

1963 MAR 13
EGYETEM
BUDAPEST
KÖNYVTÁR
9
The New

Hungarian Quarterly

In an Atmosphere of Humanity

László Bóka

Humanism and Socialism

Maurice Lambilliotte

Three Writings

Mihály Károlyi

Two Centuries of Hungarian Short Stories

Mikszáth, Krúdy, Kosztolányi, Nagy and others

Italian Sculpture in Budapest

Jolán Balogh

(with illustrations)

**Theoretical Physics
at the Budapest University**

György Marx

The New Hungarian Quarterly

EDITORIAL BOARD:

JÓZSEF BOGNÁR, LÁSZLÓ BÓKA, FERENC ERDEI,
LAJOS JÁNOSSY, LÁSZLÓ NÉMETH, LÁSZLÓ ORSZÁGH,
BRUNÓ STRAUB, BENCE SZABOLCSI, ÁRON TAMÁSI,
IMRE VAJDA, ISTVÁN VAS, ANNA ZÁDOR

EDITOR:

IVÁN BOLDIZSÁR

Published by CORVINA PRESS, Budapest
Editorial Offices, 12 Váci utca, Budapest, V., Hungary

Annual subscription: 17s 6d post free to any address.
In Hungary: Ft. 80.—

Orders of readers in Great Britain may be placed with:
Collet's Import Subscription Dept., 44-45, Museum Street, London W. C. 1.
Wm. Dawson and Sons Ltd., Cannon House, Macklin Street, London W. C. 2.
W. H. Smith and Son Ltd., Strand House, Portugal Street, London W. C. 2.
Kultura Hungarian Trading Company for Books and Newspapers,
Budapest 62, P. O. B. 149. See also last page of cover.

Orders of readers in Hungary may be placed with:
Posta Központi Hírlap Iroda
Budapest, V., József nádor tér 1

Printed in Hungary by Kossuth Printing House, Budapest

P2200

The New Hungarian Quarterly

VOLUME IV

1963

CONTENTS

ESSAYS, REVIEWS, NOTES, REPORTS

		Number	Page
<i>Almási, Miklós:</i>	The Impact of Cinema on Literature	10	125
<i>Balogh, Jolán:</i>	Italian Sculptures at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts (with illustrations)	9	143
<i>Barcs, Sándor:</i>	An MP's Job	10	70
<i>Bárczi, Géza:</i>	The Hungarian Language	9	52
<i>Bognár, József:</i>	Science and its Application in Developing Countries	11	10
<i>Bóka, László:</i>	In an Atmosphere of Humanity	9	3
<i>Boldizsár, Iván:</i>	Learning Unescoese	10	3
<i>Cukor, György:</i>	Some Problems of Economic Planning in Socialist Countries	9	34
<i>Erdey-Grúz, Tibor:</i>	Planning of Scientific Research	12	19
<i>Fulcbignoni, Enrico:</i>	The Responsibility of Midcult	12	45
<i>Genthon, István:</i>	Miklós Borsos, the Sculptor (with illustrations)	10	63
<i>Györgyi, Géza:</i>	Eötvös's Experiment and the Properties of Antimatter	11	73
<i>Halász, Zoltán:</i>	Sociographic Survey in a Workers' District of Budapest	11	63
<i>Hámori, Ottó:</i>	Debate on Sex-ethics	10	114
<i>Hetényi, István—Vályi, Péter:</i>	Hungary's Twenty-Year Economic Development Plan	11	46
<i>Hubay, Miklós:</i>	Sketches to a Portrait of Gyula Illyés	11	81
<i>Kardos, Tibor:</i>	The Dilemma of Sir Thomas More	12	101
<i>Károlyi, Mihály:</i>	Three Writings	9	22
<i>Keresztury, Dezső:</i>	Two Centuries of Hungarian Short Stories	9	63
<i>Lambilliotte, Maurice:</i>	Humanism and Socialism	9	14
<i>Lengyel, Györgyi:</i>	Playgoer in London	11	94
<i>Maróti, Lajos:</i>	The Limits of Parnassus	12	31
<i>Nagy, László:</i>	Rochdale and the Socialist Principles of Cooperation	10	22
<i>Nyerges, János:</i>	The Common Market and East-West Trade	12	73

		Number	Page
<i>Ortutay, Gyula:</i>	The Role of Rural Schooling in Hungarian Peasant Culture	9	129
<i>Pataky, Dénes:</i>	Béla Czóbel—Hungarian Painter in Paris (with illustrations)	11	103
<i>Petbő, Tibor:</i>	Contradictory Trends in Policies of the Horthy Era	12	115
<i>Rényi, Péter:</i>	Hungarian Experiment?	12	3
<i>Szabolcsi, Bence:</i>	Daybreak over Europe (Parts from a book on baroque music)	10	96
<i>Szabolcsi, Bence:</i>	Two Letters of Béla Bartók (with a portrait) . . .	11	24
<i>U Thant:</i>	Cultural Exchanges and World Peace	11	3
<i>Trewin, J. C.:</i>	Playgoer in Budapest	11	86
<i>Veres, Péter:</i>	Petty Bourgeois?	12	58
<i>Young, Percy M.:</i>	Hungarian Music in England	10	109
<i>Zolnay, László:</i>	The Medieval Royal Chapel in Esztergom (with illustrations)	10	141

SHORT STORIES, PLAYS, SKETCHES, POEMS

<i>Balázs, Béla:</i>	The Wooden Prince (A libretto)	11	36
<i>Benedek, Marcell:</i>	The Corner of My Room	11	109
<i>Bródy, Sándor:</i>	A Chicken and a Woman (A short story)	12	65
<i>Csáth, Géza:</i>	Trepov on the Dissecting Table (A short story) .	9	86
<i>Déry, Tibor:</i>	Mr. G. A. in X. (Parts of a new novel)	10	37
<i>Galgóczi, Erzsébet:</i>	Below Zero (A short story)	12	132
<i>Gáspár, Margit:</i>	Hamlet was Wrong (First act of a play)	9	150
<i>Gelléri, A. E.:</i>	House on the Grounds (A short story)	9	109
<i>Hunyady, Sándor:</i>	The House with the Red Lamp (A short story) .	9	118
<i>Illés, Endre:</i>	Fear (A short story)	11	112
<i>Illyés, Gyula:</i>	Bartók (A poem)	11	20
<i>Illyés, Gyula:</i>	The Favourite (First act of a play)	12	84
<i>Kosztolányi, Dezső:</i>	Omelette à Woburn (A short story)	9	99
<i>Krúdy, Gyula:</i>	Hand Stand (A short story)	9	88
<i>Lengyel, Menyhért:</i>	The Miraculous Mandarin (A libretto)	11	30
<i>Mikes, Kelemen:</i>	The Sickness and Death of the Prince	9	79
<i>Mikszáth, Kálmán:</i>	The Horses of Farmer János (A short story) . . .	9	82
<i>Nagy, Lajos:</i>	The Wolves and the Lamb (A short story) . . .	9	105
<i>Tabi, László:</i>	Three Sketches	9	164
<i>Thurzó, Gábor:</i>	In the Lion's Maw (A short story)	10	77

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

<i>Abody, Béla:</i>	Man and Outer World (A review of new Hungarian books)	9	194
<i>Abody, Béla:</i>	Books and the Men behind them (A review of new Hungarian books)	10	185
<i>Bartos, Tibor:</i>	Hands Ready to Clap (On translating Salinger) .	9	200
<i>Bizám, Lenke,</i>	Notes on the Hungarian Keats	10	204
<i>Borsányi, Károly:</i>	History of Black Africa (Review of a monograph by Endre Sfk)	11	196

<i>Dersi, Tamás:</i>	Under Iron-grey Skies (On a collection of sociographic writings)	10	198
<i>Földes, Anna:</i>	Heroes and Writers	12	190
<i>Nagy, Péter:</i>	Bookshelf	9	205
<i>Nagy, Péter:</i>	Bookshelf	10	190
<i>Somlyó, György:</i>	"Beyond the Beyond"	9	190
<i>Sükösd, Mihály:</i>	The Plough and the Pen	12	196
<i>Szabó, György:</i>	The Reception of a Short Novel	12	198
<i>Szász, Imre:</i>	Hungarian Short Stories in English	11	192
<i>Szentmihályi, J.:</i>	A Select Hungarian Bibliography of English-American Literature, Art and Science	11	199

ECONOMIC LIFE

<i>Kemenes, Egon:</i>	Comparison of National Income	9	238
<i>Kemenes, Egon:</i>	Studies on the International Economic Organization of the Socialist Countries	10	216
<i>Kemenes, Egon:</i>	"The Cooperative Movement"	12	211
<i>Kis, Eta:</i>	Extension Training of Economists	12	208
<i>Nagy, András:</i>	Aluminium Production in Hungary	12	202
<i>Vajda, Imre:</i>	Prospects of Hungarian Trade	11	125

SURVEYS

<i>Csatár, Imre:</i>	A Suburban Worker's Club	11	170
<i>Csernus, Mariann:</i>	Our Days at Michael Károlyi Foundation	11	147
<i>Fodor, Lajos:</i>	Three Great Losses of Hungarian Music	12	174
<i>Hátori, Ottó:</i>	How to Make Good in Hungary	12	158
<i>Keresztury, Dezső:</i>	The First Hungarian Translator of Ossian	12	163
<i>Kovács, Ferenc:</i>	Philological Congress at Longfellow's Home Town	11	135
<i>Lakos, György:</i>	The First Years of Two New Cooperative Farms	12	150
<i>Marx, György:</i>	Theoretical Physics at the Budapest University	9	168
<i>Nagy, Péter:</i>	Problems of Hungarian Literary Criticism	11	132
<i>Surányi, Imre:</i>	Development of Appreciation in Broadcasting	9	180
<i>Szabady, Egon:</i>	International Demographical Symposium in Budapest	11	162
<i>Szabó, György:</i>	The Budapest Conference on Comparative Literature	9	178
<i>Szendei, Ádám:</i>	Cancer Screening in Hungary	12	172
<i>Ungvári, Tamás:</i>	Living World Literature	11	140
<i>Vértés, László:</i>	Evolutionary Links and Chains of the Paleolithic Age in Hungary	11	153
<i>Weinstein, Pál:</i>	Glaucoma Research in Hungary	9	188

THEATRE AND FILM

<i>Gyertyán, Ervin:</i>	Conflict and Reality	9	230
<i>Keresztury, Dezső:</i>	Theatre Review	10	207
<i>Keresztury, Dezső:</i>	Theatre Review	11	209

		Number	Page
<i>Lénárt, Edna:</i>	Teenagers' Theatricals	12	217
<i>Maár, Gyula:</i>	Cassavetes' Actors	11	215
<i>Nagy, Péter:</i>	London Nights	12	213
<i>Tóth, Bálint:</i>	Budapest East End ("Angels' Land," a recent Hungarian Film).....	10	213

MUSICAL LIFE

<i>Bartha, Dénes:</i>	The New York International Musicological Congress.....	9	220
<i>Várnai, Péter:</i>	Hungarian String Quartets	9	225
<i>Zoltay, Dénes:</i>	Prolegomenon to Hungarian Musical Aesthetics .	10	174

ARTS

<i>Beal, J. H. B.:</i>	An English Art Lover Visits Hungary	12	184
<i>D. Fehér, Zsuzsa:</i>	Endre Domanovszky's Art (with illustrations)...	12	177
<i>Gerő, László:</i>	Hungarian Architecture Through the Ages	10	158
<i>Koczogh, Ákos:</i>	Two Exhibitions in Budapest (with illustrations)	10	169
<i>Kovács, Éva:</i>	Noémi Ferenczy, Artist of Tapestry (with illustrations)	9	212
<i>Körner, Éva:</i>	Jenő Gadányi, the Painter (with illustrations) ...	9	216
<i>Perneczky, Géza:</i>	Two Exhibitions (with illustrations)	12	181
<i>Tarr, László:</i>	The Gothic Bone Saddles of Emperor Sigismund (with illustrations).....	12	187

DOCUMENTS

<i>Agárdi, Ferenc:</i>	A Hungarian General in Lincoln's Service (with a facsimile)	10	155
<i>Jemnitz, János:</i>	Keir Hardie in Hungary	10	149
<i>Szinai, Miklós—Szűcs, László:</i>	Horthy's Secret Correspondence with Hitler (with facsimiles)	11	174

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

9	243
10	226
11	219
12	222

CORRESPONDENCE

10	224
----	-----

SHORT ENCYCLOPEDIA

of some places, historical events, personalities and institutions mentioned in each issue	9	247
	10	230
	11	225
	12	227

The New Hungarian Quarterly

VOLUME IV * NUMBER 9

JANUARY—MARCH 1963

In an Atmosphere of Humanity	László Bóka	3
Humanism and Socialism	Maurice Lambilliotte	14
Three Writings	Mihály Károlyi	22
Some Problems of Economic Planning in Socialist Countries	György Cukor	34
The Hungarian Language	Géza Bárczi	52
Two Centuries of Hungarian Short Stories	Dezső Keresztury	63
A Selection of Short Stories		
The Sickness and Death of the Prince	Kelemen Mikes	79
The Horses of Farmer János	Kálmán Mikszáth	82
Trepov on the Dissecting Table	Géza Csáth	86
Hand Stand	Gyula Krúdy	88
Omelette à Woburn	Dezső Kosztolányi	99
The Wolves and the Lamb	Lajos Nagy	105
House on the Grounds	A. E. Gelléri	109
The House with the Red Lamp	Sándor Hunyady	118
The Role of Rural Schooling in Hungarian Peasant Culture	Gyula Ortutay	129
Italian Sculpture at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts (with illustrations facing pp. 144 and 145)	Jolán Balogh	143
Hamlet was Wrong (first act of a play)	Margit Gáspár	150
Three Sketches	László Tabi	164

SURVEYS

Theoretical Physics at the Budapest University	György Marx	168
The Budapest Conference on Comparative Literature ...	György Szabó	178

Development of Appreciation in Broadcasting.....	<i>Imre Surányi</i>	180
Glaucoma Research in Hungary	<i>Pál Weinstein</i>	188

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Behind the Beyond"	<i>György Somlyó</i>	190
Man and Outer World (a review of new Hungarian books)	<i>Béla Abódy</i>	194
Hands Ready to Clap (on translating Salinger)	<i>Tibor Bartos</i>	200
Bookshelf	<i>Péter Nagy</i>	205

ARTS

Noémi Ferenczy, Artist of Tapestry (with coloured and black-and-white illustrations facing pp. 212 and 213)	<i>Éva Kovács</i>	212
Jenő Gadányi, the Painter. (with illustrations facing p. 216)	<i>Éva Körner</i>	216

MUSICAL LIFE

The New York International Musicological Congress	<i>Dénes Bartha</i>	220
Hungarian String Quartets	<i>Péter Várnai</i>	225

THEATRE AND FILM

Conflict and Reality	<i>Ervin Gyertyán</i>	230
----------------------------	-----------------------	-----

ECONOMIC LIFE

Comparison of National Income	<i>Egon Kemenes</i>	238
Contributors to this Issue		243
A Short Encyclopedia		247

IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF HUMANITY

by

LÁSZLÓ BÓKA

Perhaps only its first readers felt the same excitement in studying Jefferson's Declaration of Independence as did my generation, the present fifty-year-olds, in our youth. "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. . . ." But I also experienced the same inner emotion when I read the Appendix to the French Revolutionary Constitution, the "*Declaration des droits de l'homme et du citoyen*," which had been prepared on Lafayette's inspiration. Snatching the text from one another's hands, we declaimed the paragraphs of the Declaration, as though they were the lines of a sublime poem: "All power is attached to the Nation. The individual or corporation may only exercise power if entrusted with it. . . . The law is the expression of the common will. All citizens may contribute to its formulation personally, or through their representatives. . . ." We idolized the French Deputy whose name has been swallowed by oblivion, according to whom it would have been sufficient for the French Constitution to consist of two paragraphs: "Para. 1. All Frenchmen will be virtuous. Para. 2. All Frenchmen will be happy."

I recall stormy arguments, where the bone of contention was to decide who had been the first inspirer of the revolutionary constitutions—Cromwell, Winstanley or Milton. (I, as a young literary man, naturally held Milton to be the Angel of Liberty.) We almost came to blows over the issue of when the World Revolution that had started in 1640 reached its culminating point—in 1848, in 1871, or in Lenin's Revolution of 1917. We were excited revolutionaries, ardent optimists and doctrinaire politicians, and one night we had a deadly serious discussion, on the terrace of a coffee house on the Danube Embankment, over whether the fraternal unification of the peoples of the world should be preceded by the formation of a United

States of Europe. It was at this time that we adopted the ideals of Renaissance humanism, and particularly of the Age of Enlightenment, and read almost as a revelation an article by Frigyes Karinthy in one of the short-lived periodicals of the twenties, where he said: "We are living in a new Age of Babel—in an infernal chaos of nations. I even wonder sometimes when two people mean the same thing by the word 'table' . . . Every writer of any worth stands alone in the midst of this chaos, having to re-create the whole world for himself, right from the beginning, from nothing, like those mid-eighteenth-century Encyclopaedists (Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire, D'Alembert), who raised the structural framework of the spiritual edifice of two centuries." We all believed that we would create a New Encyclopaedia and that the lucidity of the concepts thus defined would help mankind to find the path of common betterment, when it would no longer be chauvinistic passions, race hatred and greed that directed the world, but Reason and Humanism.

It was in the late twenties and early thirties that we were fired by this enthusiasm, after Locarno, at the time of the Kellogg Pact, the League of Nations and the naïve Pan-European movement, during the years of Briand and Stresemann. Thomas Mann, Aldous Huxley, Romain Rolland and Jean Giraudoux, Aldington and Valéry Larbaud, Madariaga and Malraux, Mihály Babits and Attila József were our gods—writers of great talent, with great minds and great erudition. We did not consider it an idle dream that a wise Europe could become a bridge even between Washington and Moscow.

I am not writing an autobiography, nor is it my intention to record the history of a much buffeted generation, so I shall not tarry long over how we were deceived in our optimism when it turned out that what we had thought was the overture to a new age, had been an episode, a brief firework-display, the iridescent flash of a dying world, while what we had considered an episode, Mussolini's blaring curtain-raiser, had been the introduction to a horrible and cacophonous music that no longer contained so much as a trace of the voices of Reason and Humanism. We suffered in shame, and it was not easy for us to regain our footing even when the united world had smashed Hitler. It was not the horrors we had experienced that were the most terrible, but the fact that we had amidst those horrors given up our former belief in the word of reason and of humanity, that we had left off writing the New Encyclopaedia, that the world had passed through a dread moment when we too could find no other answer to the threat of arms than the arms we turned against fascism.

The illusion is over, but even now that we have been sobered we must not pay heed to any other voice than that of humanism, and now too our

task is no other than to draft the human concepts of a new world and with their aid to formulate its laws.

Since the end of the Second World War we have often believed that we shall find our way back to the path of rational human words. The word "peace" elicited a deeply reverberating echo from us. But we were compelled to realize that true words were not always prompted by true intentions, and that this liberating word was not to apply to everyone. The name of peace was followed by the jabbering of the cold war, and half a life's span after the termination of the Second World War there is still a country in whose history the end of the War has not been solemnized by the lawful conclusion of a peace treaty. In place of *pax* we have seen a process of pacification that to this day sets occupation forces in motion, establishes rocket launching pads, keeps rocket-bearing aircraft in the skies day and night, and moves rocket-bearing submarines under the mute waters. When the United Nations Organization was formed we again believed that a pure forum for the word of reason had been established, but—although we still trust in the ideals of UNO—this too did not prove always and in every way to be a reassuring experience.

Nor were our hearts to be at rest within our own camp. Stalin's re-formulation of the correct principles of Marx, Engels and Lenin, Stalin's practices in the implementation of their correct words, led us to feel that there was an alarming disparity between the two. And this was all the more painful as this disparity was not inevitable and not an outcome of the principles themselves. In our case it was still more confusing, for the Hungarian Stalinists were only the epigons of Stalin in his mistakes too. . . . This was why Khrushchev's words in unmasking the Stalin legend had so intense a liberating effect on us, as did everything that followed the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union—both in words and in deeds.

Once more we felt that the age of pure words had come, once more we felt that we could again set about creating the New Encyclopaedia.

2

Here I am, hardly able to quit the lights and shades of my ardent youth and my bitter manhood—here I am, gossiping away about the sort of things that one should only write down in one's memoirs towards the end of one's life. Yet although I am ashamed of having been so unabashed and communicative, I shall nevertheless not throw away what I have so far written and not start on a more impersonal text, for then I could not recount with full authenticity why a political document that is at first sight so drab and

official as the "Guiding Principles for the Congress by the Central Committee of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party" has for so long engaged public attention in Hungary. I consider that the most important thing was not the discussion of the Guiding Principles at meetings and in the press. How then, shall I convey what I did think was of first importance?

I usually have my lunch at an old inn on the ground floor of an ancient Baroque building in the inner city. It used once to be the home of some Pest brewers, publicans of the old style, and the worn copper dishes and boot-shaped beer-mugs that bear witness to the legendary thirst of a bygone world serve to recall the memory of the voracious appetites of the burghers of Pest and the noblemen who came up in their chariots to visit the capital. This restaurant, all corners and intimate nooks, where respectable families, fastidious bachelors, clandestine lovers, hurriedly lunching salespeople from the shops, resting lorry drivers and Danube shiphands take a comfortable meal or a quick snack, is anything but a political centre. It was here that I first talked with a friend of mine about the Guiding Principles which had just then been published. And while we talked and argued, the waiter whom our ten years' gastronomical ties have entitled to the establishment of confidential relations, interjected at an excited remark of mine: "Excuse me, but you're right on that. That's exactly what I told my wife yesterday... Another beer? Or may I bring the wine?"

I do not like to be trivial, but nevertheless I am obliged to say that this is a characteristic feature of the present political atmosphere in Hungary—the fact that we can discuss such matters as these theses at an inn. It is quite possible that, after so loquacious an introduction, what I have to say about the Guiding Principles themselves will seem meagre. For I was myself startled when I tried to sum up what it was that the program drafters of the Party had laid down as apodictic statements.

There are in fact hardly any. The lack of apodictic declarations is one of the prime positive features of this document.

