance in 50 minutes. In Dublin the bags were transferred to a passenger plane with destination – Berlin. The distance Galway- Berlin was covered in 9 hours, and thus the shipping route was beaten by 48 hours.

December: One more matter has been settled. Since the resignation of Mr James McNeill, the Governor General, surmises were current to the effect that it may not be Mr de Valera's intentions at all to put forward a candidate for the vacant post. In fact, the Treaty has been honoured and Domnall Ua Buachalla (Mr Donal Buckley) filled the vacancy. From the very start the new Governor General made his views of his functions very clear: he was sworn-in in Gaelic; splendours of the Vice-Regal Lodge are to-day a thing of the past; Mr Buckley took residence in a modest house in Monkstown; the members of his staff are all Gaelic speaking and his correspondence is conducted in the same language.

My first direct contact with him took place at a theatrical show in one of the Dublin Colleges. My seat happened to be just behind his. In one of the intervals he turned round and addressed me in Gaelic. Quite inappropriately, I am willing to admit, I said a few words in my own language (Polish). The conversation fizzled out.

Speaking of the Gaelic, I could never quite understand why the simple matter of one of the most ancient among European nations enjoying the natural privilege of using its own language should ever assume proportions of a heatedly debated question, or a 'question' at all. And yet I see that the linguistic situation in Ireland looks black. No more than 18.3 per cent of the Free State population is shown in the latest statistics as speaking Gaelic, which means, if compared with the year 1911, a drop of about 10,000 people. An interesting occurrence: the drop affects the Western counties where the Gaelic was never forgotten, whilst an increase is noticeable in the English-speaking Eastern counties.

An Irish wit told me once that Irish, not unlike the Swiss, were a trilingual nation as they spoke, or were supposed to speak, the English, the Irish and the Compulsory Irish. Well, in my earlier days I happened to witness the revival of some Baltic languages, such as Estonian and Latvian. True, the compact masses of the Estonian and Latvian peasantry never lost the knowledge of their languages, but, as the bulk of those populations were denied any education, their languages became sort of frozen in their primitive forms.

In particular, the Estonians, who had inherited the 17<sup>th</sup> century University of Tartu (Dorpat) had a good deal of difficulties in 'estonianising' this university which became, in the course of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, a Russo-German speaking institution. In Tallinn (Reval), the Estonian Capital, three principal dailies were published in Estonian, whilst two smaller papers, one in Russian, the other in German, served the needs of the two national minorities.

I think that an explanation of the language problem in this country should be sought in the irresistible usefulness which the English language offers to a nation bent on emigration to such countries as the United States, Canada, Australia and, for that matter, Great Britain, and in the fact that, since the tragedy of the Great Famine, the Irish became the most conspicuous of all such nations. Hence the rise of the English to the detriment of the Irish. Be it as it may, all my good wishes go to those who have at heart a large-scale revival of the Gaelic.

Quite a stir in political circles. A new party, that of the Famers and Taxpayers, has been called into being. Alfie Byrne T. D., the popular Lord Mayor of Dublin, launches an appeal

for the amalgamation of all parties in opposition to Fianna Fail, under the leadership of Mr Cosgrave. A rift between the Fianna Fail and Labour party threatens the government majority.

No wonder, rumours of an impending general election early in the coming years are rife.



## Casement through Polish Eyes<sup>3</sup>

Newspaper introduction: Forty four years ago this Wednesday, Roger Casement was hanged in Pentonville Jail, London. On the anniversary of his death in 1937 a leading Polish newspaper the *Kurjur Warszawski*, published the article we reprint on this page. The writer was M. W. Th. Dobrzynski who is now living in Ireland. We feel the reproduction of this article is doubly appropriate at this time when Irish troops are on a mission in the Congo<sup>4</sup> – the scene of some of Casement's greatest humanitarian labours.

According to the descriptions of those who knew him and with surviving photographs, his appearance can be visualised as that of a man who emanated charm and nobility. It seems that a 16<sup>th</sup>-century helmet, butt and breastplate would have made a garment more befitting than the soft hat, neck-tie and beige suit of our days. His life bears testimony that he may be depicted as a knight-errant both by his appearance and his spiritual and mental make-up.

Casement's joining the British colonial and consular service was rather accidental. He himself seems never to have sought this kind of a career but the idea might have dawned upon him that the Union Jack could, under certain circumstances provide him with a shield under whose cover he would be able to pursue the goal of his life – the fight for the oppressed, the wronged and exploited.

He must have been deeply affected by wanderlust. When still in his early twenties, he had already behind him two expeditions in Equatorial Africa. The second one, undertaken under the leadership of American general, Stanford, drew young Casement to the attention of the British Government, which appointed him, first, Commissioner in the Nigerian Protectorate; then Consul in Lourenco Marquez and next Consul in Kinshasa. Congo.

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<sup>3</sup> *Sunday Press*, 31 July 1960

<sup>4</sup> *ibid* coverage of the 32<sup>nd</sup> Irish Battalion's Baldonnell departure and Goma arrival on UN peacekeeping duties

For some obscure reason the Great Powers made, in 1885, a personal gift of the Congo to Leopold, King of the Belgians, the pretext being to entrust him with the mission of introducing civilisation into that dark continent. Soon, however, Leopold's 'mission' gave rise to rumours so monstrous that originally no credence was given to them. Nevertheless, the British Government asked Casement to report on the situation in the Congo basin.

The report struck Leopold's Congo administration with the violence of a thunderbolt. Such was the inhumane treatment meted out to the natives, as revealed and described by Casement, that its disclosure led to an open conflict between London and Brussels. Neither the wily old king's connections with the Court of St. James, nor his wealth and unscrupulous diplomacy, proved of any use; the Congo was taken away from him and became, in 1908, a Belgian colony under a controlled administration.

In the same year Casement was appointed Consul General in Rio, but here again a mission entirely outside his official duties was awaiting him. This time he was charged to investigate confidentially the state of affairs in the rubber plantations in the Putumayo basin, extending through Brazil, Peru and Colombia, the property of the Peruvian Amazon Company. His findings in the primeval South American swamps seem to have even surpassed in horror his disclosures in the Congo, and his report reflected such depths of human misery and suffering that the British Government hesitated to publish it.

But Casement insisted, and he continued to do so until the goal of his altruistic endeavours had been achieved. The report came to light: the names of the slave-drivers were revealed and pilloried, and the Peruvian Government was forced into a radical reformation of the Putumayo administration.

Casement's name resounded through three continents; he was knighted, a brilliant advancement in the diplomatic career lay before him. Yet he remained indifferent to the lure of success and popularity. Moreover, his health became seriously impaired by long years of strenuous work in equatorial regions. He retired from the service and settled down in his native Antrim.

It is probably at this time that a paradoxical situation must have impressed itself on his mind, a situation in which he saw himself devoting 25 years of his life to a fight for the African Negroes and American Indians and overlooking a cause which, quite naturally, must have been infinitely nearer and dearer to his heart: the emancipation of his own people.

Ireland in those days was not unlike a volcano on the point of eruption, and soon Casement found himself in the very midst of the turmoil. His fiery activities were now centred round the organising of the Volunteers, the nucleus of the future Irish revolutionary forces. His political conceptions extended far beyond the modest limits of a Home Rule Bill. He visualised his country as a neutral independent State under the international guarantees of the Great Powers, and was planning to obtain material support from Germany and moral support from the United States.

His crossing over to America was prompted by a German Ambassador in Washington and the Irish-American community. The outbreak of the World War in 1914 found him in New York, where news reached him of Redmond's action in favour of Irish youth enrolling in the British Army.

Casement was staggered. He was deeply convinced that Redmond's appeal might lead to nothing less than another bloody and useless sacrifice for a cause unrelated to that of Ireland. He expected to find in the German prisoner-of-war camps thousands of Irishmen and planned to unite them under the banner of an Irish brigade, not as an actual fighting force, but as a symbol of an Ireland ready to fight for her own country, entirely and exclusively. He took the dangerous decision to go to Germany, and sailed to Europe under an assumed name on a Norwegian ship.

As the British intelligence service already kept a vigilant eye on Casement's movements, a trap was prepared by British cruisers and destroyers. The ship was stopped and a British intelligence officer came aboard. Strangely enough, the officer overlooked Casement's presence among the passengers and allowed the boat continue on its voyage.

A succession of bitter disappointments awaited Casement in Germany. A entry in his diary dated March 17, 1916, bears testimony to the dejected state of his mind. He signed a document with a German representative, in which he made it clear that the Irish Brigade about to be formed would not, under any circumstances, be used for Germany's military purposes. But his appeal to the prisoners of war of Irish nationality was a failure.

In the meantime the anxiety of the British authorities about Casement's activities grew. The British Ambassador in the Norwegian capital issued a promissory note to a Norwegian adventurer containing a pledge to pay £5,000 for the apprehension and delivery into British hands. Casement's arrest, however, proved much simpler than all that.

When still in Germany news reached him through Switzerland about the contemplated Easter Rising. He was deeply perturbed; a rising in the then prevailing conditions could, in his opinion, bring about nothing but defeat and bloody reprisals. He alone, such must have been the trend of his thoughts, would be in a position to ward off the disaster by appearing in Ireland before the day of the Rising. Either he would be in time to avert the upheaval or the very fact of his arrest would provide the signal for its cancellation.

There was in the recesses of the British Admiralty a room known as 40 O.B., where the art of decoding ciphered German despatches was brought to perfection. One of the intercepted wires revealed the decision to send Casement to Ireland in a submarine, and the date of the proposed sailing. It also added that the information would be either confirmed or cancelled by one word; *Oats* or *Hay* respectively.

On April 12<sup>th</sup>, 1916, the officer in charge, when rummaging through the pile of decoded messages came across one which read *Oats*. Vigilance over Ireland's shores was redoubled, and Casement became prisoner a few hours after he touched his native land near Tralee.

It is permissible to assume that had Casement been court-martialled and shot within a few days of his apprehension, the whole event might have gone down to history as a product of that hysterical atmosphere created by a terrible war. Surely, it might be said, Casement himself would have preferred a firing squad to dying at the hands of a hired executioner.

This, however, was not to be. 'British justice' had to proceed with all the panoply of its attributes. The 'star chamber' called upon to pass a sentence on him consisted of three judges (instead of the customary one), one of which was known as a 'hanging judge' and a specially selected jury.

Ironically enough, the case for the Crown was led by F E Smith, the future Lord Birkenhead, one of Carson's adjutants who, two years before Casement's trial, had not scrupled to proclaim that they would rather swallow an oath of allegiance to the German Emperor than to submit to Home Rule for Ireland.

It was not an easy matter to construe an act of indictment, since, in the first place, never under any circumstances, had Casement advocated any action in support of Germany – he simply appealed to his countrymen to fight for their own freedom. Secondly, to bring home an indictment for treason committed outside the territory of the United Kingdom the Director of Prosecutions had to delve into some mouldy statutes, written in Franco-Norman dialect,

under which, to all intents and purposes, any Frenchman fighting against England could be regarded as a traitor.

To an impartial observer it looked as if the body which sat in judgment on Casement's alleged treasonable activities had itself betrayed the best traditions of British justice by passing a verdict which, questionable as it remains if based on the factual evidence, seems to have been heavily influenced by the haunting spectre of an Ireland striving for her freedom. Casement himself was listening to the court proceedings with condescending dignity. He did not expect either justice or leniency, and the sentence to him appeared him a foregone conclusion.

