

ARCHIPELAGO

An International Journal on-line of Literature, the Arts, and Opinion
www.archipelago.org

Vol. 1, No. 2 Summer 1997

History: HUBERT BUTLER
The Artukovitch File

Close Reading: RICHARD JONES
INDEPENDENT SPIRIT: An Appreciation
of Hubert Butler

Poems: MICHAEL SARKI

The Roundtable: K. CALLAWAY's
Little String Game, and VIRIDITAS
DIGITALIS in the Garden

Endnotes: Hecuba in New York; Déformation
Professionnelle

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ARCHIPELAGO

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About Our Contributors

Hubert Butler (1900-1991) was born and died in Kilkenny, Ireland. He was educated at Charterhouse and St. John's College, Oxford, and subsequently worked for the nationally-organized Irish County Libraries. During the 1920s and '30s he taught and traveled in Egypt, Russia, the Balkans, and the Baltic countries. Upon his father's death, in 1941, he returned with his wife, Susan Margaret (Guthrie), to Maidenhall, his family home, where he lived for the next half-century. Their daughter, Julia Crampton, lives in the United States. An historian, translator, amateur archeologist, and essayist, Hubert Butler published in a number of Irish journals; in 1968, with Lord Dunboyne and George Butler, he founded The Butler Society. His first book, a scholarly investigation, was *TEN THOUSAND SAINTS: A STUDY IN IRISH AND EUROPEAN ORIGINS*, Kilkenny: Wellbrook Press, 1972. His essays were published thereafter by The Lilliput Press of Dublin in four collections: *ESCAPE FROM THE ANTHILL*, 1985; *THE CHILDREN OF DRANCY*, 1988; *GRANDMOTHER AND WOLFE TONE*, 1990; and *IN THE LAND OF NOD*, 1996. An English collection is *THE SUB-PREFECT SHOULD HAVE HELD HIS TONGUE, AND OTHER ESSAYS*, London: Viking Press, 1990. In France, Butler's work was introduced by Joseph Brodsky, in *L'ENVAHISSEUR EST VENU EN PANTOUFLES*, tr. Philippe Blanchard, preface by Joseph Brodsky, Paris: Anatolia Editions, 1994. At Brodsky's urging, a selection of the essays

drawn from the four volumes brought out by The Lilliput Press was published in the U.S. as INDEPENDENT SPIRIT, New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1996.

K. Callaway, poet and traveler, has become a contributing editor of ARCHIPELAGO. Her "Estonian Letters" appeared in our inaugural issue (Vol 1, No. 1 -- See below, "News of Our Previous Contributors").

Richard Jones is a journalist and novelist who has tried his hand at all forms of writing except for the theater. This is his first contribution to an on-line journal. He is a native of Cardiganshire in Wales (born in 1926) and was educated in Wales and France. He worked for Reuters and the BBC and for a time was a correspondent in Beirut. After the publication of his first novel, in 1967, he began teaching creative writing in American universities, including Stanford and the University of Virginia. He has been a book reviewer for a wide range of publications beginning with *The Listener* (the now-defunct BBC publication) and most recently for *The American Scholar*.

Michael Sarki (rogue@jcc-uky.campus.mci.net) has published poetry in the electronic magazines *Salmagundi* (www.emf.net/~jgm7/maya/salmagundi/salmagundi.html), *Gotham Gonzo* (www.gothamgonzo.com/), *Blue Penny Quarterly*, *Other People's Clothes*, (www.muc.muohio.edu/~sitdown/opc.html) and *elimae* (www.elimae.com) He has also published poetry in the bound periodical, *The New Orleans Review*, and has poems forthcoming in *Ceteris Paribus*, on the Internet. He lives in Kentucky and makes his living selling brick.

V. Digitalis (bz2v@virginia.edu) is a book editor and reviewer who ought to have better things to write about than gardening, but apparently doesn't.

News of Our Previous Contributors

Maria Negroni (mnegroni@criba.edu.ar), author of the collection of poetry EL VIAJE DE LA NOCHE, from which a selection appeared in our inaugural issue (Vol. 1, No. 1), has received a Mencion Especial in the Argentine Premio Nacional de la Literatura, a distinguished literary prize given every three years by the Argentine government.

K. Callaway's "Estonian Letters" (Vol. 1, No. 1) drew a letter from Dawn Magi, who wrote:

My father was born in Saaremaa, my mother here, but both her parents were born in Estonia. My grandfather was very active in the Boston Estonian Society, and when I was a child, I was saturated with things Estonian -- except the language. My father would not allow me to learn it; he said I was American and should speak English. Even without the language, I came to have strong identification with the country, a pride in it.

As you know, there is not a lot of information on the subject of Estonia. So when I accessed your magazine and saw the article, "Estonian Letters" in the table of contents, I was unable to do anything else until I read the whole piece.

It was interesting to discover the impressions of a non-Estonian person, who apparently had no prior knowledge of the country. I found that some of her observations confirmed feelings I had. Other observations that I didn't necessarily agree with made me feel that she hadn't gone, or hadn't been allowed to go, beyond the sometimes invisible veil.

My excitement comes from the realization that the soul of a country fuses with the souls of its citizens, and even reaches across boundaries to their progeny. Fragments of mind-sets, characteristics, beliefs move through the generations, silently, often unnoticed, until some phrase, or description, or feeling blasts them into reality. This is what happened to me when I read K. Callaway's article.

I'm hungry for knowledge of where I came from, and don't really know where to look for it. I visited Estonia in 1992, after my father's death. It was a search mission, but I didn't know where to look. I knew he was born on Saaremaa, but didn't know the town. I went to Saaremaa, and explained to my guide that I wanted to find this unknown place. The goal of my search was not realized, but other things happened. I felt at home in this place that I had never seen. The language was familiar to me, even though I didn't understand it. I smelled the smells of my childhood.

I would be happy to have other Eestiphiles contact me.

Dawn Magi
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Interesting Sites and Resources

McPherson & Co (www.mcphersonco.com) are the publishers of -- among other notable writers -- Anna Maria Ortese (THE IGUANA; A MUSIC BEHIND THE WALL AND OTHER STORIES), the Italian magical-realist whose story "The Great Street" appeared in our inaugural issue.

Mercury House (www.wenet.net/~mercury) is a not-for-profit literary press in San Francisco with an interesting list of authors. Members of the staff used to be associated with the respected North Point, before that imprint closed its doors several years ago. In February 1998, Mercury House will publish NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH, a non-fiction narrative set in Alaska, by Katherine McNamara.

The Lilliput Press (www.iol.ie/~lilliput) is an Irish publisher which, since 1985 has brought out the essays of the late Hubert Butler. Four volumes of his writing are available through them. Their list includes a number of notable Irish writers.

The Irish Bookshop (<http://irishbooks.com>) is the place in New York where books of and from Ireland, in English and Irish, can be bought. The shop will take phone, mail, and e-mail orders.

The Village Voice Bookshop (yhellier@worldnet.fr) lives in the heart of Paris, and makes American and English books available to customers on several continents, via phone, fax, post, and e-mail. Odile Hellier, the proprietor, is a Contributing Editor of this publication.

PORTULACA CALLED TRAIN

Whose attritus is this
That the obstinate wanes
And finally sees

Its own tired abacus?
How heavy the head now

In all this world.

Michael Sarki

Little String Game

I've looked up "archipelago" in the OED and my Eleventh Edition (1910-11) of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and found it is pronounced *arkipelago*, and that the Italian word it came to us from, *arci-pelago*, is pronounced *archie*. Thus, at least two pronunciations are in use. To my surprise, though, I see the word doesn't mean "islands" but *the sea in which they are found in number*. The etymology is much disputed. The OED says it comes from the Italian *arcipelago*, from *arci* (chief, principle) and *pelago* (deep, abyss, gulf, pool). The medieval Latin is *pelagus*, the Greek *pelagos*, sea. In most languages the word had at first the prefix of the native form: OSp. *arcipelago*; OPg. *arcepelago*; M.E. *archipelago*, *arch-sea*. All except Italian now begin *archi*; according to the OED,

(n)o such word occurs in ancient or med. Gr. *Arcipelagos* in modern Greek Dicts. is introduced from western languages. *Arcipelago* occurs in a Treaty of 30th June 1268, between the Venetians and the emperor Michael Paleologus... It was evidently a true Italian compound...suggested

probably by the medieval Latin name of the Aegean Sea, *Egeopelagus*, and alluding to the vast difference in size between this and the lagoons, pools, or ponds, to which *pelago* was popularly applied...

The EB (Eleventh Edition) says that *archipelago* is

a name applied to any island-studded sea, but originally the distinctive designation of what is now generally known as the Aegean Sea...its ancient name having been revived. Several etymologies have been proposed: e.g. (1) it is a corruption of the ancient name, *Egeopelago*; (2) it is from the modern Greek...the Holy Sea; (3) it arose at the time of the Latin empire, and means the Sea of the Kingdom; (4) it is a translation of the Turkish name, *Ak Dengehiz*, *Argon Pelagos*, the White Sea; (5) it is simply *Archipelagus*, Italian, *arcipelago*, the chief sea.

It appears then, in Old Spanish and Old Portuguese; was a medieval invention of the Mediterranean world of the Middle

Ages, a sea-going trade term, when the Mediterranean, or even the Aegean, was still the biggest sea almost anyone knew of.

So goeth a word. But I'm going to trace further back, to its components.

§

The Pelagones -- Pelagonians -- were a people in the north of Macedonia. Their country was Pelagonia. A town of that name existed: current name (1910), Bitoglia. (*Pelagus* in Greek and Latin can mean "flood." *Pelasgi* is the Greek word for the oldest inhabitants of Greece.) *Monastir* is also the name of this town. It is in "European Turkey," and "the ancient diocese of its Greek archbishop is known as Pelagonia, from the old name of the Kara-Su plain."

Checking an atlas, I find it lies far to the south, in former-Yugoslavia, nearly at the border with Greece, close to Albania. It has been identified with the ancient *Heraclea Lyncestis* on the *Via Egnatia*. The index lists five references, the last of which reads, intriguingly, "Triumphal arches of."

In an article on Albania: in areas just to the east, where *Monastir/ Bitoglia* lies, "the *Via Egnatia*, the great Roman highway to the east, is still used...."

Under "Edessa": original residence of the Macedonian Kings; royal burial ground here. I can't find *Via Egnatia*.

Under "Illyria": *Illyricum* was the great dividing area between the Latin and Greek worlds; between their two languages (its cen-

ter is in Bosnia); and soon between Roman and Eastern Orthodox Christianity. "The *Via Egnatia*, the great line of road which connected Rome with Constantinople and the East, led across *Illyricum*...."

Under "Salonika": Turkish (in 1910), in western Macedonia. *Here, look at this*: it was one of the principal seaports in SW Europe, with a Sephardic Jewish population (1905) of 60,000 out of 130,000; they had fled there from Spain. Here is the end of the article:

The *Via Egnatia* of the Romans (mod. *Jassijol* or *Grande Rue de Vardar*) traverses the city from east to west, between the *Vardar Gate* and the *Calamerian Gate*. Two Roman triumphal arches used to span the *Via Egnatia*. The arch near the *Vardar Gate* -- a massive stone structure probably erected toward the end of the 1st century AD, was destroyed in 1867 to furnish material for repairing the city walls; an imperfect inscription from it is preserved in the *British Museum*....

The mosques of the city are actually very ancient Christian structures, the ancient murals intact, one of them from the time of Justinian.

§

“SEE ARCHES,” says the OED, under *archipelago*. And so I shall. (This is also, I see, just the way I travel.)

Arches: ‘A common term among seamen for the Archipelago.’ Smyth, SAILOR’S WORD-BK, 1867. 1725, De Foe. VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD. ‘The Sea of Borneo and the upper part of the Indian Arches’. 1812, Sir. R. Wilson. DIARY. ‘Entering the Archipelago or, according to the sailor phrase, the Arches’.-- from: M.E. *arch-sea*.

§

Arch, arch-, arc, ark, archive. A curve, a bow, a coffer; something pre-eminent, something archaic. Archaeology; the Ark of the Covenant; Noah; the rainbow. Those Roman arches at Salonika. And, today, Bosnia. Albania. The Via Egnatia. West and East; the dividing line. The tombs of the Macedonian Royal line. Mosques filled with mosaics from the time of Justinian. Sephardim.

§

Date of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain: 1492.

