

Pavle Borstnik  
Cry, my beloved country.

In the heat of the evening our car crosses the onetime line between Slovenia and Italy. We are driving west, towards America, towards our “new” home, towards our real homeland.

Zbogom, Slovenia, I murmur to myself, farewell, you land of my youth ...I have spent only 20 years in your bosom and then people, who usurped the ‘powers’ slammed your door in my face. 42 years have passed before I saw you again and now, 65 years later I am leaving you for the last time.

In the meantime, Slovenia grew up: it lived through a bloody catharsis and reached its independence, joined the circle of free nations and then threw all of this to the wind, re-embracing the same criminals that disfigured its face in confused its mind...Is this now still my “ljubi, dragi dom?”

I do not want to bemoan my interrupted youth, the years in refugee camps, nor even those terrible days when the full horror of the Spring of 1945 revealed itself. But all of this was on my mind as our car drove westwards along the Italian “autostrada” towards Venice where a metallic bird awaited us to carry us back home.

Three times this summer Slovenia showed to the world its wounded face, disfigured by the revolution that hides its true intentions to this day under the cover of “national liberation”, together with the inhuman bestiality which its murderers displayed during the war on the streets of Ljubljana, out back in the countryside and finally in that insane “triumph” in Kocevski Rog, Teharje and around abandoned mineshafts of the land.

When the horror of “St.Barbara’s mine” became known in the land and the rest of the world, even the most vocal proponents of the “punitive” measures fell silent, but “philosophers and commentators” hastened to defend the “revolutionary ideals”, though the highest representative of wartime “fighters for freedom” felt forced to point his finger at the only man, capable to stop that horror. But the “philosophers” kept repeating their theories: we do not even know the identity of the victims, as if their identity really had anything to do with this matter. A murder is a murder, a crime is a crime and furthermore: one does not burry the beasts in this manner let alone human beings.

Yet the highest official of the state, one, to whom even the opposition in foreign lands ascribed certain “judgment”, designated this horror a “second rate matter” and to this day refuses to comment it.

And to make the farce even more evident, the city council of Ljubljana approved the proposal to name one of the city’s street after the “Marshall” of Yugoslavia, the beloved leader and – murderer of thousands of Slovenes. The reason? He was a

historical, if complex personality...very significant for the future of the Slovene nation....” For at the time when the first victims of the revolutionary bestiality were dying in the forests, he was bragging in the city of Ljubljana about his motto; Freedom to the dead and prisons to those alive.

And so now, Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, will boast a street dedicated to him. And the people are silent. Are they still afraid or are they so bereft of any human feelings, that they are blind to this ghastly irony?

Some time ago a brochure was published in Ljubljana entitled: “The truth shall set you free”. Subtitled “Bishop Rozman and his time” it contains the records of the “Fourth forum on the dialogue between the Faith and the Culture”. Insinuating therefore that “the faith” mentioned was represented by Bishop Rozman and the “culture” by his opponents. (Rozman, by the way, was sentenced “in absentia” to a prison term for his wartime stand and died in the US some 60 years ago.)

This “forum” and its final document represent a sad capitulation before forces of the revolution, a capitulation that much more shameful as some diocesan priests attended it. A number of lectures were presented and individual attendees commented or criticized them. All of them however, were too young to have lived in “Rozman’s time” and were therefore exchanging second-hand opinions and information on the matter.

The forum was concluded by a final statement and it is here that the real tragedy unfolded. The organizers, understandably, had quite a task formulating the “concluding” declaration. They found the solution in a “pastoral letter” which Rozman’s successor allegedly wrote and disseminated for the New year of 1946, six month after the war has ended.

The debate, whether the letter is genuine or not, is not yet concluded, but to anyone having lived at that time, the matter is clear: this is a forced statement, which the poor man had to sign under duress and since he was understandably reluctant to do so, he was later attacked while traveling in the provinces: doused with gasoline and set afire.. He barely survived.

As for the “statement”: no catholic priest in Slovenia of 1945 would write or voluntarily sign such a statement. It ascribed all the responsibility for the bloody events in Slovenia during a foreign occupation to the side opposing the revolution. It decries those who “opposed those fighting for the liberation” and never mentions the fact that the Communist party secret police, murdered some 1000 (one thousand) Slovenes, before anyone thought of resisting this “national liberation movement”.

In final analysis: faith (represented by Bishop Rozman) loses and “kultura” (its bearers being the murderous secret policemen of the Communist party) – wins hands down...

Yet, “self defense” is one the most fundamental laws of human society. “I shall defend myself” declared the surviving son of a family “liquidated” by the party secret police. Such murders were common in Slovenia at that time and had absolutely no bearing on the happenings on the worlds fronts.

Obviously, a dialogue of this nature leads nowhere. The communist party, bent on conducting the revolution among a people occupied by foreign enemies, NEEDED the opponents and created them with the one and only purpose; to remove them from the scene and make way for the triumph of communism.

And finally: as a mocking farewell, as a final confirmation that the bucolic, romantic days of Slovene history were over, the leading newspaper of the land, Ljubljana “Delo”, conducting a contest for the best Slovene novel of the year, chose a book written by one of the Serbian expatriates, living in Ljubljana, describing the understandable difficulties these people have in a foreign environment.

Fair enough, but the book is written in what can only be described as a ‘bastardized and pornographic jargon’, detrimental and insulting to Slovenia and its people. But, it is full of references to the “good , old times” and thus acceptable to the present ruling coalition.

Slovenia, such as it is to-day, appears to be bent on a –albeit slow but certain – suicide.

.-.

Granted: these thoughts might be too “dark”. South of Ljubljana in Dolenja vas pri Ribnici, I attend a “prewedding celebration”. The local youth organized the traditional “reception” for the pair about to be married. There was a procession, singing, installing the “mlajs”, festive decorations in front of the grooms house, singing and dancing and bartering for the bride.

Perhaps, just perhaps, new sprouts of the real “slovenedom” were sprouting after all...