It sometimes occurs to me that the Polish nation is, perhaps, the one that can best understand the grief the Irish people must feel when meditating over their past tragedies. About fifty years before Casement's death another execution took place, this time on the slopes of the Warsaw citadel. The Polish rising had been crushed and the Russian organisers of the infamous ceremony saw to it that it was given the largest possible publicity. They were not disappointed. An immense crowd foregathered to pay the last tribute to Romuald Traugutt, the head of the Polish revolutionary Government, and his colleagues. When they appeared on the scaffold the crowd knelt down, and the air was throbbing with the subdued murmur of prayers for the dying.

Some of those who did not hesitate to give their lives for their nations' freedom and dignity attained immortality. But the only way a Christian nation can repay its debt to the legion of those who sacrificed themselves anonymously to the same cause appears to be by remembering those heroes in prayer.



## Polish Easter<sup>5</sup>

Easter customs in Poland are a Christian transposition of pagan feasts celebrated in order to worship the coming of Spring. Poland being a Roman Catholic country has introduced the custom of blessing by priests the different cold dishes prepared for that purpose. In better off families, special tables are laid out comprising all sorts of cold dishes like ham, sausages,

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<sup>5</sup> Konsulat Generalny w Irlandii 800/37/0/-/9 images 493-4

turkeys, etc., and all kinds of cakes: in the first place hard boiled eggs whose shells are painted different colours. The table is decorated by fresh young vegetation and a statute of the Mystical Lamb representing Christ in his infancy is placed in the middle of the table.

The parish vicar and the curate go round their parish and bless these tables at which ceremony all the family is present. The poorer populations who cannot afford to bring the priest to their house take their victuals in baskets to the church on Easter Sunday where they lay them out in the grounds of the church and they are blessed by the priest there. The preparation of the cold meals for this purpose is a real family undertaking and everybody takes an active part in them, especially the women.

The painting of eggs is a special art of every province of Poland as special colours and patterns are used in preparing them. Among peasants it is a real display of folk art. These blessed dishes are consumed during the midday dinner on Easter Sunday. The feast starts by dividing the eggs which are blessed on a plate in the hostess' hands and are circulated by her among all the guests and members of the family. This custom is supposed to represent Christian willingness to share all the gifts of God even in their embryonic form.

The next day, Easter Monday, there is a custom among peasants to pour water over one another. This game especially developed between men and women. Peasants that morning actually throw buckets full of water over girls and the custom is accompanied by a lot of cries and excitement. Among the educated class, this custom is preserved just by sprinkling perfumes over ladies, a custom less annoying and much more pleasant.



### His Late Holiness Pious XII and Polish Soldiers<sup>6</sup>

“...and now We desire to address our special greetings to you, beloved sons of Poland, dear to Our heart for your devotion to Christ and His Church, so magnificently demonstrated by your Nation particularly dear to Us because of the wounds and sufferings of your beloved Fatherland” – those were the words by which Pious XII welcomed the Polish soldiers on the day of September 14<sup>th</sup>, 1944, at a public audience accorded to contingents of the Allied troops then in Rome.

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<sup>6</sup> Ms. Typescript, 1954-60

The Polish Ambassador to the Holy See describes the scene of this audience as the most moving and memorable he ever witnessed during his long stay at the Vatican. The huge *Aula della Benedizione* was divided into two halves its left aisle being packed with the English, Scotch, New-Zealand, Australian, American, French and Brazilian contingents, whilst its right aisle could hardly accommodate a compact mass of the 2,000 strong Polish contingent – veterans of the Polish campaign of Norway, France, Battle of Britain, Tobruk, Monte Cassino...

“...Words are unable to adequately express,” went on the Supreme Pontiff, “the feelings which to-day animate us deeper than ever before, but you may find comfort in the knowledge that Our heart bled over the ruins of your great Capital, Warsaw, which became the scene of a tragedy, one of the most woeful but, at the same time, most heroic in the history of your Nation. We have already done for you everything which is in Our power and We will continue to do so, and We shall never cease to raise Our voice against the unspeakable horrors and atrocities of this terrible war and in the cause of justice that would respect your right.”

The Holy Father’s voice soared in emotion when He was pronouncing the concluding words of His address.

“...And the hour will strike when God will convert the days of your torment into days of joy, the years of your enslavement into days of glory and happiness!”

Then something happened which had never been foreseen in the centuries old Protocol of the Vatican: the dead silence which followed the Pope’s address was suddenly broken by the sounds of Polish soldiers marching towards the Papal throne. Gently but firmly the foremost ranks of the Poles pressed back the court of dignitaries and Swiss guards and formed an alley of Polish Uniforms and it was along this alley that his Holiness walked from his throne to the *sedia gestatoria*.

And when the white figure of Pious XII appeared above the crowd in his moving throne which was this time, probably the first time in history, carried by Polish arms and hands alone, the lofty vaults of the *Aula della Benedizione* reverberated with a mighty “Long Live the Holy Father!” – two thousand Polish hearts were giving vent to their exultation.

Whilst the assembly looked in amazement at these extraordinary proceedings, a happy, fatherly smile never left His Holiness’s face and His hand never tired to impart blessings.

It was with infinite care and gentleness that the Polish veteran deposited their saintly load in the Pope's private room.



### “All is quiet on the Eastern Front” – On the Margin of the Polish Election<sup>7</sup>

As it can be expected, no changes in Poland's political status can be conjecture in consequence of the recently held general election, and this for the very simple reason that all outlets that might have led to changes have been securely sealed by the organisers of the election. True, open brutality and violence seem to have been absent from the proceedings, and even a slight breeze of freedom could be felt to blow throughout the country in the pre-election days, due to the firm and dignified stand of the population.

As regards the expected concessions from the Government: to outward seeming, the fact that some parties, apart from the Communists, were allowed to put forward some of their candidates on the electoral lists might have been taken as a concession. In view, however, that only groups closely affiliated to the Communists were granted this privilege and that well sifted candidates only were included in the lists, the worthlessness of this concession becomes obvious. Gomulka's pathetic broadcast on the eve of the election: “Vote Communists, or you will be destroyed!” – could have added to the general atmosphere nothing but gloom.

In the prevailing conditions it is next to impossible to draw an even approximately true picture of the real strength of the Communists in Poland, all statistics being compiled and published by the communist offices exclusively. Statistics relating to November last give the number of Communists, members of the United Polish Workers' Party, as 1,344,000.

Assuming even this figure to be correct and assuming further that the population of Poland within her present boundaries amounts to roughly 30 millions, it is with those 5 per cent, approximately, of the whole population, strictly speaking – with the party's two governing bodies, the Central Committee and the Polit-Bureau, that are vested, Kremlin permitting, all the State powers and privileges.

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<sup>7</sup> Ms. Typescript 1954-60

The Secretary General of the Central Committee, a nominee of the Polit-Bureau, is in fact the ruler of the country. The Diet as constituted by the so-called general elections may be regarded as some sort of consultative body, and the Cabinet of Ministers, whose members are recruited from the communist top drawers – as an executive of the party's instructions.

The Poznan revolt and the subsequent events made even the daftest members of those bodies realise that a rot must have set in among the Party's tops, and consequently a plenary session of the Central Committee and the Polit-Bureau was convoked in October last. The farcical aspect of this session centred round the fact that the members of the two bodies, incidentally entirely responsible for the happenings in the country, donned on this occasion togas of self-appointed judges, judges to pass sentences over themselves.

Now, Polish people might have and certainly had committed, in the course of their long and chequered history, all sort of political blunders, misdeeds and even crimes, but they were never known, until that session, to wallow in public self-debasement and to over themselves with opprobrium when labels such as – liars, provocateurs, cushy job hunters, terrorists, oppressors – could be found among the milder assortment of the invectives.

Among all present only Gomulka and a friend of his had some semblance of a right to figure as public prosecutors for the reason that, at the time the political activities under censure were taking place, they were kept under the lock. On the whole, the judges when passing sentences over themselves proved lenient: the vocabulary of abuse and self-abuse being exhausted and the number of the Polit-Bureau members reduced from eleven to nine, eight of its old members have been re-elected, whilst the remaining seat was offered to Gomulka.

But Gomulka himself never grew weary stressing that the so-called 'democratisation' of the Government system may be extended to those who unconditionally acknowledge the existing order and vouch their obedience to the Communist Party. Any reference to Poland's right to a full measure of sovereignty and independence were immediately countermanded by assurances of the inviolability of the Polish-Soviet alliance. In a word – liberties that were to descend upon the masses as a result of the alleged 'reconstruction of the ruling apparatus' petered out like a damp squib.

And what else could the masses expect from that 'reconstruction'? A mild deviation towards Gomulka's 'national Communism'? But where are those naive people who believe in a 'national Communism' any more than in an 'evolutionary Communism'? A Kadar, with his

first allegiance to the Soviet Union, may be only too eager to find a common language with, say, a Chinese Communist Prime Minister, whilst his utter contempt for his own people's aspirations and sufferings needs must throw an unbridgeable gap between himself and the Hungarian Nation. And this applies to wherever Communism comes into clash with true and sound Nationalism.

True, the position of the Communist leaders, as it was shaping itself as from the Poznan rising right down to the general election, was far from enviable. On one side they had, willy-nilly, to reckon with the ever growing pressure from the people, their indignation and hatred of the regime and of the indignity of being known as a Soviet Russia satellite.

One of their mouthpieces was openly shedding tears over the rising of nationalism even among the very elite of the workers. Another went so far as to declare the rift between the ruling apparatus and the masses reached such dimensions that there remained only two ways out of the impasse: either the masses will overthrow that apparatus and its whole system, or an entirely new system, giving an outlet to the masses' aspirations, must be evolved.

Additionally, the fear of the party bosses lest their Kremlin sponsors turn openly against them is vividly pervading the thick layers of their party verbiage; hence those never ending affirmations of friendship with Moscow and acquiescence in the interminable presence of Soviet troops in Poland. This is understandable: I do not think that a single Polish Communist could be found who would nurse any illusions as to what would happen to the whole communist super-structure in case the country is freed from the Soviet troops and the menace of the rampaging Soviet tanks removed.

It is quite possible that the only lesson which may be eventually be drawn from the recent Polish election will serve to confirm, if any confirmation is required, that no democratic evolution is conceivable in a communist controlled country; that the gigantic fraud of an imposed regime, alien and detestable, will continue to operate, and that in the meantime the chasm between the ruling caucus and the people will grow deeper and deeper.

It seems that the slogan 'Save Europe!' is now gaining predominance in the politics of the Western world, and it also seems that no particular vision is required to realise that in their desperate fight, open or underground, for deliverance and freedom both Poland and Hungary are fighting Europe's fight. This fight, if unsupported and unaided, may lead to one only outcome which is: the destruction of those two Nations, preliminary to the destruction of

Europe, and no measure of security which could, in the meantime, be extended to all the Arab states in the world will alter this writing on the wall.



## Humour in Poland<sup>8</sup>

A public hall in a Polish town is packed with an ‘invited’ audience which has been pressed into it to listen to a lecture by one of the outstanding exponents of communism and all it stands for. Time on such occasion as this one is, of course, no object, so the speaker simply excels himself in quotations from Marx and other prophets of the Bolshevik creed, in its praise, in glorious pictures of prosperity and happiness which await the Polish people once that people accept unreservedly Marx’s revelations, Marx, Marx...