The whole of the text is characterized by the tone which is struck in the preamble to the seven chapters. The achievements of the work done are summed up in a manner that can best be described by the English word "understatement." Then comes this passage: "... the Central Committee realizes that there are inconsistencies and shortcomings in implementing correct policy, in its own work, and in the whole activity of the Party, and that there are many great tasks still to be solved... We are certain that the appraisal of the work accomplished and the analysis of the tasks ahead—and in this we count on the support of our non-party friends as well—will help the Congress to fulfil its tasks." This text contains no trace of the

former political haughtiness, of the presumption of infallibility, of the frequently heard rhetoric of regimentation. This tone invites consideration, it is a veritable challenge to criticism and induces new suggestions. It was primarily this tone that recalled the holy seriousness of the Encyclopaedists to us as they set about formulating the new rules of the coexistence of men. And it is due to this that the Guiding Principles have so few apodictic statements and that even these are extremely simple.

Let me quote a few of these declarations, which, in the original, are typographically stressed. "The struggle for peaceful coexistence is the basis of the foreign policy of the socialist camp," states the chapter dealing with the international situation and the principles underlying foreign policy. It is a concisely worded, brief, puritan thesis, which it would be easy to dismiss as a simple repetition of statements frequently made in international politics. But for us it has a different implication. The other day (I am writing this article in the first week of November—a fortnight before the Congress of the Party for which these guiding principles were prepared), there was an Austria *versus* Hungary football match in Budapest. Eight thousand people came to Budapest from Vienna, by bus, car and rail. The only reason there were no more was because the Hungarian hotels could not put up more guests. The fact is that there were at the same time three international scientific congresses sitting in Budapest. (I participated at one of them myself. This was the Conference on Comparative Literature, attended by some fifty scholars from Yugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, the Soviet Union, France, Belgium, the German Democratic Republic, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Bulgaria, etc. *) For my own part I had not once been beyond the frontiers of my country between 1945 and 1956, but since then I have visited Moscow, Prague, Warsaw and Brussels, at present I am nurturing plans for journeys to Paris, London and Rome, and in spring I shall be expecting some friends from Paris who are to be my guests here. For us this puritanically worded thesis means that we are touring the world and awaiting the tourists of the world. The reality of this statement may be checked against our hotel-building program, and the fact that more has been done in Hungarian hotel construction since 1956 than ever before, though we are not contented even with this rate.

3

The summary of the chapter treating the problems of cultural development sounds as though it was the concluding line of an epigram: "Let us

* See pages 178 of this issue. — Editor's note.

teach people to live, work and think in the socialist way." What is now sought in Hungary is the highest form of human coexistence, the most complete humanism, and it is with this purpose in mind that our national unity is being set on foundations whose cement is not the blood shed by hatred. It is for this reason that a path is being sought, through a relationship based on trust between the political leadership and the people as well as through international contacts, towards a future in which the whole world shall be guided by sound principles and worthy leaders along the course of fraternal friendship between all peoples. These are very great aims, and consequently every step towards them must be marked out with extreme simplicity and clarity.

It is because the opportunities of a new world are concentrated in them that the Guiding Principles of the Party Congress have such a tremendous appeal.

"The basis of good relations between the Party and the masses is mutual confidence." This, I believe, is the most important fundamental principle. Let us try to analyse this simple thesis in order to discover what has been concentrated in these few words.

For this statement to be convincing, the Party must eliminate the Stalinist heritage and return to those norms of Party life which were set up by the humanistic spirit of Lenin. The Guiding Principles use grave words to brand the damage done by the Rákosi clique, who combined the cult of Stalin with the cult of Rákosi, their abolishment of collective leadership, their sectarian pseudo-radicalism, and the injustices of the trumped-up trials in violation of socialist legality—in a word, to brand the atmosphere that became the hotbed of careerism, unprincipled behaviour, servility and conservatism. When during the dark years of Horthy's rule we first became interested in the Soviet Union, I was captivated by Lenin's simplicity, his modesty and friendly humour, the confidence with which he opened his doors to everyone, and a method of leadership that was based on moving among the people and taking note of the words of ordinary folk... It is to this ideal that the policy of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party has returned in branding the personality cult that perverted Lenin's ideals, in castigating the Rákosi iconolatry, the preposterous arrogance of having towns, squares, streets, factories and institutions named after oneself. This open reckoning could not stop short at the mere removal of the Rákosi-clique and the rehabilitation of those who had been innocently persecuted, but also exposes the false, pseudo-Marxist theories which they smuggled in among the valid truths of Marxism-Leninism in order to justify their unjustifiable injustices. "The Party," we read in the Principles, "has taken

a stand against the false thesis of the permanent and absolute intensification of the class struggle, it appeals also to those strata that formerly did not sympathize with our objectives, or were opposed to them, to support socialist construction." This means an end to the lack of faith manifested in refusing to believe that those who were yesterday distrustful or even hostile towards the plans of socialism can be won often by its achievements, provided their slow approach is assisted by patience and received with confidence. The logical consequence has been an end to the incorrect discrimination between Party members and non-members, and the cessation of attempts to increase the Party membership by pressure. The theses also lay down the principle that all non-members who are capable and worthy of it should be able to hold any public office.

4

The test of mutual confidence between the leadership and the people is the extent to which it radiates into everyday life.

Since I am a writer and a university professor, let me begin where my own heart beats. I can but say "yes" to the statement that among the artists to "confidence in the Party's policy has grown." I can but approve of the declaration that the Party, beside helping and supporting art of Marxist ideology, of socialist realism, "shall grant scope also to all other well-intentioned artistic activities that are not hostile." Confidence in the Party's policy formerly declined among the artists for the very reason that literature that was not of Marxist ideology was not presumed to be well-intentioned. (I feel that the proviso "that are not hostile" in the above sentence is a remnant of this former lack of confidence; I now feel it to be superfluous. There are no Hungarian writers any longer—whatever trend of ideology or style they follow, or however sharply they criticize conditions—who evince a hostile approach or depict the life of Hungarian society with hostile intent.)

A principle that has been a condition of the new atmosphere is contained in the following important statement of the Guiding Principles: "Schematism, the avoidance or simplification of complex problems of life, are alien to socialist literature, which reflects reality and shapes people's consciousness. Socialist realism embodies freedom of experimentation, the right to existence of diverse trends of style and diversity of themes and forms." It is a pity that this correct thesis is followed by sentences which also contain apprehensive, over-careful phrases, again somewhat marked by the imprint of the past's oppressive heritage. Too much stress is devoted to the task of evolving ideological unity in Hungarian literature, and the rejection of

decadence, formalism and self-centred modernism that abandons reality, is over-emphasized. The lesson to be drawn from the history of literature is that the unity of literary and artistic ideology in a given period may always be discovered in retrospect, and that literary and artistic novelties may often seem to the contemporaries to be either decadence or exhibitionist modernism.

Yet even if we do have such misgivings, their weight is considerably alleviated by two circumstances. One is that we may openly voice these misgivings. And that not only here, in a periodical written for foreign readers; thus, I wrote an exhaustive critical article on these issues of the Guiding Principles in *Élet és Iroda'om* (Life and Literature), the weekly of the Hungarian Writer's Association, which is intended for the public at large, and my article was published as a leader. The other thing is that the Guiding Principles themselves allay our misgivings: "In the future too, we will not use regulations or administrative measures to resolve debates on problems of artistic form and style. In its work of guidance the Party will continue to use methods of ideological persuasion, encourage creative discussion and consistently combat alien and harmful views and ideas." But I might once more advance my own personal example. My work as an author is once honoured with the wreath of the Attila József prize, then subjected to sharp criticism in the Party press. Yet not even the most fulminating criticism has prevented three of our publishing houses and one film studio from concluding contracts with me, although I have stubbornly persisted in maintaining that views of mine that have incurred official disapproval were right and that works of mine that have been criticized were artistically justified. Criticism today is not identical with branding someone, not the administrative introduction to silencing them, and discussions are not jury verdicts as they were in the period of the personality cult. We are now in the fortunate situation that we have misgivings only about the *formulation* of certain problems, while as regards the *practice* of our literary and artistic life they are ever rarer.

The questions of education are characterized by the statement that learning is becoming a popular movement in our country. Democratism in social life does not in fact imply a levelling down, but rather the extraordinary expansion and improvement of the bases of public education with an increasing rise in standards. The fact that we may justifiably boast that there are now 47 percent more students at the elementary and secondary schools than in 1958, particularly if we add that since 1958 attendance at elementary and secondary schools for adults has trebled and that the number of university students has doubled during the same period, would

in itself be no mean achievement. It would also be sufficient cause for enthusiasm to recall that education is now compulsory till the age of 16. Yet the aim is even more inspiring: "In the coming decade secondary education will become universal," and the present figure of 53,000 university students will be raised to 70,000 by 1965. This is no statistical trick, it is no mere quantitative growth. For at the same time a comprehensive educational reform is raising the standards of study from the elementary schools through to the universities. The training of kindergarten and elementary school teachers has already been raised to college status, and the elimination of the difference in standards between the town, village and farmstead schools is now proceeding. Wherever scattered settlement patterns (remnants of the farmstead system that was part of feudal landownership) impede this process, a network of district boarding schools is being set up. This means that at the centres of these scattered farming settlements residential schools are being built for those of school age, along the lines of the British public schools. We too had schools like this in the past (the Protestant Colleges of Debrecen, Sárospatak and Pápa, and some Catholic monastic boarding schools), but they could all be counted on the fingers of one hand. Here, on the other hand, we are concerned with the organized establishment, according to a plan for the whole country, of the network that we need if we want to make sure that higher educational training should be open to everyone, irrespective of extraction or occupation.

Irrespective of extraction? Yes. After 1945, when we had to put an end to the grotesque situation where young people of peasant or worker extraction, who formed the mass of the country's population, could only exceptionally obtain an opportunity for higher education (hardly three percent of the university students were of peasant or worker extraction before the liberation), we paid attention to the origins of the student youth and strove to have as many young peasants and workers participate in medium-grade and higher education as we possibly could. And this was correct, even though mistakes occurred in the course of implementation. What was not correct was the desire rigidly to persist in this necessary levelling process, the establishment of new privileges of birth in place of the old, and the blocking of the path to further learning for talented and suitable young people, even at a time when their origin no longer gave them any economic or social advantage. "It is no longer necessary to classify student youths according to their social origin," declare the Guiding Principles. It is still the concern of the State to enlist gifted young peasants and workers for higher education, but this "should not be ensured by a mechanical application of social restrictions." Confidence is further augmented by

the fact that there are no longer parents who must fear that their gifted children might—because of their origin—be prevented from climbing the educational ladder from the elementary school to university graduation and the highest scientific degrees.

And this is not confined to the sphere of education. The revolutionary constitutions radiate so brilliant a light for the very reason that their rights are the rights of all, once the revolutionary struggle has been decided. Here, this too is now set down: "The bulk of the members of the former exploiting classes, and even more their descendants, have adapted themselves to our new social order. Our socialist State and our laws ensure full civic rights to all law-abiding citizens, regardless of whether or not they formerly belonged to the exploiting classes." Yet even more than this statement, correct from the point of view of human rights, is offered in a humane, wound-healing sentence that declares: "The majority of members of the former exploiting classes are employed and have found their place in society," followed by this encouragement: "When judging people, besides loyalty to the socialist system, competence and aptitude for the job are decisive for filling posts and functions."

The Stalinist theory, and the Rákosi clique who implemented it in Hungary, wanted to freeze class antagonisms. They had no confidence in the ability of socialist life to transform the minds of honest people—their thinking was in terms of metaphysical, "eternal" enemies. If anyone dared to gainsay this grotesque, unhistorical and anti-pedagogic theory, they were branded as "revisionists" and accused of having denied the principle of the class struggle, one of the basic principles of Marxism-Leninism. Yet this basic principle is itself not an unchanging dogma that is incapable of development, but is manifested at an ever higher level at each consecutive stage of progress. Now it is formulated as follows: "After the foundations of socialism have been laid, the class struggle assumes a different character; its form and means are modified. At present, the main spheres of the class struggle are the strengthening and development of socialist economy and the shaping of socialist consciousness. Therefore organization, persuasion and ideological struggle have come into the foreground of the class struggle. In this struggle the working class can rely on the union of all social classes and strata, and it can work with them to build national unity."

This is what emerges from the thesis that the basis of good relations between the Party and the masses is mutual confidence. And if I dared further test the reader's patience I could demonstrate through similar chains of reasoning that I have been writing about a document some of the de-

tails of which it is possible and indeed necessary to argue about, but which contains no basic internal contradictions. Wherever we open it, it obeys the laws of the cleavage of crystals, and each of its elementary particles possesses the same parameter relations. It is of the consistent truth of these elementary particles that the puritan simplicity of the whole has been composed.

5

Nor would it be hard to demonstrate that the theses on foreign policy and the economic plans are based on similar humanistic principles and similarly realistic foundations. The great conceptions never hide individual man from our view, neither those who are living in the other world system, nor those who are struggling for a united mankind. Great aims may thus be formulated not only in principle but also in such terms as a peaceful life, a decent job, a savoury dish, a nobly flavoured drink, a fine book, inspired music, a radiant picture on the wall of a cosy home, sweet love and devoted friendship. . . . This is a man-sized plan.

That which fired us in our youth was the noblest heritage of the past—historic lessons and inspiring examples. What we are now working for is more than this; we intend to provide new historic lessons and new examples, so as neither to deny the ideals of our youth nor stray into the dreamland of illusions. Thus do the Guiding Principles link the past with the future.

What I wrote of at the beginning of this article—the Encyclopaedias that re-shaped the phenomena of the world, the Constitutions and Declarations that ushered in the heroic age of bourgeois society, affected us because they were erected on moral foundations. The power of the Guiding Principles is due not only to the fact that they are economically well founded, but also to their moral force. "The Party considers it an important task to give general validity to the new rules that regulate relationships among people, to the moral norms of socialism," states a reassuring passage, for the new moral norms are not a negation of the old. "Communist morality is opposed to the class morality of the exploiters, and embraces all the major, general, human, moral rules which have been developed by the masses in the course of several thousand years of struggle against social oppression and moral shortcomings." The Guiding Principles are also a contribution to codifying the moral improvement of a people, from which—apart from achievements and plans—there radiates the desire for "moral purity, simplicity, modesty in social and private life," for the pure air of humanism.

HUMANISM AND SOCIALISM

by

MAURICE LAMBILLIOTTE

Never before has mankind witnessed a pace of expansion comparable to the speed of present-day developments. Demographic expansion is an instance in point: from two thousand million, the world's population has gone up to three thousand million in a mere thirty years, and will attain and even exceed five thousand million before the end of the century. As far as scientific and technical expansion is concerned, man is now able to make use of formidable sources of intra-atomic energy. Electronics have made such progress as to multiply our possibilities in quite a number of spheres, especially in those of telecommunication and automation, both of which have actually introduced mankind into a new industrial revolution. In addition, electronics has raised problems which are closely bound up with the very mechanism of acquiring knowledge, particularly with that of cerebral activities. By shortening or practically eliminating distances, the means of transport have brought the continents closer to one another. The number of the means of information is on the increase, and they accomplish their work almost within a few seconds, both as to the transmission of news and, more recently, of pictures.

*

It has been stated with good reason that mankind has entered upon a course of "planetization." Demography, scientific and technical progress, advancement in all kinds of communication and exchange—all speed up the process of awakening consciousness in the peoples and the masses. This is also the source of the irresistible socialization which even the Church has had to recognize—without, this time, having dared to condemn it—in the recent encyclical *Mater et Magistra*.

This universal trend has entailed multifarious consequences so far. The "decolonization" of the majority of Asian, African and American

peoples may well be considered a result of the interaction of demographic tensions and of the truly vertiginous leaps in scientific development.

Socialization, hence, is an incontrovertible fact. It is a *live medium* for all of us. We are at one with the communities in which we live, whether we like it or not. Today, the motto of *vae soli* is more merciless than ever. However embittered the fight for survival put up by petty-bourgeois individualism, the progress of the world has passed its death sentence.

This live medium of collective or social phenomena, whose development makes itself felt in the life of every individual, manifests itself in various forms.

The nationalism of the young states that have attained independence—often at the price of embittered struggle—is also an expression of the collective spirit in the psychological fabric of individuals. Socialization is, therefore, by no means an abstract notion, an invention of philosophers or sociologists. It is reality experienced—and often passionately experienced. This is particularly borne out by the case of all the nations that have recently become independent. Before thinking in ideological terms, they feel in nationalist attitudes or, to be more exact, in terms of belonging to a community. And this attachment to a community is essential for the less advanced peoples. They feel that they are no longer isolated. They feel their nationalism to be their first line of defence against exploitation and, to the same degree, against the infringement of their human dignity this exploitation implied, whether it was colonialist exploitation or exploitation practised by the monopolies of certain, still powerful, economic and financial systems of imperialism.

This very visible movement, so clearly discernible on a world scale, this planetization is, therefore, by no means equivalent to some simple process of uniformization. True, there are elements of uniformization in the development on which we are embarked and in which human genius plays such an important role. Or let us rather say that there are, above all, common denominators in it. Science and technics are becoming a sort of universal language. Scientific laws, even if they are themselves in the process of transformation, are valid for all peoples. All of them can understand one another at least in this sphere—and who can doubt that it is an important one. Teaching methods interact and intertwine. Experiences and achievements all contribute to creating a kind of network which is planetary already, a network of concrete and transmittable knowledge. However, this denominator of science and technics cannot replace all others. It never will be anything but a part of even the socialization process. Those individuals who are the most attached to their community will remain so for a long time to

come, precisely because they will find something in it that science may well know but is unable to "give"—an affective reality only people belonging to one and the same community can know, an affective reality consisting of slowly accumulated ethnic and cultural experience, just as much as of political reality.

We are getting quite close, at this point, to the question of humanism. For these emotional ties, this sharing of a historic and cultural heritage, are of first-rate concern to Man; it is Man who experiences these things, which, in a way, constitute for him a language too, a living means of communication between individuals, a means that, however, in no way runs counter to another plane of the process of socialization, viz., the social—or, rather, the socialist—structure.

For just as demography and the vast progress of science bring about the socialization of mankind, so does this socialization entail, in turn, a form of social and economic organization that is precisely what one may call *socialism*.

In different ways, but in ways which necessarily converge in what is the most incontrovertible trend of history, socialism becomes indispensable as the sole organizational form corresponding to mankind's technical and demographic development. As soon as the civilization about to be built up has to devote its attention to the masses in a spirit of social justice, of the gradual abolition of classes and of respect for human dignity, democracy becomes the order of the day at every level of the social scale. Such an economic and social democracy is, obviously, identical with socialism in the Marxist sense.

Marxism itself, however, has never restricted its scope to economic and social organization. Its supreme goal is the *disalienation* of the individual.

Socialist organization demands the economic and social disalienation of all citizens. Technics contributes to this by liberating man from the servitude of excessive physical effort. Also, technics and the organization of production demand an increasingly high level of instruction, which is another factor of disalienation. Technics is, by the way, essentially collective as far as the means of production are concerned, which today cannot content themselves, as in the handicraft period, with the efforts of individuals or even of entire families. Today, production is carried on for the masses and with technological means that, both in the sphere of financing and in the amplitude of their yield, by far outdo the production of the past, even at its first industrial stages.

The reduction of physical effort enhances leisure, i. e., results in an increase in the spare time every individual can dispose of once he has pro-

duced an adequate share economically and socially, whether in the shape of goods or of services. The pace of production, the consequences of a continuously increasing productivity will also contribute to liberating Man from atavistic fears. To be sure, much remains to be done to raise production to the level of ever increasing world-wide requirements. The technical sciences, however, open up new vistas of positive solutions in the future. Disease and death have not been vanquished yet, and the anxiety they cause still weighs heavily on mankind. But disease is losing ground and longevity is on the increase.

*

The picture as it is presented here runs the risk of being much too idyllic. Man is far from having solved all his fundamental problems; what is more, he is even far from being able to formulate all of them clearly.

Socialization and technics have also their reverse. To deny this would be to deny the obvious and to indulge in naive optimism.

Socialization and technics, two factors closely interwoven, both—as we know—bring about a certain conditioning of Man, not only as a result of problems that are solved for him regardless of his personal choice, but also because of the increasing uniformity of the common circumstances of life. Now, Man is made of extraordinarily pliable material. A certain degree of complicity—due, in part, to inertia, to sliding comfortably down the slopes of the least possible effort, as is his wont—makes him lose much of his vigour and even more of his personality.

Another danger inherent in what is a primarily technical civilization is that it makes individuals ever more commonplace, causes an atrophy of certain reflexes and renders everyday mental processes more and more superficial. There is, to be sure, something exalting and invigorating for the individual in the conscious development of the social medium he lives in and in the constructive and creative tasks assigned him by an increasingly collective-minded socialist civilization. Nothing is automatic in this sphere, however. No new type of Man can be expected to emerge as a result of a mere conditioning of the structure or even as an outcome of new social imperatives.

A break with the past will certainly take place, and this will have its advantages, both individual and collective. It must be borne in mind, nevertheless, that socialization implies not only an external participation of the individual, but at the same time a recognition of the necessity of such participation and of the real and thoroughgoing commitments such a participation calls for. This does not mean, of course, that the individual should oppose

society. Nor need he fear its encroachments, as soon as he comes to consider this ever extending collective part of his life as a double duty, the duty of cooperating and of awakening conscience. Such an attitude of comprehending and of conscious participation is in itself an active form of humanism. It is by no means contradictory to socialism. On the contrary. In fact, it strives to imbue all members of the community with socialism's ideals and watch-words. It may also result in an adherence to socialism—not simply a more or less passive obedience but voluntary adherence, which is more real, more creative, and more humane.

This first stage of humanism in full bloom within a socialist society is most important. It is an antidote against the passivity of conditioning, which can never be a purpose in itself, nor can it automatically bring about the unfolding of all Man's faculties.

No matter how integrated it is in the context of a socialist and technical civilization, this sort of humanism demands keen educational activity. To paraphrase a well-known aphorism: nobody is born a citizen, but anybody can become one, and this dignity is the outcome of permanent efforts. Now, every effort undertaken by Man on the level of consciousness is in itself an act of humanism. Such efforts bring out and develop values in Man, they call attention to responsibilities and to requirements—essentially—of human dignity.