The distinctive feature of the Spanish-Jewish culture was its comprehensiveness. Literature and affairs,

science and statecraft, poetry and medicine, these various expressions of human nature and activity were so harmoniously balanced that they might be found in the possession of one and the same individual...and all this under Mohammedan rule. (EB)

The Inquisition, with the conquering of Spain by the Christians in the 15th century, expelled both Jews and Moors from Spain, and introduced a spirit of intolerance...it may be said to have inaugurated the ghetto period...they were barred from the outside world henceforth, in their dispersion to ghettos in Turkey, Italy, France and Poland. (*Ibid.*)

Columbus was accompanied by at least one Jewish navigator. (*Ibid.*)

The Jews, continues the EB, had long before this begun to settle in Gaul, in the time of the Caesars; under Charlemagne they were more than tolerated, allowed to hold land and encouraged to become the merchant princes of Europe. The reign of Louis the Pious (814-840) was “a golden era for

the Jews of his kingdom, such as they had never enjoyed, and were destined never again to enjoy in Europe" -- prior, that is, "to the age of Mendelssohn."

Ah, me.

Their downfall and active persecution on a broad level accelerated when Christianity became the State religion of Rome in 312, says the EB, but there was still some religious toleration, depending on the Emperor, until in 553, Justinian made the use of the Talmud itself a crime. Widespread and general persecution throughout Europe exploded with the Crusades from the 11th century onward. Pope Innocent III (12th century) ordained that Jews should wear the now infamous badge; he was the first to demand it of them. "The Jewries of France and Germany (Middle Ages) were thus thrown upon their own cultural resources. They rose to the occasion."

Christians were not allowed to engage in usury, so royal households across Europe were allowed to "hold Jews" for the purpose of filling royal exchequers. This went on for centuries. No other professional work was allowed to Jews. "They suffered moral injury in these countries by being driven exclusively into finance and trade."

All Jews were expelled from France in 1306 by Philip IV; all were recalled by Louis X nine years later. "Such vicissitudes were the ordinary lot of the Jews for several centuries, and it was their own inner life...that saved them from utter demoralization and despair."

The Black Death followed. Jews were accused across Europe of

well-poisoning. Massacres took place. "In effect the Jews became outlaws."

They were expelled from France again in 1394. In 1420, all Austrian Jews were thrown into prison. With the Inquisition in Spain, and the expulsion of all its Jews, they were driven from every other country, too. Fugitives...

§

The Turkish conquest of Constantinople in 1453 opened a new asylum to Jews from all over Europe. The expelled Sephardic Jews of Spain, highly cultured, founded thriving Jewish communities within the Turkish empire at Salonika.

The change came in Holland in 1579 with the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht: it "deliberately set its face against religious persecution." Maranos, those Jews who had converted to Christianity and stayed in Spain, practising their Jewish faith secretly, flocked to Holland. The pioneers of the emancipation, first in Holland, then in England, were Sephardic Jews.

§

In AUSTRIA, the compulsory wearing of beards by Jews was not lifted until 1781. Austria remained the most repressive country for Jews until the third quarter of the 19th century. Even as late as 1890 they were still subject to a special tax for being members of a Jewish community.

SPAIN did not repeal the Edict of Expulsion -- part of the Inquisition -- until 1858; it stood for almost 400 years. "In Spain there has been of late a more liberal attitude towards Jews, and there is a small congregation (without a public synagogue) in Madrid": i.e., no freedom of religion followed the lifting of the Edict of Expulsion in 1858, and still had not by 1910, according to the EB. (Note: the Inquisition ended officially in 1934)

PORTUGAL, by contrast, ended the Inquisition in 1821 and gave Jews full religious freedom in 1826.

HOLLAND: gave the Jews full political liberty in 1796. The Amsterdam synagogue was consecrated in 1675, and is still (in 1910) the greatest one in Europe.

SWITZERLAND: full religious equality was not granted Jews till 1874.

RUSSIA and RUMANIA: "The story of the Jews...remains a black spot on the European record.... Restricted to the Pale,...more numerous and more harshly treated than anywhere else in the world.... Denial of free movement; much congestion within the Pale. Pogroms and massacres frequent. No civil rights; condition of abject poverty, lack of freedom of movement, and despair."

ENGLAND: Jews finally were allowed entry into Oxford and Cambridge in 1870. When Russian Jews in 1905 began to escape to England, the Aliens Act was put into place: it was very oppressive. As a direct result, most Russian Jews came to America.

This magnificent article draws toward its close as follows:

It is saddening to be compelled to close this record with the statement that the progress of the European Jews received a serious check by the rise of modern anti-Semitism in the last quarter of the 19th century. While in Russia this took the form of actual massacres, in Germany and Austria it assumed the shape of social and civic ostracism.... The legend of ritual murder has been revived.... It is generally felt, however, that this recrudescence of anti-Semitism is a passing phase in the history of culture....

The estimated world population of Jews at the time of this article was eleven and a half million souls. The author was Israel Abrahams, Reader in Talmudic Studies at Cambridge.

§

One of the many *q.v.*'s attached to this long piece is the article on "Anti-Semitism," written ninety years ago by Lucien Wolf, Vice President of the Jewish Historical Society of England. Immediately, I find it terribly interesting:

In the political struggles of the concluding quarter of the 19th century an important part was played by a religious, political and social agitation against the Jews, known as 'Anti-Semitism'. The origins of this remarkable movement already threaten to become obscured by legend. The Jews contend that anti-Semitism is a mere atavistic revival of the Jew-hatred of the middle ages. The extreme section of the anti-Semites, who have given the movement its quasi-scientific name, declare that it is a racial struggle -- an incidence of the eternal conflict between Europe and Asia.... Religious prejudices reaching back before the dawn of history have been reawakened.

Anti-Semitism was then considered "exclusively a question of European politics," its origin to be found "in the social conditions resulting from the emancipation of the Jews in the middle of the 19th century." The author continues:

If the emancipated Jews were European in virtue of the antiquity of their western

settlements ... they none the less presented the appearance of a strange people to their Gentile fellow-countrymen. They had been secluded in their ghettos for centuries, and had consequently acquired a physical and moral physiognomy differentiating them in a measure from their former oppressors. This...was...not essentially Jewish or even Semitic. It was an advanced development of the main attributes of civilized life.... The ghetto, which had been designed as a sort of quarantine to safeguard Christendom against the Jewish heresy, had in fact proved a storage chamber for a portion of the political and social forces which were destined to sweep away the last traces of feudalism from central Europe. In the ghetto, the pastoral Semite, who had been made a wanderer by the destruction of his nationality, was steadily trained, through the centuries, to become an urban European.... Excluded from the army, the land, the trade corpo-

rations and the artisan guilds, this quondam oriental peasant was gradually transformed into a commercial middleman.... Finally, this former bucolic victim of Phoenician exploitation had his wits preternaturally sharpened ...by the subtle dialectics of the Talmudists. Thus, the Jew who emerged from the ghetto was no longer a Palestinian Semite, but an essentially modern European, and that his physical type had become sharply defined through a slightly more rigid exclusiveness in the matter of marriages.... He differed from his Christian fellow-countrymen only in the circumstances that his religion was of the older Semitic form.

Unfortunately, these distinctive elements, though not very serious in themselves, became strongly accentuated by concentration. Had it been possible to distribute the emancipated Jews uniformly through Christian society, as was the case with other emanci-

pated religious denominations, there would have been no revival of the Jewish question. The Jews, however, through no fault of their own, belonged to only one class in European society -- the industrial bourgeoisie. Into that class all their strength was thrown and owing to their ghetto preparation, they rapidly took a leading place in it, politically and socially.... It was the exaggeration of this apparent domination, not by the bourgeoisie itself, but by its enemies among the vanquished reactionaries on the one hand, and by the extreme Radicals on the other, which created modern anti-Semitism as a political force.

This is a riveting article, aimed blow upon blow with definite starting-places, dates, names, and reasons: historical and political reasons not much more than 100 years old. At the time it was considered "scientific theory," this "anti-Semitism." It helps, reading it now, to remember that he wrote without knowing what was going to happen in another twenty-five years. One could add a number of dates after 1910, when this was published...

§

This started in human ways, he means to show us. Or at least, the author is doing his very best not to bring in the issue of racism at all; nor the long history of persecution. He's starting with the *emancipation* of the Jews in the mid-19th century, then showing what happened, country by country, *specifically*, as the Jews began quickly to succeed in the one narrow field to which they had long been restricted. He puts the finger on politics as the true source of the explosion of hatred in Germany at the time -- the politics of Prince Bismarck in 1879. Bismarck promoted violent anti-Semitism in the press for political ends, from whence it spread like brushfire over Germany.

This makes for horrifying reading. It means that our current round of anti-Semitism, culminating in the Holocaust, began as a squabble over economic policy by opposing parties in the German Bund of 1879. Bismarck needed his Conservative Party to win against the Social Democrats, who were led by Lasker, a Jew; so the Prussian quietly unleashed public opinion with an outrageous campaign in the press and in the churches. The method cynically used was anti-Semitism -- simply to ruin Lasker and his party.

So that, in the end, it was one man's powerful and underhanded campaign against his rivals which set the tone, and paved the way for a Hitler, the modern ground having been plowed and

seeded, the crop already producing, in 1880. Here it is precisely: all the moves and counter-moves -- for there were counter-moves. Immediately, for instance the crown prince and princess led the opposition against the sudden explosion, thanks to Bismarck's maneuvering, of newly-national anti-Semitism.

And when it reached the non-political peasantry, Bismarck also backed unscrupulous agitators among them, like Böckel, who quickly fanned the flames of hatred. Horribly, this peasant-level agitation rapidly spread outside Germany's borders into darker territory: France, Austria, Bulgaria, Rumania -- and Russia.

Here is Russia on the Eve of Easter, 1881:

The hardening nationalism above [the Slavophil movement], the increasing discontent below, the economic activity of the Hebrew heretics and aliens, and the echoes of anti-Semitism from over the western border were combining for an explosion. A scuffle in a tavern at Elisabethgrad grew into a riot, the tavern was sacked, and the drunken mob, hounded on by agitators who declared that the Jews were using Christian blood for the manufacture of their

Easter bread [!], attacked and looted the Jewish quarter. The outbreak spread rapidly.... Within a few weeks the whole of western Russia, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, was smoking with the ruins of Jewish homes.... Murderous riots or incendiary outrages took place in no fewer than 167 towns and villages, including Warsaw, Odessa and Kiev. Europe had witnessed no such scenes of mob savagery since the Black Death massacres of Jews in the 14th century....

But the author is careful to point out how this is *not* part of modern anti-Semitism. What happened next, though, was this: Tsar Alexander used this outbreak against the Jews to distract attention from things going wrong for him economically. At once he instituted the draconian May Law, "the most conspicuous legislative movement achieved by modern anti-Semitism." The basis for it -- indeed, its principle -- had come straight over the border from Germany. Equally oppressive laws for Roman Catholics, Moslems, and Buddhists followed shortly. These laws stayed in place after his death; his son, Nicholas, did not rigorously enforce them, until it became useful to do so: that is, when the remaining Jews orga-

nized trade unions, and became an important part of the growing revolutionary movement. Tsar Nicholas not only enforced them: like Bismarck, he set loose a media campaign of Jew-hatred, to quick effect. Result: the bloody pogroms of 1905.

§

Here is Isaac Babel, as a nine-year-old on the day of the Odessa pogrom ("The Story of My Dovecot"*). He has just purchased his first pigeons. Looters run past him (he will arrive home later to find his grandfather murdered). On the street, he meets a pair he knows. The man is in a wheelchair; the woman is loaded down with stolen clothes:

"What's that you've got in your sack?" he demanded, and took the bag that had been warming my heart.

With his fat hand the cripple fumbled among the tumbler pigeons and dragged to light a cherry-colored she-bird. Jerking back its feet, the bird lay still in his palm.

"Pigeons," said Makarenko, and squeaking his wheels he rode right up to me. "Damned pigeons," he repeated, and struck me on the cheek. He dealt me a flying blow with the

hand that was clutching the bird. Kate's wadded back seemed to turn upside down, and I fell to the ground in my new overcoat.

"Their spawn must be wiped out," said Kate, straightening up over the bonnets. "I can't a-bear their spawn, nor their stinking menfolk."