At last the harangue draws to an end and the orator, obviously delighted with his performance, concludes: “And now, citizens, it’s time to start asking questions. I am sure you’ve got quite a lot of them and I am here to answer them all!”

Dead silence, rows of wooden faces... “Well, citizens, I’m waiting for your questions! Go ahead!” Dead silence, same rows of wooden faces. The speaker becomes visibly perturbed. How will he explain to his bosses such devastating lack of interest in such huge audience and this after his brilliant harangue!... He becomes desperate. “Citizens, I beg of you... Do ask me questions! I’m sure you won’t be disappointed....

A man rises in the back row, a typical Polish farmer of the mountain region – phlegmatic, of dignified bearing. “I have a question to ask,” he says. “Grand, citizen, grand!” exclaims the greatly relieved speaker. “Tell me what it is you want to know!”

“You see,” drawls the farmer, “different people talks differently about it, but I would like to know for certain that Mars you have been talking so much about...”

“Yes, yes, citizen! I’m here to give you the correct answer!”

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<sup>8</sup> Ms. Typescript 1954-60

“Well then,” goes on the farmer, “true, I didn’t catch a great deal of what you have been saying, but what I want to know for sure is this: are there yes or no, any human beings living on that Mars...”

A dead serious meeting dissolves into an outburst of general hilarity



## The Future of Poland<sup>9</sup>

In our family home<sup>10</sup> there was a wall almost covered with engravings – copies of the historical pictures by Jan Mateyko the famous Polish painter. By interpreting the subjects of these pictures Polish parents aroused in their children from their early days a keen interest in their country’s history. Polish history was then taboo in the Russian-run and German-run schools so Mateyko was a figure of national importance.

Among his pictures one fascinated me, a dignified, bearded figure stood in its centre, a crucifix in hand, surrounded by a crowd of noblemen, statesman and courtiers, a figure that seemed to extort his entourage to some lofty deeds. This was Sisigmond III Augustus, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Lithuania, the last of the illustrious Jagellonian dynasty. The subject was the concluding stages of a State Council which brought about the final Union between Poland and Lithuania in 1569.

### The First Union

The older I grew the better I understood that that picture was symbolic of about 400 years of our history. When I reached the age when opportunities were given to me to study history on a much larger scale than the history of my own country, the idea dawned on me that that noble figure in Mateyko’s picture grows far beyond the painter’s intentions and is as a torch shedding light along the road giving promise of political salvation to all European nations.

The idea of a united Polish-Lithuanian State emerged in the 1413 and in this connection I cannot refrain from quoting here from a truly imperishable document, which I was never tired to cite in my writings, lectures and speeches

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<sup>9</sup> 1954-60 Part IV chapter 1 unpublished memoirs, A Royal Symbol of a better World, NLI acc 4610

<sup>10</sup> In Kiev

“In the name of the Lord, Amen. May this deed be remembered for ever. It is known to all that he will not attain to salvation who is not sustained by the mystery of love, which does nothing wrong, radiates goodness, reconciles those in discord, unites those who quarrel, dissipates hatred, puts an end to anger, furnishes to all the food of peace, brings together the scattered, lifts up the fallen, makes rough ways smooth, turns wrong into right, aids all virtues, injures no one, delights in all things; he who takes refuge in its arms will find safety, and thenceforth, even though insulted, will have no need to fear. Through love, laws are established, kingdoms are ruled, cities are set in order, and the welfare of the state is brought to its highest; amongst all the virtues it is the most to be commended, and if anyone shall hold it in contempt he will deprive himself of everything good... May love unite us, make us equals, us whom religion and identity of laws and privileges have already joined”.<sup>11</sup>

This was a preamble of the treaty and was conceived by Polish statesmen in order to lay foundations for a close collaboration between the two nations a union to be crowned by the deed as embodied in Matejko’s painting. Thus Poland was the first European nation to perceive that the co-existence of different countries does not necessarily presuppose conquest and subjugation, but can be based on peaceful collaboration.

It was in Poland that the possibilities of a Commonwealth of Nations or united states first germinated. Numerically speaking the Polish race was far from being in proportion with the State it built. A Russian historian, who could not be suspected of bias in Poland’s favour, once said that it must have been a flock of eaglets that spread from the original cradle of the Polish nation over the vast surrounding territories.

These, however, were not birds of prey; it was not conquest they carried on their wings, but liberty and security. Powerful indeed must have been the attractions offered by that old Kingdom of Poland to weaker neighbouring nations; we see other countries following Lithuania’s example, such as Estonia, White Ruthenia, Moldavia. Even East Prussia remained united to the Polish crown until late in the 17<sup>th</sup> century.

#### An Advanced State

The only binding force keeping together that conglomeration of nations and races was the principle of equality in status. At the climax of its career in the sixteenth and early

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<sup>11</sup> Paul Super, *Events and Personalities in Polish History* Indo-Polish Library, no. 10, 1944, reprinted in 2008: There must be an earlier edition as it was a source in the late 1930s.

seventeenth centuries, Poland was the largest state in Europe and achieved its historic mission of keeping in check the destructive forces of eastern and central Europe.

Of course other mighty associations of states became known to history subsequently – the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations. But the first accomplished unity within territorial boundaries defined by nature, and the second spread over lands far beyond Europe. So that as far as Europe is concerned, it is still the solitary figure of a Polish King, crucifix in hand, that shows to the European nations the way to a better world.

Judged by contemporary political and social standards the old Kingdom of Poland was an unusual state, a state where, notwithstanding the turbulent nature of its inhabitants, the sense of security was such that, when Henry VII of England suggested to Poland the establishment of a League of Christian Princes, the offer was rejected by the King and the Diet on the grounds that England was a country in “a perpetual state of internal upheaval”<sup>12</sup>

From 1454 no citizen could be imprisoned without trial; from 1505 no law be promulgated without the common consent of the two Chambers. Religious tolerance was so deeply felt that, when some urged the King (himself a devout Catholic) to take stern measures against the Reformation, his answer was “I am not King of your consciences”.

Soldierly valour was such that, despite terrible wars against Turk, Tartar, Cossack, Russian and Swede, Poland was still able to deal, in 1683, a mortal blow to the Ottoman Empire’s invasions of Europe. It destroyed, with John Sobieski’s victory at Vienna, the menace of the Crescent.

(The above appeared in the *Irish independent* 3 May 1957 with this conclusion, sub-headed Inter-War Errors:

It may be well to consider some of the mistakes and blunders which have caused Poland’s present plight. Poland between the two wars was entirely dominated by Pilsudski and his adherents. Pilsudski’s regime represented his own ideas of what a strong government should be with a mixture of some totalitarian methods.

With all appearances of strength it was virtually a weak government: this regime had no roots in the country’s history, tradition or national character. Because of the concentration of power in the hands of a few, by the time Poland found herself in the throes of a major crisis many intelligent, educated

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<sup>12</sup> Violet Markham in the forward of *Diplomatic Ventures and Adventures*, Count R Przewozicki

and trained people had disappeared from public life; some including Paderewski and General Sikorski, had emigrated.

The general ineptitude of the regime did not spare the army bitter was the nation's disappointment when it became clear that to highly modernised German army Poland was able to oppose only inadequately supplied infantry. I do not suggest that, had the Polish army been trained under the command of General Sikorski, the outcome of the Polish-German campaign would have been different.

But, had Polish forces been organised according to Sikorski's ideas; i.e. reduced in numbers but thoroughly equipped, mechanised and motorised (and led to battle by the General) the campaign might have been considerably prolonged, consequently the stabbing of Poland in the back by Russia might have been postponed, perhaps avoided.)

### Dreams and Realities

Be that as it may, it was with this vision in our minds and hearts, a vision which we cherished in spite of all our countries shortcomings and defaults, that we, the Poles, awakened in November, 1918, to the fact that our dreams came true: Poland had to be free again. But what were the realities? All the once component parts of the Royal Republic were now on the strain to obtain unrestricted independence, with all the appendages of sovereignty, such as – their own armies, external policy, diplomacy, tariffs and so on.

The National Democrats, a Polish party best qualified in the matters of external policies; foresaw the rise of local nationalisms all over the territories which once belonged to the Polish Commonwealth and advocated a national Poland which, however, should include those border lands where Polish cultural preponderance was indisputable. Pilsudski, on the other hand, seemed to incline towards some kind of Commonwealth ideas, but the way that he himself dealt with Lithuania from the very beginning estranged that country from Poland, a country which for five centuries was Poland's most faithful partner.

A compromise was reached which emerged as an outcome of another document of a sort only Polish history seems to be able to produce. In 1921 the victorious Poles sat with the Russians round a conference table in Riga and agreed to let Russia have about two-thirds of our historical possessions. What would be interesting to note is that Poland had behind her not only her victories in the field, but also the fact that the Bolshevik Government had just repudiated all treaties referring to partitions of Poland and proclaimed them null and void.

But Poland, as she reappeared on the map of Europe in 1921, was neither a Commonwealth of Nations since those slices of lands, mostly Ukrainian and White Ruthenian, which became incorporated within her boundaries, were obviously too small to be treated as parts of a Commonwealth; nor was she a purely national state since her border lands were ridden with all sorts of minorities, some of them subversive, some separatist, others communistically minded. It was there, to wit – in the fact that Poland regained her independence neither as a national state, nor as a union of nations, that lay the first fundamental causes of her weakness.

It is all very well to ascertain and to arraign all those factors that seemed to have combined in one powerful grip to contribute to Poland's downfall. But I think it would be well to ponder for a while over our own mistakes, shortcomings and deficiencies, which can be taken, partly at least, as having caused our plight. When Pilsudski assumed, subsequent to his *coup d'état* in 1926, the supreme power and distributed all the state key-positions to his partisans, the Pilsudskists, he decided that his dictatorship should be a veiled one and consequently the Diet was allowed to prolong its existence as a kind of ornamental body.

Thus Poland became a constitutional conundrum: it was neither an autocracy nor, of course, a democracy, and finally with Pilsudski's death, it drifted into an oligarchy. Pilsudski's regime represented an application of his own ideas of what a strong government should be with an admixture of some of the totalitarian methods. With all the appearances of strength it was virtually a weak one as it was enforced upon the people with a complete disregard for Poland's age-honoured parliamentary institutions, liberal legislation and deep attachment to individual liberty, in a word this regime had no roots in Poland's history, tradition or national character. Pilsudski's state had certainly nothing in common with that Polish-Lithuanian-Ruthenian Commonwealth about which the Papal Nuncio wrote sometime in 1569 that "in Poland everything is done without constraint, by persuasion".

On their leader's death the Pilsudskists made it universally known that they were not prepared to share the power with anybody outside their own caucus and that they were assuming full responsibility for the country's future destinies. So they did, but with deplorable results. By the time Poland found herself in the throes of a major crisis scores of highly intelligent, educated and trained people had completely disappeared from the public arena and some of them, including Paderewski and Sikorski, had emigrated.

Two spheres of state activities, those exactly on which Poland's fate hinged, seemed to irresistibly attract the then rulers of the country: military and external affairs. Now, it is

curious how readily those two spheres, not being governed by any strict rules of science and knowledge, may lend themselves to experimentation by bold dilettantes. Sometimes workings of those dilettantes may even produce transitory effects of something much deeper than they were ever intended to be. Let us take, for example, the Polish-German *rapprochement* in the early thirties. It was undoubtedly a sensational move, but with the passing of time its true meaning, in so far as Poland was concerned, was becoming more and more obscure.