Present-day Man, especially he who lives in a community in the process of industrialization and organization, knows from experience that technics—the fruit of science and, hence, of the genius of the human species—does not automatically bring factors into play which would make for a higher level of consciousness. Technics is just an instrument—a precious and indispensable instrument, but nonetheless totally indifferent to the question of what is good for the species. Technical progress, the advancement of productivity and automation can certainly improve general conditions, reduce physical exertion, enhance leisure—but for all this a ransom must be paid.

Up-to-date production implies the fragmentation of work and this certainly does not yield to those who accomplish it a satisfaction comparable to that derived by the craftsmen of old. The dialogue between man and machine is not exactly humane. The talk about "work in crumbs" is quite justified, and it is even more pertinent to speak of the nervous tension produced by conveyor-belt work.

In this sphere too one is duty bound to reconsider some problems. There is no question, of course, of going backwards; on the contrary, means must be found better to adapt technics to the nervous and psychical disposition of the individual worker.

No practical solutions can be recommended here. It is sufficient, at least in an article of this scope, to call attention to the existence of such a problem and to point out that it is concretely linked with that of humanism.

*

It follows from these few, most incomplete considerations that the socialist development of the world raises problems that have aspects directly concerning the fate of Man. Socialism and the conditioning it brings in its wake do not exempt the individual from a constant striving to take cognizance—a prerequisite, in any community, of being a citizen.

Can one, however, restrict the humanist problems raised by socialism to this concern for ever more intensive and ever more conscious participation in the social process, or even to keeping a vigilant eye on the drawbacks of technical progress, on the fragmentation of work, or to a better adaptation of our psychology to the new forms of work?

Certainly not.

For Karl Marx, the supreme goal of economic, social and even philosophical disalienation was always the evolvment of a type of man possessing a higher standard of inner freedom, a type of man capable of permanently improving and developing some of his faculties to the highest possible degree.

As soon as one clearly states the human preconditions of socialism, as soon as one unequivocally sets down Man's duties and services as a citizen, there is no obstacle to his stepping forward into a new period of development and exploiting to the full the potentialities of his consciousness and of all the faculties bound up with it.

This humanism—this concern for extending one's activities to new spheres, for finding new human possibilities—corresponds to a deeply felt need. There have always been men—intellectual and spiritual leaders of mankind—who have felt a sort of inner urge to go beyond. To go beyond in the sphere of the intellect—and we know how much science exhorts us to do so, with what a force it pushes us ahead. To go beyond in the moral sphere—one might even say: the spiritual sphere, if one avoids the trap of deducing principles and objectives of some preconceived metaphysics to which one attributes the value of an axiom.

This faculty of going beyond, which is intertwined with the very feeling of existence as a responsible and worthy individual with a highly developed personality, is a permanent factor of human nature. It represents both a strength and an appeal within us. A strength of character which, by choosing its course, gives its real value to social commitment; and a supreme

appeal, which is a lever of progress—of controlled progress, in its fullest sense.

This living humanism—which it is much more important to carry out in practice than to formulate in advance as a concept or a system—brings into play an aspect of consciousness. Now, consciousness is the most personal ingredient of every human being. It is not just consciousness in the strict sense of the term, which—by observing, weighing up, and judging, by formulating interrelations or facts—constitutes the very essence of intelligence and, thus, of knowledge. It is also conscience, the centre of our moral decisions, of our choices and commitments, of our will. Regarded from this point of view, it is more a moral faculty than anything else. It is capable of even further extending its sphere of activity. He who day by day discovers new and immense spheres of nature and of the universe, notes, at the same time, that he has very real ties with this universe. By so doing, he certainly goes beyond the sphere of his everyday cares and concerns. He feels a living and committed being. The tension which urges him to take note of these ties is, in itself, a psychological tension which may be qualified as spiritual. It is, at any rate, an act, an intention of passing beyond.

This is a part of consciousness that is by no means new but to which insufficient prominence has been given so far. Man is not only a social being. He is tied to the world at large, and that in a very real and living way, by his consciousness, his conscience. It is this which gives him the sense of existing as an individual whose dignity is bound up precisely with responsibility and, first of all, with responsibility for his fellow-humans and for the institutions that have the task of organizing natural communities. This growing consciousness of his inner self and of the latter's functions, of the fellowship it involves and of the participation it claims, is, for Man, truly a "duty of his state," a moral compulsion bound up with his being human and with the duties this entails. Thanks, also, to this sharpening consciousness of being, of existing, all of us can acquire a sufficiently wide field of vision or the necessary perspective in order better and more objectively to weigh the validity of the imperatives forced upon us (for our own benefit!) by the collective or social medium of our existence.

This inner conversation, this dialogue with himself in the intimacy of his conscience is, therefore, also the "moment" and the place where Man can engage in action of a wide scope in the sense of going beyond himself in the intellectual and moral sphere, so as to contribute to the progress of mankind on a higher plane.

There would certainly be much more to say about this activity of conscience. Above all, it must be emphasized that, far from opposing the individual to the natural community he lives in and far from shutting him into an egotistic isolation, conscience, on the contrary, arouses the individual to a sense of his responsibilities, foremost among which are, of course, those towards his own community.

Socialism, which strives to "disalienate" man and aims at a better organization of human society, grapples with a variety of problems; yet it cannot underestimate the importance of those problems that particularly concern humanism, the development and gradual unfolding of the human factor.

One may well say in this connection that socialism implies a new kind of humanism or, rather, that it literally *is* humanism, since it constantly aims at the welfare of Man and of mankind.

During my brief stay in Hungary, I was pleased to see how much I am at one, on this point, with the numerous friends I met there. We see eye to eye not only as regards the new humanism, of a more universal nature and better adapted to the formidable expansion of the world, but also in determining the role of consciousness and conscience. This is most encouraging and represents one more reason for hoping and fighting for the triumph of socialism, whose humanism is one of its most precious aspects, and which, one day, will be our common social, political and human denominator.

MIHÁLY KÁROLYI

THE LAST SESSION OF THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES*

The King was brought to Hungary. But not to Budapest, as the Károlyi Party had demanded. Although the Monarchy was crumbling and the initiated must have known that the Italians were about to launch their offensive, his clever advisers persuaded him to travel to Debrecen, personally to inaugurate Debrecen University. They thought to please a hungry and bleeding people by a bit of pageantry, and at the same time they intended the well-organized enthusiasm of the people to prove to the King that there was nothing wrong, that everyone was enthusiastically for him, and that there was consequently no need for any decisive steps, since a people that was, as he could see, not mutinous but enthusiastic, would require no palliative measures. To the last minute the system operated to maintain appearances. It sought refuge from the impending Ash Wednesday in a great popular fete, and from military catastrophe in a parade of the soldiery. It was indeed an odd and ungainly device for the King to be brought down to celebrate at the moment of ultimate peril, when the Monarchy, the Great Tower of Babel, was about to crash. It is not merely in retrospect that we see it in this light, for even at the time everyone considered it a ghostly display. The Monarchy was threatened in a hundred places, and the bearer of the crown was having himself carried about in empty ostentation. Or had they lied to him that the *moriamur* was to be repeated?

Through a chance blunder, a high price had that same day to be paid for this frivolous piece of stupidity. At Debrecen the sovereign was received with the Austrian Imperial Anthem, the *Gott erhalte*, which the Hungarian people loathed more than the French hate the *Wacht am Rhein*—so many of the sad, dreadful and humiliating memories of the

* From the Author's memoirs ("Against a Whole World," in Munich, 1923), we are publishing above, Chapter XXXII, dealing with the last session of the Hungarian House of Deputies, in 1918.

period of bullet and scaffold attached to it. The rule was that, wherever the sovereign appeared, *Gott erhalte* must be played—and the hated anthem continued to sound, drowning out everything else, until the King and Queen left the platform. It is quite possible that the military commander at Temesvár would have been cashiered if anything else had been played. It was a grave but symbolic blunder. By noon the news had reached Budapest and the Deputies passed the evening papers from hand to hand. Everyone at the afternoon session of the House was outraged—so they were still at it! The mechanism of the Monarchy was even now, immediately before its dissolution, so inflexible, so completely unable to adapt itself, that it just had to explode.

I had arranged with my friends for a meeting at my home in Egyetem Street after the session of the House of Deputies, i. e., at about 6 p. m., of all those politicians of various parties who were seeking a way out on the basis of my program. We planned to set up a National Council, as not only the nationalities living on Austrian territory but also the Croats, Slovaks and Rumanians had done.* Precious days had been lost since the talks I had had with the nationalities. And letters kept coming to me from soldiers, urging us to conclude peace because they were about to lay down their arms, and from the border towns, where the people were trembling for fear of the approaching allied armies. We could not afford to expect anything more from the House of Deputies.

Mayor Ferenc Harrer and the Undersecretary for Food, Ferenc Nagy, had already arrived at my place when a telephone call came from the House of Deputies, whose afternoon session I had not attended. I was to go there straight away, for the storm had broken loose. In the House I found out what had happened. It had been the news of the *Gott erhalte* at Debrecen that had stirred it up. The Opposition Deputies were thumping on their desks as they demanded satisfaction.

Loudest and most embittered of them all was Zoltán Meskó, a man of slight calibre, completely uneducated and a great chauvinist. On this particular day he was somewhat the worse for drink. He gave completely free vent to his feelings and, beside himself with rage, kept roaring:

"Outrageous! Outrageous! They played the *Gott erhalte* in Debrecen! We won't put up with it! Disgraceful! Outrageous!"

He rushed up and down between the extreme left and Centre. At first the Deputies chuckled at him. But by the time he had said "outrageous" for the twentieth time, he had roused them to follow him.

* The Author is here thinking in terms of the Dual Monarchy, consisting, until 1918, of Austria and Hungary. — The Editor.

The House was in an uproar and the Chairman was unable to restore order. The Opposition were not prepared to wait. A spark had set off the latent fire. The Chairman, Károly Szász, suspended the session and spoke to János Hock, a leader of the Károlyi Party, who was present in the House. He asked him what the Independence Party really wanted. The country was beset by such hard and critical times that he would like at least to maintain calm in the House of Deputies. He was himself prepared to admit that what had happened at Debrecen had been a grave mistake—the question now was, what reparations the opposition wanted.

János Hock told Károly Szász in reply that it was in the interest not only of the Opposition but of the whole House of Deputies for the Hungarian people to see that the Deputies were not indifferent to their feelings. Their outraged sentiments must receive satisfaction from the Chair of the House. The Chairman then asked whether, since he agreed with Hock in this respect, the Opposition would be satisfied if, from the Chair of the House, he was to condemn the procedure as having been tactless. Hock thought this would be sufficient.

It was at this stage that Prime Minister Wekerle arrived in the House and the Chairman of the House of Deputies told him what had happened. When the Prime Minister found out about the statement Szász wished to make from the Chair, he became furious and would not hear of the Chairman's making the deliberations of the House of Deputies possible at the cost of such declarations. Károly Szász now pointed out that he had made the Opposition a promise but that, if the Head of the Government spoke in this tenor, he would be obliged to tender his resignation. Wekerle, however, dared not go so far. He therefore answered:

"Then do as you like! Everything's been turned upside down anyway... The front's crumbling too!"

The Chairman, when he reopened the session, rattled off a declaration at breakneck speed, in which he called the incident at Debrecen tactless. He used expressions that had not been heard from the Chair of the House since Gyula Justh.

The calm which now followed was of course only superficial. There were deeper and graver reasons for bitterness and anxiety than those which Meskó had voiced. Aladár Balla was speaking when I caught sight of a telegram in the hand of a journalist. It was addressed to me from Fiume, and it said that the 79th Croatian Infantry Regiment had mutinied at Fiume, that they had disarmed the Hungarian soldiers in street skirmishes, overpowered the police, occupied the tobacco mill and the station, and pulled up the rails. Royal Prosecutor Balini had been taken prisoner.

The events which had here piled on top of one another were so eloquent, the telegram itself almost screamed at us, that, with the inactivity of the King and the Government, only a matter of hours now separated us from catastrophe. The telegram from Fiume served as a flashlight to illuminate the whole situation. I felt that this was the last moment for this enervated House of Deputies perhaps still to make some sort of move and decide to do something. Public opinion no longer needed shaking up, it was burning for action, in fact the difficulty was to restrain it. I thrust the telegram in Aladár Balla's hand, asking him to interrupt his speech and read it to the House straight away. He did not even know what it was about, but he readily interrupted his speech and read the message from Fiume to the tensely expectant House of Deputies. (It was later alleged that the telegram had been a forgery. Jekelfalussy, the then Governor of Fiume, came to see me at the beginning of my term as Prime Minister and confirmed that the contents of the telegram had been true. He had kept imploring Wekerle for help, he had forecast what was going to happen, but all in vain.)

The telegram had a startling effect. The whole House turned against Wekerle, who sat crest-fallen on his bench. Not a word could be distinguished. The session was suspended. The dam had burst. Everyone rushed out into the Cupola Hall. I spoke a few words:

"Catastrophy is upon us. We must not let the country go to ruin through our inactivity! At the cost of our very lives we must save what can be saved! The Government must resign!"

Even Andrásy voiced his approval. "This is no child's play!" he said. But Apponyi toned him down:

"I shall not permit myself to be hustled anywhere. I shall not agree to any kind of turbulence!"

I had talks with Pallavicini, Andrásy and then Oszkár Jászi, when word went round, I do not know from where, that we were to return to the Chamber. We went in. The Opposition were determined not even to let the Government take their seats. They impatiently demanded that the session be opened, and voices were heard calling for the senior member to take the Chair. However, Károly Szász came along and took news of the mood of the House to the Government, which had then been deliberating for an hour and a half. Next, Andrásy hastened in and told me that the Government would resign, only Wekerle wanted to consult the leaders of the parties first.

The so-called big-wigs assembled in the Prime Minister's room for the consultation. All the party leaders of the old Parliament were there:

Wekerle, Tisza, Apponyi, Andrássy, from the People's Party Aladár Zichy and István Rakovszky, I believe, Vázsonyi, István Nagyatádi-Szabó, Ákos Bizony and myself. Wekerle immediately informed the participants that he intended, when the session was resumed, to soothe the tempestuous mood by announcing the resignation and unconditional withdrawal of the Government. All those present then put forward their opinions in turn on what should be done and what kind of government should be formed. Wekerle was followed by Tisza, who said that a coalition government should be established with Gyula Andrássy or Albert Apponyi as premier. He and his followers would gladly support such a coalition government, and he was even willing to agree that I should take part in the coalition government. He was, however, most definitely opposed to the formation of a Károlyi government. Finally he said that he would even agree, though with a bleeding heart, to granting universal franchise.

Then the other leaders in due turn also repeated this, stating that they would not tolerate the formation of government under my chairmanship or that the new government should be formed in the spirit of my policies, but that they would permit me and another member of my party to be given a portfolio in their government, moreover that forces outside Parliament should also be included in the new government. I declared that under no circumstances would we—either I or the Károlyi Party or the Social Democratic Party—agree to join a coalition hallmarked by the presence of the old leaders, with their pro-German policies of incitement to war and hostility towards the national minorities and the people. I was ready, however, to form a government based completely on my program, in which, to reassure the historical classes and with a view to the grave situation of the nation, one or two representatives of Andrássy, Apponyi, the People's Party and the Democrats could participate. This they would not accept.

The futile argument continued for a considerable time. In the meanwhile the Deputies outside grew increasingly impatient. The Deputies had had bitter experiences of their leaders, and it was not without reason that they feared lest "the leaders sell the rank and file." The Károlyi Party had confidence in me and they were confident that I could not be tricked into anything. The non-party Deputies who stood for independence also put their trust in me.

The lobbies were all in a hubbub, and the counts of Hungarian politics realized with amazement that the rank and file were in revolt. They burst into the conference room! An unprecedented state of affairs! They sent us messages to say we had better finish our talks because they would not agree any longer to having the leaders, in whom they had been so pro-

foundly deceived, decide things without them and contrary to their wishes. The Chairman of the House of Deputies came in twice to say we should conclude our conference because of the mounting excitement outside. I also asked the gentlemen present to put an end to the talks as we would not decide the fate of the nation there and then, whatever we did.

The Chairman opened the session amid grave silence, while Wekerle also took his seat. Wekerle, his face flushed, announced his resignation and that he would recommend to the King the formation of a government that would also include the national forces not represented in the House.

When Wekerle sat down, an unprecedented scene ensued. The left-wing journalists in the press gallery jumped to their feet and roared:

"Freedom of the press! Down with the censorship!"

The Károlyi Party stood up and applauded the freedom of the press. Their exuberant demonstration lasted for ten minutes. Tisza leapt to his feet, elbowed his way forward towards the gallery, and shouted:

"Throw them out!"

But the Chairman, Károly Szász, who had hitherto obeyed even the slightest suggestion by Tisza, merely asked the "most honourable representatives of the press" not to disturb the proceedings.

(The demonstration was organized by two journalists. Ferenc Göndör, a Social Democrat who edited the militant pacifist weekly *Az Ember* ["Man"], was then, and is to this day, a courageous supporter of mine. Andor Szakács, editor of *Virradat* ["Dawn"], a daily which backed the Károlyi Party, in whose paper "ten thousand heads" were demanded during the revolution, later betrayed the cause of the Hungarian people and became the first press chief of the counter-revolution.)

The House of Deputies never met again after this, except once, following the triumphant revolution, on November 16th, the day the People's Republic was proclaimed, in order to dissolve itself.

QUO VADIS EUROPA?*

Wither Europe? This is the question, this is the problem of the civilization to come. The War was the beginning of a great revolutionary period, and that period is not yet ended. It has upset not only the political but also the economic fundamentals of the old continent. Politically, although several monarchies have been abolished, Europe has been fragmented still further. Pre-war

* Published in Mexico in August 1928

Europe consisted of twenty-six States, whereas in post-war Europe the number of States is thirty-six. Only now they are not empires but republics.

The economic change has, however, been still greater. Before the War Europe could easily maintain three hundred and fifty million people. Her various industries were able to offer them a living. The raw materials poured into Europe, whence they set out for all parts of the world in the shape of finished goods. The War put an end to this possibility. Through five years Europe manufactured mainly rifles and grenades: in place of productive commodities she made unproductive articles.

When the clouds of poison gas over the battlefields had dissolved, post-war Europe had to realize that the foundations of her own economic life had also collapsed. Although millions had died in the War, Europe was still over-populated—she had lost her markets and lost her capital. She had experienced such a decline that she had even lost her ability to work. She committed the fatal error—one from which she is still suffering—of attempting to recover with the help of political remedies, failing to notice even now that only new economic methods can bring her salvation.

It is partly due to this fact that in some countries fascism, a system of dictatorship, has been established, aimed at maintaining the foundations of the old economic system by means of force.

In 1914, when the War broke out, I happened to be in America. I immediately adopted a stand strongly opposed to the War, both in general and also in respect to my own country. This brought me into sharp conflict with the ruling class of my country; since I was against the War and desired its earliest possible conclusion, I was then already branded as a traitor to my fatherland. They said that I had trodden under foot the main principle of patriotism, which is: "My country, right or wrong."

This is not true, because I think you have first to decide what your country's interests are. Moreover the maxim which I have quoted cannot be interpreted as saying: "My country's government, right or wrong." For the two are not identical.

Due to my anti-war and anti-fascist attitude I came to be closely involved in the political life of my country. There was a time when not only I, but even Count C.,* the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, tried to convince Emperor Charles that the only way out of the War was to conclude a separate peace. Count C. saw this so clearly that by 1917 he addressed a memorandum to the King in which he declared that we had already lost the War and that therefore the issue of a separate peace had become an urgent one.

* Count Czernin. — Editor's note.

The Emperor-King, with whom I had occasion to become closely acquainted, was unfortunately a hesitant type of person. He lacked the energy to pursue his own ideas and changed his decisions as the fortunes of war alternated on the battlefields. Whenever the Central Powers suffered a defeat he inclined towards the idea of a separate peace, but if the armies of the German Kaiser gained a victory he once more hastened to embrace the German militarists.

What I had foretold came to pass, and the terrible end approached with incredible speed. I remember the audience at which Charles received me for the last time. He had broken down completely, lit one cigarette after another, and strode nervously up and down.

"I shall appoint you Prime Minister. I shall have you called in a moment."

I was engrossed in my thoughts in a corner of the neighbouring room in the ancient palace, when suddenly a young lady of captivating appearance came up to me and seized both my hands. It was the Empress Zita. She begged me, with tears in her eyes, to save her husband, the throne and the country.

"I am afraid, Your Majesty has come too late," I replied. It was not an easy answer for me to make, because it is difficult for a man to say no to a woman, let alone if the woman is young, and a queen to boot.

The King, the Queen and I took a special train to Vienna at 11 p. m. that same evening. In the course of our hasty departure I left my hat behind somewhere, while the King lost his crown. These were historic moments. In Vienna, under the pressure of the diehard conservatives of the old school, the King withdrew my appointment. I travelled home to Budapest, where I was proclaimed Prime Minister and shortly President of the Hungarian Republic, by will of the people. The revolution of which I was the leader overthrew one of Europe's oldest dynasties on the night of October 30th and on October 31st, under the influence of the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian armies.

All these tragic events were in my view the consequence of the semi-feudal system in my country. Hungary was typically a country where the large estate owners held all economic power in their hands, and that is also the situation at present. A thousand aristocrats and a few Roman Catholic bishops own half of Hungary, while the other half is divided up among millions and millions of people. There are some Roman Catholic bishops who enjoy annual incomes corresponding to two hundred thousand dollars. There are counts and princes with incomes of two, three or four hundred thousand dollars a year. And all these estates are entailed,

they cannot be sold or bought, but descend from father to son, or bishop to bishop.

It was this class which preferred to drag the Monarchy into war rather than give up so much as a small part of its fortune and share its power with the masses. This was why my own class turned against me so violently and why they lost their self-control whenever they heard my name.

After the War Hungary was subjected to a terrible economic blockade, under whose enormous pressure the embittered working class overthrew me, after hardly six months of rule. They did not believe in the simple truth that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. After the Bolsheviki had also been overthrown, the reactionary forces again came to power. With the help of a White Terror and by setting up a dictatorship, the large estate owners not only restored their previous positions but actually changed the semi-feudal country into a wholly feudal one.