She said more things about our spawn, but I heard nothing of it. I lay on the ground, and the guts of the crushed bird trickled down from my temple. They flowed down my cheek, winding this way and that, splashing, blinding me. The tender pigeon-guts slid down over my forehead, and I closed my solitary un-stopped-up eye so as not to see the world that spread before me. This world was tiny, and it was awful.... A piece of string lay not far away, and a bunch of feathers that still breathed. My world was tiny, and it was awful. I closed my eyes so as not to see it, and pressed myself tight into the ground that lay beneath me in soothing dumbness.

§

Method: agitators. In each case, in every country, the work of some half-crazed orator is sanctioned by men at or near the top of government for their own, covert political and economic expediency. Again I paraphrase the EB: The damage had poured out from Germany since the 1870s -- in every case, for this "modern" anti-Semitism -- when Bismarck, and those after him, and those in nearby countries, saw to it that the incendiary German writings, pamphlets and articles were disseminated and translated, quite on purpose. The books, the pamphlets, the newspaper articles, the inflammatory orators, and the agitators are all well known to the writer of this extraordinary entry in the old EB; he details quite a few.

The ruthless manipulation of one's own people, exploiting their latent prejudices for economic purposes: it is a devastating picture. It is precisely what Hitler was to do.

What seemed to set the European Everyman against the Jews, and to start a pogrom every time, was the Blood Accusation or Blood Libel. Says the EB: European Christian theologians into the 20th century in Europe, the ultramontane variety, still preached (as late as 1944) that the Jews were bound by an oath to perform murder of Christians, in order to use their blood for ritual purposes. This myth had sprung up with the Crusades, and was still actively promoted by right-wing priests in Europe within our lifetime.

§

I'm now two long pages from the end of this compelling article. With energy and some triumph, the author builds toward what he believes is the ebbing of anti-Semitism in his turn-of-the-century world. The official anti-Semites have been governing Vienna for twelve years, but the "millennium of which they were supposed to be the heralds has not dawned." Follows a carefully confident, civilized ending, with a note of caution for the brand new 20th century.

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From Archipelago, by way of the Via Egnatia, to the Sephardim in Salonika, and thence outward.

Much to think about.
But it is midnight.

Afterward: This morning I open the latest issue of *The Baltic Times*,† and find this small headline on the front page: DIPLOMAT ATTACKED IN RACIST INCIDENT:

Nazi skinheads attacked and beat a Japanese diplomat and his wife in the centre of the Lithuanian capital Vilnius.... Shidetoshi Kamijima and his wife were kicked to the ground and received severe blows to the face and eyes. The couple were

leaving the supermarket.... The Foreign Ministry is calling it an "accident." "This was not a racist attack," said Dainius Kamaitis, head of the Asia and Pacific Department of the Foreign Ministry.... The gang of skinheads had also been involved in a racist incident at the football match when one African supporter, high school student Victor Diawara, was harassed and forced to leave the game early...the gang repeated fascist salutes throughout the match and other supporters joined in.

How right that Jewish delegation was, not long ago, to visit Bosnia and give moral support to Muslims undergoing genocide.

-- K. Callaway

*from Isaac Babel, THE COLLECTED STORIES. Tr. Walter Morison. Cleveland, Oh.: Meridian Books, The World Publishing Co., 1960)

†April 10-16, 1997

See also:

"The Artukovitch File," p. 21.

§§§

In the Garden

As I write this it's late spring in Virginia, and I could almost feel sorry for those living elsewhere if I weren't so busy congratulating myself on having better judgment.

I say this not really to be spiteful, although that's always a secret pleasure, but because over the years I have carved up and planted somewhere in the neighborhood of 93% of the available space on my smallish city lot, and I continue to maintain an overcrowded garden there in my "free" time. Others in thrall to similar projects will know what I'm talking about when I say that there is a tiny window of opportunity through which, once a year and for approximately one week, one may squint with gloating immodesty at one's little doings out on the back forty. This is mine.

Although naturally there's a good deal to complain about this year, I can see several reasons for satisfaction. It's true that I lost about half of my hybrid tea roses for no apparent reason last winter (well, it might have had something to do with my electing to while away December weekends drinking Jack Daniel's in an armchair rather than piling up mulch on the rose beds), but in a lucky twist I was able to go straight out and spend a fortune on brand new replacement bushes. Not being such a simpleton as to have anticipated, for example, that the recent introduction "Blueberry Hill" would really be anything like blue, I am pleased with the grayish-mauve it does

turn right before all the petals fall, especially if you look at it around dusk when the light isn't too strong. And I was beside myself to find an otherwise disagreeable and unaccountably posturing garden center carrying "Helen Traubel" -- introduced decades ago and not thought much of now, but a great favorite with me for its luminous peach-pink-gold coloring and heavy fragrance.

The hedge of old-fashioned roses along my eastern fence is at the height of its bloom and looking very much like a cheap picture postcard of itself. Although it's not exactly the florid shrub wall I had originally envisioned--several of the bushes, notably "Henry Nevard" and "Hon. Lady Lindsay," are nothing more than awkward bundles of tarted-up sticks, and let's just say that mistakes were made with the pruning shears -- I'm pleased with it, more for its individual glories than the ensemble impact. Nothing throws shade on the strawberry-and-cream centifolia "Fantin Latour" during its annual three-week-long explosion, and the fawn-colored hybrid musk "Buff Beauty" has scaled the fence and bolted off almost to the top of a nearby dwarf cherry tree. Unfortunately a vigorous wild grape has got up in there as well, and the total effect is slightly unkempt, as though a trip to the barber might be in order.

An embattled clematis that had got off to a poor start due to the scientific curiosity of a large dog has now pulled itself together and made a semi-majestic showing on the birdhouse post. It is the deep

crimson (not red) “Niobe.” I have found that if I station myself some yards away behind a group of skip laurels and make a telescope of my hands, I get quite a satisfactory view of “Niobe” over a foreground of purple-blossoming culinary sage. This telescope trick is really very gratifying. There is no need for the manual lens to be perfectly round if there are visual misfortunes to be excised, as of course there are in every garden not belonging to an out-and-out liar.

I notice that the solitary waterlily “*Marliacea Carnea*” in my fish pool -- in frankness, nothing but a PVC stock tank sunk in the horrible soil at the base of the terrace and piled round with river rocks -- has three good-looking blooms on it. These would look even better with fantails swimming among them, but I never bothered to restock the pond after last summer, when a deplorable cat from down the street relieved me of several specimens and a hail storm took care of the rest. I suppose I will have to replace them at some point so as to cut down on the mosquito population.

Talking of wildlife, another virtue of this spring so far has been the complete absence of what I have always felt might be snake eggs, leathery white globs that in previous years have had an unpleasant way of popping up in spadeful of soil when I was planting this or that. One time I chopped into one by accident -- sort of -- and didn't like the looks of the interior. (Don't trouble yourself to write in angrily concerning the

helpfulness and general magnificence of snakes: I don't care a bit. It's my phobia and I'm not giving it up.) I have seen offered at nurseries and in unconvincing advertisements at the back of magazines cans of something claiming to be snake repellent. I know with a bleak certainty that I will buy one of these cans some day: I just hope no one I know is around at the time to see me do it.

Although in my youth I had nothing but contempt for annuals, I have come to see the error of my ways, mostly by looking at vast expanses of nothing over the course of one blistering summer after another. I now fill in the holes between the columbines and peonies and the rest of the great flowers of spring with heliotrope, alyssum, salvia farinacea, zinnias, and other garden foot soldiers. Though the transplants are pitifully nondescript and wan right now, they should start to look like something right around the time that the Japanese iris fold up their tents for the year: by late July or August I'll be damned grateful for them.

No need to think about that just yet, though. For the time being I'm surveying my garden every chance I get and committing it to memory before the first blast of flamethrower-style heat hits. Because then, as the police on television are so fond of saying, the show's over, folks.

-- Viriditas Digitalis

SINNER

Tell how the yellow wood
and scented brook

rues through the night.

How you slip into wild
blues of honey.

Michael Sarki

THE ARTUKOVITCH FILE (1970)

HUBERT BUTLER

REFLECTIONS ON A CROATIAN CRUSADE

Some years after I had written "The Sub-Prefect Should Have Held His Tongue," I was in New York and read how the Yugoslav government was urging that Artukovitch, Pavelitch's Minister of the Interior, who was living in California, should be extradited. I went to the Yugoslav consulate to enquire about this and was handed a fat yellow booklet called ARTUKOVITCH, THE HIMMLER OF YUGOSLAVIA, by three New Yorkers called Gaffney, Starchevitch and McHugh.

Artukovitch first won notoriety in October 1934. He had gone to England at the time of King Alexander's murder at Marseilles. After his visit to Paris, the king had intended to see his son, Crown Prince Peter, at Sandroyd School, so, in case the Marseilles attempt failed, Artukovitch had been deputed to arrange for the king's assassination in England. It did not fail, so Artukovitch waited in Czechoslovakia and Hungary till the Nazi invasion of Yugoslavia. He then returned with them and held various ministerial posts under Pavelitch from 1944 to 1945 in Independent Croatia. Very few people have heard of him, yet if his story were told with remorseless candour, we would have a picture not only of Croatia forty years ago, but of all Christendom in our century. Everything that the New Yorkers relate was already known to me except for one startling paragraph, an extract from a memoir by Artukovitch himself. After describing how he escaped to Austria and Switzerland in 1945, he goes on:

I stayed in Switzerland until July 1947. Then with the knowledge of the Swiss Ministry of Justice I obtained personal documents for myself and my family, which enabled us to travel to Ireland. Using the name of Anitch, we stayed there until 15 July 1948. When our Swiss documents expired, the Irish issued new papers and under Irish papers we obtained a visa for entry into New York.

So evidently we in Ireland had sheltered this notable man for a whole year. He was not, like Eichmann, a humble executive, but himself a maker of history, dedicated to the extermination not of Jews alone but also of his fellow Christians the Serbian Orthodox. He was a member of the government which in the spring of 1941 introduced laws that expelled them from Zagreb,

confiscated their property and imposed the death penalty on those who sheltered them. Some twenty concentration camps were established in which they were exterminated. Why do we know so little about his sojourn among us? Did he stay in a villa at Foxrock or in lodgings at Bundoran or in some secluded midland cloister? And who looked after him? The Red Cross? And did we cherish him because he presented himself to us as a Christian refugee from godless Communism? That seems to me rather likely.

Nowadays we usually estimate cruelty by statistics, and Gaffney and Co. use the figures normally recorded for Croatia by Jewish and Orthodox writers, that is to say, 30,000 Jews and 750,000 Orthodox massacred, 240,000 Orthodox forcibly converted to Catholicism. Even if these figures are exaggerated, it was the most bloodthirsty religio-racial crusade in history, far surpassing anything achieved by Cromwell or the Spanish Inquisitors. I am sorry that Gaffney and Co. give so many photographs of headless babies, of disembowelled shopkeepers, of burning beards soaked in kerosene, for Artukovitch was, like Himmler, a "desk murderer," who deplored the disorderly and sadistic way in which his instructions were carried out. He was respectable, and it is the correlation of respectability and crime that nowadays has to be so carefully investigated.

The three writers tell Artukovitch's story with much emotion, because, as is plain, they want him to be extradited and hanged. But in itself the story is of the highest importance, for no earlier crusade has been so richly documented. If the abundant material were coolly and carefully studied, how much could we learn about human weakness and hypocrisy! We could observe how adroitly religion can be used in the service of crime. When Pavelitch and Artukovitch and their armies retreated, they were sure that, on the defeat of Germany, England and America would turn upon Russia and they could return to Zagreb. Therefore nothing was destroyed, the state documents were stored in the Archbishopal Palace, the gold (dentures, wristwatches and all) was hidden below the deaf-and-dumb confessional in the Franciscan monastery and cemented over by the friars themselves. The newspapers of the time, secular and ecclesiastical, are still to be seen in the Municipal Library, but this huge pile of documents, the Rosetta Stone of Christian corruption, has not yet been effectively deciphered.

These terrible Church papers, 1941-45, should destroy forever our faith in those diplomatic prelates, often good and kindly men, who believe that at all costs the ecclesiastical fabric, its schools and rules, its ancient privileges and powers, should be preserved. The clerical editors published the Aryan laws, the accounts of the forced conversions, without protest, the endless photographs of Pavelitch's visits to seminaries and convents and the ecstatic speeches of welcome with which he was greeted. Turn, for example, to *Katolicki Tjednik* (*The Catholic Weekly*), Christmas 1941, and read the twenty-six-verse ode in which Archbishop Sharitch praises Pavelitch for his measures against Serbs and Jews. Examine the Protestant papers and you will find the same story. Is it not clear that in times like those the church doors should be shut, the Church newspapers closed down, and Christians, who

believe that we should love our neighbours as ourselves, should go underground and try to build up a new faith in the catacombs?