Was it heralding a radical change in the orientation of Poland's external policy? But, if so, was it not obvious that this move's first and inescapable result would be a definite loosening of our ties with France? Or was it, perhaps, an astute device to simply whip up France's vigilance and alertness? But, in this case, why were those uncalled-for visits to Poland of such people as Goering and Goebbels encouraged and given the character of state-receptions?

The advantage of this *rapprochement* for Germany soon became evident, its aim being to keep Poland quiet until such time when Hitler, having finished with Austria and Czechoslovakia, would have Poland hermetically sealed from North, West and South. In the region of external affairs the Polish oligarchy had again fallen between two stools.

About military affairs: the outbreak of the war with Germany found the Polish army consisting of masses of infantry inadequately supplied even with machine-guns and having as their only means of transport their own feet, and of a couple of dozens of lancer's regiments; the air-force was negligible. I am by no means trying to suggest that, should the Polish army had been trained by and placed under the command of that brilliant soldier, General Sikorski, the final outcome of the Polish-German campaign might have been different. The odds were too heavy.

One must bear in mind that Poland had to face a force which made France with her "finest army in the world", supported by Great Britain, Holland and Belgium, collapse and surrender after three weeks of actual fighting. But what I do suggest is that, should our forces have been organised according to General Sikorski's ideas, i.e. reduced in numbers but thoroughly equipped, mechanised and motorised, and led to the battle by the General himself, the campaign against Germany might have been considerably prolonged and, consequently, the stabbing in the back by Soviet Russia – postponed, nay, perhaps altogether avoided.

It is interesting to observe how the origins of some apparently isolated and insignificant incidents could be traced to remote and much more important events, to wit in this particular

case, how the seeds sown by the 1926 *coup d'état* in Warsaw produced a replica in miniature in 1954 – in London. What happened was this: before he died President Raczkiewicz appointed Auguste Zaleski to be his successor in office. Constitutionally debatable as this appointment was, the representative bodies of the Polish émigrés in London decided to let Zaleski's Presidency run its normal course.

But when his tenure in office had expired and he, nevertheless, continued to function as President, the above bodies approached him with earnest demands that he should resign without further delay – just to be told that such was his, Zaleski's, intention and that he decided to extend his tenure in office indefinitely. The representative bodies could not find any other way to counter-balance Zaleski's self-appointed Presidency than by setting up a 'Council of Three'.

Sorry as may appear the display of cleavage in Polish émigré circles and welcome undoubtedly as it was to the communist propaganda in Poland, one should not attach undue importance to the incident as it is obvious that the salvation of Poland cannot be expected to come from our emigration, but from those Poles solely who, after having endured one occupation, are now enduring another one.

Can Poland rise again within the framework of the United States of Europe? Certainly, but such a solution would call for a sincere adherence by Germany and Russia to the peaceful co-existence of nations, which needs must remain doubtful. Taken outside that framework, could a weak Poland serve any other purposes than those of continuously whetting the greed of her two neighbours?

It seems that only a restoration of a truly strong Poland, the restoration of something along the lines of that old Commonwealth, which played such a conspicuous and useful part in the history of Europe in the 15<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries, could be of any avail both to herself and to the common cause of European nations. Here is one warning to all our well-wishers and sympathisers: it would be worse than useless to treat Poland "as one of those small suffering nations for which something must be done".

It were the partitions of Poland, which having contributed to the abnormal growth of Russia and the Central Powers and greatly increased their lust for further unlawful acquisitions, created one of the indirect causes of the First Great War, and it was that weak Poland of 1939 that was the immediate cause of the outbreak of the Second Great War. Napoleon discovered,

unfortunately too late, that it was Poland that formed the corner-stone of the European structure. The Polish problem should not be discussed and cannot be successfully solved unless approached on the highest level of the European problems.<sup>13</sup>



## Patriotism – The driving Force of these Composers<sup>14</sup>

Can music be regarded as an art akin to a nation, as a means of expression capable of interpreting differently the spiritual and emotional features dividing nations into separate groups of individuals?

This question has been widely discussed and re-discussed under all kinds of aspects particularly by the extremely rich literature on music of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

By accepting a correlation between music and nationalism one would, of course, be bound to try to answer another question which is: what are the ways and sound channels through which a composer may successfully attempt to give expression to national feelings in music?

The simplest answer to it could be – by a discriminating use by the composer of the inexhaustible deposits of folk-music.

But there also exist much deeper approaches to that question, those, for instance, which were advanced by Richard Wagner whose tremendous personality as a composer, poet and writer simply saturated the whole of music, drama and verse of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

His thesis is based, roughly speaking, on two assumptions, the first of them being easily acceptable: music's true mission, says Wagner, must be found in its limited possibilities to express fundamental human emotions such as: love, passion, ecstasy, valour, despair, joy,

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<sup>13</sup> In the same issue (précis): General Wladislaw Anders, former Polish Commander in Chief, the leader of the Free Poles, arrived in Dublin Airport yesterday for a brief visit, during which he will participate in celebrations connected with Poland's National Day, which takes place today. The Polish leader, who will be the guest of Captain and Madame Schmidt, at Dunsany Castle, was welcomed by Jorek Piek, President, and Jan Kaminski, Vice-President of the Polish Student Association in Ireland... "But the situation regarding Poland is difficult and tends to become more difficult week by week. When you are dealing with Communists there are always difficulties". He held a public meeting in the Shelbourne Hotel, attended a function by the Polish-Irish Society in Jury's Hotel with visits to Archbishop McQuaid, Taoiseach de Valera, etc. There is also a biography mostly dealing with his military service in WWII

<sup>14</sup> *Sunday Press*, 26 June 1960 the subheadings by a newspaper editor are omitted

sadness, resignation and so on; any other subjects not deriving direct from those emotions are unworthy of being interpreted by music. His second assumption is much more involved:

Of all the European languages, contends Wagner, German is the only one which preserved its affinities with the primordial words and sounds through which primitive man, unspoiled by the intricacies and conventionalities of civilisation, was expressing his basic emotions like those just quoted.

Thus, he concludes, it is the German language which lends itself best to being expressed and illustrated by music, which through its supreme mission of interpreting that language, is supposed itself to become Germanic.

To achieve an organic fusion of the spoken word and music in his music dramas Wagner, being himself an outstanding poet, embarked upon the task of 'rejuvenating' the German verse by an inspired use of onomatopoeia and alliterations.

As however, it appears that poets of other nationalities soon discovered ways of writing verses and that poems created, say, the Frenchman, Paul Verlaine, could produce the same effects and impressions as German verses by Wagner, the latter's whole theory of a Germanic music becomes, obviously, open to scepticism.

Chopin had his own and, probably, the only natural way of introducing the national background of his music. He, certainly, delved lavishly in the wealth of Polish folk-song and dance music.

But it was in his works which, in fact, had little or nothing to do with those particular elements of music that he conjured up the very essence of his nation's spirit, in his Polonaises – those grandiose panoramas of the past grandeur and glory, his Ballads – sound reflections of his country's fairy-land, his Scherzos, Nocturnes, Etudes throbbing with emotions of a wounded national soul.

The most direct and striking connections with folk-song can be traced to Russian music, Russia's vastness and her people's innate musicality accounting for it.

Let us take, as an instance, the last movement of Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony whose principal theme is based on a popular song about a birch-tree that stood alone in the midst of the fields.

I happened to hear it first performed by a Russian regiment choir<sup>15</sup> and became kind of fascinated by its reckless, brutal abandon.

In Tchaikovsky's masterly orchestral adaptation of the song it becomes, without losing any essentials of its nature, a rather absorbing musical production to be appreciated by any musically-minded individual.

It is the same with the now famous *Volga Boatman Song*, exuding sullen fatalism, or the *Doubinushka* with its veiled appeals to violence – once they have been dealt with by such past masters as Rimsky-Korsakov or Glazounov they became, whilst preserving their original elements, particles of international music.

Music does not, of course, exist in nature, apart from inorganic sounds such as say, thunder, rushing water, earthquake rumble, roaring of beasts, twittering of birds and so on. Sounds which have no power to provide human beings with models for compositions in the way nature supplies an infinite variety of subjects for painting, sculpture, plastic arts and, to a great extent, for poetry.

Music's purely imitative and descriptive possibilities are very limited indeed. A reproduction of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* of some inorganic sounds was described by Beethoven himself as "rather an expression of feelings than sound-paintings".

His own deafness provides a rather striking testimony to the absence of any correlation between the sounds of the outer world and those hidden in the composer's soul.

In other words, it is music that of all the arts exercises the most direct and intimate contact between the creator and the masses, and it seems that it is music that wields the unequalled power of explaining and interpreting one nation to another in the most acceptable and undisguised form.

Purely emotional as that interpretation may be, it is therein that music's supreme destiny in relations between human beings could probably be found.

With this approach to music in mind one may, perhaps, try to gain some kind of insight into that ever disturbing enigma of Russian people's psycho-mental make-up.

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<sup>15</sup> Probably before 1914

Should we look upon Russia through the embrasure of her music, a truly impressive vista would unfold itself before our eyes.

The rise of Russian music to the by now universally acknowledged high level is actually of a recent date. It is only from the beginning of this century that names such as Glinka, Mussorgsky, Borodin, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov – started conveying anything to the Western World, but the rise was rapid and the mounting success of Russian composers soon became assured.

Of course, at the time when those composers made their entrance on the international stage they had already to their credit an extraordinarily rich and brilliant array of productions embracing all existing forms of instrumental and vocal music: operas, symphonies, symphonic poems, ballets, songs, chamber music, etc.

It should be mentioned that, simultaneously with Wagner, but independently from him, Russian composers perceived the great possibilities offered by the Italian opera, which up to their time remained supreme, by its conversion into what has become known as music drama.

Thus came to an end those ‘Concerts Costumes’ loosely bound by librettos often produced with utter contempt for the logic of the scenic action and dignity of the spoken word, and instead there appeared imposing scenic structures where all three component elements – drama, verse and music – were treated with equal reverence, always assuming that music was still playing the paramount part in that tripartite synthesis.

It may be worth remembering that, whilst Wagner’s *Tannhauser* was still making its thorny ascent toward success, Glinka’s *Russian and Ludmilla*, Mussorgsky’s *Boris Gudounov*, both based on Pushkin’s verse, and Borodin’s *Prince Igor* with an ancient saga as its theme, were already in existence or in the making.

Apart from greatly contributing to the creation of music drama Russian composers paid their tribute to the older forms of music, such as bequeathed by Beethoven in his symphonies

They also enriched that form of composition which became known as from the days of Franz Liszt as Symphonic Poems, in other words – the programme music, to mention just Tchaikovsky’s *Romeo and Juliet* and *Francesca da Rimini*, or Rimsky-Korsakov’s *Scheherazade* and *Antar*.

Incidentally, it should be noted that the subsequent generation of Russian composers, such as Scriabin, Rakhmaninov and Stravinsky, advanced as they were in their harmonic achievements, never indulging in the premeditated excesses of atonal music.

The question is, in what light does Russian music reveal to the Western world the innermost depths of the Russian soul? The easy answer seems to be – in the light of pessimism, gloom, torment, despair which is so very evident in the works of Tchaikovsky and Mussorgsky.