Fascism implies a twofold danger. Firstly, it is a direct threat to peace. The alleged patriots scream for a war of revenge and strive to regain the lost territories by force of arms. Secondly, fascism is an economic danger. I also think that the Treaty of Trianon gave Hungary a raw deal. But where I differ from the revenge-seekers is that I say it would be sheer madness to enter into a new war, for, in my opinion, even if we should win, we would ultimately nevertheless be losers since neither Hungary nor any other European country would be capable of overcoming the troubles that accompany such disasters.

What I would like is for Hungary to improve her situation by winning the confidence of her neighbours. As long as Hungary persists in maintaining the absurd fiction of a kingdom without a king, as long as she engages in sabre-rattling and fist-shaking towards her frontiers, as long as she embarks on stupid and criminal adventures and forges her neighbours' currencies, there can be no hope of any *rapprochement* between her and Czechoslovakia, Rumania or Yugoslavia.

As for the economic danger, I consider it to lie essentially in the fact that fascism, both in Hungary and in other countries, is typically based on the small-country system, which sets out from the theory that even small countries of fifteen, ten, eight, six or no more than two million inhabitants can live separate political and economic lives and can actually be self-sufficient. These fascist states spend a considerable part of their budgets on military preparations and war propaganda. Their guiding idea is not to work out some kind of economic plan but to maintain a bankrupt political system. While you in America are working to increase or attempt to increase productivity, these countries are working against productivity.

Hungary, with her eight million people, now has twice as many state officials as she had before the War, in a Hungary of twenty-one million inhabitants. You might well say: "But how does all this concern us, Americans? If the Europeans are sufficiently foolish to get embroiled in a new war, what business of ours is it?" Permit me to say that in my opinion such an argument would be very short-sighted, for if fascism drives Europe to war and prevents any kind of resuscitation of her economy, then for America this means that she will never recover the money that she lent Europe during the past War.

There are of course two possible solutions. The one is the concentration of the economic forces of Europe on a capitalist basis. The other is a new arrangement on a socialist basis. Being myself a socialist, I am in favour of the latter. In my opinion peace can only be achieved by socialist methods, because capitalism in a sense itself carries the germs of war, as competition in its ultimate phase always involves conflict. We may only bid a final "farewell to arms" if we build up a United States of Europe that will in some way be linked with Russia.

CRISIS OR AGREEMENT*

Never have so many people misused the word democracy as now. It is for this reason that I am always in the habit of appending the epithet "progressive." International reaction now parrots the word, as it used to do with pacifism in the League of Nations. Many people consciously, many unconsciously, understand it to mean economic liberalism, the economic principle of "laissez faire," i. e., capitalism. Whereas democracy means rule by the people, rule by the working masses, freedom of the press and of speech for the working masses. This undoubtedly implies restriction as well, but how much less restriction than in the kind of democracy where the supremacy of the forces of business determines the degree of freedom. The working masses are the majority, while the tycoons of business and their ideologists are a tiny minority. For a long time they have influenced and infected the people, and freedom for them has meant the death of freedom, as in the case of the democracy of Weimar, where freedom for Krupp, Papen and Hitler led to the destruction of democracy. We want a free press, but does it mean that you have a free press, when, as in the case of the Hearst concern, a single private firm can own many hundreds of papers? Freedom of the press can only be assured if the press is publicly

* Part of an article published in the December 1946 issue of *Fórum*, Budapest

owned. In a democracy based on capitalism, private interests may, through press, radio and film, influence public opinion as they wish.

The Hungarian democracy cannot permit itself the luxury of giving preference to the freedom of small groups, rather than of the people. The former system, through its soul-destroying oppression and anti-popular propaganda, is still at an advantage as against the new Hungarian democracy. For instance, not a word could be written during the past 25 years against the false idea of "St. Stephen's Empire." If freedom was now to be interpreted as permitting everyone to disseminate this harmful idea at will, it would mean that we would once more and finally destroy our good relations with the neighbouring states, isolate ourselves, and pave the way for the extirpation of freedom within the country.

However, not only democracy must be filled with a new content, but nationalism as well. Nationalism in its old form was the main weapon of reaction. We are still nationalists today, but we interpret nationalism to mean participation by the whole nation—and not only the minority admitted by Verbőczi—in all our material and cultural possessions. Imbued with this new nationalism we can then say resolutely to others that the forcible deportation of Hungarians is not patriotism but chauvinism.

What we need is not an American but a European New Deal—a *new interpretation* of things. Hungary must be able to join in this New Deal, this new democracy. We must restore the revolutionary traditions, and we can most successfully do this if we make up for the belated revolution by building up a democracy. It is now that we must establish the new revolutionary traditions which future generations may need. We have received the land reform and all the achievements of the democratic system without a resistance struggle and without a revolution. They have fallen into our laps as the result of the struggle of a few members of the vanguard, and mainly in consequence of the Red Army's War of Liberation. We need the kind of 1945 that 1905 and 1917 mean to Russia, 1789, 1848 and 1943—1944 to the French and Tito's struggle to Yugoslavia. Those who cannot agree with this assessment of the fundamental tasks of the present and dare not undertake to liquidate the guilty past of a quarter of a century, should go into opposition and have the courage to say no. There is no room within the coalition for those who impede the development of a progressive democracy. The crises crop up again and again because many people confuse democracy with the Horthy system and believe that the time for see-saw politics is still rife.

It is through his attitude towards the Horthy system that everyone shows the kind of democrat he is. There is no danger of a Szálasi now. Even the

reactionary forces of the world do not want to smuggle that sort of thing back amongst us. But there certainly is the danger of a more or less mollified form of *ersatz* Horthy-ism, with all its typical features—an ostensible democracy in clerical disguise (see the “Christian Course”), anti-bolshevik in character, with concealed or unconcealed anti-semitism and revisionist slogans. The appearance of such a regime would mean the final destruction of the Hungarian nation. Those who do not understand this are the enemies not only of democracy, but also of the nation.

If we do not establish good relations with the neighbouring states, if we do not bring about close and friendly co-operation with the Soviet Union, if we refuse to learn from the Britain that has taken the path to socialism, from the France of the Maquis, then we shall be late, irremediably late, for being able to fit into the new Europe. The time for see-saw politics is finally ended. The whole world is confident that Bikini was not the dress-rehearsal for a war, and that the performance will be cancelled for good. It is in this spirit that we must adjust our lives, for it is thus that one European nation after another is adjusting its own, knowing as they all do that the new democracy cannot be built up on capitalist foundations and that the development of the world is in the direction of socialism.

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

NOTES BY A HUNGARIAN MP

by Sándor Barcs

MR. A. G. AT X. — TWO CHAPTERS FROM A NEW NOVEL

by Tibor Déry

LEARNING UNESCOLESE

by Iván Boldizsár

EUROPEAN DAWN — CHAPTERS FROM A BOOK ON BAROQUE MUSIC

by Bence Szabolcsi

THE CROCODILE-EATERS — A ONE-ACT PLAY

by Miklós Hubay

HUNGARIAN MUSIC AND ENGLAND

by Percy M. Young

ROCHDALE AND THE SOCIALIST PRINCIPLES OF COOPERATIVES

by László Nagy

THE SECRET DOCUMENTS OF REGENT HORTHY

by Miklós Szinai and László Szűcs

FRENCH FOLK BALLADS IN MEDIEVAL HUNGARY

by Lajos Vargyas

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HUNGARIAN GENERAL

by Ferenc Agárdi

See also p. 128

SOME PROBLEMS OF ECONOMIC PLANNING IN SOCIALIST COUNTRIES

by

GYÖRGY CUKOR

I. In consequence of the problems raised by modern economic life and in particular by its rapid modernization, the idea of economic planning has become accepted even beyond the confines of the socialist world. This is the case in several economically advanced countries and, due to the necessity of accelerating economic development, in the economically underdeveloped countries. It is obviously in no small measure a result of the successes achieved by the socialist countries, particularly the Soviet Union, through their planned economies. An increasing number of attempts are being made to introduce economic planning in the non-socialist countries as well. It is partly due to this fact that, in the socialist and non-socialist countries alike, numerous similar problems confront the economists and other experts concerned with planning (i. e., with economic development, the optimal utilization of resources and the matching of production and consumption). Of course, the solution of the basic problems depends in the first place on the nature of the particular economy. The essential question is whether the overwhelming majority of the means of production are socially owned or not, since the main advantages of economic planning, such as the best utilization of resources, the possibility of concentrating forces and the selection of the next decisive steps, can only be achieved on the basis of the social ownership of the means of production. Throughout the rest of this paper "planned economy" or "economic planning" will therefore be understood to refer to planning in the socialist countries.

The sometimes surprisingly great ignorance of public opinion outside the socialist countries with respect to the problems of socialist economic planning is somewhat in contrast to the spread of the idea of economic planning and to the general interest aroused by the problems of planning. This ignorance is aggravated by the fact that many erroneous views have been spread about the problems of socialist economic planning. From various

publications and also in the course of personal contact it has appeared that even economists are inadequately informed. In the articles of the daily press, which are the most easily available information for the non-specialist (even if we disregard those where the lack of objectivity is obvious), the essential elements are frequently confused with non-essential, superficial features. It must, of course, be admitted that acquiring information, understanding the main connections, and distinguishing the essential from the non-essential, are by no means easy tasks for those living in an other economic system and accustomed to its phenomena.

A planned economy is obviously not a perfect system, operating without jolts, like a piece of clock-work. Indeed it cannot be this, if for no other reason than because the available experiences are, in Hungary's case, for instance, hardly more than 10 years old, while even in the Soviet Union the experiences of only about 40 years are available. This fact must be born in mind in seeking to understand the problems of a planned economy. It must also be taken into account that, due in no small measure to the rapid economic growth of the socialist countries, a host of new problems constantly arises.

This paper presents the operation of economic planning in a highly simplified form. This simplification implies that numerous difficulties, problems that have long been imperfectly tackled or that have newly arisen as the consequence of development, are not treated. It also means that there is no account of the efforts made to solve the various topical problems of planning, of the solutions to earlier problems or of the development of planning methods.

Within the scope of this article, it would be wholly impossible to obtain an understanding of the operation of a planned economy if all the practical problems and difficulties were treated. It is therefore proposed only to outline the main interrelations of economic planning, providing a kind of "theoretical scheme." A certain simplification of real life is also necessary because otherwise the discussion would have to devote too much space to specifically Hungarian conditions. This paper is naturally not aimed at laying down any universal or eternally valid truths, but is simply based on the experiences so far obtained in the course of economic planning in Hungary and contains the author's personal opinions.

2. On the basis of the social ownership of the means of production or, to put it more precisely, of the overwhelming portion of the means of production, Hungary has achieved a unified central and planned direction of the country's entire economy. A planned economy, however, is not an end but a means; the end is the satisfaction at an ever higher level of the

requirements of the population, the improvement of welfare standards, and the creation of conditions permitting the manifold development of the people. Socialist planned economy renders the rapid increase of production both necessary and possible. Rapid growth is *necessary* because, as a result of the social transformation taking place in the course of the construction of socialism, the requirements of the population undergo a sudden increase, also because Hungary, like other countries that have so far taken the path to socialism, does not belong among the economically particularly advanced countries and the elimination of her arrears is a matter of great urgency.

The rapid growth of production in a planned economy is, in its turn, again rendered *possible* by a number of factors, and the most important theoretical features may perhaps be best appreciated if its functions are considered from this point of view—that of the rapid growth of the economy.

The growth of production obviously requires investments, in fact the volume and destination of these investments to a considerable extent determines the opportunities for increasing production. A socialist planned economy is made possible and at the same time characterized by the fact that the division of the national income between consumption and accumulation and the end to which accumulation is devoted can be regulated centrally to correspond to the interests of society as a whole. It should be pointed out, though it is not proposed to dwell on this in detail, that accumulation can be relatively high in a planned economy, since there is broad scope for limiting expenditures that do not serve the interests of society or which it is deemed appropriate, in the interest of society as whole, to postpone to a later date.

Obviously, the magnitude of accumulation cannot be fixed arbitrarily. The possible measure of accumulation is determined by the degree of development already achieved by a society or, more precisely, by the size of the national income, while the possible increase in accumulation is limited by the fact that under socialism the other portion of the national income—consumption—must also grow year by year, since the standard of living of the population must improve each year.

Economic planning is therefore made possible by the fact that the ratio of accumulation to consumption may, within the above limits, be established centrally. It is at the same time one of the prime and highly important problems of economic planning to see that this ratio should be a correct one and that the most suitable proportion of the economy's resources should be devoted, respectively, to consumption, i. e., the present, and to accumulation, i. e., the preparation of the future. The correct solution of this problem has a far-reaching effect on the whole of future development.

Planned economy makes it possible to achieve the optimum utilization of all available resources and the concentration of forces on the most important economic tasks in hand, on what is called the "decisive link." This possibility does not, however, automatically become fact. What is meant by saying that a planned economy makes it possible to achieve the optimum utilization of resources? Essentially that in a planned economy there is full opportunity to provide suitable employment for everyone in the country who is able to work and to make adequate use of the available capacities, production equipment and natural wealth of the country. In a socialist economy the full utilization of the available resources cannot be impeded by inadequate demand. The theoretical cause of this fact lies in the social ownership of the means of production. The turnover of the greater part of the means of production that are produced takes place within the State-owned sector. The producer and consumer are one and the same owner, the socialist State. If on the other hand, through some fault in planning, there should not be adequate demand for the totality of consumers' goods, then this can be remedied by raising wages or lowering prices or a combination of the two, since the immediate purpose of production is in any case the satisfaction of requirements at the highest possible level.

Obviously, of course, the volume and pattern of production in a socialist economy does not automatically match requirements, and the harmony of the two must be planned, in the form of properly calculated proportions. The establishment of these proportions is in fact one of the main tasks of economic planning.

The content of economic planning is, however, not exhausted by the establishment of harmony, and the proper proportions between production can be of very many kinds. The real task of planning is to determine the most suitable, the optimum proportions from the point of view of the economy and the satisfaction of requirements on an ever higher level. Their determination, i. e., the determination of the ratio and rate of the development of the various sectors of the economy, is related to the job of setting out the main aims of economic development, to seizing upon the so-called "decisive links." The task of planning is therefore on the one hand to secure right proportions and equilibrium and on the other to ensure the optimum utilization of society's resources to accelerate development, to discover and utilize its so-called "reserves."

The task of planning is therefore not to maintain static proportions, the proportions of a stagnant economy. The proportions have to be dynamic ones, those of a developing economy, and this naturally renders the work

of planning complicated and frequently makes it rather hard to solve the problems arising in its course.

The way in which the above tasks of planning are carried out will become plain from a few examples. These will deal with the planning of consumers' goods, instruments of production and investments, moreover the preparation of labour plans, i. e., the planning of employment. In the present paper all these can only be discussed with respect to features of general validity; this, of course, makes it necessary to engage in a certain schematization and simplification of complex reality, but it makes it easier to understand the interrelations involved.

Before embarking on these examples it seems necessary to make two brief remarks:

The balance system of the national economy is of outstanding importance in planning generally and, particularly, in establishing the correct proportions. This involves the planning of sources and requirements with respect to them, together with stocks and their foreseeable changes, in the form of a balance. The balance makes it possible to check whether there is the requisite equilibrium in the plans. The preparation of balances is, however, only one feature—though an important one—of economic planning, and must not be identified with the whole complex process of planning, as indeed planning cannot be reduced to the preparation of balances.

Various central State institutions, such as the Planning Bureau and the ministries, play an important part in economic planning, and in respect to certain plans their part is decisive. However, economic planning in the socialist countries is an extremely complex process extending to the whole of economic life, with everyone, from the central institutions (e. g. the Planning Bureau) down to the enterprises, the fundamental units of production, through all the intermediate ranges, having their own specific part.

3. Turning now to the first example, let us investigate how the appropriate ratios between the planned consumers' goods and the actual demand for them are ensured in a socialist planned economy. Let the problem, for the sake of simplicity, be divided in two, and let us first examine separately how the equilibrium of overall demand and of overall supply can be assured. Then it will be shown how supply and demand can be matched.

In order to plan overall demand, it is necessary to plan the sum of money which the population will devote to the purchase of commodities. The greater part of the population's money-income is derived directly from the State or from state enterprises. The wages fund for workers and salar-

ied staffs, the sum of the remuneration which may be paid, is governed by certain directives and may be planned fairly accurately on the basis of previous periods, with due regard to planned pay-increases in the period under consideration. The money incomes of the urban population may thus be fairly accurately determined. The money incomes of the peasantry are of course harder to plan, but the overwhelming part of these incomes also derives from the State. The greater part of the agricultural products that are marketed is purchased by the State or its firms, at set purchasing or production-contract prices. Wage incomes play an important part in the money incomes of the peasantry, and their source is again the State or its agricultural and other enterprises. The peasantry also derives certain money incomes from the free market, but the State is able to control these by influencing price levels on the free market and the volume of commodities marketed.

The money incomes which are thus calculated must of course be reduced by subtracting various sums that may also be planned. A reduction must be made for taxes, which by the nature of things are determined by the State. The population avail themselves of various services—housing, utilities, transport, etc. The overwhelming part of these is also furnished by the State or by state firms at previously known prices. The extent of their utilization may be planned on the basis of the experience of previous years. The volume of savings by the population may also be planned and to some extent influenced.

The determination of the overall monetary value of demand is therefore not simply a matter of estimation but a figure made available by well-founded planning.

The planning of supply corresponding to the demand for consumers' goods—once this demand is known—follows from the fact of the social ownership of the means of production. The overwhelming part of the consumers' goods are retailed by State and co-operative trade, according to centrally prepared plans and at fixed prices. It is on the basis of these plans that the production plans of those industrial plants are drawn up which produce the greater part of the consumers' goods concerned. With respect to agricultural products, State purchasing and the formation of State reserves represent sufficient controlling forces to provide for the supply of the products needed to satisfy demand. A part of the products required for consumption are imported by state foreign trade agencies, again according to previously prepared plans.

It is, of course, not sufficient for the total supply of consumers' goods to correspond to the total demand. It is also necessary that the composition

pattern of supply should match the pattern of demand. In principle this is secured by having the state trading network, using the services of other organizations, carry out broadly-based market research and utilize this, together with its general experiences, in preparing its turnover plans. It is then these turnover plans which, through the intermediary delivery contracts concluded between trading and industrial firms, provide the basis for the production plans of the industrial plants. Needless to say, the maintenance of equilibrium with respect to the composition pattern is much harder than to secure overall correspondence.

If the equilibrium of the expected supply and demand cannot be achieved on the basis of domestic production, suitable ratios can be attained partly by making use of foreign trade, partly by the central regulation of prices.

4. How are production and consumption, supply and demand matched, the appropriate proportions maintained, in the case of *means of production*? Here too, as with consumers' goods, the requirements and, based thereon, production are planned, and the two are brought into harmony by balance-sheets. A certain part is played in this process by the trading—in given cases the wholesale trading—enterprises. From the aspect of planning and of establishing adequate ratios there is, nevertheless, a difference in principle between means of production and consumers' goods.

As regards the purchase of consumers' goods the population is theoretically "free" in every respect: it spends its earning on whatever it pleases. After the monetary income of the population has been determined, the principal question in planning is what the expected demand will really be. The determination of demand is rendered possible and, if appropriate methods are used, fairly accurate by the fact that the individual "freedom" of the consumer is actually, due to the large number of consumers, subject to fairly definite and recognizable laws. The free choice of the consumer is determined by the magnitude of his real income, the number of members in his family, the number of income earners in the family, the *per capita* income of the family, the ages of the family's members, certain generally slowly changing consumers' habits, the supply itself, etc. Detailed commercial and household statistics, the experiences of trading firms, and scientific market research therefore permit a determination of the actual demand arising on the basis of the consumers' free choice. The fact has been mentioned that the State also has various means available for influencing demand. Naturally the consumers' choice also includes components which it is rather hard to determine in advance—such as changes in fashion. Rising standards of living are accompanied by increased

demands of the population with regard to assortment and quality. All this undoubtedly makes it more difficult to plan consumption. In recent years the rise in living standards in Hungary has been accompanied by an almost rocketing increase in the assortment of consumers' goods and a similar improvement—due not least to the more fastidious requirements of the consumers—in the quality of products. However, the experience of these recent years also shows that the maintenance of the equilibrium and the proportions that have been discussed, i. e., the satisfaction of the requirements of the population at an ever higher level, is possible and can be suitably planned.

With regard to means of production the basic problem is a different one. What is the situation in industry? Assume for the time being that the production plan is precisely known, for example, because the factory produces to satisfy the requirements of the population and these requirements are known with respect both to quantity and assortment. Under such circumstances the "freedom" of choice of the consumer—in this case of the productive plant—is rather limited, especially so in the case of short-term decisions. If techniques are not fundamentally changed, the existing equipment and production plan fairly unequivocally determine the quantity of the necessary materials and to a considerable extent also their quality. On the other hand any substantial change in technology is in most cases only possible by means of investments and over a longer span of time. Under such circumstances, knowing the production plan, requirements as to materials may be fairly accurately planned.

The planning of suitable proportions thus takes place in the following manner: the central bodies plan production for the period concerned and on its basis the corresponding requirement of materials, by sectors of industry. These plans are then used to draw up material and product balances, proceeding by articles or their groups. The balances contain the requirements and the sources available for their satisfaction. The central planning bodies thus match planned production against planned requirements in the form of balances of materials and products, simulating the productive process in advance, which enables them to discover possible contradictions, e. g., a surplus or deficiency in certain products. Once these contradictions are discovered, it becomes possible to plan the necessary measures to eliminate the contradiction. These measures may lead to a change in production plans or in foreign trade; in rarer cases they may involve the stipulation of certain technical changes.

Naturally a planned economy merely renders it possible to achieve suitable proportions. The actual processes may diverge from those which are

planned, through a fault either in the planning or in its execution. If the divergence is not significant, then utilization of the reserves—for in the case of such plans it is evident that certain reserves must always be taken into account—can enable the processes to take place essentially according to the plans. If the divergence is significant, then difficulties of a graver nature may arise even in a planned economy.