Why did our professional historians not deal with all this long ago? They seem to wait till history is dead before they dare to touch it. But does a good surgeon operate only on corpses? They have wholly misinterpreted their functions, for it is their duty to expose the liar before his contagion has spread. While Artukovitch was on his way to Ireland, a Dublin publication told us authoritatively that the massacre of the Serbian Orthodox had never happened. In Count O'Brien's book on Monsignor Stepinac, to which I have already referred, we read:

They [the Orthodox] were offered by Pavelitch the choice between conversion to the Catholic faith or death.... But the Catholic Church as a whole, all her bishops and the overwhelming majority of her priests, led by the Archbishop of Zagreb, made this evil plan impossible.

Some of the correspondence between Artukovitch and Stepinac was published in English by Richard Pattee and, collating with Gaffney, we see how Stepinac, a brave and merciful though very simple man, was hopelessly compromised by his official connection with the state. It was only his own flock whom he could help, and even them very little. For example, he appealed to Artukovitch on behalf of one of his priests, Father Rihar, who had defied Pavelitch. His failure was absolute, for this is how Artukovitch replied:

Zagreb. 17 November 1942. In connection with your esteemed request of 2 November 1942...notice is hereby given that Francis Rihar by the decree of this office of 20 April 1942, No. 26417/1942, was sentenced to forced detention in the concentration camp at Jasenovac for a period of three years...because as pastor at Gornja Stubica he did not celebrate a Solemn High Mass on the anniversary of the founding of the Independent State of Croatia...nor did he consent to sing the psalm Te Deum Laudamus, saying that it was nowhere prescribed in ecclesiastical usage....

Stepinac appealed again, but Rihar had been already three months at Jasenovac and, therefore, according to the rules of the camp, he was killed.

How, anyway, could Stepinac defend Father Rihar, since he himself had done what Rihar refused to do? Gaffney and Co., on page 42, reproduced seven photographs of the celebration of Pavelitch's birthday on 15 June 1942 and a letter from the Archbishop exhorting his clergy to hold a Te Deum after High Mass the following Sunday, 17 June, because of "Our Glorious Leader."

Since Pattee omitted this very relevant letter, it is strange that he printed Stepinac's correspondence with Artukovitch about the Jews, for this

makes it clear that in acknowledging the authority of Pavelitch, the Archbishop, for diplomatic reasons, felt obliged to accept the terminology of the anti-Semites and their human classifications. For example, on 30 May 1941 he urged Artukovitch "to separate the Catholic non-Aryans from non-Christian non-Aryans in relation to their social position and in the manner of treating them."

Much has been written about Communist distortions of history, but only recently has our own inability, as Christians, to report facts honestly been closely investigated. Now, after twenty years, the dam has burst and the truth, a turbid stream, is inundating our self-complacency and irrigating our self-knowledge. Catholic scholars are leading the way. For example, Professor Gordon Zahn has shown how selective is the documentation on which the biographies of Christian heroes of the resistance are based. Their sermons and speeches were pruned of all the compliments they paid to Hitler and the New Order and no row of dots in the text marks the excision of these now-embarrassing ecstasies.

In the long run, remorseless truth-telling is the best basis for ecumenical harmony. Hitler once explained to Hermann Rauschning how he intended to use the churches as his propagandists. "Why should we quarrel? They will swallow anything provided they can keep their material advantages." Yet Hitler never succeeded in corrupting the churches as effectively as did Pavelitch and Artukovitch, who professed to be Christians. We shall not be able to estimate the extent of their success and how it might have been resisted, while a single fact is diplomatically "forgotten." It is well known that those who suppress history have to relive it.

How did Artukovitch (alias Anitch) get to Ireland? I wrote to Yugoslavia, to America, France, Germany, and questioned Yugoslavs in Dublin and London. The Yugoslavs, both Communist and anti-Communist, had no information. A friend in London, who had been to Trinity College, Dublin, remembered someone saying, "I'd like you to meet a very interesting chap called Anitch," but the meeting had never happened. In the end Branko Miljus, a former minister of the prewar government in Belgrade who now lives in Paris, got some news for me from a friend in Switzerland. If I seem to give too many names and details, it is so that his story can be checked and completed.

The first stage of the journey is fairly well known. Pavelitch and Artukovitch escaped to Austria when the Croatian state collapsed. They seem to have been arrested by the British in Salzburg and, after "a mysterious intervention," released, and there was an interval of hiding in monasteries at Sankt Gilgen and Bad Ischl. The Yugoslavs were in hot pursuit, so Pavelitch fled to Rome disguised as a Spanish priest called Gomez. Artukovitch stayed on till November 1946, when he met the learned Dr. Draganovitch, professor of theology at Zagreb, who was touring the internment camps with a Vatican passport. He had secured the release of many hundreds of Croat priests who had fled with Pavelitch. Now he obtained for Artukovitch papers under the

name Alois Anitch and put some money for him in a Swiss bank. Two other priests, Fathers Manditch and Juretitch, also came to his aid. The former, the treasurer to the Franciscan order, controlled a printing press at the Italian camp of Fermo and assisted the Ustashe refugees with funds and propaganda. Juretitch had been sent on a mission to Fribourg by Archbishop Stepinac, so he and Manditch, both former students of Fribourg University, were able to secure a welcome there for Artukovitch. Archbishop Sharitch, Pavelitch's poet-champion, had got there ahead of him. Both Draganovitch and Juretitch had been appointed by Monsignor Stepinac to the Commission of Five for the Conversion of the Orthodox in November 1941. These three were important people to have as sponsors. The ecclesiastics of Fribourg must have been impressed. They recommended Artukovitch to the police, who got him a *permis de sejour*. There were other difficulties, which, according to report, Artukovitch smoothed out by the gift of a Persian carpet to an influential official.

But meanwhile the Federal Police had learned that Anitch was the war criminal Artukovitch. They told him he had two weeks in which to leave Switzerland. Once more the Franciscans came to his aid. The prior of the Maison Marianum at Fribourg recommended him to the Irish consulate at Berne. And so it happened that in July 1947 Artukovitch landed with his family on the Isle of Saints, sponsored by the disciples of that saint, who had prayed:

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace!
Where there is hatred let me sow love,
Where there is sadness, joy!

I do not know where Artukovitch spent his Irish year, but one day, as a matter of history, and perhaps of religion, we shall have to know. If Artukovitch had to be carried halfway round the earth on the wings of Christian charity, simply because he favoured the Church, then Christianity is dying. And if now, for ecumenical or other reasons, we are supposed to ask no questions about him, then it is already dead.

On 15 July 1948 Artukovitch with an Irish identity card left Ireland for the United States, where he settled as a bookkeeper, near his wealthy brother in California, still under the name of Anitch. It was over two years before his true identity was discovered. The Serbian Orthodox were slow to move. Oppressed by the Communists at home, dispersed as refugees abroad, they still managed to publish the facts in books and papers in London, Chicago, Paris. In 1950 Branko Miljus and two other prominent monarchist politicians in exile sent a memorandum to the Fifth Assembly of the United Nations urging it to implement its resolution of December 1946, which had branded genocide as a crime against international law. They asked that its member states should take into custody, till a commission be appointed to try them, some 120 Croat nationals, who had taken refuge among them. On the long list appended, the names of Artukovitch, Archbishop Sharitch, Fathers

Draganovitch and Juretitch and many Franciscans were mentioned, and some of the scarcely credible Franciscan story was related. It is stated that a Franciscan had been commandant of Jasenovac, the worst and biggest of the concentration camps for Serbs and Jews (he had personally taken part in murdering the prisoners, and Draganovitch, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, had been the chaplain). The memorandum relates how the focal centre for the forced conversions and the massacres had been the Franciscan monastery of Shiroki Brieg in Herzegovina (Artukovitch had been educated there), and how in 1942 a young man who was a law student at the college and a member of the Crusaders, a catholic organization, had won a prize in a competition for the slaughter of the Orthodox by cutting the throats of 1,360 Serbs with a special knife. The prize had been a gold watch, a silver service, a roast suckling pig and some wine.

How can this be true? One recalls a great hero of Auschwitz, the Polish Franciscan Father Kolbe. But it was true and rumours of it had reached Rome. Rushinovitch, Pavelitch's representative at the Vatican, reported to his Foreign Minister in Zagreb the remarks of Cardinal Tisserant, with whom he had an audience on 5 March 1942:

I know for sure that even the Franciscans of Bosnia-Herzegovina behaved atrociously. Father Shimitch, with a revolver in his hand, led an armed gang and destroyed Orthodox churches. No civilized and cultured man, let alone a priest, can behave like that.

Tisserant had probably got some of his information from the Italian general of the Sassari division at Knin, who reported that Shimitch had come to him as local representative of the Croatian government and had told him that he had orders to kill all the Serbs. The general had had instructions not to interfere in local politics, so he could only protest. The killing, under Franciscan leadership, had begun. The following year the Superior of the Franciscan monastery in Knin was decorated by Pavelitch for his military activities with the order of King Zvonimir III.

The Croat bishops themselves were aware of what was happening. The Bishop of Kotor, Dr. Butorac, while agreeing that the moment was propitious for mass conversion, wrote to Monsignor Stepinac (4 November 1941) that the wrong type of missionaries were being sent -- "priests in whose hands revolvers might better be placed than a crucifix."

In parenthesis, I should say, how fascinating are Rushinovitch's accounts of his audiences in Rome with Pius XII, with cardinals Tardini, Maglione, Sigismondi and Spellman. Only Tisserant and to a lesser extent Monsignor Montini, the present Pope, appear to have fully grasped what was happening in Croatia. In Cardinal Ruffini the Ustashe had a firm supporter.

The memorandum made little impression on the United Nations, since it had no member state behind it. It had accused Tito's government,

which was a member state, of sheltering many Croat criminals and using them to break down the anti-Communist resistance of the Serbs. However, in 1952 Tito appealed to the United States for the extradition of Artukovitch. The California courts to whom the case was referred argued that the extradition treaty of 1901 between the United States and Serbia had never been renewed and that therefore Artukovitch could not be handed over to Yugoslavia. Six years later the Supreme Court rejected this view (by 7 to 1) and decreed that the case must be tried again in California. In the meantime Artukovitch had become a member of the Knights of Columbus and a much-respected figure who gave lectures to institutes and interviews on television. When he was arrested again 50,000 Knights sent petitions on his behalf to Congress, and West Pennsylvania Lodges of the Croatian Catholic Union forwarded a resolution that "his only crime is his ceaseless fight against Communism" and that he was a champion of the rights and freedoms of all the peoples of the world.

That was the way his counsel, O'Connors and Reynolds, presented him, too; and Father Manditch, who had helped him in Switzerland, was once more by his side, in charge of another printing press and now Superior of the Franciscan monastery on Drexel Boulevard, Chicago. His papers *Nasha Nada* and *Danica* (*Our Hope* and *Morning Star*) not only supported him but in their issues of 7 May 1958 urged their readers to send subscriptions for the Ustashe refugee fund to Artukovitch at his address in Surfside, California.

Another very useful ally was Cardinal Stepinac's secretary, Father Lackovitch, who had sought asylum at Youngstown, Ohio. In Europe, Stepinac had been almost beatified for his implacable hostility to Pavelitch and Artukovitch, but now *The Mirror News* of Los Angeles (24 January 1958) reported Lackovitch as saying that he had seen Artukovitch almost daily and that he had been "the leading Catholic layman of Croatia and the lay spokesman of Cardinal Stepinac and had consulted him on the moral aspect of every action he took." The murderers of the Old World had become the martyrs of the New.