But what about the epic serenity of Borodin's *Prince Igor*? The scintillating cascade of Rimsky-Korsakov's operatic creations, all imbued with the atmosphere of saga, legend and fairy-land?

What about Tchaikovsky's lyrics expressing love, sadness, yearnings, soaring ideals? All of them making a strong appeal to the emotional leanings common to all human beings!...

No doubt Russian music kept alive a certain link which binds the Russians to the Western world, but what kind of a link? Is it that of a rainbow spanning two estranged worlds, of an elusive filament of no real meaning?

And who could possibly see what kind of spiritual face the Russian people are likely to show once the shackles of materialistic atheism and communist tyranny are no more and that people is given an opportunity to establish itself as a free member of a free European community?



## In Russia Forty Years Ago<sup>16</sup>

### General Atmosphere

Among the many descriptions of the last days of that empire there are only a few to be found that would give the reader any idea, however remote, of the specifically Russian atmosphere in which that stupendous show of downgrade and decadence became involved. I think that in search of an instrument capable of rendering that atmosphere it would be well to discard words and to resort to music which, unlike other expressions of the human creative power such as poetry with its verbal precision, or plastic arts with their imitative background, lends

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<sup>16</sup> Ms. Typescript 1954-60 Extracts from a longer article on the rise of the Russian revolution

itself magnificently to the reflection of the illimitable, unfathomable and unattainable, these very perceptions after which the Russian soul yearns irresistibly.

Whilst some of the Russian composers with Tchaikovsky at the very top reveal through the magic of their inspiration all the meanderings of a Russian soul through sadness, soaring sallies of fancy, despair, heroics, anguish with an inescapable relapse into impenetrable gloom, others like Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mussorgsky, convert music into an emotional interpreter of the Russian saga and of some fragments of Russian history.

One scene of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* in particular remains engraved in my memory not only for its artistic perfection but as a truly prophetic apparition as well. Mob is the hero of this scene, the Russian mob released from all restraints of authority and freely indulging in anarchy, cruelty and unbridled passions until the moment when the false Pretender Dmitiri, surrounded by a retinue of Polish knights, makes his appearance. At that moment the mob prostrate themselves at the new autocrat's feet.

Three hundred years later another personality presented himself to the Russian people. True, he was not clad in a shining armour and did not arrive on horseback: Vladimir Ilyich Oulianov (Lenin) descended shabbily dressed from a railway car sealed by the German Imperial authorities, but there must have been something in his ruthless Kalmukian features, in his implacable logic and cold-blooded appeals to cruelty as it did not take him long to have the Russian people prostrated at his feet.

Not only music flourished in Russia of those days, but literature and theatre as well. Even the night clubs, cabarets, the so-called Cafes-chantant tried to diversify nudity and vulgarity with interludes meant to create this atmosphere, the 'mood', and some of these productions were of such morose perversity that, compared with them, the Tzigane Romances of yore stand in my memory like pillars of sanity. Beautiful, well off and educated women sick, like everybody, with 'yearning' and 'longings', threw to the dogs all morals. What was the use of curbing any desires and extravagances in a world which was precipitating towards its doom, a world which, at all events, was 'going to the devil'...

#### Political Divisions and Collapse of the Monarchy

My own direct contacts with that soldiery ("hordes of self-disbanded and thoroughly demoralised soldiery") came out to be because, like many other young Poles, Russian subjects. I was conscripted and, in the view of my university degree, got, after nine months in

the ranks, my commission in one of the cavalry regiments. I saw and experienced things I wish I had never seen and experienced, but not all my memories of those days are necessarily on the dark side. Murdering officers in the opening stages of the revolution was not yet the acknowledged way of dealing with ‘enemies of the people’, but what was greatly enjoyed by the dishevelled soldiery was assaulting them and tearing off their epaulettes which were regarded as symbols of oppression.

As a Pole I really did not care much whether those Russian epaulettes were on my shoulders or anywhere else, but I dreaded the idea of being pawed by a mob. Once when walking from my quarters to the officers’ mess I ran into a crowd whose intentions to indulge in the epaulette tearing game at my expense were unmistakable. I braced myself for the ordeal, but then, all of a sudden, a man jumped to the front of the gang and shouted “Brothers, Comrades! Three cheers for the cornet! He stands for the people!” I looked at him in amazement and then remembered.

Some time ago this very fellow had deserted, was caught, court-martialled under the article providing for the death penalty. I happened to act as secretary to the regimental court, and being a conscientious objector to any form of capital punishment, succeeded in convincing members of the court that the man was guilty of a minor infringement – actually it was a clear-cut case of desertion – and just escaped being court-martialled myself for the ways I obtained the confirmation of the sentence from the O. C. The result was that, instead of facing a firing squad, the man spent some months in the clink. Now he was repaying me his debt of gratitude...



### From Rasputin to Sputniks<sup>17</sup>

The fortieth anniversary of the events that shook Holy Russia in 1917-18 seem to have stirred up memories which are receding deeper and deeper into the realms of history, When I was listening quite recently to one of those thrilling historical reconstructions with which the BBC often entertains its audiences, this time under the title *Rasputin and Tsarina Alexandra*, it suddenly flashed upon me that I happened to have caught a glimpse of a man who is

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<sup>17</sup> Ms. Typescript 1954-60

supposed to have if not actually engineered, then at least to have precipitated the downfall of the Tsardom.

When in my twenties, not long before the first Great War, I went to St. Petersburg, as it then was, to have a look at that Capital all built up on the morasses of the Neva and its affluents. When walking along the Gorokhovaya street, where Rasputin lived, I saw a biggish crowd surrounding and following a figure in black. As any sort of public gatherings were then, just as they must be now, suspiciously frowned upon by the Russian security bosses, I asked a policeman on duty what was the commotion about.

“Well, sir,” he answered, “there are always idlers only too willing to see the *Staretz* (in Russian – the saintly man), to gape at him or ask for his blessing. And he looks to-day in a jolly mood.”

I was too far away to ascertain whether Rasputin’s eyes emanated in fact that uncanny magnetism, which was generally contended to be the case, but what I saw was a not uncommon in Russia coarse specimen of humanity, half monk, half *moujik*.

Accustomed as I was to all sorts of contradictions and paradoxes of the Russian life, I admit to being excited to see that rough figure arrogantly moving against the background of the formidable Russian Capital and to realise that there was a creature who virtually swayed the destinies of a colossal empire. As a type taken as a composite of the Russian folklore Rasputin represented nothing new. Russian annals covering a life as from the Imperial Court right down to the thatched hovels are full of references to a particular type known under the untranslatable name of *yourodivy*, a kind of simpleton, mixture of sanctimony, cretinism and clairvoyance.

Rasputin differed from the type in this that, whilst a *yourodivy* was as a rule a harmless creature, special conditions of the declining Empire permitted him to assume proportions of a dangerous mountebank. In him the dying Tsardom seems to have produced a monstrous plant symbolical of whatever may be evil in a human being – greed, lust, base cunning, hypocrisy, supreme amorality.

Rasputin’s real surname has never been established. So long as he was roaming in the Siberian tundras he was generally known as Grishka (diminutive of Gregory) to which later made-up surname was added to evidently illustrate the ways Grishka was enjoying life.

*Rasputnik* in Russian means a debauchee and *Rasputin* is just a derivative from the noun under the shape of a surname.

When in 1917 Lenin seized the supreme power over the Romanovs' Empire his exertions were generally regarded as a desperate reaction to Rasputin's inheritance, as a crazy experiment bound to be replaced by the returning sanity of mind and purpose. Those, however, knew something about Russia and Russian people, ventured a different opinion, to wit – that unless Tsardom was restored promptly and efficiently Lenin's regime had all the chances to stay on, and it was the latter that had to be. Structurally speaking the edifice of the Russian Empire remained almost untouched. True, the Autocrat of all Russians became replaced by the Secretary of the Communist Party and the old aristocracy and gentry 0 by the party tops , but the bureaucracy, army, secret police and, in particular, the apathetic and fatalistic millions of peasantry – remained where they were.

A substitute for the religion was found in 'dialectic materialism', but, while the latter might have provided some food for the intelligentsia, an outlet for the pent-up mysticism of the Russian people simply had to be invented and it was enforced under the shape of technology. Thus the old Russian Orthodox clergy had not only been eliminated but also replaced by technocracy. "Religion," Lenin arrogantly declared, "is the opiate for the people." But, reasoned his successors, why not to impose upon the people a truly Soviet conception of an opiate, something to obliterate in the people's souls all eternal spiritual ideas and yearnings, all the dreams of human freedom and dignity? So technology became the Soviet travesty of the religion.

No wonder that a gifted nation like the Russians whose all energies and inventive powers became pressed into the channel of technology, had, sooner or later, to hit upon something out of the ordinary. Hence the Russian Sputniks. No matter how soon Western scientists will be able to catch up with or, most likely, to outdistance the Russians, the Kremlin rulers are still holding to-day the advantages of their Sputnik propaganda (*sputnik* in Russian means both a satellite and a fellow-traveller) and, consequently, are making full use of their technological gains for political aims.

It would not require any particular perspicacity to apprehend that, by offering to sign a pact of non-aggression between the so-called members of the Warsaw Pact and the members of NATO, the Soviet rulers clearly aim at the implicit recognition of the Eastern powers of the

existing partition of Europe and at an international sanctioning of the Kremlin's territorial acquisitions.

The ever lurking futility of entering into any non-aggression obligations with a totalitarian power hardly needs any proving, but what may be, in this context, worth keeping in mind is this: whilst in the days of Rasputin the Tsar's territorial ambitions in Europe did not exceed Poland, the Balkans and Constantinople, in the Sputnik's era the glittering prize for the Russian technological achievements, a prize which clearly allures the imagination of the Soviet rulers, seems to be nothing less than a monstrous Euro-Afro-Asiatic empire of soulless technocracy governed by a 'Big Brother' implanted in the dark recesses of the Kremlin.



### Home-made Moon: the Aftermath<sup>18</sup>

I always remember as some of the most fascinating moments in my travels across Europe in the bygone days my stops in Florence for the purpose of visiting and re-visiting the Uffizi Museum to peruse there the albums containing cartoons all filled up by the hand of that extraordinary genius, Leonardo da Vinci, whose name left some indelible marks along the path mankind had chosen to follow in its quest of beauty, wisdom and science. Those cartoons represent an almost incredible miscellany of drawings and sketches ranging from enchanting female faces right down to cross-cuts of flying and ballistic machines and such-like, all interspersed with formulas, sentences, equations, maxims and so on. It was out of those nonchalantly scattered morsels of Leonardo's wisdom that a whole system of deductive philosophy had been later evolved and construed.

Possibly the most valuable component of Leonardo's reasonings is his obvious tendency to harmonise the spiritual and mental substance of the human nature. Whilst propounding that the divine spark that made man what he is, is in no way limited by any laws, natural or supernatural, in its probing of the wonders and mysteries of the universe, his conclusions appear to strengthen only his unshakeable belief in the Divine Revelation, the Gospel as the Supreme guiding truth.