The central planning organs fix certain quotas for the necessary materials on the basis of the materials balance. These are then distributed among the ministries requiring them, which in their turn further distribute the quotas among their enterprises. The firms then prepare specified orders according to the purchasing quotas allocated to them and forward these to the national selling agency concerned, e. g., one of the wholesale trading companies. The latter checks the orders, mainly to see that they comply with the quotas issued, and decides which plant will fulfill the order, and at what rate. This makes it possible to make optimal use of the available capacities.

The above scheme is greatly oversimplified, and the actual procedure, depending on the materials concerned, may differ considerably and occasionally undergo changes. Some essential features of the system of the supply of means of production, of "material and technical supply," that has been outlined should, however, be pointed out. The first is that in material and technical supply the movement of products enjoys primacy in the dual movement of products and money. It is the former that is planned, and the movement of money obeys its requirements. This is entirely natural, since the turnover of means of production, or at least its overwhelming majority, takes place among State enterprises, i. e. among the enterprises of the self-same owner. The system of allocations and material quotas that has been mentioned follows from the primacy of the movement of products. This system can be highly advantageous, particularly in a period of rapid development of production, when there are unavoidable shortages with respect to certain materials. The system of allocations then makes it possible to enforce *priorities* corresponding to the centrally considered interests of the national economy, i. e., to ensure that if there is a shortage of some material it should be allocated where it is most needed. Under such circumstances directives—for the allocation of materials is in fact a directive—have a fundamental part to play.

The preparation of production and material plans and the drawing up of various material balances is an indispensable part of the whole system, since it is precisely this that renders it possible to eliminate disproportionate features and ensure an equilibrium. The system of allocations on the other hand, though an important part of the system of material and technical

supply, is not an indispensable component. It is perfectly feasible and a practice that has frequently proved useful—indeed one that is generally desirable—for the producing and utilizing enterprises to regulate the turnover between them directly or through distributive wholesale firms, by concluding suitable delivery contracts conforming to the plans prepared for them on the basis of the balances, without any allocations.

In dealing with the planning of consumers' goods, it was pointed out that the main problem is to determine what articles the population will purchase with their money incomes in the plan period, i. e., to plan a suitable *assortment*. In the case of means of production on the other hand, the main problem arises from two specific features of the planning of production and the utilization of materials. If it were possible to plan the production and material requirements of all products with full accuracy, the preparation of the primary materials balances would be a matter of simple calculation. In actual fact, however, the number of single products is so vast that all of them cannot be planned in detail; they have to be concentrated in certain groups. Now if it is the production of these groups that is planned and, for instance, the requirement of materials by the group is determined on a statistical basis making use of the previous periods, then we always have to face the danger of the given assortment of products undergoing a change in the group concerned, as a result of which the true materials requirement will change. Moreover, technology develops, and with the development of technology the materials requirement will also change. Furthermore, the various sectors of the national economy have very close and very complex interconnections with one another. The engineering industry utilizes among other things metallurgical products, electric power and coal. Yet electric power and coal are also used for production in metallurgy, while all the sectors mentioned use engineering products. Thus an increase of production in a particular sector requires not merely the additional electric power (and the same applies to the other products as well) that is directly needed to increase output by the sector concerned. It also indirectly needs the quantity required for production by the other supply sectors, e. g., metallurgy and coal-mining. (It has been calculated, for example, that the indirectly needed electric power required to increase output by the engineering industry is about three times the direct requirement.)

The appropriate evaluation of changes in assortment, technological changes and indirect connections in the preparation of balances for the national economy requires an extremely high degree of specialized knowledge and great experience.

5. The planning of investments is of very great importance from the point of view both of the correct proportions of production and consumption—the equilibrium of the national economy—and of its optimal development. Production for the purpose of investments, and particularly of so-called productive investments, constantly increases as the economy develops. However, both the volume and the composition of investments may vary in far greater measure than the volume and composition of consumption, and this variation may involve further effects on the whole economy; it may cause cyclic disturbances in it and become the cause of an uneconomical utilization of resources, e. g., of manpower and capacities. The development of the capitalist economy to date has shown several instances of these phenomena. That is why, in the attempts at planning carried out by either large capitalist firms or the governments of the capitalist countries, the probable development of investments plays such an important part. This in itself makes it clear how vital the planning of investments and the central and harmonized execution of decisions with regard to investments is in evolving suitable economic proportions. A planned economy makes it possible to maintain right proportions for both a shorter period of time and over the long-range perspective. This, and the fact that investments are constantly kept at a high level relatively and are always on the increase in absolute volume as well, can promote the rapid growth of the economy.

The part played by planning with respect to the production of investment goods and to building activities is similar to that discussed in the previous section. Decisions as to the destination of the overwhelming majority of investment funds are taken directly by the central planning authorities. With regard to a part of the investment funds there are decentralized decisions by individual firms, but their material content may also be fairly accurately determined. Under these circumstances it is possible, for investment goods too, to prepare the balances with whose help the equilibrium of the plan may be checked and the measures projected that can establish an equilibrium wherever it is lacking. It may be briefly pointed out that the part played by balances in the case of investment goods can be very different to that of the materials balances. Here it is often a matter of individual machines and sets of equipment—of the machinery of a power station, of the complete equipment of a factory, for which balances of a different type must be prepared than for steel, bricks or cement. However, the essence of the matter, here too, is the matching of the requirements and of the sources destined to satisfy them—naturally with due attention to foreign trade. The fact that for the overwhelming majority of investments the

decisions can be taken by central State bodies makes it possible for the decisions to correspond to the long-range interests of the national economy as a whole, and not the short-range interests or momentary profit considerations of a particular firm. It is this which primarily makes it possible to concentrate resources on the main tasks, to select and seize upon the decisive links in the chain of development. This is what makes it possible to carry out large investments in a relatively short time and to devote care to the rational geographic distribution of the forces of production and other interests of the national economy as a whole.

So far we have only examined how equilibrium can be maintained in the planning of investments. Since, however, investments are the key-problem of the development of the entire economy, it is obviously also necessary to see how the investments can ensure its most efficient, optimal development.

Investment decisions generally relate to the trend of investments, the main aims of economic development, ultimately therefore to how the structure of the national economy is to change and what are to be the future proportions of the various sectors. Changes in the structure of the economy are determined by many factors. Of these attention must in the first place be paid to the requirements posed by changes in demand, by technical progress and by rates of employment, while it must not be forgotten that these are very closely interconnected with one another and with other factors.

In the case of changes in demand, the requirements both of consumption and of production must be equally considered. As far as changes in consumption by the population are concerned, the main factor here is the increase in requirements resulting from rising standards of living. Attention must also be paid to certain demographic changes and to changes in consumer habits and in taste. The change in consumer habits is influenced not only by the rise in living standards but also by technical development. During the present period for instance, the rapid increase in the consumption of consumers' durables and of synthetic materials is a characteristic feature.

The changes in utilization for productive purposes are determined on the one hand by changes in consumption and on the other by technical development. A typical effect of technical development at the present, for instance, is the rapid increase in fuel and power utilization, particularly the swift development of electric power consumption and the spreading use of oil and gas, mainly to the detriment of coal. Of course, mention could similarly be made of the specially rapid development of the chemical industry, or of the influence of automation.

With respect to changes in the structure of production, attention has

also to be paid to problems of employment. This is a particularly grave issue in cases where the demographic structure is undergoing a rapid change or where in consequence of important economic and social changes a large amount of manpower is released during a relatively short period of time in this or that sector of the economy. The latter problem is present when the agriculture of the socialist countries is reorganized for large-scale farming. It may be noted, incidentally, that the drift of agricultural manpower to other sectors of the economy is a general characteristic of economic development and can be observed not only in the socialist countries.

The foregoing discussion has been concerned with changes in requirements, technical development and problems of employment, as factors which determine changes in the proportions of the national economy and thus affect the optimal destination of investments. It is obvious that these factors must be gauged over a relatively long period for investments to be as efficient as possible, since it is in most instances a case of investments that take a long time to carry out and are destined to operate for even longer. A planned economy makes it possible to gauge all these factors and thus to achieve an efficient distribution of investments.

Reference should here be made to an essential feature of economic planning. The work of planning is interconnected—the various plans are drawn up by being built one upon the other, and they gradually become more and more detailed and accurate. This needs to be emphasized because the preparation of each of the previously mentioned plans relating to investments, living standards, technical development and employment naturally presupposes the existence of the others. Clearly technical development depends on investments; technical development, volume of investments and production plans together determine employment in a particular sector; production, productivity and employment determine the national income, and this in turn the possible standard of living. With respect to the planning of investments it is also necessary to mention two principles of economic planning that promote the efficient designation of investments.

The first is the possibility of paying due attention to the effect on the economy as a whole.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the effects on the national economy of a particular economic step—in this case a particular investment—can never be measured at the plant or in the industrial sector where it is carried out. Let us presume, for instance, that a fuel consumer changes from coal to oil firing. This is directly, highly economical for the plant concerned. It may turn out, however, that the coal quantity which thus becomes superfluous cannot be disposed of adequately and that superfluous coal stocks are

accumulated, or else there will be unemployment in the coal mines. It may also happen that more consumers are switched over to oil firing than the number for whom oil can be provided, either from domestic production or imports. The interconnections in real life may of course be far more complicated and their appreciation is only possible through the central planning of the whole economy.

The second is the problem of the origin of reserves and bottle-necks. In consequence of changes in the structure of the national economy and of technical development, certain reserves and superfluous capacities always arise in one place and bottle-necks in another. It is a familiar fact that within a particular firm too those investments that result in suppressing bottle-necks are always particularly economical, since they make it possible to achieve a relatively large increase in production at the cost of relatively small investments. The discovery and planning of interconnections of this type and the good utilization in this respect of investment resources is also only possible by means of preparing central economic plans.

6. A matter of basic importance from the point of view of the existence and development of human society is what use it can make of the main resource available to it—the labour-power of men. The development of the socialist countries has proved beyond any doubt that a planned economy is able to secure the full employment of the population. Almost all the socialist countries had at the beginning to contend with the problem of unemployment, but this could be relatively swiftly obviated in the course of development, and in so far as manpower problems arose these were rather those of a shortage of labour than of unemployment.

The creation of an equilibrium—as far as the formal part of the work of planning is concerned—here again takes place with the help of manpower balances. The manpower requirement is known from the production and productivity plans, and may be influenced if necessary. The manpower resources—the number of employed, the young people entering employment, the women engaged in household work of whom ever greater numbers are taking part in production, the portion of agricultural labour drifting to other sectors of the national economy—are all known. With regard to the last two manpower resources, the uncertainty is of course greater. In a planned economy it is possible, by suitably shaping the structure of the economy, to maintain the proper equilibrium between manpower requirements and resources. It is not intended here to enter into a detailed discussion of the possibility of assuring an overall equilibrium, but merely to outline how a planned economy enables manpower to be used ever more

efficiently—of course as part of the overall equilibrium. In this connection it is necessary first to touch upon a basic problem of manpower and manpower economy.

Planning of manpower must of course achieve harmony between the available manpower and the manpower requirements of social production, both quantitatively and qualitatively. It is necessary, however, in elaborating and carrying out manpower plans to pay attention to the fact that manpower differs from the non-human components of the forces of production, from the means of production, and that therefore in essence manpower plans differ basically from materials plans.

Formally speaking, in the case of both materials and manpower the requirements and sources are gauged and balances then prepared. The materials, however, are if necessary distributed by administrative methods, by means of allocations. It has been pointed out that this type of distribution is not indispensable, but in certain cases it is the most effective means.

Manpower on the other hand cannot be allocated and distributed. Naturally, under socialism people are the basic factor of production, and in this respect harmony must be achieved between the available manpower and the manpower requirements of production. On the other hand manpower, i. e. man, is in socialist society the primary goal of social production. The people, who in a socialist society are the owners of the means of production, wish to use both this ownership and their work to make their lives finer and fuller. For this, however, it is an indispensable requirement that they should find their place in some phase of social production, so as to be able to develop their abilities to the maximum and of course also to strive for this development of their abilities. The "husbanding of manpower" must therefore consist of a system of measures as the result of which the wishes and abilities of people can be freely developed and harmonized with the requirements of social production.

An account of the system of "manpower husbanding" in this sense, of the achievements and errors in this sphere and of the lessons learnt from the errors, would take up too much space. The essence of the matter is that in a planned economy there is a great opportunity for people to develop culturally and in their skills and to be able to do work of an ever higher order, i. e., to develop their abilities at an ever higher level.

This last statement can be substantiated by a few figures. The number of qualified skilled workers in Hungary rose from 150,000 to 365,000 between 1949 and 1961. In 1949 Hungary had about 10,000 engineers, in 1958 over 26,000, in 1962 33,000. The number of technicians was about 11,000 in 1949 and 60,000 in 1962.

A planned economy renders this advancement in the skills and cultural attainments of the population possible on the one hand by offering numerous inducements to help gifted people study and by the rapid, certain and constant growth of the economy, which creates a great demand for well-trained manpower, and on the other by permitting the demand for skilled manpower to be suitably planned. Let us look at an example of each of the two cases mentioned, that of the skilled workers and that of the engineers.

Skilled workers are trained in close contact with production, either in the factories themselves, or, with the factory's concurrence, in training institutions. Without central planning, however, it would be difficult adequately to foresee the requirement for skilled workers, since part of the skilled workers are employed in places where there is no direct opportunity to train them. Thus for example fitters are employed for maintenance by commercial firms and in factories of the light industries; they may also need instrument mechanics, etc. Through central planning it is possible to gauge the full requirement and to provide for the training of manpower for places where this training could not be directly given.

In the case of the training of engineers the problem is somewhat different. The difficulty here is that the training of an engineer lasts 4—5 years, and it takes another 4—5 years before the graduate engineer acquires the necessary technical experience to be able to do really independent work. The requirement for engineers must therefore be planned at least 8—10 years ahead. Obviously relatively few firms are in a position suitably to estimate the effects of economic and technical development over so long a period and the consequent requirement of engineers and technicians. The central bodies on the other hand, in possession of the long-range plans relating to the development of the entire economy, are able to do this.

7. It has previously been discussed how economic planning can maintain planned proportions (i. e., an equilibrium) in the national economy and lead to the ever more efficient and therefore optimal utilization of resources. It was pointed out what considerations can form the basis for planning an equilibrium and an optimum in the case of some important fields of planning—with respect to consumers' goods, instruments of production, investments and manpower. The problems treated with respect to consumers' goods and instruments of production were primarily those of equilibrium, with respect to investments and manpower primarily of the optimum.

Mention was made of some obstacles to accurate planning, e. g., the problem of accurately determining the demand for consumers' goods. Other problems, of course, also arise which have not been treated. These,

for instance, include the difficulties resulting from changes in agricultural output due to the weather, and those related to foreign trade. With respect to the latter, one way to overcome the difficulties is to perfect the international co-operation of the socialist countries, coordinate their economic plans and conclude long-range delivery agreements. Long-range trade agreements may of course also be concluded between socialist and capitalist countries, and in the author's opinion they are mutually advantageous.

The preparation of economic plans is of course only one aspect of a planned economy. Another, no less important aspect, is that of their execution—the management of the economy according to the plan. The above account has only been concerned with the preparation of the plans, and that too in only a highly simplified outline of the most important features. All that can be said here of their execution is that a planned economy does not consist of simply carrying out plans issued directly in the form of orders.

It is indeed obvious that every detail cannot be prescribed in the plans and that it is only possible compulsorily to prescribe the most important relations. This in itself results in the need for having indirect incentives, as well as direct instructions in the execution of the plans. The various types of *delivery contract* concluded by the producing and marketing firms within the general framework of the plans, the individual interestedness and incentives of those who carry out the plans, are therefore of great significance to the operation of the economy.

Experiences have been gained showing that too many and too detailed directives to firms in practice become contradictory, and instead of promoting an increase in productivity and economy may actually impede it. It is the firms themselves that are best able to appreciate their own possibilities, and it is necessary to provide them with incentives better to exploit these possibilities. Generally speaking it is a condition of the efficiency of economic management that economic decisions be taken where the circumstances and effects of these decisions can best be surveyed. It follows that a large part of the economic decisions must be taken by the firms themselves. In order that these decisions should as far as possible correspond to the social interests expressed in the plans, an entire system of financial and moral incentives is used in the socialist countries.

It is once more necessary to refer to an important circumstance connected with the economic planning of the socialist countries, which it was not possible to treat and illustrate in detail within the framework of this article. This is the fact that the methods of economic planning are not determined once and for all time, they have not become rigid, but are

in constant development, which has been particularly rapid in recent years. A lively and useful discussion is in progress between the theoretical and practical experts on the methods at present in use and those to be applied in the future. There are many new experiments, and opinions differ greatly in several respects. The development of the methods of economic planning, the main features of advance, can hardly be stated briefly, but a few of the basic trends in the development of planning may, perhaps, be mentioned. An improvement in the level of planning is occasioned by the longer *range* of the plans, which is manifested primarily in the fact that the socialist countries have begun preparing twenty-year plans. Moreover—partly through the very coordination of the twenty-year plans—economic cooperation between the socialist countries is becoming more planned. This circumstance, incidentally, poses far higher requirements than hitherto with respect to planning. Finally increased significance is attributed to substantiating the various decisions with calculations of economy carried out at the national or sector level, and this requirement leads to the greater use of various mathematical methods in planning.

The task of establishing harmony between the interests of society and of the individual is in many respects a contradictory one. This is one reason why the system of incentives has changed a great deal in recent times and may obviously still not be regarded as fully evolved. It is not possible here to enter on a detailed treatment of the problem of incentives. Perhaps this much, however, should be said—that while incentives, especially those for productive firms, were during the first period of planning in Hungary mainly directed at increasing the volume of output, at fulfilling and over-fulfilling quantitative plans, it is now the qualitative aspects that are most stressed and incentives are mainly aimed at increasing productivity and reducing costs.

Finally it should not be forgotten that the economic plan, the whole of a planned economy, is considerably more than the sum total of mutually coordinated, technically and economically feasible, realistic aims corresponding to the interests of society—although it is obvious that even this is a great deal. Economic plans, however, also have very significant political and social effects. The plan—of course only a correct plan that truly corresponds to the interests of society, that is fully realistic and is actually carried out—lends security to both society and the individual, gives them a belief in the future and sets them aims for which it is possible and worth while to work. These factors are important means and at the same time guarantees for the fulfillment of the plan, and for the rapid development of the socialist countries.

THE HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE

by

GÉZA BÁRCZI

It is well-known that the Hungarian language greatly differs in its basic structural features as well as in its vocabulary from the great majority of languages spoken in Europe. It may, therefore, be of some interest to the English reader to cast a cursory glance on the structure and material of a means of expression which, though part of general European culture, is so different from what he is accustomed to.

From the nature of its subject, this study falls into two parts: a historical and consequently strictly objective part and, secondly, one that might be termed descriptive or appreciative and which necessarily comprises a certain subjective element.

A language, in its literary form, is the product of an evolution extending over several thousand years. It is therefore necessary, in order to give even a summary picture of it, to trace its history, go back to its origin and examine the influences that have affected and modified it through the ages. This is doubly important in the case of Hungarian, a language standing completely isolated in Central Europe, whose origin has been cleared after long controversies only by comparative linguistics, which began to flourish and to become methodical at the end of the eighteenth century.

Hungarian is a Finno-Ugrian language, its closest relations being Vogul, Ostiak, Suryene, Votiak, Cheremissian, Mordvin, Esthonian, Finnish and Lapp. The Finno-Ugrian languages, together with that of the Samoyeds, are members of the Uralian language family. The earliest known home of the peoples speaking the primitive Finno-Ugrian language lay in the forest region between the bend of the river Volga and the Ural mountains. About 1500 B. C. (according to new theories possibly even much earlier) they split into two branches, the Finnish and the Ugrian, and the Magyars subsequently detached themselves from the latter. The relationship existing between the Finno-Ugrian languages in their present form, however, is not

striking at first sight. It certainly does not even approach the resemblance of diverse members of the Romance or Germanic group, such as French-Italian-Spanish or English-Dutch-German, but might best be compared to the kinship existing between the different groups of the Indo-European family, e. g. the Germanic and the Slav group.

To this primitive Finno-Ugrian language Hungarian owes, first of all, the large majority of its flexional elements, almost all its pronouns or at any rate the elements from which they have developed, more than forty simple suffixes (a particularly valuable inheritance), and well over five hundred simple roots. This original nucleus of the Hungarian vocabulary, of course, covers only the primary needs of the language. But at the same time it reveals a considerable amount of information concerning the life, customs and culture of the Hungarian people at the time. It comprises numerals (1—100), the names for most of the parts of the body (*fej*, head, *baj*, hair, *szem*, eye, *száj*, mouth, *váll*, shoulder, *kéz*, hand, *vér*, blood, etc.), terms designating relationship (such as *férj*, husband, *vő*, son-in-law, *meny*, daughter-in-law, *ángy*, sister-in-law, *árva*, orphan, etc.), words signifying phenomena and aspects of nature (*ég*, sky, *meny*, heaven, *világ*, world, *bajnal*, dawn, *ősz*, autumn, *tél*, winter, *tavas*, spring, *felhő*, cloud, *köd*, fog, *jég*, ice, *tűz*, fire, *domb*, hill, *kő*, stone, etc.), names of animals (*ló*, horse, *eb*, dog, *hal*, fish, *lúd*, goose, *nyúl*, hare, *szün*, hedgehog, *varjú*, crow, *lepke*, butterfly, *kígyó*, snake, etc.), and of plants (*fa*, tree, *gyökér*, root, *eper*, strawberry, *kéreg*, bark, *fű*, grass, etc.), names of objects (*fal*, wall, *ház*, house, *háló*, net, *íj*, bow, *nyíl*, arrow, *szeg*, nail, *ár*, awl, etc.), and finally a comparatively extensive number of verbs referring to various and multiple activities (*él*, live, *alszik*, sleep, *ad*, give, *fázik*, be cold, *lő*, shoot, *köt*, tie, *mos*, wash, *fakad*, spring, *ered*, issue, *nyel*, swallow, etc.).