The American public was so ill-informed that it was possible to get away with almost anything. Pattee prints a statement that 200,000 of the converts from Orthodoxy were returning "with a right intention" to a Church, which "for political reasons" they had been forced to abandon. In fact, of course, the Serbian Orthodox had been in schism for some three centuries before the Protestant Reformation. Cardinal Tisserant, who had a rare tolerance of disagreeable truths, denounced Rushinovitch vigorously when he tried out this argument on him:

I am well acquainted with the history of Christianity and to my knowledge Catholics of Roman rite never became Orthodox.... The Germans helped you kill all the priests and you got rid of 350,000 Serbs before you set up the Croatian Orthodox Church. What right have you to accuse others and keep on telling us that you are guardians of culture and the faith? In the

war with the Turks the Serbs did just as much for Catholicism as you did and perhaps more. But it was the Croats, all the same, who got the title of *Antemurale Christianitatis*.

When I was in California, I went to see Father Mrvicin of the Serbian Orthodox Cathedral at West Garvey, near Los Angeles, and asked him why the Orthodox and the Jews of California had tolerated so many lies. He told me that at the time of the extradition trial he had circularized close on a thousand Serbs who must have known well about Artukovitch, urging them to give evidence, but very few had replied. Life in the United States was hard for them as refugees, they did not want to affront a powerful community, McCarthyism was not yet dead and they were shy of associating themselves with an appeal that came from a Communist country. A naturalized American who took the matter up died violently and mysteriously.

As for the Jews, though 30,000 with their forty-seven rabbis had been murdered in Croatia, Croatia was far away, and many who had escaped to America had owed their safety to holding their tongues. Even so, the Jewish War Veterans of California, *The Valley Jewish News* and some Gentile papers like *The Daily Signal* of California came out against Artukovitch. But most Americans felt for the unknown refugee and his five children the easy charity of indifference. Finally the Yugoslav government did some profitable deals with the United States and became indifferent, too. It is now interested only in proving that Artukovitch was a helpless stooge of the Nazis and that therefore the Bonn government should pay compensation to Yugoslavia for the damage that he and the Ustashe had done.

The other day I came across a HISTORY OF CROATIA, published by the New York Philosophical Library. The author, Mr. Preveden, acknowledges various "inspiring messages of commendation and encouragement." One of them comes from "Dr. Andrija Artukovitch of Los Angeles." He is quite a public figure. He may have changed his address but his telephone number used to be Plymouth 5-1147.

Now many people want him hanged but there would not be much point in it. He was an insignificant man, who got his chance because there had been a great breakdown in the machinery of Christianity and he was able to pose as its protector. Why did this breakdown occur? Can it be repaired and, if so, how? So long as we are obliged to pretend that the breakdown did not happen, we shall never find out.

POSTSCRIPT, 1971

There has since been an easing of tension between Communism and Christianity, most notably in Yugoslavia, where diplomatic relations with the Vatican have been resumed and there has been friendship between Catholic and Orthodox. For example, in a Christmas message, Bishop Pichler begged

forgiveness of the Orthodox Church and their Serbian brothers for all the wrongs done to them, and funds have been raised by Catholics to restore the destroyed Orthodox churches.

Some of the leading Orthodox are not wholly happy about all this. Is it spontaneous or government-inspired? Is it possible that Tito fears the deep-rooted and passionate nationalism of the Orthodox more than Catholic universalism, which can be manipulated by external arrangements? Under the amnesty to political offenders, many Ustashe have returned home, notably Father Draganovitch, one of the five "regulators" of the forced conversions, who escorted Pavelitch and Artukovitch to safety. He is in a monastery near Sarajevo editing the *Schematismus*, a sort of ecclesiastical yearbook whose publication has been suspended since 1939. Some of his returned colleagues are more active politically.

There is, of course, everything to be said for peace and conciliation, but the brotherly love that is brought about by diplomatic manoeuvres is often a little suspect.

IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, 1985

I could not get it out of my head that Artukovitch had stayed for a year in Ireland. How had he come here? Who had sheltered him and where? In the spring of 1966 I was in Dublin for a week and I decided to find out. I was convinced that only some highly organized international body could have brought a wanted man so secretly and efficiently across Europe, and since the Franciscans had been so closely associated with the Ustashe in Croatia and had many international links, I was confident that it was they who had brought him. I have never heard anything but good of Irish Franciscans, but they were an institutionalized body and as such able and anxious to protect their members who get into trouble abroad.

There were a dozen Franciscan Houses in Ireland and I wrote to the Provincial in Merchants' Quay, Dublin, and also to four or five other houses, which, because of their remoteness, I thought were likely. Most of them answered with polite negative replies. The Provincial told me there had been a Croat Franciscan at their Galway house for some time but his name, Brother Ivanditch, was on the list of their order and they had no doubt of his identity.

It was not till Branko Miljus sent me his copy of *The Mirror News* of Los Angeles that I made any progress. Artukovitch had been interviewed by the reporter Henry Frank, who for the photograph had arranged him at a piano, grouping his wife and five handsome children around him. The Rev. Robert Cross of the Blessed Sacrament Church was there, too, as a friend and advocate. He told Frank how, as Minister of the Interior, Artukovitch had helped the Jews and been a formidable foe to the Communists.

"Artukovitch listened gravely and said with quiet dignity, 'I put my faith in God.'"

Frank spoke of Artukovitch's "strong, seamed face" and his "modest well-lived-in living room." He told how his daughter Zorica had won an essay competition in Orange County High School and his nine-year-old son, Radoslav, had been born in Ireland.

Here was a clue. The children had been exploited sentimentally to mask the truth, so they could be used to rediscover it. I went to the Customs House and after prolonged search I found Radoslav Anitch's birth certificate (A. 164, No. 75). He was born on 1 June 1948 at the Prague House Nursing Home, 28 Terenure Road East; he was the son of Alois Anitch, professor of history, of 6 Zion Road, Rathgar.

On the strength of this discovery, I sent a letter to all the Dublin dailies, explaining that I was writing an account of the Independent State of Croatia (1941-45) and that I wished information about the former Minister of the Interior, Andrija Artukovitch (alias Alois Anitch) who had lived at 6 Zion Road, Rathgar, in 1947. Only *The Irish Times* printed my letter, turning him into a lady called Audrey.

In the meantime I visited the two houses, which were close to each other. No. 6 Zion Road is a two-storeyed house of red brick with an ivy-tangled sycamore and an overgrown privet hedge, but it had changed hands so often that it told me nothing about Artukovitch's Irish sponsors. No. 28 Terenure Road, a tall building of red and white brick with much ornamental ironwork, has ceased for some years to be a nursing home. Nobody knew where the former owner had gone, and it was not till I had paid two visits to the Guards Barracks at Terenure that someone recalled where she now lived. It was not far off at 7 Greenmount Road and I went there immediately. The matron was a charming and intelligent woman, and after eighteen years she remembered the Anitches perfectly. She had found them a pleasant and pathetic couple. He had spoken little English, Mrs. Anitch had spoken fluently, and because of that, she had asked that he should have lunch with her in the nursing home. "He is my baby," Mrs. Anitch said, "he wouldn't know how to get lunch without me." They had two little girls who were at the Sacred Heart Convent, in Drumcondra Road, and now they wanted a boy. "If it's a girl," said Mrs. Anitch, "don't call him till the evening." But when on the morning of 1 June Radoslav had been born, she was so delighted that she said her husband must be called at once. Anitch came and in his joy he had embraced the matron, much to her embarrassment. The Anitches had behaved nicely, paying all their debts with money from America. After they had gone some months Mrs. Anitch wrote a grateful letter, which the matron showed me.

Only one person besides her husband had visited Mrs. Anitch in the nursing home. He was a Franciscan who had been in Croatia, but the matron was not clear whether or not he was a foreigner. The Anitches had told her that the Communists had been particularly vindictive against the Franciscans.

My anticipation that the Franciscans had helped Artukovitch in Ireland had now been confirmed, so I went to see the Provincial at Merchants'

Quay. This time he agreed with me that the friar at the nursing home must have been the Croat at the Galway house. His name, he said, was Ivanditch. He was a supporter of Pavelitch and had often gone from Galway to Dublin.

Yet a Croat friar could not have made all these arrangements without powerful Irish assistance. Where had it come from?

The process by which a great persecutor is turned into a martyr is surely an interesting one that needs the closest investigation. I had only four days left in Dublin, so I could not follow up all the clues, but I made some progress.

First I went to the Sacred Heart Convent, 40 Drumcondra Road, a big red building on the left-hand side of the street. I was shown into a little waiting room and was received by a charming and friendly nun. I told her I was trying to trace the family of two little girls called Zorica and Vishnya Anitch, who had been at the convent in 1947 when they were four and five years old. She went away to look them up in her register, and I sat for a very long time contemplating the plate of wax fruit and the little figurine of St. Anthony. Then the nun returned and told me that the two little girls (but they were called Katerina and Aurea Anitch) had been admitted on 9 August 1947. Their parents had lived at 7 Tower Avenue, Rathgar, and had taken the children to America on 15 July 1948. She did not recall them herself but suggested that I ring up an older nun, Sister Agnes, who would certainly remember them. She was at St. Vincent's Convent, North William Street. I rang Sister Agnes, who remembered them all vividly. The little girls were sweet and she had found the two parents "a lovely pair" and Dr. Anitch was "a marvellous musician." She did not remember that anybody came to visit the children except their parents, but a Franciscan monk, a nephew of Dr. Anitch's, who had escaped with them from Croatia, was with them and had helped them to find lodgings.

Next I visited 7 Tower Avenue and was directed to a previous tenant, who worked in an ironmongery in D'Olier Street. He said he did remember having a lodger with a name like Anitch. He added, "He was black, you know." I tried other houses in Tower Avenue. Everybody was helpful and interested, but I got no further clues.

After this I returned to Mrs. O'Donoghue in Greenmount Road and found that she had been keenly interested in what I had told her and herself had been trying to find out who had been the landlord in 6 Zion Road when the Anitches had lived there. She said I should get in touch with Patrick Lawlor, 32 Hazelbrook Road, who had sold the house to some woman in 1947.

I wrote to him and the next day he rang me up. He said it was so long ago that he could not remember the woman's name, but the auctioneer might know. After that I made some dozen visits and twenty telephone calls. They would be boring to relate but I found them exhilarating, as each clue led to another clue. I telephoned the doctor who had delivered Radoslav and examined the parish registers in Terenure and Rathgar for christenings. I went to the Valuation Office and telephoned the Voters Register, the Irish Red Cross, the Aliens Office and the International Office of Refugees. I

enquired at the city hall about corporation rates. In the end I got onto the solicitor who had acted both for Mr. Lawlor and for the woman to whom he had sold 6 Zion Road. His clerk made an unsuccessful search for her name and then suggested, "Why not call on Thom's Directory?"

I went there the next day and the secretary took down from a shelf the directories for 1947 and 1948 and found Patrick Lawlor's name in both. "But that's impossible," I protested. "He sold the house to a woman in 1947." "Yes, but there might have been a delay in publishing after we collected the information." She took down the directory for 1949. "The woman's name was Kathleen Murphy," she said. I was off like a shot to a telephone box.

There were three Miss K. Murphys in the directory and five Mrs. Kathleen Murphys and several K. Murphys, who might be either male or female. It was a lengthy business, for some were out and I was asked to ring later, and some were testy at being catechised by a stranger. The fifth answered very suspiciously. "Who are you? Why do you want to know? Yes, I was at 6 Zion Road, but if you want to know more you must come down. I remember the Anitches and, if you're friends of theirs, I'd be glad to see you. Do you know them?" I said I did not but that a friend of mine in Paris, M. Miljus, would like to get in touch with them.

So we drove down to 6 Barnhill Road, Dalkey, a fine broad street with handsome villas. My wife waited outside in the car writing letters, while Mrs. Murphy, a friendly middle-aged woman, talked to me in her drawing room. A friend of hers was just leaving when I came in, an Ulsterwoman with a nice downright manner whose husband had been a bank manager in Kilkenny. She remembered us straight off when I said my name. "Yes, I know who you are. I read your letters and articles in *The Irish Times*. I remember you got into a row with the Nuncio, Dr. O'Hara, and it was on the head of you he got the boot!" She and Peggy talked together while I was with Mrs. Murphy, who I could see had a powerful affection for this foreign family who had lodged with her. In particular she admired "Dr. Anish," whom she connected with "Czechoslovakia." This confusion is not very surprising. Artukovitch would not have mentioned Yugoslavia, which did not exist for him, and not much was known in Ireland of Croatia, though one of those who were kind to him in Dublin said he came from Craishe. In general he was befriended as a foreign refugee from Communism, and hitherto I have found no trace of sinister international intrigue among those who gave him hospitality.