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<sup>18</sup> Ms. Typescript, 1954-60 Extract

So here is a man, belonging to the 16<sup>th</sup> century of our era about whom it would be permissible to assume that he would not either be surprised or perturbed to hear that man has managed to launch the first earth satellite which he seems to be likely to regard as a logical development of the ever-widening penetration of the brain into the mysteries and possibilities of the universe

It seems by launching their orb the Russian scientists have considerably undermined the communist atheistic and materialistic theories concerning the origins and existence of the universe, theories by which they endeavour to explain these phenomena as a product of the evolution of soulless matter. The part of their theories which needs must remain obscure is the one which would have to provide the answer as to what power is responsible for the impulse of soulless matter to evolve and for the laws of evolution.

Surely it would have been downright silly to contend that that impulse and those laws could have sprung into operation by themselves... No matter how far-reaching and successful may be the man's explorations of the outer sphere a purely materialist approach to the origins, developments and destinies of the universe is bound to remain as inaccessible to the mind of a modern scientist armed, as he may be, with artificial satellites and space-ships, as it undoubtedly was to the mind of a cave-man who, poised on his club, was gaping at the splendour of a starlit vault of the sky.<sup>19</sup>



## The Enigma of the Russian People<sup>20</sup>

What do we really know about the Russian people? My answer to that would be: mighty little. We may have a good knowledge of Russia's history which, in fact, contains little except a long record of deeds and misdeeds of, first, a long range of reigning monarchs, and, since 1917, of the new Russian autocrats, the bosses of the Bolshevik party. But what about the Russian people themselves?

I was born in Kiev, the principal town of the Ukraine. True, owing to the fact that that beautiful city remained as from the 14<sup>th</sup> century until the last decades of the 17<sup>th</sup> century

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<sup>19</sup> The rest of the article discusses the impact of the launch on dialectic materialism philosophy versus Biblical Revelation

<sup>20</sup> Ms. Typescript, 1954-60

under the Polish Crown and that it was only late in the 18<sup>th</sup> century that the Ukraine became detached from the Polish Dominions, Kiev could hardly be taken for an example of a Russian city. In my days both Kiev and the Ukraine still bore many impresses of that Western, Roman Catholic civilisation which was left there by generations of Polish settlers.

But, all the same, in view of an intensive russification of the country, I had, apart from the education given to young Poles in their homes, to attend a Russian speaking college, to graduate in a Russian speaking university, to make my military service in the Russian army and so on. Consequently I had innumerable opportunities of meeting masses of Russians of different classes and social distinctions, and even of making friends with some of them. And yet, should I be asked to make any sort of definitive statements regarding the mentality and psychology of the Russian people, I would be compelled to admit to being unable to do so.

The explanation may be found in the fact that since the Tartar conquest of Russia in the 13<sup>th</sup> century any manifestation of the people's will become trampled to death. The old Russian local open-air parliaments called *vyeche* – they were convoked by the ringing of the church bells – disappeared. Those popular upheavals which surged from the depths of the Russian continent and periodically shook the throne of the Muscovite autocrats could hardly be regarded as comprehensive expressions of the Russian people's real leanings.

It was only in 1906 that some semblance of free elections to the first two Imperial Doumas (Houses of Representatives) took place. But as the overwhelming majorities of the Doumas were composed of the *intelligentsia*, with their often distorted ideas about the people's wishes, and as those bodies were rapidly disposed off by the Government with purposeful rapidity, no time was given to them to leave any visible traces on Russia's political life.

When I am looking back to the year 1917 in Russia I am still wondering what was the real sequence of events: was it that an organised and properly led body overthrew the Tsardom and substituted itself in its stead, or was it that the old regime, utterly incapable to support itself, simply collapsed and consequently created a vacuum into which other political elements started to infiltrate and to experiment on other forms of human co-existence or, should I say – mutual destruction, until such time as the strongest of these elements got the upper hand?

I am in favour of the last thesis. To gauge how really strong were the competing forces in Russia it would be as well to keep in mind that the final issue, that 'Glorious October

Revolution' so loudly remembered every year by the Kremlin rulers, that issue between the Petrograd Soviet and Kerensky's histrionic dictatorship, was fought and won by a gangful of Cronstadt sailors versus a school of cadets and a battalion of woman volunteers, - surely not a particularly impressive array of people if compared with the 180 millions inhabitants of Russia.

The subsequent successes of the Bolsheviks against the counter-revolutionary Generals were due to their astute propaganda which was impressing the people with fear that, should the Generals win, they would start by taking away from the peasants their newly gained possessions. Little they knew, those desperately fighting peasants, that they were thus abetting a Government which was already planning to deprive them not only of their lands formerly belong to the landowners, but even of those plots they used to own under the Tsars.

By the end of 1917 an event took place which is being either deliberately ignored or simply ridiculed by the Bolshevik ruler: in spite of the general chaos in Russia an election took actually place for the Constituent Assembly. It contained an overwhelming majority of the social-revolutionaries and social-democrats (Mensheviks), bitterly opposed to the Bolsheviks, and, in fact, congregated in Petrograd. But on the very day of its opening it was brutally dispersed by a band of Cronstadt sailors, and thus the free voice of the Russian people, free for the first time since the epoch of the *vyeche*, was strangled at its very birth.

The attitude of the Russian people towards religion presents a picture of curious metamorphosis. There was in the Kiev suburbs a famous monastery, the 'Pecherskaya Lavra'. Many a time I saw myself tens of thousands of pilgrims camping day and night round the monastery's buildings in expectation of being admitted to a service and to the catacombs and of leaving there their hardly earned *copecks*. Easter was the most picturesque of all the Russian church holidays. On the Holy Saturday masses of cleanly and neatly dressed people would fill all churches to overflow to attend the midnight service and to present to the priest's blessing baskets of hard boiled beautifully painted eggs, rounds of sausage and special sweet cheese cake.

On Easter Sunday people would greet each other by exclaiming: "Christ has risen!" and the answer was: "He has indeed!" Even strangers would embrace and kiss one another in the spirit of Christian brotherhood. But already by the evening of the day a sprinkle of individuals under the influence of vodka was becoming noticeable in streets and public places. That sprinkle would grow thicker and thicker throughout Easter Monday, until, on the

third day, the whole festive atmosphere of the great holiday would dissolve itself into scenes of drunken debauchery.

But on the whole the Russian people gave the impression of being rather attached to their religion and that people's attitude of complete indifference towards the abolition of religion and the violent anti-religious campaign came to many as a surprise, one of those surprises, however you can always expect when following the workings of the Russian nature. What was behind that attitude – fear or just apathy? A question mark.

But surely, it can be argued,, there must be some means of obtaining an insight into the ways of the Russian spirit and mind. Of course there are, and those are the artistic expressions of the Russian soul, Russia's rich literature and their music which truly deserves the definition of outstanding.

In one of his novels Pushkin, the famous poet, describes a rather revolting scene of murder and arson being enjoyed by a band of peasants at the expense of a landowner and his property. In the middle of the orgy a kitten appears on the blazing roof of the house and the leader of the mob reaches, without hesitation the top of the crumbling roof and saves the kitten. And here is another little, somewhat different story drawn from my own experiences: when I was mobilised during the first Great War and was serving with the 9<sup>th</sup> Hussars I had a batman, a typical Russian peasant from the Voronezh district, a smart and well disciplined soldier.

When the revolution broke out and the regimental Soviet opened their activities by abolishing all batmen, Michael, that was my man's name, went to see the chairman of the Soviet and his colleagues, told them in a few unprintable words what he thought of them and declared that, having become a free citizen, he decided to continue as my batman. So he did. When after all sorts of peregrinations we landed in my native Kiev we found it a city of block-houses where the law-abiding citizens were defending themselves against assault by marauding bands of armed and drunken soldiery.

Once, when it was my turn, with, of course, Michael at my side, to patrol the grounds of my father's old place, a figure of a Bolshevik red-guard suddenly loomed in front of us and I found myself looking into the barrel of a pistol. But even before I had time to make up my mind what to do, Michael, the good scout that he was, was already behind the man and quietly coshed him with a poker.

“Oh, Michael,” I said, “I hope you did not kill him!”

“No, sir”, came the answer, “by no means! It would want something more than that to kill such a swine as this one.”

He then removed the snorting body and removed it outside the gate. It was almost with tears in our eyes that we ultimately had to part when Michael decided, always “by your leave, sir”, to go home and rejoin his wife. Thus the possible ‘dark side of the moon’ in my Michael’s make-up remained a mystery to me.

About the Russian literature: certainly writers such as Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov and many others have made their contributions towards the elucidation of the problem of the impulses hidden in the Russian soul. But it seems that it was Dimitri Merejkovsky who gave us the best fitting key to the door of that problem, a key that can be found in his trilogy: *The Death of the Gods* (Julian the Apostate), *The Forerunner* (Leonardo da Vinci), and *Peter and Alexis* (Peter the Great and his son).

This massive work shows a peculiar tendency of obliterating the line of demarcation dividing good from evil. The idea of encumbering Leonardo da Vinci, that splendid incarnation of Western civilisation, with mental vagaries of a Russian pattern could, of course, be strongly objected to. But the point is that, no matter who Merejkovsky’s heroes may be, he uses them in order to introduce the reader into the mystic recesses of the Russian soul, those recesses where it appears that the extremes, such as supreme good and supreme evil, not only touch but actually merge in one another.

But I really think that, in order to pursue our search for a most eloquent reflection of the Russian psyche, it would be commendable to resort to music which, of all the artistic expressions of the human soul, lends itself best to the rendering of the elusive and unseizable. Out of the whole pleiade of famous Russian composers Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov occupy a place by themselves: the roots of their inspiration seem to be firmly implanted in that delightful world of fiction, fairy tale and saga which belongs to the epoch when the Russian people, still undefiled and undepraved by three hundred years of Tartar domination, made an integral part of the family of European nations. Hence the epic serenity of their music.

Mussorgsky, on the other hand, is quite a different proposition. In his *Boris Godounov* the musical rendering of the atmosphere of crime and treachery lurking in all the sombre corners

of the Kremlin palaces, is simply superb. But it is the mob, the Russian mob, that Mussorgsky found the real hero for his creative genius and to whose glory he erected an astounding monument in the second last scene of his *Godounov*, a mob guided by cruelty and wild passion until the moment when the Pretender Dimitri, surrounded by a retinue of Polish knights, makes his appearance. At that moment the mob prostrates themselves at the Pretender's feet. A perfect picture of unbridled lawlessness transformed as by magic into absolute submission!

But it is Tchaikovsky's music and his 6<sup>th</sup> symphony, the *Pathetique*, in particular, which, I think, provides the best reflection of the Russian psycho-mentality. It all emanates from the abyss of unspeakable sadness interrupted by the appearance of one of the loveliest melodies ever composed – the Ideal! The Ideal itself is tinged with sadness. But could it be reached? No, never! So to hell with everything else... an outburst of despair, of vehement protest against the very existence concludes the first movement. Second movement – wanderings of the mind across misty regions of sweetness, love perhaps, perhaps resignation. Third movement – an excursion into noisy heroics, and then the last one, the gloomiest piece of music ever written, a heart-rending cry of anguish, of a soul in torment, a cry dying in the orchestral depths on the note of unsurpassed, fatalistic hopelessness...

To any experienced eye signs of cracks in the hitherto impenetrable armour of the Bolshevik tyranny are getting clearer and clearer. Suppose these cracks widen to the extent of letting the unfalsified voice of the Russian people pass through them and reach the outer world – what sort of messages that voice would convey? Is it not just possible that the terrible grinding machine of the Communist propaganda might have left a deep impression on every human being born within the USSR? Another question mark.

The soul of the Russian people remains what it used to be throughout the centuries – an enigma.