Even before the linguistic unity of the Finno-Ugrian people was broken, they had for neighbours the ancestors of the vast Indo-European family. The contacts incontestably existing between these two ethnic or linguistic groups—though difficult to ascertain today—were so close that some researchers even assumed that there is an affinity between the Uralian languages on the one hand and the Indo-European ones on the other. The identity of words such as the Hungarian word *víz* (water), Finnish *vete*, Gothic *wato*, Phrygian $\beta\epsilon\delta\nu$, Greek $\beta\delta\omega\varrho$, or the Magyar *ág* (branch), Finnish *onki*: *ongen*, Latin *uncus*, Greek $\omicron\gamma\chi\omicron\varsigma$, Sanscrit *ank'á-s*, and other similar ones, suggests closer bonds than simple vicinity. Whatever our attitude may be towards this question, the fact remains that the vocabulary of the Finno-Ugrian languages, including that of the Hungarian tongue, comprises a number of Indo-European words belonging to the oriental

branch of that family, such as *száz*, hundred, *arany*, gold, *szarv*, horn, etc.

Somewhere around 1500 B. C., as has been mentioned, this Finno-Ugrian people became divided into an occidental and an oriental branch. The linguistic unity of the latter was preserved for some time, then in about 500 B. C. (possibly even earlier) the groups, whose dialects gave rise to the Hungarian language, detached themselves. The Magyars, who began an independent life, gradually moved to the region of the Ural passage, from the forest belt to the sparsely wooded steppe.

It was already at the end of the period of Ugrian unity that the Ugrians came into contact with some Turkish (pre-Turkish?) people. These loose connections continued during the independent life of the Magyars and became more intensive when the Magyars, leaving the Ural region, started on the migration that led them to their present country. They even entered into a series of confederations of Turkish tribes, in turn Onogur, Sabir, Khazar, etc. In short, for centuries they continued under the political, economic and social influence of various Turkish peoples. It would lead beyond the range of this article to follow these events even in their main outlines, or to enumerate the various habitats of the Hungarians in the course of their migration as nomads and subsequently semi-nomads across South Russia, along the Black Sea to their present country. It will be enough to indicate the principal results of this successive or reiterated influence. From the ethnic point of view they became mixed with some Turkish elements. They adopted the political and military organization of the Turks, their customs and civilization. The name by which the European tongues designate our people, that is *Ugor*, *Venger*, *Uher*, *Ungar*, *Hungarian*, *Hongrois*, etc., is derived from a Turkish confederation consisting of ten tribes, the *Onogurs*, of whom they perhaps constituted a part at one time. The name they give themselves, the word Magyar (in its ancient form *mogeri*), was the name of their principal tribe. This is a compound word, its first part *magy-* corresponding to the word *manshi*, which the Voguls use to designate the Obi-Ugrian peoples—Voguls and Ostiaks collectively.

During the fifteen hundred odd years that passed between the separation of the Magyars and their settlement in their present country, the characteristic features of the Hungarian language developed from Finno-Ugrian elements and as a continuation of Finno-Ugrian syntactical construction. This fact serves to explain, on the one hand, the undoubtedly Finno-Ugrian character of the structure of Hungarian, on the other hand, some specific features that distinguish it from the other Finno-Ugrian languages.

Though the Hungarian language triumphed throughout its struggle with

various Turkish tongues, it did not remain unaffected by them. Over 250 Turkish words penetrated into Hungarian before the settlement in the Danubian basin. The majority originate from the language of the Bulgarians of the Volga and from that of the Khazars, powerful Turkish peoples with comparatively developed civilizations. From them, the Hungarian language borrowed a number of terms relating to agriculture (*búza*, wheat, *árpa*, barley, *borsó*, pea, *bor*, wine, *szőlő*, grape, *sör*, beer, *kender*, hemp, *alma*, apple, etc.), to cattle-breeding (*ökör*, ox, *borjú*, calf, *bika*, bull, *üri*, wether, *disznó*, pig, *tyúk*, hen, *sajt*, cheese, etc.), names of implements (*eke*, plough, *orsó*, spindle, *sarló*, sickle, *seper*, sweep, etc.), household articles and jewels (*gyékény*, mat, *tükör*, mirror, *gyűszű*, thimble, *gyűrű*, ring, *gyöngy*, bead, pearl), abstract words (*erő*, strength, force, *érdem*, merit, *gyász*, mourning, etc.), and of civilized life (*ír*, write, *betű*, letter, *szám*, number, *tanú*, witness, etc.).

In addition, the Hungarians had met Indo-European peoples in the course of their migration, particularly the Alans (Ossets), to whom they are indebted for some words like (*híd*, bridge, *asszony*, lady, woman, *vért*, armour, etc.)

At the end of the ninth century the Hungarians settled down in the country they have now inhabited for over a thousand years. Here they came in touch with western civilization and Christianity, which they adopted with surprising rapidity. The vehicles of this new development were the West European peoples and the Slavs, both of whom enriched the Hungarian language considerably in this new phase of its life.

Without counting Russian, from which some words had been taken prior to the settlement, the Hungarian tongue now borrowed freely from certain Slav languages, particularly from Ancient Bulgarian, Serbo-Croat, Slovene, and, to a far narrower extent, from Slovak. The loan-words refer to agriculture and cattle-breeding (*puszta*, prairie, *széna*, hay, *iga*, yoke, *kasza*, scythe, etc.), names of utensils and furniture (*konyha*, kitchen, *udvar*, courtyard, *asztal*, table, *kulcs*, key, etc.), crafts (*mészáros*, butcher, *kovács*, blacksmith, *takács*, weaver, *molnár*, miller, etc.). The primitive terminology of political and religious life is also to a very large extent due to the Slav influence (*király*, king, *megye*, county, *robot*, villeinage, *tömlöc*, dungeon; *keresztény*, Christian, *pap*, priest, *oltár*, altar, *apát*, abbot, *csoda*, miracle, *karácsony*, Christmas, etc.).

In the Middle Ages, Latin, being the medium of western civilization, of Christianity, education and jurisdiction in our country, also added a considerable contingent of words to the language, many of them, of course taken over from Greek. *Angyal*, angel, *paradicsom*, paradise, *apostol*, apostle, *biblia*, bible, *pápa*, pope, *mise*, mass, *templom*, church; *iskola*, school, *papiros*,

paper, *bártya*, parchment, *tábla*, tablet, *tinta*, ink; and *lajstrom*, list, register, *uzsora*, usury, *juss*, right, *prókátor*, lawyer—these with many others, represent the early loan-words. A small number of suffixes too have been adopted from Latin, which moreover has influenced Hungarian syntax and the formation of the literary sentence.

The German influence, in particular Bavaro-Austrian and Middle Frankish, began to make itself felt as far back as the first century after the settlement, when a number of German knights came to Hungary at the call of the early kings. They were followed by a German bourgeoisie, with the result that many of the terms referring to town life are German in origin (*polgár*, burgher or citizen, *torony*, tower, *céh*, guild, *cégér*, sign-board, *kalmár*, merchant, *sorompó*, turnpike, etc.). Other categories of loan-words from this language are those of the trades and crafts, of war, of clothing, etc.

Italian influence is of lesser significance. The small number of words derived from Italian refer chiefly to military and court life, chivalry and commerce: *bástya*, bastion, *lándzsa*, lance, *pálya*, track, *paszomány*, galloon, *kandalló*, fire-place, *torta*, cake, *piac*, market, etc.

Some fifteen words adopted from Old French of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are due to dynastic and aristocratic family relations, French immigrants, and religious orders in the Middle Ages (*kilincs*, doorhandle, *lakat*, padlock, *tárgy*, object, *szekrény*, wardrobe, cupboard, *mécs*, wick, etc.).

The contribution of Rumanian, which did not come in touch with Hungarian until a later date, with the settling of fairly large numbers of Wallachian serfs, is negligible. The influence of Osmanli is not very considerable in spite of the long occupation of the country by the Turks. It may be added that medieval or modern international words, which are the common property of all West European languages, are also encountered in Hungarian.

Naturally, Hungarian was not the only one to profit by its intercourse with other languages. On the contrary, it contributed powerfully to all the languages surrounding it. Many Hungarian words have penetrated into Rumanian and into the different Slav tongues. Some of them, through the medium of Russian, have got as far as Mongolia, some through that of Turkish to Asia Minor, and others again, with German or other mediation, to most of the European languages.

Besides all these elements there exists a host of words whose origin is unknown or doubtful, and a vast number of root-words such as are produced at all times spontaneously by the creative genius of the language. The number of expressive words is particularly considerable (about 20% of the entire original vocabulary) and such words are constantly being produced.

In spite of the large number of loan-words, thanks to the Finno-Ugrian basic stock, rich in verbs, and above all to the suffixes, these foreign elements, which in any case have long become assimilated, are inferior in number to the elements of Finno-Ugrian origin or spontaneous creation. In a text from contemporary Hungarian literature 88—92% of the words are of Finno-Ugrian origin or are derived from some stem of autochthonous formation. The grammar, as we have said, though fixed in the Proto-Hungarian period, is typical of the Finno-Ugrian languages.

Proto-Hungarian is known to us in its main outlines only through the indirect sources furnished by comparison with the related languages. The tenth century marks the end of this period and the beginning of Old Hungarian. From this era we possess numerous direct data concerning the language. Monuments of the Hungarian tongue multiply. Hungarian words and sporadic fragments of phrases that adorn the Latin text of the first authentic charter (1055) are to be found to an ever-growing degree in the Latin texts and charters dating from the twelfth century. The first completely Hungarian text dates from around 1200; it is a funeral oration followed by a prayer and is of the utmost importance from all points of view, including that of literature. Toward the end of the thirteenth century the first Hungarian poem appears. This is a touching Lamentation of the Virgin at the foot of the Cross, freely adapted from Latin, but made by someone with an undoubted gift for poetry. In the course of the fourteenth century valuable glossaries are added to the texts and the ever more numerous relics. The fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth was the age of codices, long Hungarian manuscript texts in prose or verse, lives of saints, sermons, moral tracts, Bible translations, etc. The first printed Hungarian book dates from 1533. (Hungarian sentences occur in earlier printed works.) In the sixteenth century the Reformation—speaking to the masses—uses the Hungarian language in the religious polemics that echo throughout the century. Poets and writers adopt it, and in the last decades of the sixteenth century the literary language begins to develop and then spreads rapidly, a language that is identical with none of the local forms of speech but a synthesis of a number of dialects.

The birth of literary activity is accompanied by aesthetic preoccupations on the part of the authors, who endeavour to exert a direct and deliberate influence on the evolution of the language. Even in the codices numerous traces can be found of deliberate word-formation. The Hungarian language—as will be seen later—possesses and has at all times possessed particularly abundant resources for the creation of words expressing things, ideas and nuances. This fact was recognized by the seventeenth century; but not until

the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth was the powerful literary and linguistic movement called the language reform inaugurated. It meant a total remoulding of the entire Hungarian word-stock, in which all the living forces of the nation participated and which made our tongue the supple instrument of human thought that it is at present. A thorough research through the past and present of the Hungarian language created the science of Hungarian linguistics and raised it to great heights; while on the other hand authors and scholars, stimulated by aesthetic motives or by their special needs, enriched the language by thousands upon thousands of new terms, phrases and shades. Even if a number of them had no more than an ephemeral existence, thousands of new words proved viable and constitute live members of our present speech. Open questions of morphology (notably of verbal inflexion) were solved, syntax was definitely fixed, the sentence acquired its modern and supple mould, and the language became flexible, varied, ready to assume and express the most delicate nuances of modern thought and feeling. This development was further enhanced by the great writers of the nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries. Thus the promises have been amply fulfilled.

If we confront medieval Hungarian with that of today, we find that, as compared with the West European languages, e. g., English or French, the original stock of our language has changed relatively little (at least in this period of its evolution): the text of the funeral oration (1200) is on the whole comprehensible even to an illiterate Hungarian. It is true, on the other hand, that a Hungarian of the twelfth or thirteenth century would not understand one living in the twentieth. Since the Hungarians settled in the Danubian basin, their language, while accumulating innumerable new treasures, has lost only very little of its original stock and qualities. The loss of somewhat over 100 words since the Middle Ages is compensated by the gain of many thousands.

Let us now examine, if only in broad outline, the linguistic value of the Hungarian language.

An enquiry into its phonetic system will show that its vowel-range is one of the richest known. Hungarian distinguishes clearly between short and long vowels, with the result that the acoustic effect of speech is richly varied and scanned. Quantity is a phonological reality in Hungarian, it accomplishes definite functions. The number of diphthongs and their frequency is smaller than in English, but they are always pleasing to the ear. The proportion of palatal and velar vowels is a very happy one and slightly to the advantage of the palatal series.

The whole of Hungarian vocalism is subject to the law of vowel harmony, one of the most characteristic features of the language, for which there is no analogy among the Indo-European languages. In virtue of this law one and the same word can only contain either palatal (high) or velar (low) vowels. *i* and closed *e* are neutral in this respect, that is, they may also enter into words of velar vowels. As a result most of the suffixes and flexional affixes exist in two (sometimes in three) forms, in order that they may conform to the vowel of the root-word. Thus *-ban*, *-ben* (in): *házban*, *kertben* (in the house, in the garden); *-on*, *-en*, *-ön* (on): *házon*, *kerten*, *földön* (on the house, on the garden, on the ground). This is a phenomenon of progressive vowel assimilation that would at times threaten to render the language monotonous, if the great variety especially of palatal vowels did not obviate this danger (at least three, or even four kinds of *e*, etc). On the other hand, the different kinds of emotional value associated with the palatal and velar vowels permits the formation of new words also by changing the velar vowels to the corresponding palatal ones and thus expressing subtle shades of meaning (e. g. *kavar*: *kever* mix, stir; *tompa*: *tömpe* blunt, stubby; *csúcs*: *csúcs*, peak, tip, and many more).

The consonant system is rich and varied. As compared to English, it possesses almost all the consonants of that language (with the exception of the *th*) and, in addition, some soft and fricative sounds which in English appear only accidentally. The consonants are simple or compound. The so-called hard consonants, *k*, *t*, *p*, the least pleasant among them, do not amount to more than 15 per cent. All sounds, vowels or consonants are pronounced clearly in both accented and unaccented syllables.

The aesthetic effect of a language depends to a great extent on the proportion of its vowels and consonants. The larger the number of vowels as against that of the consonants, the softer and more insinuating is the music of speech. Between the two extremes: Finnish, where 104 consonants are faced by 100 vowels, and Czech, where the ratio of consonants to vowels is 188 to 100, Hungarian represents a medium with 141 consonants to 100 vowels. The distribution of vowels and consonants is a particularly happy one. With the exception of a few onomatopoeic words and rare words of foreign origin, Hungarian words never begin with a group of consonants; and even inside a word more than two consonants relatively seldom meet.

The accent is another factor of great importance for the acoustic impression created by a language. The Hungarian accent is dynamic. It falls on the first syllable and manifests itself with more or less force in almost every word of the sentence, with the result that in a Hungarian sentence

each word is detached with some clarity. On the whole, the accent is not so strong as in English.

From the point of view of morphology, Hungarian differs totally from the Indo-European languages. In the first place, there is no grammatical gender. There is not and never has been any distinction between masculine, feminine and neuter.

Another special feature, and perhaps the most characteristic, of the Hungarian language is that syntactic relations are mostly expressed by affixes to the main root, thus, *kéz* (hand), *kézben*, in the hand, *kéznek*, to the hand, *kéztől*, from the hand, *kézzel*, with the hand, etc. Thanks to the large number of these elements, Hungarian easily expresses the most delicately shaded relations of place, cause, etc. For example the relations of place produced by the preposition "from" in English are rendered in Hungarian either by the affixes *-ból*, *-ról*, *-től* (and the corresponding series *-ből*, *-ről*, *-től*) or by the postposition *felől*, each of which designates a different nuance.

The possessive and the plural are indicated by suffixes added to the root of the substantive. Thus *anya* (mother), *anyám* (my mother), *anyák* (mothers), *anyánk* (our mother), *anyáink* (our mothers). The possessive relation between two nouns may also be expressed by adding these suffixes to the name of the object possessed, while the name of the possessor can remain unchanged (but a suffix may also be added). Another characteristic feature is that the name of the possessor normally precedes that of the object possessed (but the word-order can also be inverted).

The adjective remains unchanged, e. g., *a nagy asztal*, the big table, *a nagy asztalok*, the big tables, *a nagy asztalon*, on the big table, etc.

Finally, verbal modifications too are expressed by suffixes and so is the personal pronoun in conjugation. Each Hungarian transitive verb has two conjugations, a subjective one where the subject alone is indicated and an objective one which also determines the object. Thus *vinni*, to carry, *viszek*, I carry, *viszem*, I carry it, *viszlek*, I carry thee. Suffixes may also be added to the infinitive.

Hungarian has no verb "to have"; this is supplied by a dative form, e. g., *nekem van könyvem* (to me there is my book = I have a book), or even simply *van könyvem*.

The result of all this is one of the essential qualities of Hungarian, namely, its conciseness, its synthetic character, the faculty of expressing a great deal with the aid of few words. In this respect Hungarian is surpassed only by the classical languages.

At first sight Hungarian conjugation appears poor as compared, e. g., to the Romanic languages. The number of tenses is indeed small. The fact

is that Hungarian expresses relations of time far less strictly than English, not to mention Spanish. Though this may seem a disadvantage, no practical inconveniences result from it, unless the fact that the cohesion between principal and subordinate sentence is not so strong, is regarded as such. In Hungarian, the sequence of tenses is unknown. A subordinate action is never correlated from the point of view of time with the present of the one who speaks but with that of the principal sentence (he told me that he *is* ill). The terminate, continuous or instant aspect of the action can be expressed in a very flexible way with the help of verbal prefixes conveying various shades of meaning (e. g. *tanultam*, I learned, *megtanultam*, I have learned; *él*, he lives, *élél* he lives for a while, etc.).

In comparing the Hungarian sentence to the English, the first striking fact is that in Hungarian the structure of the sentence is different and that those words which only serve to express relations are much rarer. In consequence the sentence is less diaphanous, but in exchange somehow closer, more concise—two opposed qualities that compensate each other. The second characteristic of the Hungarian sentence is an extreme mobility in the order of words. All the same, little latitude is left to the arbitrary or random will of the speaker, for often the tiniest displacement changes the shade of meaning of the phrase. Generally speaking, the word preceding the verb is particularly emphasized, while the other relations expressed in the sentence are remitted to the second place or left in the background according to the place of the word that renders them. By means of this play with the diverse elements of the sentence an infinite variety of nuances can be expressed, and this suppleness of the sentence is invaluable in poetry.

As regards the compound sentence, Hungarian, to the same extent as English, prefers coordination to subordination, though it possesses a wide range of subordinate sentences and conjunctions with which to connect them.

The most striking trait of the Hungarian vocabulary is the predominance of verbs. Comparatively less rich in nouns, at least in concrete terms (not in abstract ones), the Hungarian language displays a luxuriant variety of simple or derived verbs. Not only does it offer a rich palette of synonyms to the artist; but thanks to its numerous affixes it suggests thousands of aspects of action, thousands of shades of situations with a robust exuberance and truly oriental profuseness. Since an abstract noun or a term expressing action may easily be formed from each verb and each variant of every verb, one may imagine the resources put at the disposal of the thinker or poet by our language.

But the great strength of the Hungarian language is and always has been its derivation. It is indebted for the wealth of its vocabulary to the several

hundred suffixes and prefixes. A number of derivatives are of ancient formation, their sense has been specified and consecrated by tradition, they express precisely defined ideas and concepts and offer exact terms to the scholar as well as precise and richly-imagined expressions to the artist. However, a great number of these affixes are equally alive today, and may serve to form ever new and ever varied terms at all times. In these subjective derivatives, of course, the image is more vivid, but the outlines of their sense are necessarily more vague than in the case of words consecrated by long usage. Nothing could be more precious to the poet than such imprecision.

The main effect of this large number of affixes is indeed to express nuances, shades so delicate that very often it is impossible to render them even by a circumlocution in another language. Rather than a language of precision (though not lacking in this respect either), Hungarian is above all a language of nuances. Some ten inchoate affixes, as many frequentatives and iteratives, are always at the service of the acting forces of the language—to mention only a few groups of verbal affixes. Within each group, the diverse suffixes are capable of expressing sub-nuances. For an example, let us take the word *száll*, fly, soar, *alászáll*, alight, fly under, *átsszáll*, change trains, *beszáll*, get in, *kisszáll*, get out, *elszáll*, fly away, *felsszáll*, fly up, mount, *felésszáll*, fly towards, *fölésszáll*, fly above, *mögésszáll*, fly behind, *leszáll*, descend, *megsszáll*, put up at, settle, occupy, *szállong*, fly about, *szálldos*, fly about more swiftly, *szálldogál*, fly in a certain direction but slowly and continuously, *szállingózik*, drop or fly one by one, assemble gradually, *szállít*, transport, supply, *szállat*, cause to fly, *szállás*, soaring, lodging, *szálló*, hotel, *szállítás*, transport (noun), *szállítmány*, consignment, *szállítmányoz*, deliver, *szállító*, supplier, and so forth. And this is only one of numerous examples of the rich range of expression possible in the Hungarian language.

Besides derivation, composition plays an important part in word-formation, in fact, it has become predominant in the last centuries. The types of compound words are very varied and suited to express new concepts in a precise way (e. g., *űrbajós*, spaceman: *űr* = space, *bajós* = navigator, shipman; *kőrmalógép*, rotary milling machine; *távjelzés*, tele-signalling; *vízierőmű*, hydro-electric plant.)

This short summary of some of the characteristic features of the Hungarian language may also suggest that, though, encircled by foreign languages for thousands of years, it has, in spite of all its changes, preserved the traditions of its origin and been able to bring them into harmony with the requirements of modern life.

TWO CENTURIES OF HUNGARIAN SHORT-STORIES

by

DEZSŐ KERESZTURY

I

For years the Budapest Literary Publishers (*Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó*) have been turning out the works of the Hungarian classics in a very usable series. Among the pocket-size volumes, with their thin paper, light type and readable text, the anthology "Seven Centuries of Hungarian Poetry," in several volumes, has achieved considerable success. Perhaps it was this success that encouraged the publishers to put out a prose counterpart of the lyrical collection, the four-volume "Anthology of Hungarian Short Story Writers." The publishers deserve full credit for the carefully prepared and conscientiously realized undertaking. The selections were made by Endre Illés,¹ himself an excellent short-story writer, who is thoroughly familiar with the genre. He has solved a difficult task. From the vast and well-nigh unsurveyable material he has selected 300 works of about 150 authors and published them in some four thousand pages, together with György Belia's concise notes containing the essential biographical and bibliographical data. This is how he defined the aims of his selection: "The four volumes . . . seek to introduce the Hungarian short story—this strict genre that establishes and quickly passes judgement—by way of its most exciting, most characteristic creations, in great abundance, in the order of development, from the beginning up to the point where our literature reached the heights of realism and the first results of new possibilities."