Mrs. Murphy reproached herself repeatedly for not having kept in touch with the "Anishes" in California. Several times they had written charming letters. What a delightful family they were! "They made a wonderful impression all round," she said. "I'd like to show you some snaps I have of them." Mrs. Murphy took down a photograph album with a large bundle of snaps in the middle. She rummaged through them all the time we were talking but never found what she was looking for. I explained to her that some time after Dr. Anitch had got to California he had been the subject of bitter controversy and I showed her the picture of the family in *The Mirror*

News. “Ah, how old he had got to look, poor man! And that big girl must be Katerina and that one Aurea. And goodness me that young chap must be Radoslav! How time flies!” When I told her what his enemies were saying she shook her head indignantly. “People will say anything! I don’t think he thought of politics at all. All he cared about was his family. He was a wonderful father and husband! He was a very good man you know. He was rather like President Kennedy. He wanted justice for everybody. And he loved the Church. They were daily communicants.”

Then I asked her how she met him in the first place and she said she thought it had been at some party. Maybe some priest had introduced them. She became a little vague on the whole in this pregnant conversation. I was being the sly one, she the candid one. I asked did she meet a Franciscan with him and she said, “Oh, yes, there was one came to lunch a couple of times. But the Anishes lived very quietly. They hardly saw anyone. You see, he was a very retiring scholarly man. He once or twice gave a lecture at UCD*, but otherwise they just thought of the children.” I subsequently made enquiries about those lectures at UCD but with no success.

Then I told her what remorseless enemies he had and explained something of the collapse of Yugoslavia. I showed her ARTUKOVITCH, THE HIMMLER OF YUGOSLAVIA, turning the pages rapidly so as to reach some not too emotive pictures of him in the days of his glory. There he was giving the Nazi salute to a German general and there again greeting Hitler’s envoy at the head of his Security Police, and there with his wife at a cocktail party in the Hungarian embassy. I skipped some horror pages, headed with heavy irony ANDRIJA ARTUKOVITCH’S HEROIC DEEDS and including a picture of a soldier scissoring off the head of a seated peasant with some shears. Except for their attribution, such photographs are probably genuine. As I have said, Artukovitch was probably a desk murderer only. Mrs. Murphy must have caught a glimpse of the scissored head, for she stiffened and started to fumble again in her album for her friendly snapshots.

“Everybody in Dublin seems to have liked him,” I said, “but why did he come here with a false name?”

“Probably he was forced to. Lots of people are. He couldn’t have been a Nazi, though he may have been forced to take that side. I’m a good judge of character. I’ve travelled in sixteen countries and know a good man when I see one.”

“But he signed all those laws against the Jews.” (I thought it would be too complicated to talk about the Orthodox; she might not know who they were.)

“Well, look what the Jews are doing to other people!” (I suppose she was thinking of the Arabs.)

Then we said goodbye. As I left, she repeated, “They just lived for their children. They thought the world of them.”

The next place I had to visit was the Franciscan House in Galway from which Dr. Anitch's nephew, Brother Ivanditch, paid visits to Dublin to see him.

When we reached Galway I went round to the Franciscan House, which is a few streets away from Eyre Square. Beside the big church I saw a small private door through which some travelling clerics with suitcases were being hospitably ushered. I waited till they had all been welcomed before I went in and, after a few moments, the Father Superior appeared. Though he was preoccupied with his visitors he received me kindly. Seeing my attache case, he thought I was a commercial traveller, but when I explained I had come as a historian interested to find out about a Croat friar called Ivanditch, who was in Galway in 1947, he said, "I'm afraid I don't know the good man. I'm only here three years, but if you come tomorrow, when we've a bit more time, I'll get Brother Bede onto you. He was here in 1947."

The following day I went round to the Franciscan House at eleven-thirty and Brother Bede received me. Yes. He remembered Brother Ivanditch well and had looked him up in the *Schematismus* of the Order. He was from the Province of Bosnia, near Sarajevo. He was a very striking-looking chap and must have been over six feet. He was born in 1913. "He wasn't here but at our hostel, St. Anthony's College along the Moycullen Road, so I didn't see much of him. But they say he spent all his time at the wireless listening to the news in German, French, Italian, Spanish; he was a very intelligent fellow, learned English quickly. But he was broody, reserved and melancholy. All soul, you might say."

Brother Bede had spent the war years in Rome. In the Franciscan headquarters the Croats had been more prominent than any other Slav group. Apart from Father Manditch, the treasurer of the Order, there was Father Jelachitch, a great canon lawyer, and Brother Balitch, an eminent palaeographer who had written about Duns Scotus. "You've no idea what confusion there was at Rome at that time. As for us, we put all the Slavs in one basket, a terribly passionate lot. We couldn't unscramble them.

"Who sent him here? Oh, I suppose it was the General of our Order in Rome. I think it was Schaaf at that time, but I could look that one up. It was a question of obedience, you know."

I told him that the Ustashe ambassador to Rome, Rushinovitch, had been given audiences by many cardinals and had sent his impressions of them back to Zagreb. It was obvious that not only the Irish but all the clerics at Rome had been highly confused by what was happening in Croatia. Only Cardinal Tisserant, I said, had a clear idea. On the other hand, Cardinal Ruffini was a vigorous supporter and protector of the Ustashe!

"Ruffini!" Brother Bede laughed. "Yes, indeed. He was a Sicilian, a great nationalist! They are as excitable as the Slavs. We took everything they said with a pinch of salt."

As for Ivanditch, he had stayed for about a year in Galway and then gone to Canada. But there was a rumour that he was in Valencia, Spain, now. He was still alive or he wouldn't be in the *Schematismus*.

Brother Bede did not think I would get much more information from St. Anthony's College, as they were always changing their staff there, but there was a Brother David who might remember him. "Worth trying anyway. Cross the salmon-weir bridge and along the Moycullen Road till you come to a long grey building on the left."

They were widening the road and the surface was terrible, so it must have been very close to the Brothers' dinnertime when I got to St. Anthony's. The most pleasant thing about the building was the fine stone wall, a new one, that surrounded it. Most of the Galway walls are still excellently built and of stone, as unlike as possible to the new walls of the midlands, which, maybe because of the rich stoneless soil, are built of concrete, which submits itself readily to many vulgar and modish fancies.

I waited in a very clean and polished parlour under a picture of Jesus meditating on the Mount of Olives, till Brother David came along. He and his colleague, Brother Edmond, remembered Ivanditch well, and Brother David showed me a photograph of himself and Brother Ivanditch and a Galway lady, Mrs. O'Halloran. They were a handsome group. Ivanditch, whose religious name was Brother Louis (Croatian Luji), was dark, clean-shaven, spectacled. A pleasant serious person he looked in his long brown habit with its white cord.

"But he was very hysterical," Brother David said. "He'd been sentenced to death by the Communists and he spent all his time listening to the ups and downs of Communism on the wireless. He was with us about a year, sent here by the General at Rome, waiting for instructions where to go. He was a professor of dogmatic theology. According to what he said, he was second-in-command to the Provincial at Zagreb. He had been given the seal of the Province of Croatia -- he had it with him here -- when the Provincial was imprisoned."

I asked him if Artukovitch (Anitch) had ever been to visit him. "No, he had no visitors at all, though once or twice he went to Dublin. He brooded the whole time. He said the only hope for us was to have a third world war immediately. He thought us a very weak lot. There was a milk strike in Galway at the time and he could not understand why we did not settle it straight away by shooting the milkmen. And we should invade the six counties and settle that matter, too, *immediately*."

"What amazed us about him," Brother Edmond said, "was the way he ate jam for breakfast ... sometimes nearly a whole pot, and without any bread, just a spoon. And though he got to know English very well, he used some very funny expressions. When we used to ask him if he would like another helping of anything, he would say, 'Thank you, no, I am fed up!' But he made a great friend in the town who could tell you more about him than I can, Joe O'Halloran of the Corrib printing works. He was working in O'Gorman's bookshop in those days and he and Brother Louis used to see a lot of each other. Joe is the son of Mrs. O'Halloran you saw in the snapshot."

It was difficult to believe that the Galway Brothers belonged to the same order as the Ustashe Franciscans. What was closest to Brother Edmond's

heart was a scheme for building houses for the homeless by voluntary groups. He had been considering this idea while he was with the Order in Louvain.

Joe O'Halloran was in a white coat working at the Corrib printers when I called. He asked for a few moments to change and then he joined me at the Imperial Hotel and we had vodka and orange together. He had only been eighteen when Brother Ivanditch was in Galway, and he had been hugely impressed by this glamorous and passionate foreigner who had fled from his country under sentence of death, who had seen his Provincial sentenced to five years' penal servitude and his Primate, a world-famous cardinal, condemned to sixteen years' imprisonment by a Communist government. They had spent every Sunday together, and Joe's parents had been equally captivated by this engaging person, who bore with him the seals of the Franciscan Order in Croatia and the responsibility to make its sorrows known to the world. It was his dream to establish a Croatian Seminary in Dublin. Ireland must know what Croatia had suffered and was still suffering in the name of Christ. She must know that the fate that had befallen Croatia awaited all Europe. They must be prepared.

Brother Luji counted on Joe O'Halloran's support in this sacred cause. But after a year the orders came from Rome for him to cross the Atlantic. He sailed from Liverpool to Montreal and Joe O'Halloran saw him off in Dublin. But though he had left Joe in charge of a sort of crusade, he had not replied at all regularly to his letters and slowly they lost touch with each other. Joe learned, though, that Brother Luji had been appointed chaplain to the Croat workers at Windsor, Ontario, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. They worked in the Ford factory at Dearborn and Brother Luji built for them the Chapel of St. Joseph. Later on he had heard that he had been secularized and had left the Franciscan Order, and it now occurred to Joe O'Halloran that this might have been because the French-Canadian Franciscans did not like Ivanditch's Croatian politics, which a few years later resulted in the murder of the Yugoslav consul in Stockholm and a curious entente with the Communists.

I asked about Artukovitch-Anitch and also about Count O'Brien, but Joe knew nothing of them. The only layman in Galway that Ivanditch saw was Mr. O'Flynn, the county manager, who invited him to tea because his niece had once taught in Zagreb. Ivanditch had, however, told Joe that he had an uncle in Dublin who had been a minister in the government of Croatia. Joe O'Halloran stressed that Ivanditch had totally failed to inflame the Franciscans in Galway and was very much disappointed in the Irish. He had been in Galway when the Republic was proclaimed in Eyre Square, and he was amazed that the government had tolerated an opposition for so long. Why had not they just shot them?

In the past eighteen years Joe had changed. Ivanditch, were he to return, would no longer have the intoxicating effect which he had had on him as a very young man. In those days he had been puzzled that his elders should be so apathetic. For example, Father Felim O'Brien, a well-known Franciscan, had been lecturing in Galway and had treated very coolly

Ivanditch's passionate appeals for a crusade. O'Brien was known all over Ireland for his dislike of "liberalism." Two or three years later, in 1950, he engaged Owen Sheehy-Skeffington in a long controversy over *The Irish Times* later published as a pamphlet, *THE LIBERAL ETHIC*. I had contributed to this controversy, so I have kept some records of it. O'Brien had maintained that in Ireland we owe our freedom of expression more to the clerics than to the liberal doctrine of tolerance, and that in Europe the Catholic clergy are the chief champions of liberty.

We got back late from Galway and it was a day before I was able to look up Ivanditch in my books. I found only one reference to him. He was referred to on page 20 in the report of the Stepinac trial, *Sudenje Lisaku, Stepincu, Salicu I Druzini*, in connection with the trial of the Provincial of the Franciscan Order, Father Modesto Martinchitch. The Provincial is said to have given Brother Luji (Ivanditch), an Ustashe, a large sum of money to enable him to escape abroad. Brother Luji was not one of the five friars who helped the Provincial bury the thirty-four trunks of Ustashe treasure under the confessional in the Franciscan church in May 1945, and I find no record of any activities that in Communist eyes were criminal. I think that when he claimed to have been sentenced to death by the Communists, Ivanditch was trying to make himself more glamorous. He seems to have escaped early on with an ample travel allowance and the seals of the province. Whether or not Artukovitch was really his uncle, it may have been his task to escort him abroad in safety.