## Is Limited War Possible?<sup>21</sup>

A good deal of attention has been paid lately to the prospects of a *limited* war as opposed to an *unlimited* one, the latter being generally regarded as nothing short of a suicidal attempt on the part of the human race. It seems, however, that prior to placing these two kinds of war in two separate compartments it would be advisable to reach an agreement upon the point of what people understand by a limited war. Is it as war with a limited military objective, or is it a war to be fought with conventional weapons only, and, if so, is there a line of demarcation to be drawn between the less noxious weapons and the more noxious ones?

Wars with limited military objectives are known to history as far remote as the ages when mankind started settling their international disputes by force. A rather classical example of such a war can be found in, say, the Punic Wars which were fought according to Cato's formula: *caeterum censeo Carthaginem delendam esse*, - fighting had to go on until the destruction of Carthage.

But let us consider for a while how many wars which were started with a definitely limited objective assumed proportions undreamt of by their originators. Was not the sole aim of the Austrian Government when sending their ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914, to humiliate that country and keep its capital under temporary occupation? A world conflagration ensued, a conflagration which, *inter alia* engulfed and destroyed the Hapsburg Monarchy.

Besides wars which are fought by civilised powers bound, to a point at least, by some international obligations and conventions, there are some which originate from a sheer lust for domination and oppression, and include, therefore, a clear invitation to lawlessness in every respect. Such wars, or shall we call them invasions, are fought without any definite objective being guided exclusively by the principle 'the more the merrier', and they can be brought to an end either by submission or by a resolute resistance of the nations – victims of the aggression.

Who can say what might have been the present face of Europe if all those invading Huns, Arabs, Tartars, Turks, Russian Bolsheviki had not been stopped and pushed back at such places, to mention only a few of them, as the Catalaunian Plains, Poitiers, Lignica, Lepanto, Vienna, Warsaw?

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<sup>21</sup> Ms. Typescript, 1954-60

It looks pretty obvious that just as a war intended as a limited one can, at any moment, engulf the whole of our planet, so a war with no limited objective can, on the other hand, be stopped almost abruptly if adequately resisted. But the matter becomes still more confused should we try to classify wars according to the kind of weapons used. Let us take, for instance, the first stages of the First World War and remember that there was at that time a widespread belief that the belligerents would never debase themselves to the horrors of a chemical war.

And then, on April the 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1915, the headquarters of a French colonial division became suddenly staggered to see their men abandoning their trenches and running, without any apparent reason, back choking and trying to protect their eyes. All that could be seen were patches of yellow fog creeping towards the Allied lines and gradually enveloping them. Two days later a similar attack was launched against the Canadians. The British retaliated on September the 25<sup>th</sup>, and thus the poison gas was introduced, for the remaining three years of the war, as an acknowledged means of mutual destruction, and, as Churchill states in his *Great War*, in the end many more Germans died from British gas than British from German.

Let us now take some leaves out of the Second World War's records. A belief was prevalent at its opening stages that the warring powers would abstain from using their bombers against the civilian population and undefended places. True, Hitler started the war by indiscriminately bombing Polish towns, villages and hamlets, this however, was soon forgotten and the belief, in so far as the principal belligerents were concerned, persisted. Thus, when Britain decided that bombing Germany with leaflets would lead her nowhere, she made up her mind to try the real stuff on some German targets which she marked as military.

The so-called precise bombing being in those days in its infancy, no wonder that some British bombs might have fallen on objects of no military importance whatever. But this is exactly what Hitler was waiting for: he 'retaliated' by throwing the whole of the then powerful Luftwaffe against a virtually defenceless London. Then came Coventry and the 'coventrisation' of other English places.

The Anglo-American retaliation took the shape of 'one thousand bombers' raids' over Hamburg and other German places, until the whole show culminated in two atomic bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But it is said that, by that time, the Americans had already in making the hydrogen bomb compared with which bombs used against Japan could not be regarded as *very* deadly. So where is the line of demarcation by which weapons could be divided into conventional and non-conventional?

Believing that the Kremlin rulers, once they resolve upon an open assault on what is left of free Europe, would be ready to stick to a *limited* war, would not be unlike crediting Gargantua with a limited appetite only. A dangerous illusion. Unless we are prepared to stretch our imagination to the point of picturing Khrushchev and Bulganin politely saluting Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Norstedt and addressing them in the manner of the Hundred Years War's French knights: "Messieurs les Anglais, tirez le premiers!" – it would be much safer to assume that the assault against Europe would be unleashed most unexpectedly and that the deadliest of the weapons to be used by the Russians will grow in proportion to the growth of Europe's resistance.



## Europe's Future<sup>22</sup>

I think it would be advisable, before embarking upon the hazardous task of discussing the future, to ponder for a while on the way we are inclined to visualise to evolution and progress of the human race. Could they be pictured as some sort of a road, all intersected with gradients and downward slopes, a road whose origins are lost in the dark recesses of the Stone Age and whose continuation is stretching into the infinity of times where interplanetary travels become as common an enterprise as flying round our globe is in our days? Or is it something of a vicious circle, Antole France's *L'île des Pinguins*, a circle keeping hapless humanity imprisoned within its impassable boundaries? It seems pretty clear that in either of these eventualities any speculations as to the future of mankind would likely prove futile and unwarranted.

But could this evolution and progress of ours be also pictured as some sort of spiral along which the human race is moving repeating the same achievements and mistakes each time, however, on a larger scale? Should this be the case then meditations on possible future developments, based on a thorough knowledge of the past, may prove not altogether chancy and unfounded. Assuming that history repeats itself the danger in using it as a base for an excursion into the future consists in the commonly committed mistake of selecting an episode from the past, bearing apparent resemblance with an actual situation, and of attempting to solve it according to the analogy of the past.

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<sup>22</sup> Memoirs Conclusion chapter

When Mussolini declared in 1940 war on Great Britain and France he was making boast of inaugurating a replica of the Second Punic War. He was, of course, imagining himself in the glory of a Scipio, instead of which he met with an end particularly inglorious if compared with Hannibal's hero's death. When, in 1917, the Bolsheviks dislodged Kerenski's histrionic dictatorship in Petrograd moderate Russian elements were rather pleased with the event which, in their prophesies, was bound to precipitate the revolution towards its absurd extremities and to accelerate the advent of a Napoleon and the disappearance of the revolution. What actually happened was that there were the Robespierres of the Russian revolution who became Russia's Napoleons firmly implanted on the vacated throne of the Russian Tsars for the past forty years.

It is obvious that only speculations based on past events taken in their widest possible conception and on the analysis of the human element and serve a purpose in any attempt to outline mankind's forthcoming developments.

Now, the purely European history began actually on those small Peloponnesus and Attica peninsulas attached to the Asiatic Continent, in other words – in Ancient Greece. And it was since those times that the blueness of the Mediterranean Sea, the mildness of the European climate and the notable achievements of the European culture began to act as an irrepressible attraction for the barbaric Asiatic peoples. It all began with the Persian invasions of Greece. They achieved little, except lending immortality to such names as Marathon and Miltiades, Thermopylae and Leonidas, Salamis and Themistocles.

At the time when the centre of power shifted over to Rome the latter became powerful enough to keep eastern invasions in check. But then came the great migration of European peoples bringing with it the downfall of the Roman Empire. It took quite a few centuries before the newcomers intermingled with the ancient Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Celts, etc., and adopted the latter's faith, culture and standard of living, in a word – become Europeans, and it was not until the Renaissance epoch that the ancient Hellenistic and Roman civilisation effloresced again strengthened, ennobled and given spiritual meaning by Christianity. But at the same time came the recrudescence of the Asiatic invasions. All those invasions were repulsed and Europe remained free.

Let us take at random a few names which may remind us of those who fought battles in defence of the common European heritage and of the places these battles were fought on: Aetius, in the Catalaunian Plains, against the Huns of Attila (451); Charles Martel, at Tours,

against the Arabs of Abd-el-Rahman (732); Charlemagne, against the Arabs in Spain (778); Henry the Pious, a Polish Duke, at Lignica, against the Turks of Batu-Khan (1241); Ladislaus III of Poland, at Varna, against the Turks of Murad (1444); Don John of Austria, at Lepanto, against the Turks of Ali Pasha (1571); John III of Poland, before Vienna, against the Turks of Kara-Mustafa (1683); Warsaw (1920), “the Eighteenth Decisive Battle of the World”<sup>23</sup> at which the Poles stemmed the first Bolshevik invasion of Europe and threw it back beyond the Pripet Marshes where, as Churchill says<sup>24</sup>, it is written: So far and no further”.

The innumerable named and unnamed Europeans who fought those and many other battles against Eastern aggressors showed truly remarkable qualities in their moral and physical make-up, far superior to those of the invading hosts, such as – extraordinary virility, deep attachment to Christianity, resolution to remain free, military genius, brilliant inventiveness. Is there any reason to suppose that contemporary Europe, that cradle of the world’s civilisation, became effete and decadent?

True, the two Great intra-European Wars Europe had to fight during the first half of the current century were bound to adversely affect that Continent of ours. But the real danger as it threatens Europe nowadays lies not so much in the possible exhaustion and fatigue of the Europeans as in the fact that, owing to some strategic blunders committed by the Western Powers in the course of the last war, the Eastern gates of the European Peninsula have been thrown wide open to an invasion by the Euro-Asiatic Power as represented by Soviet Russia.

Bolshevism, that Russian interpretation of Marxist ideas, with its atheistic background, contempt for individual freedom, serfdom of the masses, lust for domination, can hardly be expected to thrive in Europe on its own merits. But, of course, it could be enforced upon her. What are the means of such enforcement? They seem obvious: either by an act of open violence and aggression, in other words – by another war; or – by a well planned subversive propaganda aiming at the undermining of the existing institutions and forms of Government and at driving the Europeans into such a state of despondency in which even communism would appear to them worth being given a trial.

Taking the first eventuality – people usually shudder to think what might happen should another war engulf Europe. Barring the assumption of Soviet scientist inventing an explosive capable to lay bare a better part of Europe at one go – in which case that Europe would not be

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<sup>23</sup> *the Eighteenth Decisive Battle of the World*, Viscount D’Aberon

<sup>24</sup> *The Great War*, Vol. III p 1474, W S Churchill

of much use to the Kremlin rulers themselves – the outcome of the conflict and its duration will obviously depend on the state of preparedness and plans of Western Europe. Should the retaliation to the aggression be lightning and effective the loss of life may not exceed that which was incurred by the European Nations in the quagmires of Passchendaele, on the Somme and at Verdun in the 1914-18 War, whilst the material destruction may not exceed that which was suffered in the 1939-45 War.

In the second eventuality – the gradual infiltration of the bolshevism and the undermining of the morale of the European Nations may prove in the long run even more destructive and disastrous than an open aggression. The reaction to communism is, of course, conditional upon the mental and psychic outfit of this or that European nation. The Germans, for example, are the easiest of all the nations to lend themselves to regimentation and to bow to force, but I think it would make a fair guess to assume that, suppose the Bolsheviks find themselves compelled to withdraw beyond the Bug and Dnieper, all traces of communism in Eastern Germany would disappear, metaphorically speaking – overnight.