The first screen which he placed before himself in the course of his selection was that of genre. It is the short story that he wishes to introduce, but with its full colour scale: "the short novel, the tale, the subject picture, the drawing, the sketch, the etching, even part of an occasional dialogue,

¹ Illés, Endre (1902—). Playwright, prose writer and critic. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 6, p. 242.

the anecdote and the present-day ironical apologue." We might add that, when it seemed called for, a writer is represented by an extract from a larger work. The other screen is that of determining the limits of the epoch to be covered. He properly designates the end of the 18th century as the time when the Hungarian short story became independent: "The Hungarian short story was born with Kármán's² short novel, Károly Kisfaludy's³ and András Fáy's⁴ narratives," he writes. Earlier examples are included merely to provide a "literary background." Illés concludes his illustration of the development through selections from the completed lifeworks of our century. With this last decision I agree in every respect, but I accept the former only with reservations.

It was just during the past three or four decades that the Hungarian short story developed very greatly in quantity, in quality, in richness of the material revealed and in variety of form. To prepare an anthology of present-day Hungarian short stories that reflect the changes of our time and that change along with them is a separate task; it requires taking account of different points of view in selection and of different interconnections in arrangement. The tragic turns of our history, unfortunately, made it possible for Illés' selection in any case to reach the generation that was climbing towards its zenith in our time. Many of its members, who had shown great promise in their first mature works, became victims of the Second World War.

The beginnings of the Hungarian short story can, however, be fixed at the close of the 18th century only if we concentrate our attention on the novelette and on its generically distinct, theoretically and individually analysed forms. The other forms of the short story were already alive in the older Hungarian literature. Ever since human society has existed there have been news items, tales, stories and recollections. Ever since writing has existed, whoever understood the craft has recorded the products of man's curiosity, of his desire for perpetuation of his deeds, of his inclination to relate stories. The methods used to give the stories form, the possibilities for manifesting a story-telling disposition change, yet the essence remains the same. The Hungarian verse and prose variants of story telling were present in the legends, the parables and facetiae of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance lays, the verse and prose chronicles on "deeds ac-

² Kármán, József (1760—95). Outstanding figure of Hungarian literature in the age of enlightenment, novelist, essayist and editor of a literary journal.

³ Kisfaludy, Károly (1788—1830). Dramatist, prose writer and editor. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 6, p. 242.

⁴ Fáy, András (1786—1864). Initiator of Hungarian humorous prose; dramatist. Author of the first Hungarian novel of manners.

complished," surviving in the pages of codices and printed books, on canvas and in the flowing heritage of unwritten poetry. Folk tales and anecdotes provide as much raw material, motifs and expressive formulas for the conscious masters of the genre, as the former receive from these in the form of "Gesunkenes Kulturgut." The motifs of the ancient material omitted from the selection reappear in the new narrative literature with abundant richness, thus providing an opportunity not only of proving the strength of tradition, the vividness of community recollection, but also of displaying the novelty of the new artistic conception and mode of depicting the changing epochs, through a modern elaboration of popular themes. And, beyond the themes, how much the masters of Hungarian story-telling drew from the linguistic richness of the old ones! Not only the stylistic means of archaization, but also the memories of the warm, inspiring pulsation, the rising and subsiding, of the old life. Endre Illés, however, was not guided by a historical purpose or by interest in the history of themes and styles. His aim was to create a modern anthology, a collection of short stories that would offer easily available reading material of timely interest to the reading public. He arranged the order of values in accordance with this purpose.

"Striving for proper proportions, the selection sometimes appears to be out of proportion. But it is just these apparent disproportions that are designed to set forth the criticism and order of values expressed in the anthology. Among the best writers included are Jókai,⁵ Bródy,⁶ Tömörkény,⁷ Krúdy*, Kosztolányi, Karinthy,⁸ and Andor Endre Gelléri. Four are particularly prominent: Mikszáth, Ady,⁹ Móricz¹⁰ and Lajos Nagy. They are the main pillars of the anthology." This is not the place for us to take serious objection to such an order of magnitude. Literary lifeworks—in this case, the selections representing them—are also subject to the passage of time and changing tastes. Even a quarter of a century ago such a list of leading names would have been quite different. The works of Koszto-

⁵ Jókai, Mór (1825—1904). Novelist. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 4, p. 244.

⁶ Bródy, Sándor (1863—1924). Writer of the turn of the century, whose naturalistic short stories and plays dealing with social problems in a sharply critical tone made a deep impression.

⁷ Tömörkény, István (1866—1917). Writer of short stories, chiefly about the lives of peasants, fishermen and bargemen of the Szeged region, which he depicted with colourful, dramatic power.

⁸ Karinthy, Frigyes (1887—1937). Poet, prose writer and humorist. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 6. Miklós Vajda's study on pp. 42 to 67. Selections on pp. 68 to 95.

⁹ Ady, Endre (1877—1919). Poet and prose writer. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 5. László Bóka's study, pp. 83 to 108. Poems, pp. 109 to 120.

¹⁰ Móricz, Zsigmond (1870—1942). Prose writer and playwright. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, II, No. 3, Péter Nagy's study on pp. 32 to 46. "Angels of Little Grove," pp. 47 to 65.

* Writers not dealt with in footnotes are discussed in the text of the article. (The Ed.)

lányi, Karinthy and Andor Endre Gelléri were completed by that period and were already emerging from their environment, but those of Lajos Nagy have achieved prominence only in the last decade. Ady's poetic œuvre, eclipsing all his other works, claimed almost exclusive attention for a long time, and it is only now that interest is again being aroused in his characteristic, almost always political, yet completely lyrical short stories; as so often happens, the pendulum has in this case swung too far to the other extreme. Ady, in my opinion, does not belong among the great masters of Hungarian story-telling. The eminence of his poetry has served to lift his prose works too out of semi-obscurity. Similar considerations also apply to such writers as Attila József, György Bálint and Frigyes Karikás.

Taken as a whole, however, Endre Illés' selection is convincing. His competence, his knowledge of the material, sense of proportion and objectivity are all worthy of respect. He is considerate of changes in style that diverge and even conflict with his very decided taste, and he generally supplements his tested and judicial sense of quality with the justness of the historian. For this reason his achievement is particularly noteworthy, for it is practically without antecedents in this field. Our collections of short stories up to now served to introduce some school, epoch or literary grouping; the only serious forerunner was the Hungarian Book of Prose edited by Dezső Kerecsényi and Gyula Bisztray (Vol. I, 1942, Vol. II, 1948) which gave a good survey of the whole of Hungarian prose. But in accordance with its purpose it devoted only little space to story-telling, and chronologically only the last third of the past century was reached. Endre Illés places the important Hungarian short story writers of and since the turn of the century—the revivers of artistic prose—into their proper place.

II

Hungarian literature achieved world standards first of all in lyric poetry, which is its greatest and most justifiable pride up to now. This poetry is nourished equally by its profound popular source, by its lofty European quality and by the creative energy of great personalities. Hungarian drama, with a few masterpieces and a stageworthy average, has tended to remain in the background. The same is true of the novel; its principal value is to be found in experimental efforts and the tension between the aims set forth and the results achieved, instead of in any solid tradition or in the tranquil radiation of great works. Epic poetry achieved perfection

in lyrical, descriptive details rather than in large-scale compositions, in its episodes rather than as a whole. Aside from lyric poetry, Hungarian literature acquired world stature mainly in the sphere of small-scale realistic works in which an intense creative effort is concentrated on events covering a brief period: the ballad, descriptive poetry, and especially the short novel—the term Hungarians have used in the past half century for the dramatically condensed short story—and the novelette. It is here that the interplay of the forces influencing the development of the whole of Hungarian culture is active and finds reflection. Without some knowledge of this play of forces the character and evolution of the genre cannot really be understood.

Hungary is located in the middle of the Central European area, there where the cultural forces of Eastern and Western Europe meet, where the Mediterranean and Northern climates blend with the extreme Savannah climate of the Hungarian Plain. The history and character of the people living here are to a great extent influenced by the geographical position of this region. At the time of the conquest of the homeland, the Magyars, consisting of diverse ethnic groups, adopted Western Christianity. Their ancient, oriental, nomadic culture was driven into the depths of unwritten folk tradition underneath a high culture of Western character, and only for an occasional historical moment did it break through the surface as a vehicle of the national heritage. Already in the early centuries of Hungarian Christendom, between the 11th and 14th centuries, there emerged the controversy between the cultured sections up on high and those in the depths, alongside the conflict between East and West. Hungarian culture—like all East European cultures—is familiar with the extreme “Western” and “Eastern” trends, and their conflict in this area is particularly sharp, because the cause of literature is much more strongly interlinked with the problems of national culture, indeed, of national existence, than in the West. In the development of Hungarian literature too, there have been epochs in which the discussion of the questions of life and death of the community rendered private manifestations in literature almost unessential, if it did not completely suppress them. This trait is strengthened, made comprehensible and justified by the national catastrophies and recurring independence struggles, in the course of which Hungarian social development became very uneven and the Hungarian folk character contradictory. The memories and dreams of the community were often overwhelming in the face of a reality that was very scant and fragmentary. It is understandable that the personality and works of the really significant Hungarian writers are generally imbued with lyrical passion. Hot-headedness, inciden-

tally, is at least as characteristic of Hungarian mentality as its so often mentioned sobriety. The humanism which finds expression in Hungarian literature is not of the most settled and most balanced variety; it would be more accurate to describe it as very composite, full of delicate nuances, charged with explosive tension. Even in the depths of the purest optimism, there is a current of melancholy experience representing the dregs of memory; an inclination towards bitter meditation clips the wings of soaring aspirations, the open-heartedness that is prepared to sacrifice itself in a blaze of passion easily reverts to the seclusion of the sullen, offended heart. This is why the Hungarians expressed themselves perhaps most faithfully in the genres of brief, explosive effort—in lyric poetry and in the short epic.

The birthplace of the European short story is the Mediterranean region; and the character of the Mediterranean short story is primarily determined by the social spirit. In this connection it is symbolic that the framework of what were undoubtedly the most influential collections of novelettes in world literature, Boccaccio's *Decameron*, was a society that had fled from Florence to the countryside to escape the plague and sought distraction in the most varied stories. Just as the name indicates, this novelette presents something new, a story never heard before, or a new interpretation of a familiar episode. Through its subject it satisfies man's eternal curiosity, his hunger for news, for gossip, his thirst for adventure; it provides a release in tears or laughter after violent emotion brought on by exceptional circumstances; through its form it assists social companionship, substantial conversation, common knowledge, creative group activity based on customary episodes. It gives news of real things, of events that have actually taken place, and it even weaves the invented episodes from these, presenting them as if they had really happened and always with some kind of point, some moral that serves to enhance joy or wisdom. Its form, although varied, is clearly proportioned, it is logical even in its adventurousness, because it does not destroy the boundaries of possibility. The fates of individuals transpire before persons who know that everything they hear might happen to them too. Destiny, however, appears in them as a power outside of man, which it is splendid to face boldly, but better—because it is possible—to avert or outwit with patience or wisdom. The short story of the Northern peoples—if I may be permitted an oversimplification such as is unavoidable in this kind of parallel—differs from the Mediterranean chiefly in the fact that it was born of the efforts of individual masters, inspired by alien examples, and only in time, with the help of the inner forces of literature, developed its own characteristic na-

tional forms. Goethe, the father of the German novelette, would be inconceivable without Boccaccio and Cervantes, without, indeed the whole of Renaissance aesthetics; and although the most important creations of Russian story-telling really spring from beneath the cloak of Gogol's Akakievich Akakiya, this type of literature also found its world stature by being schooled on the examples of the Southern and Western masters. The mutual relationship between the story-tellers and the listeners is for this reason much more abstract here; the collectively creating society is never heard so directly in the Northern novelette as in the Southern one. This is why it is much better elaborated theoretically, why such a great role is given to detailed drawing, to the portrayal of atmosphere, to psychological analysis, why it becomes much more subjective, and tends towards the realism of intimacy, the "realism of silence," and why fate needs to be shown as the product of man's inner world. The Renaissance novelette pushes destiny outside the limits of autonomous human existence, while the Northern novelette points to human existence, with its open or torn-up boundaries and fathomless depths, as an ever-present part of everything. Boccaccio's angel Gabriel, masquerading as a friar, is shamed as an object of public ridicule; Chamisso's shadow-purchasing devil and the spectral figures of Pushkin, Dostoyevsky, or even Gorky, though filled with obsessions, are reality embodied in the human soul.

The Hungarian novelette is representative of the median position of Hungarian culture in that among its works one may find examples both of the Mediterranean and the Northern type. If the Italian masters of story-telling, or even more the French, were to embark on a journey into the novelette jungle, they would feel much more at home in that of Hungary than, say, in that of Germany; while the Russians could remain at their own writing desks and simply adopt more than one outstanding Hungarian sample as the direct continuation of their own works. There are, on the one hand, examples here of short stories employing the clear idioms that have been polished in social life and developed by public use, stories that emerge only waist-high out of everyday life; and there are, on the other, examples of fantastic, abstract art—of interest because of their often eccentric linguistic experimenting—that came into existence in the isolation of the solitary artist and reflect his subjectivism. The sources of the stream of Hungarian story-telling is lost in the dimness of past centuries, but its main section is of so ramified a texture that it is not always easy to detect the direction of the main current.

III

The comprehensive history of the Hungarian novelette, leading to its independence as a genre and the broadening of its social influence, begins, as Endre Illés rightly says, at the end of the 18th century. The pre-conditions for its development were established by the urbanization that began in the reform era. The life of the towns quickened and Budapest, which grew into the country's real capital, became the centre of a literary effort of nation-wide influence, with numerous periodicals and newspapers and with an ever wider reading public of growing consciousness. A community of writers came into being; looking back upon the slow stream of the straggling centuries, its first keen-minded and keen-tongued organizer, József Bajza,¹¹ could justly write: "Conflict, struggles and turmoil whet the minds and keep the spirit strong, and what slumbering peace and quiet repose could not accomplish in twenty years can be achieved within two or three years by the war of opinions and parties and the rivalries of writers." Even if two or three years did not, two or three decades did indeed establish the necessary public life for the development of modern literature—an inquiring, interposing public asserting its own aims and tastes, and a flexible language suitable for expressing modern contents, emotions, moods and thoughts: the hotbed of the novelette.

But that which was seething in the capital was transformed into an achievement of national and historic significance by a versatile, colourful personality, who quickly reacted to the movements of the national community: Mór Jókai. This most important Hungarian story-teller of the 19th century, the creator of the Hungarian Arabian Nights, knew how to call up the realities of Hungarian life—the militant past, the longed-for future no less than the crisis-ridden present—wrapped in the light of national desires. Thus did he seek to accustom the non-readers to reading and satisfy his public's thirst for adventure, sentimentality and atmosphere, its desire for refinement in amusement. In a lifework of grandiose dimensions he united all the aspirations of his epoch. In depth of psychological analysis, richness of thought and historical viewpoint he did not approach such contemporaries as Zsigmond Kemény,¹² and as a critic of society he did not penetrate to the roots of its manifestations, but he captivated everyone through the magic of his mode of presentation, the unlaboured

¹¹ Bajza, József (1804—58). Poet, man of letters, director of the Budapest National Theatre, the first great critic of Hungarian literature. Edited Kossuth's paper, the *Hírlap* in 1848.

¹² Kemény, Zsigmond (1814—75). Political and literary figure of the reform generation; his novels of manners and his historical novels have become Hungarian classics.

variety and lively flavour of his style. He was both the Dickens and Turgenev of Hungary in one person; he competed equally with Dumas the elder and Jules Verne, while making use of everything usable in the Hungarian story-telling heritage and in Hungarian reality. His influence has come down to our days—at least as far as the popularity he enjoys among readers is concerned—despite the fact that his lifework belongs completely to the past. He was the first to unite into one the two main streams in Hungarian narrative literature: that based on Hungarian heritages, and that based on the experiments of world literature.

What he did, in fact, was to follow the impulses of the reform era, which decisively influenced his youth and the beginning of his career. A public opinion roused by the ideas of the French revolution and bourgeois progress, an agriculture strengthened amidst peaceful conditions, and an advancing urbanization at the beginning of the 19th century—all served to prepare the country for a loosening of the colonial ties of the Hapsburg empire and to abolish the limits of the feudal order in Hungary. The struggle was pursued simultaneously for national and for social freedom; the national heritage and European progress were influences within it that mutually strengthened one another. On account of the immaturity of the bourgeoisie the main body of the reform movements was made up of the newly growing intelligentsia, recruited from the more cultured sections of the lesser nobility, professional persons of non-noble birth (*honoratiores*) who enjoyed certain public privileges by reason of their vocation, and from the sons of the middle class who had joined the national movements. In place of alien or alienated sections of the population this intelligentsia naturally sought to ally itself with the masses of the Hungarian people; it was aware that if it could help them get between "the battlements of the constitution," it would establish a mass base for a national culture. For this reason interest in antiquity and populism were so closely interwoven in the literature of the times. The story writers too turned naturally towards history and the people's life for their subjects.

Interest in the people was strengthened equally by the fad that then sprang up all over Europe for discovering and popularizing Hungary as a colourful example of Near Eastern exoticism, and by the necessity for an economic and political transformation that led to popular revolutions and independence struggles throughout Eastern Europe by the middle of the 19th century. The life of the people, moreover, was to a certain extent ready to find literary expression; typical forms for depicting it came into existence, and these were largely in keeping with reality. Village life in former Hungary showed differences at most in its superficial occurrences, in the variety

of regions, folk wear, folk customs. The social, economic and political structure, the manner of living were identical in their fundamental lines, traditionally closed and therefore easily typified. Furthermore, the writers who sought for the specific features of national culture, the characteristic genres of literature and the sources of the living national language, readily turned to the authentic language of ancient origin—to folk poetry, folk tales, folk ways of expression—for the generic examples that they felt to be autochthonous. The classical eras of Western literature developed in a court atmosphere; Hungarian classicism was built on folk culture in the spirit of national resistance. The enriching influence of folk themes, of the vernacular, has understandably remained alive up to our days and is represented by such outstanding writers as Mikszáth, Gárdonyi,¹³ Tömörkény, Móra¹⁴ and Móricz.

That class, which decisively influenced the Hungarian way of life in the past century and a half, the nobility, alluded to its historical rights both when it led the struggle for the nation's independence and when it demanded for itself the leading role in representing the nation. In its emotions and thought historical subjects and forms obviously occupied an important place. Works drawn from Hungarian history and rendered brilliant in the light of national feeling, therefore, mark the entire path of the Hungarian short story. In form this current too is most varied, its spectrum extends from the romantic propaganda novelette to the evocation of almost tangibly authentic historical reality. Its cultivators delved into the rich material of ancient prose remnants, from letters through legal records to memoirs and works of the chroniclers of history. But an important place was also given in the novelette of this type to the life of the gentry. For in the past era this was the other mode of existence that had closed traditions and more determined ideals of beauty and was therefore available for literary depiction. Its suggestive power was so strong that in our own century—when its old bases had become practically insignificant—was the new bourgeoisie in the cities imbued with the memories and illusions of the former world of the gentry. One of the social pre-conditions for the influence of Jókai, Mikszáth, Ferenc Herczeg—to mention only the most outstanding of the short-story writers—should be sought here. For a long time literary practice could and did indeed draw upon the living social spirit that gave rise to the stories, gossip and anecdotes of provincial

¹³ Gárdonyi, Géza (1863—1922). Prose writer. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 4, p. 243.

¹⁴ Móra, Ferenc (1879—1934). Novelist and prose writer. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 4, p. 245.

manors, and clubs. They were a bubbling source for writers who, like the ones mentioned above, were popular and esteemed participants in the era's socio-political life. Here the gentry was the leading power and naturally became the subject of sharp criticism. The works of Károly Kisfaludy and András Fáy at the beginning of the epoch pilloried the faults of this class, while Endre Ady, Zsigmond Móricz and their associates dealt crushing blows at its prestige at the end of the era.

"Destiny willed that the spirit of poetry should be wafted to us from the outer world," wrote Ferenc Kölcsey,¹⁵ one of the most profound thinkers of our reform era, in exploring our national heritage. This remark, of course, could be equally valid for any literature. Its emotional atmosphere gives it a specific flavour. The English writer calmly opens the way to trends from the outside, the Hungarian watches uneasily, lest the alien flood wash away the country's gardens. Not even in its most passionate enthusiasm can the Hungarian spirit overcome its sense of danger, and when it struggles for the great creations of the human spirit in order to achieve general human perspectives in them, it is ever struggling for its own individuality. "In the course of my life it was perhaps wisest for me to translate the good and do it constantly better, in order to give an example worthy of following both in creative writing and in speech," wrote Ferenc Kazinczy,¹⁶ teacher of Kölcsey, in his memoirs. He continued: "I believed that these many kinds of transcribing activity, much more than a lot of mere reading, would help to create from the many something new, something that is my own, specifically for me, not only in speech, but also in creation." It is no accident that our greatest translators were at the same time our greatest writers, and it is certain that these writers did not reproduce the masterpieces of world literature in Hungarian for the sake of satisfying their snobism or of proving their fertility as writers, but in order to set up a balance between the various influences and, especially, in order to discover themselves in their struggle with the great ones. Hungarian literature may be proud of the fact that it would be difficult to find any masterwork of world literature that has not seen at least one good Hungarian translation. And not only a translation, but an "afterlife" as well—a fertilizing influence, in the guise of a Hungarian continuation and companion.

¹⁵ Kölcsey, Ferenc (1790—1838). Poet and critic. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1, p. 215.

¹⁶ Kazinczy, Ferenc (1759—1831). The most talented Hungarian propagator of the enlightenment, an intellectual leader of the Hungarian Jacobin movement; initiated and directed the political and cultural struggle for renewal and modernization of the Hungarian language and literature. Translated Shakespeare and Sterne.