Since Brother Bede had mentioned Dr. Balitch, the eminent palaeographer, at the Vatican, I looked him up in the vast book *Magnum Crimen* by Professor Victor Novak of Belgrade, not expecting to find anyone so scholarly and remote in this record of horror. But there he was on page 900. "Brother Doctor Karlo Balitch, professor at the Franciscan University in Rome." His offence seems to have been slight but significant. When Marshal Kvaternik, commander of the Ustashe forces, had arrived in Rome and visited the Institute of St. Jerome in February 1942, Balitch had been there to receive him, together with several other distinguished Croatian clerics and the whole staff of the Institute. Dr. Balitch seems to have listened appreciatively while Dr. Madjerec, the Rector, praised Kvaternik and the leader Pavelitch for their illustrious deeds in the cause of Christ.

The St. Jerome Society was a very old and established Croat institution with headquarters at Rome. Every year, even when Novak published his book in 1948, there were celebrations there in honor of Pavelitch's birthday, attended by Croat Jesuits, Dominicans, Capuchins, Benedictines. When Marshal Kvaternik addressed the Institute praising its work for the Ustashe, there was loud and prolonged applause. This was in Rome, yet we have been told repeatedly that it was only under the strongest pressure that in Croatia itself the hierarchy lent their support to Pavelitch.

After the St. Jerome society had been suppressed in Croatia by Tito, Monsignor Stepinac declared in his speech of defence: "The St. Jerome Society

has ceased to exist. Its suppression is a grave offence against the whole people." But surely it was rightly suppressed. In an authoritarian community, when there is hypocrisy and connivance at the centre, the ripples from them spread outwards to the remote circumference: "In vain do they worship me, teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men."

In 1985 there is news of Dr. Draganovitch, who helped Artukovitch to escape. I have been reading Tom Bower's story of Barbie, "the butcher of Lyons," who eluded French justice after the war in 1951 by the "Rat Line," an escape route which the Americans set up for people who were valuable to the Central Intelligence Agency. They were equipped with fake passports and identity cards, but a contact was needed in Genoa, the port of embarkation, to supply the Rats with immigration papers for South America. Draganovitch, who had helped so many Ustashe escape to Argentina, was obviously the man for the job. His fees for the Rat Line, according to Tom Bower, were \$1,000 for adults, half price for children and \$1,400 for VIP treatment.

Surprisingly, though his services to the escaping Ustashe were well known and though he had been on the infamous Committee of Five for the conversion of the Orthodox, he was permitted legally to return to Yugoslavia. Is it possible that just as Barbie had useful information to give the Americans about the Communists, so Draganovitch had useful information to give the Communists about the Americans?

Artukovitch himself is still in California and, as I have related, sometime in the 1960s the Yugoslav government tired of asking for his extradition. Among other reasons, maybe, they thought that a sensational state trial in Zagreb might revive animosities between Serb and Croat.

However, in July 1981, the U.S. Board of Immigration Appeals, in view of a 1979 ruling of Congress, ordered that Artukovitch be deported. This was followed by further legal proceedings, appeals, counter-appeals, hearings and rehearings. The Justice Department acted on a legal reform excluding "Nazi collaborators" from seeking refuge, and on 14 November 1984, "three carloads of federal marshals, guns drawn," burst into Artukovitch's house at Seal Beach and took him into custody.† He is now eighty-five and, according to his Dublin-born son Radoslav, he has Parkinson's disease, a congestive heart condition, and is also blind and suffering from delusional paranoia. It is uncertain whether he will be competent to take part in an extradition hearing and its sequel, deportation to Yugoslavia and a show trial at Zagreb.

POSTSCRIPT, 24 SEPTEMBER 1986

Artukovitch was finally extradited to Yugoslavia on 12 February 1986. On 15 May, after a four-week trial, death sentence was pronounced. Twenty-six witnesses were called, evidence of much brutality given. Yet Artukovitch maintained that he was innocent and his duties chiefly administrative: "I

have always acted according to my conscience and the teachings of the Catholic Church.” Security for the trial was tight; policemen patrolled neighbouring streets with machine guns and muzzled dogs. There has been no word of Artukovitch’s execution. I believe he is still alive.

*University College of Dublin-ed. (orig. ed.)

† *Sunday Times*, 12 January 1985.

See also:

“An Appreciation of Hubert Butler,” p. 40.

“Little String Game,” p. 7.

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CLOSE READING:

INDEPENDENT SPIRIT:
AN APPRECIATION OF HUBERT BUTLER

RICHARD JONES

1.

Reading Hubert Butler can be a disturbing experience. How was it possible that so elegant a writer, so passionate a humanist, so universal a spirit, had to wait until he was in his eighties to get the international recognition he deserved?

It could be that in his homeland (and he was an Irishman before all else), as a member of the Irish landed gentry, an agnostic Protestant in an overwhelmingly Roman Catholic country, he was, for many years, read through a veil of resentment: who does he think he's speaking for? Why should we listen to him? Doesn't he know the days of the Protestant Ascendancy are over?

Of course, he had his admirers in Ireland in that narrow strip where the literary and more open-minded academic world met, but Butler no doubt offended even in this restricted forum by reason of his effortless elitism and independence of spirit. He did not begin writing seriously until he was in his forties, published his first book when he was seventy-two, and throughout his life, never had to please an editor, the critics, or a university tenure committee. He never seems to have been commissioned by editor or publisher and wrote about those matters that most touched and pleased him.

Although he was conscious of the difficulties of doing scholarly work without the resources near at hand of a first-rate library or minds of a similar bent, he believed he was maintaining an old tradition of the amateur historian and country antiquarian working in isolation, as opposed to the ranks of what he would have called the self-interested and subsidised specialist, by which he meant university men and women and the state employees who controlled national monuments and museums. In this respect he could be quite aggressive, in an implacably polite way: the universities and academies, he claimed, were often the enemies of inquiry and culture and this was especially the case in the fields of anthropology and archaeology, two of his key interests.

Butler was able to fulfill his own ideal: the settled man with his own fields, his place in a long line and proliferation of Anglo-Norman Butlers, too sure of himself to need to compete, too convinced of the rightness of the causes he took up to need to bother about what those in power said or thought. He was, in every way, his own man.

This self-confidence was the product of an upper-class upbringing and education and of an unstrident, dispassionate mind. He was steeped in the history and culture of Ireland and knew most of his eminent Irish contemporaries. But what makes his patriotism exceptional is that he had travelled and lived in regions far from his native County Kilkenny. He was thus able to see the world through the prism of his own background and, at the same time, experience Ireland, and the tensions of its early years as an independent state, through the experience of other European countries emerging from the wreck of the Hapsburg and Tsarist empires.

His first-hand knowledge of Irish grievances and of civil war, in which the houses of many of those close to his family (including one belonging first to his grandmother, then his uncle) had been destroyed, gave him a key to the complex situations which existed in eastern and central Europe, notably in the former Yugoslavia, a country which fascinated him and which inspired several long essays. It would have helped the general public to understand the reasons for the recent horrors there if Butler's writings on ethnic cleansing and forced conversion and the persecution of the Serbs and Jews in Croatia had been reprinted: a great missed publishing opportunity.

2.

Butler was born in 1900, and when his first book came out, in 1972, his publishers described him as a classical scholar of Oxford and a Slavist. "He has done all the things usual to the scholar-journalist of his generation. He has broadcast on the BBC and...contributed to many journals, English and Irish, founded local societies and participated in all the fierce controversies of the day. He has visited China and Siberia and USA and written about them. He has taught English literature in Yugoslavia and Cairo and Leningrad (St. Petersburg). He has lectured on Irish literature at the Union of Writers in Moscow. But for the past thirty years he has lived at home in the house where he was born. It looks across the Nore valley towards the cult-centres of a dozen saints, whose lives he has closely studied. He has found them more interesting and relevant to us than anything he has seen in four continents."

Butler's own "A Fragment of Autobiography," written in 1987, filled out the background of his early years. Like most of the children of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy in Ireland, he was educated at English schools. From the start he showed an original turn of mind. His early enthusiasm for trigonometry arose from his realization that "there was an abstract world which ran parallel to the treacherous concrete one and could not be reached from it. I had stopped believing in Heaven and everything I had been told about it... Here in trigonometry was an escape route I could believe in." This love affair ended during his first term at Charterhouse, a private school near London, when "in broad daylight" the Cambridge-educated teacher told his class about functions: the subject "was no longer numinous and mystical and

I scarcely minded not understanding.” Instead, he studied Greek. It was about this time, too, that, passing through a Dublin “still smoking after the Easter Rebellion,” he decided: “I was an Irish Nationalist. This led to constant quarrelling with my family.”

He enjoyed his time at Oxford, when “all my thoughts and hopes were about Ireland.” About this time he began to meet the leading figures in the Irish literary and political renaissance, including Yeats and Sir Horace Plunkett, who urged Butler to join the Irish county libraries, which in those days were run by an organization that covered the whole of Ireland without division. Butler says he had a motorcycle and “discovered the varied beauties of my country and the rich diversity of its people.” This choice of a career ran counter to his family’s ideas. His father wanted him to take over the running of the estate; his mother hoped he might enter the British Foreign Office where a distant relative, Lord Grey, had been the minister in charge of foreign affairs.

Butler left the library service and began his period of European wandering. He became sufficiently fluent in Russian to translate a novel by Leonid Leonov, and his translation of Chekhov’s *THE CHERRY ORCHARD* was performed in London in 1934.

In 1938 he was working at the Quaker centre in Vienna, helping, as far as resources permitted, Austrian Jews to escape the Nazi terror. He later said this was the happiest period of his life.

In 1941, Butler’s father died and he returned with his wife, Peggy, the sister of the great actor-manager Tyrone Guthrie, to County Kilkenny. He did not farm. Instead, he allowed his brother to take over most of the land while he started reinvigorating local cultural life of Kilkenny. Butler helped to revive the archaeological society, and in the 1960s, became involved in the creation of an art gallery in Kilkenny Castle.

It was after his return to Ireland that Butler began to contribute to magazines, mostly Irish, with limited readerships. In time he wrote for the Dublin papers and broadcast on Irish and British radio. When his first book came out, his restricted audience was further reduced by the esoteric subject: *TEN THOUSAND SAINTS: A STUDY IN IRISH AND EUROPEAN ORIGINS*.

This book, published by the Wellbrook Press in Kilkenny, attempted to rationalise what might be called the excess of saints in early Irish history. The book was based on Butler’s conviction that the 10,000 saints, “though key figures in the unravelling of our past, were, like the ancestors, not real people but ingenious and necessary fabrications of the mind.”

Patiently, like a man fitting together a giant jig-saw puzzle, Butler grouped the ancestors and the saints with the different continental tribes which, he believed, had come to Ireland.

The work was the fruit of years of research and meditation and was not a complete surprise to those who had read Butler’s earlier, often provocative, essays on the same theme. In his introduction to the book, Butler deplored the absence of response to his writings (“even when I make absurd mistakes”) and asked whether this was because “archaeology, as our grandfathers knew

it, is dead?" Or was it that "the old reverence for the Irish saints is totally gone?"

The questions were still unanswered when, in 1985, another publisher, The Lilliput Press, of Dublin, brought out the first selection of Butler's essays, *ESCAPE FROM THE ANTHILL*, and showed the general reader the real range of Butler's interests and sympathies.

It was the beginning of Butler's international fame. The book won the American-Irish Foundation Literary Award in 1986 and was followed by a second collection, *THE CHILDREN OF DRANCY*, in 1988 (it won the 1989 Irish Book Award Silver Medal for Literature) and a third, *GRANDMOTHER AND WOLFE TONE*, in 1990.

The three books follow, more or less, the same formula: essays on Irish subjects counterpointed with essays about the world outside Ireland, the one illuminating the other.

3.

Within a range of themes as varied as this, every reader finds subjects of special interest. For me the most illuminating are those essays in which Butler treats of Irish matters often written against the accepted wisdom and what might be called the collective pressure of the time.

It is salutary to be reminded during these years of the celebration of the new Ireland -- freed by its membership in the European economic union of domination by Britain, and apparently having entered what some call a post-Catholic phase -- how restricted, how narrow, the early years of Irish independence were: there was strict censorship of books, divorce and abortion were forbidden, and Irish neutrality often seemed to lean over backwards to absolve the Germans of their excesses. Thus, the first photos from the Belsen concentration camp were widely regarded as British propaganda fakes. Butler's reminder of it makes very uncomfortable reading.