Quite a different situation may arise, let us say in France. With no compulsion whatsoever the French may vote in their hundreds of thousands communist – so long as he is satisfied that that would not affect his private and family life – just to annoy the *bon bourgeois*, to show his lack of confidence in other parties, and his disgust for the generally unstable conditions in his country. Once, however, he will begin to understand that by doing so he is simply forging a chain to nail him down to the juggernaut of a victorious party despot, his reaction to communism may take quite a different course, particularly to an imported communism of the Bolshevik pattern.

I think it would be rather pusillanimous to incline to a view that contemporary Europe has either to submit to another Eastern invasion or to resign herself to destruction. Dark as the European Continent may present itself to the onlooker the latter should bear in mind that other, possibly not less ominous dangers were threatening that Continent in the past, when Attila was reigning in Buda, when the Arabs were looking over the shoulders of the Pyrenees into the French plains, when only a single wall separated St. Stephen's Church in Vienna from Kara-Mustafa, when, in our days, a thin line of Polish soldiery stifled, before the walls of Warsaw, the Moscow command: "Forward, comrades! Into Europe over Poland's dead body!"

In all those contingencies the highly gifted, if quarrelsome and turbulent, the supremely valiant, if nationally narrow-minded European peoples found a way to save their patrimony as bequeathed to them by twenty five centuries of history.

Assuming, therefore, that the outstanding qualities of the Europeans will this time prevail once again and that the whole of Europe will become free once more, what next? The only way to salvation seems to point out towards the United States of Europe preceded, most likely, by the establishment of Regional Federations, such as: the Latin, Danubian and Balkan federations, the Polish-Baltic and the Scandinavian federations.

But the ultimate goal – the United States of Europe – could obviously be attained no otherwise than with a willing and sincere participation of Germany. Will the Germans ever understand that whilst a *Herrenvolk* inspired and led by Clausewitzes, Schlieffens, Moltkes and Hitlers will remain utterly repulsive and unacceptable to the community of European Nations, a Germany of Holbeins, Kants, Goethes and Wagners will be gladly welcomed to the fold of that community?



### United States of Europe – A Dream or Possibility?<sup>25</sup>

It seems amazing how a basically abnormal situation may, through the simple process of letting it run to seed, become acceptable as normal. This truism would make itself particularly apparent should we attempt to define the juridical aspect of the present day Europe. The relationship between states, as known to international law, is that of war or peace, peace which is usually preceded by a certain period of armistice or truce, preliminary to the conclusion and ratification of a peace treaty.

Since no peace treaties have been concluded with Germany by any of the participants in the Second World War, Europe, juridically speaking, continues to dwell twelve years after the cessation of hostilities in the state of truce, and the extraordinary aspect of this situation is that no attempt is made to end it and that, moreover, any approach to such attempt is regarded as fraught with danger and insurmountable difficulties.

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<sup>25</sup> Ms. Typescript, 1954-60

So things are left as they were: a range of states and nations from the Baltic to the Balkans either annexed or occupied by Soviet Russia, a sundered Germany, the Polish gate to Central Europe knocked down and kept wide open for any invasion of Europe at the Kremlin ruler's whim. Are there, under the circumstances, any prospects of the United States of Europe being worth even discussing? Undoubtedly they are, as therein lies the only way to Europe's salvation.

It is, of course, no use turning away from the unsavoury truth that Europe in our days remains at the mercy of Soviet Russia, as it would be no use overlooking the fact that the Kremlin's game of diverting the Western powers' attention from Europe and keeping it entangled up to the hilt in the Middle East's conundrum was, so far, eminently successful. Consequently what forces could be opposed by what is now left of Europe to an onslaught which can at any time be let loose by the Kremlin? Those of the Western European Union, that pathetic microcosm of the European United State? The shrinking forces of NATO?

Great Britain's policy of reducing her European troops may have a sound military basis. For well over 25 years there was in existence a book by General Sikorski about a future war in which he prophesied that warring by means of immense conscripted levies was at an end and that the time was ripe when battles would be won by numerically greatly reduced but highly trained troops armed with every up-to-date weapon. For all we know, with the incredible advance of destructive power of armaments whatever military objective could have been obtained in the First World War by say, a battalion, required possibly a company in the Second World War, and may need only a platoon nowadays.

Still, some sort of ambiguity in the British plan must have been felt by other Western powers, an ambiguity which, if put into plain language, can be explained as anxiety on the part of Great Britain to reduce losses in man-power as far as possible – in case of another Dunkirk. On the whole there seems to be little likelihood that whatever forces now in existence can be marshalled by the Western powers, those forces would be able to resist the first impact of the Russian armour any more than a prefabricated house could withstand the onslaught of a bulldozer.

And yet, can any European worthy of this name admit for a moment that a Russian raid into Europe could assume the character of a permanent conquest and thus convert our old Europe to a mere appendix of a monstrous Euro-Asiatic, Russo-Chinese continent? All our knowledge of the European history, our faith in the indestructible values of the spiritual and

mental make-up of the European rises in vehement protest against such admission. And why should the virile and highly civilised European nations, provided, always provided they are adequately organised, equipped and led, succumb to another Eastern invasion any more than they have in the past centuries?

What is the nature of that impulse which may resolve the Kremlin rulers to unloose the dogs of war? An age-honoured Russian tradition prescribes, as a universal recipe to cover weakness of the regime and counteract revolutionary outbursts of the people, the plunging of the country into war. Sometimes it worked, but not always. Take for instance, the war with Japan in 1904: it was provoked to patch up the ominous cracks in the Tsardom and to stifle the people's unrest, whilst, in fact it played the part of a prelude to the disasters of 1914-17.

It seems quite possible that those will be the very same causes – the growing weakness of the Soviet regime and the murmurs of people's discontent – which will force the Kremlin rulers into an open aggression against Europe. The initial thrust of the Russians must, naturally, be expected to take gigantic proportions, but, should the Europeans and supporting Americans withstand the first impact, there is no earthly reason why they should not stop the onset and next convert it into a retreat and, very possibly, a rout. And it is only if and when the Russians recoil to those regions where they belong to that the first fundamental and indispensable condition for an integration of Europe will arise.

Suppose that aim has been achieved, than another paramount problem will have to be faced and solved: the one of the relationship of Germany and her neighbouring state, in the first place – the German-Polish frontier. And what is the German attitude towards that frontier? Of course, it is possible at present to quote some restricted-only sources of information, such as the pronouncements of statesmen and press articles representing the German Christian and Social Democrats, parties now in power in the Federal German Republic.

Von Brentano, the Republic's Foreign Minister, said in one of his press interviews that Stalin gave Poland some East German territories in order to create between the Polish and German peoples a state of deep permanent enmity and to make Poland dependent of the Soviet Union, and that neither of these nations should let itself fall prey to that devilish game. True enough, such undoubtedly were the crafty autocrat's intentions, but the question whether, by doing this, he, quite unintentionally, did not contribute to the redressment of some old wrongs, that question does not come under the present article's discussion.

In another interview von Brentano goes as far as to call the German claims to the lands now incorporated with Poland as problematical. Those would be the most far-reaching of the German pronouncements on the subject, but on the whole they all reject any threats of force and advocate a friendly settlement with Poland, a settlement subject to the approval by the future government and parliament of a re-unified Germany. But, above all, the Germans are so utterly fed-up with Russia that they may consider all sorts of concessions provided a friendly and satisfied Poland separates them from a distrustful neighbour.

It looks as if Napoleon, whose fertile brain was rather keen on the idea of an integrated Europe, knew what he was talking about when, at the end of his career, he said it is Poland that constitutes the corner-stone of the continental Europe's structure.



## Appendix

### List of published and unpublished articles, 1954-60<sup>26</sup>

About 'Kadarisation' – a shrinking Europe

United States of Europe – A dream or Possibility?

Is Limited War Possible?

Hrushchov<sup>27</sup> and the Guided Missiles

Disarmament Talks – What do they mean to Enslaved European Nations?

“All is quiet on the Eastern Front” – On the Margin of the Polish Election

The Moscow Purge

The Iron Curtain – How did it come to be? (attached hand written note from *The Tirpitz* by David Woodward listing maritime tonnage and losses, 1941-45, with hand-written commentary)

Europe or the Middle East? Missed Opportunities

Poland, Hungary and Soviet Russia in 1956

Poland and Hungary – Two Nations v the Iron Curtain

Poznan and Warsaw

Nina's Conundrum (Ponomariova)

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<sup>26</sup> Trade with Poland, lecture to the Irish Chamber for International Trade not found, reported in *Irish Press & Irish Independent* 23 April 1936

<sup>27</sup> “I stick to my spelling of the name Hrushchov which is phonetically the nearest to the Russian”

The Suez Canal Crisis – Nasser and Europe's Security

The Suez Canal and the Egyptian Nationalism (2 copies)

The Enigma of the Russian People

Some Causes of Poland's Plight (draft pages and final)

A Royal Symbol of a better World – On the 166<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Constitution (Irish Independent 3/5/1957)

Man have Faith – an Epic of Endurance

Europe's Future (with first page drafts of Polish-Hungarian Miscellanea)

Europe's Future – On the margins of Messrs Bulganin, Hrushchov and Malenkov's activities with two copies of page 1 of an unfinished article: Polish-Hungarian Miscellanea

Disengagement and the 'Polish' Plan

The Siege of a Monastery

An Anniversary to Remember

Roger Casement – as seen through Polish eyes (An English translation of a biographical sketch in Polish *Sunday Press* July 31 1960. There is an associated payment of one guinea from *Independent Newspapers*, 7 March 1959 which may be for an unused book review)

Gomulka and Tito

From Rasputin to Sputniks (two copies)

Forty Years of Soviet Rule

Comrade Hrushchov's Rise to Power

About Unity of Purpose – When a Nation walks glove in hand with its Exiles

His Late Holiness Pious XII and Polish Soldiers

The Language of Music

Ecclesiastical Administration in Poland

Gomulka's Metamorphosis

A Nation's Millennium (*Irish Independent* 22 June 1958)

East- West Talks, the Submerged Rocks, with handwritten notes, 2 copies

The Interlude – Can a Partitioned Europe Survive?

Will Europe Survive Partition?

East-West Talks, Reactions behind the Iron Curtain, 2 copies

Wilson's Dreams and Lenin's Opportunities – Events in Retrospect

Diplomacy at Cross-Roads

On the Eve of the 21<sup>st</sup> Communist Congress in Moscow

The Kremlin and its Whispering Gallery

Behind the Iron Curtain – The Legacy of 1958

Berlin Crisis and the Enslaved Europe

Humour in Poland

Science in Chains

The Saga of Poland's History (handwritten)

Saga of Poland's Millennium

Poland and Europe's Politics – On the anniversary of the Constitution Day (handwritten and typed August 1961)

Mr. Khrushchev – The Autocrat and the Man – Some remarks on the margin of his American Visit

Twenty Years Ago and After

The Polish-German Frontier (1<sup>st</sup> instalment)

Music and Nationalism

The Language of Music (an earlier version of Music & Nationalism)

Mr. Khrushchev – The Aftermath, 2 copies

Integration of Europe

1957 Behind the Iron Curtain

In Russia –Forty Years ago and After

Give Europe a Chance – An American's View

Home-made Moon: the Aftermath

The Powers of Science and Politics (*Irish Independent* with payment note of 5 guineas, 8 November 1958)

All is Quiet behind the Iron Curtain

Can a Poland emerge? (handwritten)

Summit Meetings in their Historical Perspective

Will Europe survive Partition?

America, Russia and Europe – What do they think in America?