During this period he spoke up for the minority, although he knew that speaking openly in the circumstances of the time could rekindle old hatreds and prejudices. He also refused to allow his own class, the Anglo-Irish, to be written out of Irish history. He liked to remind his readers that it was the people of his kind who had been the backbone of Irish nationalism, and his arguments were often spiced with tiny details intended to shake the new assumptions about who were the real Irish, who were the real nationalists.

In a review of Brian Inglis's *WEST BRITON*, a book he did not much admire, Butler stressed the role of small Protestant minorities in creating the idea of both American and Irish independence. He cites the unorthodox Anglicans from Virginia and the unorthodox non-conformists from Massachusetts who were at the head of the American campaign for independence, and then recalls that when the War of Independence broke

out, "Belfast Protestants lit bonfires and sent congratulations to George Washington while Dublin Catholics sent loyal messages to George III. Ireland might not be the dull, divided little island which it is today if those groups, north and south, to whom the idea of independence is chiefly due, had played a greater part in its realization."

Butler's most spectacular falling-out with the powers of Irish bigotry was in 1952. It arose from his horrified interest in what had taken place in Croatia during the Nazi occupation, when the puppet Croatian government -- staunchly Roman Catholic and anti-Semitic -- started its campaign against the Serb Orthodox minority and the Jews.

The Croatian Minister of the Interior, Artukovitch, was the master-mind behind the campaign in which 750,000 Orthodox and 30,000 Jews were massacred, and 240,000 Orthodox forcibly converted to Roman Catholicism. Because of the cruelty of this operation, Artukovitch was later known as the Himmler of Yugoslavia.

After the war Artukovitch escaped to Austria and Switzerland, and then, in 1947, took up residence in Ireland, with the connivance of the Roman Catholic Church and the Irish Government. A year later, armed with an Irish identity card, he left for the United States. Shortly before that date, while visiting old friends in Zagreb, Butler had been to a city library to read local newspaper accounts of life in wartime Croatia. He came back to Ireland determined to expose those people in his own country who had aided the war criminal to escape justice. A long essay, "The Artukovitch File," gives Butler's account of his detective work in tracing Artukovitch's life in Ireland.

In 1952, at a lecture in Dublin about the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church by the Yugoslav communist regime, Butler rose to remind the audience about the Roman Catholic treatment of the Orthodox in Croatia, and the Papal Nuncio, who was in the hall, walked out. There was a press campaign against Butler. So powerful was local feeling against him that he felt obliged to resign from the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, and only a handful of people were prepared to come to his defence. Butler's stand was courageous and right.

His fearlessness is also well illustrated in an essay, "Little K," written in 1967 but published much later. This was inspired by the tragedy of a granddaughter "whose body has changed but her mental age remains the same." Butler faces up to the issue of the way society treats people he calls "mental defectives" and analyzes the arguments for and against some radical solution such as euthanasia. It is a disturbing and lucid examination of the problem, and it could be that the theme and the high seriousness with which it was treated inspired its choice for republication in the first ANCHOR ESSAY ANNUAL 1997, edited by Phillip Lopate, to be published later this year.

I never knew Butler during his years of travel but saw him in Ireland, at Maidenhall, at a period when he was preparing the first batch of essays for publication. I received a bundle of them, all photocopied, just before they came out as *ESCAPE FROM THE ANTHILL*.

The Butlers were very sociable, and people came and went; and on one occasion, in the midst of an animated conversation, Butler came into the room carrying a sheet of foolscap paper, held by one corner, and a pen. He was composing one of his essays, and moved about the furniture listening to his own sentences forming and also to what we were saying. It seemed a special gift, to be able to write like that, carrying the theme in the head and then, when the words jelled, putting them down at once, placing the foolscap on the nearest flat surface. I have no idea if Butler usually wrote that way; but it was his method that day.

His interventions were sometimes a bit intimidating. Of someone talking about landowners who opened their houses to the public Butler asked, pointedly: "Had you a specific house in mind?" He was also quick to correct what he took to be mispronunciations, but in a manner as to arouse no offence. He conveyed the sense that there was a right way and a wrong way, so why not choose to be correct?

The perfect example of Butler's calm assertion on a small point was a letter he wrote to the *Irish Times* on the subject of a landmark, Spike Island. "Sir," the letter went, "Lieutenant Commander Brunicardi (Letters June 21st) says that Spike Island was originally 'Inis Espaig,' Bishop's Island. Hogan in his *ONOMASTICON GOEDELIIUM* (p. 469) interprets it as 'Inis Picht'; the local saints were Fiachna and Gobban and possibly Ruisean. Yrs. etc, Hubert Butler."

The "possibly" allows for error and the correction which, as I have shown, Butler would have appreciated.

Butler and his wife enjoyed their friends and family, and, just occasionally in the to-ings and fro-ings, there was an opportunity to raise points from the essays. He refused, all the same, to expand on the Artukovitch affair; and Peggy, his wife, said, "It's all in the essay." Butler was disinclined to get excited about the incident involving the Papal Nuncio, which had brought down on him strong social opprobrium. He gave the impression that once he had written about a subject, he had no call to revisit the emotions of the past. The present was too interesting.

I understand from those who were close to him that he retained his special mixture of detachment and deep interest in events, people, and ideas until the very end.

Butler died in 1991. His family and friends have discussed the writing of a full account of his life and works. Eleanor Burgess, who worked with him on his research into the Irish saints, is his official biographer; but it is recognized that, for her, this is a long term-project fitted into a busy life, and that the account may well turn out to be more like a memoir. The problem of finding the ideal biographer preoccupied his widow until her death last December. Her friends are planning a memorial concert and art show in Kilkenny this August.



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See also:

"The Artukovitch File," p. 21.

"A Little String Game," p. 7.

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FALLEN AIR and LAND THIS ALTAR

**Farther of wood
the cornhuskers gather
aloof in their layettes**

**of poule
and cornbread.**

Michael Sarki

ENDNOTES:

What mythological confusion is this? Since when has Mars been the god of commerce and Mercury the god of war?

Karl Kraus in Die Fackel

HECUBA in NEW YORK

I desired to offer our readers a remarkable essay by the late Hubert Butler, and with it, a remembrance by the British novelist Richard Jones, who was acquainted with Butler, himself Anglo-Irish. By celestial coincidence, the *New York Review of Books*, in the June 12 issue, has run a consideration of Hubert Butler's writings by the novelist and literary editor of the *Irish Times*, John Banville. The more we read of, and about, Hubert Butler, the better we are for it. Of "The Artukovitch File," about a Croatian "desk murderer" who with his family and under an alias had been given residence in Ireland after World War II, Banville writes: "Butler's outrage at this enormity on the part of his own countrymen is expressed with his usual understated elegance ('The process by which a great persecutor is turned into a martyr is surely an interesting one that needs the closest investigation'), but we are left in no doubt about his contempt for the 'patriotic Y's and the pious Z's' who would connive at the escape from justice of a man who had taken an active part in some of the most terrible deeds of the war."

Meanwhile K. Callaway was playing her "little string game," a word-lover's diversion in which she traced the meaning of *archipelago* back through philological branches to its roots in the Aegean. Then she followed it, via an historical and geographical hopscotch, deep into the necessary recollection of what anti-Semitism was, in the twilight years just before our 20th century commenced its hate-filled, blood-soaked ways.

Hubert Butler's question -- how could a man who was a murderer, who was called "the Himmler of Yugoslavia," have found refuge, even welcome, among the decent, ordinary people of Ireland? -- ought to remain before us. One answer (if answer there be) may have been that the man appeared as a good Catholic, attentive husband, loving father; types of the domestic virtues we ourselves, as a nation, profess to emulate. Another, more particular, may have lain in an observation Butler made about two countries he knew well: "The Yugoslavs are, like my own nation the Irish, among the least pacific people in Europe, and at the best of times it would not be easy to persuade them that liberty could be won or maintained except by fighting."

Memento mori. I've been thinking about a friend in New York, a Sarajevan woman who with her family was forced to remain in this country while visiting, when the war ignited Bosnia. In early June she appeared as Hecuba in a production of "The Trojan Women." The actors were, all of

them, Bosnians. Hecuba, it will be remembered, was the Trojan queen, wife of upright Priam, mother of the swoony Paris and valiant Hector, him who was slaughtered and debased by Achilles. Defeated mother, also, who as final payment must watch her small grandson, Andromache's only boy (about the age of my friend's own young son), heaved by the Greek victors from the wall of Troy to his death.

A recurring question in any war: Whose children are allowed to live?

DÉFORMATION PROFESSIONNELLE

In my town there are still two independent bookstores. A writer I know got into a lively discussion with the owner of one of those stores, where I have an account. The topic was publishing, by which the owner specifically meant conglomerate book-publishing as it is practiced in New York. "Why do writers put up with it?" she wondered indignantly.

I understood what she meant about publishing; but her faith in the social and economic courage of writers touched me deeply.

What has changed since the great Viennese editor Karl Kraus wrote and published *Die Fackel*? Isn't Mars still the god of commerce?

In the last issue I wrote about Viking, a respected, long-standing imprint that is part of Penguin Worldwide (as I think they still call it), itself owned by Pearson PLC, a formidable financial holding-company based in London. Its publisher was going to market a "literary" novel as a popular best-seller-to-be; a salesman's sleight-of-hand. But now it's said in New York that Viking is "owned by" Putnam, the mass-market publishing company recently acquired by Penguin, that is, by Pearson. Putnam is financially heftier and its publisher, a woman, reports directly to the (male) head of the U.S. operation, who ascended to his position from Disney's Hyperion. The publisher of Viking now reports to the publisher of Putnam. Stairway to heaven: one female publisher subordinate to a more powerful female publisher, though both may well be of similar temperament, that is, ambition. But the prestige, what remains of it, of Viking is now subordinate, within the huge corporation that owns them both, to the mass-market "power" of Putnam. And this is just how it is seen and dealt with by the book industry; no critical thinking to be expected there.

Meanwhile, editors grow younger, less experienced, badly-read, and shift from company to company (we can't say "house," and "imprint" really won't do) one step ahead of being "downsized." At dinner in New York with an agent, who is a friend, who has been effective for her (very good) writers, and who, sadly but understandably, talks of leaving the business, I learned the fate of an editor in the Pearson complex with whom I was acquainted: youngish, ambitious, an adroit flatterer, seen to have published reasonably

serious, prize-winning non-fiction. He was fired. Why? The buzz: he didn't bring in best-sellers.

And will he find a new job? These are jobs, after all; conglomerate publishing is a world of employes controlled by six or eight men who make the important, that is, financial, decisions. A certain established literary publisher isn't going to hire him, said my confidant, because the editor-in-chief there won't risk the competition.

Nothing has changed; jealousy, insecurity, striving, having to please one's masters were the qualities of Vanity Fair, as of Rastignac's Paris, which Balzac likened to the savagery of a New World forest, and as they are of imperial capitalism in its now-global proliferation. And yet, in the petty world I write about, everything has changed. A writer friend got it spot-on: "Publishing has become the Minor Leagues of the entertainment industry."

Writers -- especially of "literary" works ("literary" is a marketer's category), without national reputation, or who don't earn back even their modest advances -- find it ever harder to have a publisher in New York. Their contracted agreements with conglomerate publishers are not as those made between equals. Publishers, that is, their lawyers and accountants, push hard for advantage; no matter how decent and skilled the remaining few genuine editors might be, their relationships with writers are always unstable.

Déformation professionnelle, the French phrase for occupational disease, brilliant in its humane contempt, marks indelibly corporate publishing. Deformation of imagination: this is every writer's danger and the tactical problem he and she must solve, for its possibility haunts us all. Mercury, god of commerce, is also the god of thieves and artists.

When ARCHIPELAGO had just risen on the horizon, and I was puzzling out my course, a beneficent friend e-mailed me a letter. "I had many of the same questions and qualifications you now have," wrote he, "and I think I can put the point of my experience in a sentence: Good editors think, they think through each sentence and ponder its implications for the whole piece (to hell with the world), and ask questions about it; writers DO.

"That is not to commend one over the other...but to sort the tasks of each calling. For some they conjoin, and those are maybe the happy, though perhaps they're the unhappy, few. I've also learned that my nature is so made that I can only do one thing at a time, a great limitation when doing a novel."

He is a distinguished writer. Unfortunately, it is his editor who is looking for a job.

KM

*In the next issue of ARCHIPELAGO, on-line September 15:
Chinese Modernist Poetry; a (delayed) conversation about publishing
with Marion Boyars; and, we hope, our first venture into
digitized photography.*