The literature of the past century and a half is filled with exploration, enrichment of forms, colourful means of expression, fresh shadings, successful experiments. There also are numerous examples of the traditional genres. The works of Jókai alone, for instance, include narratives, short novels, anecdotes, legends, tales, sketches, feuilletons, prose ballads and romances. His novelettes are alternatively historical, nature-depicting, roguish or moralizing, emotional or ironical, realist or romantic, sharply pointed or harmoniously variegated. All this is continued, moulded and supplemented in later development: lyrical mood, small talk, distorted image, experiment in stylistic romanticism, symbolistic, expressionistic, surrealistic and many other varieties of a genre that came into existence in the fever chill of isms and that has defied satisfactory definition despite innumerable attempts. Sándor Bródy, Endre Ady, Dezső Szomory,¹⁷ Mihály Babits,¹⁸ Géza Csáth, Frigyes Karinthy, Dezső Kosztolányi, and the unquestionably realist Zsigmond Móricz and Lajos Nagy are more significant for their almost experimental innovations than for those rounded-off works of theirs that turned into rigid examples of style. They too are sharers and bearers of the profound spiritual and literary revolution which in the first half of our century completely reshaped the Hungarian short story and raised it to the level of world literature, both as regards its subject matter and its forms.

The social basis of this change at the turn of the century was urbanization on a scale that would have been inconceivable before that. The new middle and big bourgeoisie, concocted from all sort of alluvia, made clever use of economic prosperity and sought its own form of rationally human life as a heritage. In this it wrestled with the civil-servant middle class that either fostered feudal illusions or turned against them in its inner conflict amidst the poverty brought on by war and collapse, with the ever more radical progressive intelligentsia, and with a working class that grew hand in hand with industrialization and was soon to build up its own social and political organizations. A rich and many-sided, even if not quite complete picture of this world, ridden by crises and historical earthquakes and swept from catastrophe to catastrophe, is reflected in a section of Hungarian fiction that unfortunately is as yet unsurveyable in its vast richness. Illés' anthology has lifted from this treasury the works of such

¹⁷ Szomory, Dezső (1869—1919). A writer of peculiar style; his delicately satirical short stories describing the life of the Budapest bourgeoisie gained him wide popularity, particularly in the 'twenties and 'thirties.

¹⁸ Babits, Mihály (1883—1941). Poet, prose writer, critic, literary historian, translator and editor. See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 2, p. 207.

outstanding writers as Zoltán Ambrus,¹⁹ Zoltán Thury,²⁰ Jenő Heltai,²¹ Béla Révész,²² Ferenc Molnár,²³ László Cholnoky,²⁴ Lajos Bíró,²⁵ Géza Laczkó,²⁶ Károly Pap²⁷ and the most outstanding among the women writers, Margit Kaffka²⁸ and Sophie Török.²⁹

Throughout this area, however, one may readily meet with a type of short story that seeks not only to reflect life but also to influence it and that may be called political short story, in the most general sense of the term. Mention has already been made of the central role the national idea, and the social, political and economic struggle bearing and serving it have played throughout the whole of Hungarian literature. In Hungary too considerable influence was more than once exercised by the tendentious short story closely linked with the topical problems of public life. It varied from persiflage and unmasking of reality to tendentious argumentation and so forth. Many of these works are, of course, devoted to everyday topical themes, and their significance is chiefly historical; they are documents of conditions in Hungary. But in the hands of true masters these too become imbued with a content that has general validity, with a meaning that gives symbolic lustre to their episodes. More than once, with their original form, an amalgamation that took shape under the burning impulse of the moment, they became highly effective elements of progress. It was in this connection that Endre Ady's passionate lyrical prose, which has the topicalness of political writing acquired genuine significance. The same is true of Zsigmond Móricz' dramatically concise short stories, in which he exposed this or that

¹⁹ Ambrus, Zoltán (1861—1932). Writer, critic, and translator. His best works are the short stories and sketches in which he gives a satirical portrait of the nouveau-riche bourgeoisie currying the favour of the old aristocracy.

²⁰ Thury, Zoltán (1870—1906). Writer of short stories at the close of the last century; he was the first to give an artistic portrayal of the life of the urban proletariat.

²¹ Heltai, Jenő (1871—1957). Gifted and popular representative of light, witty, serene, metropolitan lyrical poetry, prose and drama.

²² Révész, Béla (1876—1944). A pioneer of Hungarian socialist literature, whose short stories dealing with the working classes have had merited success.

²³ Molnár, Ferenc (1878—1952). Hungarian playwright who has enjoyed world-wide renown; also wrote very successful short stories and novels.

²⁴ Cholnoky, László (1879—1929). Writer of individual tone and tormented imagination. The heroes of his short stories were mostly morbid characters, misfits, alcoholics, mentally diseased persons, failures.

²⁵ Bíró, Lajos (1880—1948). Forced into emigration in 1919 because of his radical articles and stories. Abroad he acquired a reputation mainly through his film scenarios (*Hotel Imperial*, etc.).

²⁶ Laczkó, Géza (1884—1953.) Writer and critic of radical convictions, who achieved success primarily through his historical novels.

²⁷ Pap, Károly (1897—1945). Writer of short stories in an individual tone and revolutionary spirit. Fell victim to the nazi persecution.

²⁸ Kaffka, Margit (1880—1918). Her short stories and novels placed her among the best writers at the beginning of the 20th century.

²⁹ Török, Sophie (1895—1955). Writer of delicate style, pupil and wife of Babits, the poet.

scandalous occurrence in a Hungary that has passed, and of Lajos Nagy's apparently report-like, loose, yet purposefully composed situation pictures that serve a single political aim.

IV

It was not, and could not have been, our purpose to provide even an indication of the great variety of forms in Hungarian short-story literature with the eight novelettes we have selected from Endre Illés' anthology. The New Hungarian Quarterly has already published several short stories and essays on important Hungarian writers and will continue to do so in the future. Here we merely wished to introduce, out of the rich treasure chest of Hungarian fiction, a few works which, while characteristic of some phase of development, are also noteworthy in their own right as works of art.

The series begins with a portion of Kelemen Mikes's book of correspondence. The young man who came from a remote little village in Székely Land, Transylvania, in the 17th century, became a courtier of the Transylvanian prince, Ferenc Rákóczi II. After the defeat of the liberation struggle at the turn of the 17th and 18th centuries, he followed his lord into exile in France and then Turkey. It was there that he wrote his notes in the form of letters. In these he combined the racy naturalness of the Hungarian vernacular with the polish of contemporary French correspondence literature and the wisdom of a cheerful and observant personality. This collection is the ancestor of more than one historical narrative not only as regards its subject matter. It is also the precursor of many works written abroad that testify to the loyalty of the Hungarians who had been driven into exile.

Kálmán Mikszáth is on the borderline between the old and the new Hungarian short-story literature. The short story here introduced was written at the beginning of his career. It contains the germ of everything that unfolded in his later works: the poetically faithful portrayal of the life of the people, the anecdotic rounding off of the subject matter, the dramatic division into scenes of the briefly stated action with its masculine emotional glaze, and the intimation of folk poetry. At the end of the story the rhythmical pulsation of a folk ballad breaks through the prose ever more powerfully—at least in the Hungarian text (for it is perhaps a hopeless task to seek to render this aspect in translation).

Gyula Krúdy's novelette represents another extreme of our short-story art, a blending of fantasy and reality, melancholy and irony, anecdotically direct story-telling and metropolitan subject. The author, originating from the Hungarian landed gentry of the upper Tisza region, became a journalist,

a lyrical Hungarian Arnold Bennett tending towards the more dissolved world of associations of a more modern Proust. Through the delicate symbolism of his short stories—including "The Handstand" here reproduced—he criticized the modern world of adventurism that had arisen together with Hungarian metropolitanism.

This playfully ironical social criticism appears in its sharpest, almost forbiddingly anti-poetic form in Lajos Nagy's works. They take their place among the Hungarian predecessors of the novel of structureless structure made famous by Hemingway's short stories. It was he that, relying mainly on his talent for observing life without illusions and on his mode of presentation, developed the characteristic reportorial exposure, which, with its lack of dramatic turns as a kind of anticlimax, became such an effective portrayal of social position and circumstance. The disciplining force of the classical pattern and the indignation nourished by the wave of persecutions that followed the 1919 revolution converted his modern Aesopic fable, "The Wolf and the Lamb," into an effective portrayal of reality that was remarkable for its conciseness and passion.

Dezső Kosztolányi, deriving from that section of the lesser nobility that had gone into civil service, became, in the literary society of the capital, an intellectual with a completely European culture, scale of values and way of life. He was the purest and most brilliantly elegant Hungarian prose writer. His place could perhaps, even if a little paradoxically, be defined as that of a stylist who commanded the epicurean richness of the modern Hungarian literary language and who, embarking on the road of Maupassant but finding himself isolated within his own personality, arrived at Kafka's existentialism. The principal figure of "Omelette à Woburn," Kornél Esti, is the writer's alter ego—the stories of his adventures in the world of thought, imagination, play, and existential panic fill a whole volume, one of the most hopeless, scintillating and turbulent works in modern Hungarian prose. For a time he had a column in one of our large daily papers, steadily at his disposal. With his superior literary art and unmatched writer's economy he there created a whole series of feuilleton masterpieces.

The feuilleton was the pillory that caused such an influential critic of our classical literature as Pál Gyulai³⁰ to fear for the fate of the short story. "Such a work, whose size is cut out like that of a roll and can be neither larger nor smaller," is in his opinion unbearably shackled. But within its limits, here too the master was revealed. We have chosen one of the little masterpieces of the genre from among the writings of Géza Csáth.

³⁰ Gyulai, Pál (1826—1909). Critic and historian of 19th century Hungarian literature. He exerted a strong influence on the development of Hungarian intellectual life for many decades.

"Trepov on the Dissecting Table," appearing as a *feuilleton*, was linked to a real event: the principal hero actually existed and was one of the leading figures of Russian reaction, a notorious enemy of the revolutionary writers, among them Gorky. But Chekhov too had fashioned a genuine work of art out of this genre. Csáth, the representative of the succession of the Hungarian gentry, had many links with Chekhov, though in another sense he is related to Oscar Wilde. Incidentally, with Csáth—who was a physician—a writer makes his appearance, in the group now introduced, who engaged in literature as an amateur at a time when writing had already become a profession.

Sándor Hunyadi grew out of the peculiar world of actors, writers and Bohemianism that developed in Kolozsvár, the capital of Transylvania, and determined the writer's whole life and work. At first glance he seemed more than once to be a rather superficial writer, and in his selection of themes and mode of depiction it is not difficult to recognize elements of the literary stock-in-trade that developed in the Bohemian society of the big cities of our century, the atmosphere of our café conversations, the scintillating irony of a journalism reared on malicious gossip, the relating of droll situations, the sharp-tongued, pungent telling of anecdotes. In his most characteristic works, belonging to the cream of 20th-century Hungarian short-story literature, a bitter-sweet, resigned humanism grips the reader's heart; his attitude of jovial superiority is attenuated by a sympathy and by a restraint that modestly veils his emotion; his roguishness is shaded by a caustically critical symbolism without illusions. This applies also to his "House with the Red Light," which appears in this issue.

Andor Endre Gelléri belongs to the generation among whose ranks the executioners in the concentration camps destroyed so many outstanding talents. He too was one of the victims and left behind him only a few volumes of promising short stories. Having fought his way up from the depths of society on the capital's outskirts, he remained loyal to the world of his youthful experiences, to the characters that then surrounded him and to their grave problems, even when he shrouded the scenes of human misery in an atmosphere of angelic light. He smiled through his tears and aroused rebellion through the very contrast of his soft emotional vision. He was not the militant writer of the proletariat, "tempered in the class struggle," but few there were that could tell as much as he about the fine and noble humanism of those who belonged to this class and were truly on the dark side of life in his age and world, wading in the stifling mud of the working-class suburbs.

A SELECTION OF SHORT STORIES

THE SICKNESS AND DEATH OF THE PRINCE

by

KELEMEN MIKES (1690—1761)

Rodosto, April 8th, 1735.

That of which we had been fearful is now upon us. God having rendered us orphans, and this day taken from among us our dear master and father, after three in the morning. Today being Good Friday, we must mourn the deaths of both our heavenly and our earthly fathers. God has delayed the death of our master to this day in order to sanctify the sacrifice of his death with the merit of Him who died for us this day. Seeing the life that he lived, and seeing the death he died, I do believe he was told: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!" Let us shed our tears in plenty, for the mist of grief has verily descended upon us. But let it not be our good father for whom we cry, for him God has after so many tribulations taken to the heavenly repast, where He has him drink of the cup of delight and of gladness, but rather let us cry for ourselves, who have become so grievously orphaned. It cannot be told, what crying and distress there is here among us, even among the lowliest. Judge, if thou canst, in what condition I am writing this letter. But since I know that thou wouldst fain know how the poor master's death occurred, I shall write it down both with ink and the shedding of my tears, even though I do thus multiply my grief.

It seems to me that I wrote my last letter on the 25th day of last month. After this, the poor deceased felt ever greater faintness. He did very little of everything, but otherwise all according to his custom. Even in that weakness he worked on the lathe till the first of April. On that day, however, the cold came up on him powerfully, and this made him all the weaker. The next day he was a little better, it was Palm Sunday, yet because of his weakness he could not go to church but heard the Mass from a nearby house. After the Mass the priest brought him the anointed palm and he took it from his hand kneeling, saying that he might not take another palm.

On Monday he was a little better, on Tuesday likewise, he even had a craving for tobacco and smoked. But what all of us admired in him was that he missed nothing in the order of the house to the hour of his death, nor allowed ought to be missed for his sake. At the accustomed hour each day he dressed, dined and lay down. Although he was hardly present, nevertheless he maintained the order of things as in his healthy days. On Wednesday afternoon he fell into greater lethargy and kept sleeping. I asked him a few times how he was, but he only answered: "I am well, I feel no pain." On Thursday, being very near to his final end, he became heavy and took the Lord with great fervour. In the evening when it was time to lie down, his arms were supported on either side, but he went to his bed-chamber of himself. His words were now very hard to understand. Towards twelve o'clock in the night we were all by him. The priest asked him whether he wished to take the Last Sacrament. Our poor master waved, to indicate that he did so. This being done, the priest spoke fine admonishments and consolations to him, but he could not answer them, albeit we noticed he was in his right mind—we also saw that at the admonishment tear-drops flowed from his eyes. Finally after three o'clock this morning, our poor master having dedicated his soul to God, fell asleep—for he died like a child. We ceaselessly watched him, yet we only noticed his passing when his eyes opened up. He, poor master, left us to an orphan's lot in this strange land. Here there is terrible crying and lamenting among us. May God console us.

Rodosto, April 16th, 1735.

Here, my dear Sister, we eat our bread with a shedding of tears and are like a flock without its pastor. The next day we opened the testament of the poor master and had it read. He left all his retainers something. Me, he left five thousand German Florins. To Master Sibrik also as much. But both of us should receive that money in France—when we shall receive it, God knows. We also sent off his letter to the Vizir, in which poor master asks that he should not foresake us. We had the body opened up the next day, and the inner parts, having been put in a chest, were buried in the Greek church. The barbers prepared the body with grasses, because we do not know yet when we can take it to Constantinople. According to the barbers his death is not to be marvelled at, for his stomach and blood were full of mud. His brains were healthy, but they were as many as two people are wont to have—his wits too were as many as those of twelve others. He bade us send his heart to France. After Easter we had the body laid out in a great palace where there was divine service to the third day. All

kinds of men were allowed to see the body. There were thirty Turks as well, who saw him and who knew the poor master well, yet they do not believe that he died, but declare that he went away secretly and that we dressed up somebody else in his place. Would that they were telling the truth! Yesterday, after the divine service, we enclosed the body in a coffin and put it in a little house, where it shall be until we are at liberty to take it to Constantinople.

Rodosto, May 17th, 1735.

As a rule, my dear Sister, the further one is removed from the reason that caused one's distress, the lighter the weight of that distress becomes and time gradually makes us forget all. And the further a man be from something, the smaller it seems. But here it is not so—for our grief over our master seems to grow and does not diminish. For we increasingly note what a father we have lost and what a pastor has left us. But our good God, if he holds a rod in one hand, brings consolation with the other. The Porte has sent Effendi Ibrahim to see what business we have and to decide with Master Csáki and the other Hungarians who are here, whether we wish him to have the elder son of our poor hallowed master brought here. To this all of us have agreed. Furthermore to talk with Master Sibrik, our lord's chamberlain, upon whom the cares of the whole house have descended, about the pension which the Porte has ordained for us—ten thalers a day, to be divided among the Hungarians who served the Prince. But neither Master Sibrik nor I agreed that they be divided only among us, since many old foreign servants of our lord were also left, and they would not have received anything. But the way we settled it was that those who want to stay should all of us live off that money until such time as the young Prince arrives.

My dear Sister, thus far I have only been Hungarian or Transylvanian inwardly—but now outwardly too, for after twenty-two years I have this day put down the French apparel.

Rodosto, July 18th, 1735.

The Porte having permitted us secretly to convey the body of our poor master to Constantinople, I had a great chest made and the coffin enclosed within, the whole placed on board ship, and with a few companions set out on the 4th. On arriving in Constantinople on the 6th, I sent the chest containing the coffin to the Jesuits. Having taken out the coffin, they opened it up in order that they might see the body. And they dug a grave in the place where they had buried our master's mother. Of whom they found

only the skull, the which they enclosed in her son's coffin and buried them together.

How marvellous God's will is! While I tarried in that great City, the Vizir was deposed. I too set off from there, and yesterday arrived back to this place of sorrow. There where all things move me to sadness. Whithersoever I turn, I see all those places, where our master lived, walked and talked with us—but now I see those places as only barren, and these barren places fill our hearts with grief. We have been forsaken by our good father, and we shed tears to console ourselves for having been left orphaned. As though this sorrow were not sufficient upon me, I must also fear lest the cares of the whole house descend on me, since Master Sibrik's disease worsens every day. And when I consider the troubles that would beset me if he happened to die, until such time as the young Prince shall come, it makes me spend sad hours indeed. I shall finish this letter, for in distressing myself I am distressing thee as well. Letters written sadly are the better for being as short as can be.

THE HORSES OF FARMER JÁNOS

by

KÁLMÁN MIKSZÁTH (1847—1910)

First, it was the golden mane of Frisky that the farmer decked with garlands of braided corn-leaves; next, he plaited Fairy's jet-black mane; and so proceeded to the other horses in the stable.

Those four bright animals, they knew the meaning of these fancy trimmings... the bells now being attached to the bridles—just as this time last year, when they had brought the miller's lovely widow, Klára, here, to be mistress of the house. And the way they tossed their heads in grand and stately manner, you'd think they were saddle-horses out of the squire's stable...

Yet had they even been a splendid four-in-hand owned by the Palatine himself, and fed on rose petals out of mangers of gold, and watered out of a silver trough, on water from the hallowed spring of Gózon—they couldn't have been better off under the care of farmer János Gélyi.

They were of his breeding, all the four. He had watched them grow to their present mettle; he had tended them, and curried them, with loving care; would wash and sift the oats he gave them, and feed them hay and after-

grass he'd weeded clean; and spread warm blankets on their backs in winter-time, and swim them in the pond in summer. Why, he even used to kiss them fondly when they were little foals.

He didn't kiss them any more, not since he'd taken a wife. She had been his sweetheart years ago—for she'd been wedded meantime—twice-won happiness, doubly sweet.

No, he didn't kiss his horses; but for all he didn't kiss them any more, they were still the apple of his eye. Not even for sixteen Choltó and Boddok studs would he swap his four horses.

Yet all the greatness in the world was as nothing compared with the glory of those places: The lissom grace of Choltó horses, the slender legs and shapely quarters of Boddok mares, no less than their graceful necks and carriage, were the knowledge of nine counties, the talk of two-and-fifty others.

All the great lords of the realm came to Choltó and Boddok to purchase a four-in-hand out of the local stocks. And it happened on these occasions.—Well, at least old Pál Chillom, he had once told the Lord of Belléd pointblank that His Lordship, so he said, would have to put his wedding off till next spring, seeing his colt was tender yet, and Neighbour Péri's also was too young for harness. And those two horses had no peers in all the world.

They did have now! For Gélyi had learned their jealously guarded art of breeding, and raised his colts to be real wonders, and now the people would come rushing up to gape whenever that team of four went speeding through Choltó and Boddok—those villagers were green with envy.

Their manes plaited, János put the horses into harness. One trace having been too tightly knotted, he had quite a time untying it, while those restless fiery stallions kept shifting their supple legs and switching their tails.

The stable door was wide open, and now it framed a bonny young peasant woman. She did not notice farmer János—Dusky's head and the hay-box hid him.

János also failed to see her, but presently heard her whispered words outside... Snatches of talk, hardly conveying any meaning, drifted to his ears. Who might she be talking with?

"Tell him that I'm going to the wedding too. And then... What'll be then, I can't tell yet..."

Those were Klára's words—he could hear them distinctly. The voice that answered was cracked and wheezy, punctuated by slight coughs—he could not make out what it said. Then Klára spoke, and again he understood her whispers.

"I'll be wearing two hollyhocks on my bosom. Tell him to be there . . . by the retting-pits."

Dusky's halter dropped from János' hand and fell on the platform in a loud clatter of rings and bit. But he did not hear the noise—he was harking to other sounds.

"If 'tis the red flower I'll drop on the road—he is to stay away; if 'tis the white one—he may come."

János hardly found the strength to harness the fourth horse. His heart sank, his hands faltered, he mixed up everything. Dark apprehension gripped his heart. He had heard that gentle voice speak like that before!

Stuff and nonsense! Was he to let himself be scared by words? Must he see the shadow of things that had no body? And make a white bed for black suspicion?

He calmly led the geared-up horses out to the trough. Goodwife Klára was just then seeing a shrivelled old woman out at the gate.

"Who was that? Satan's grandmother?" the husbandman said half in joke.

"Why, she was Mrs. Vőneki, from the Church row."

"What business did the old hag have with thee?"

"She came a-begging a bit of leaven, poor old thing."

"Ahem. Going to knead some bread, is she? . . . Well, better make haste, Klára, and get ready. We'll be leaving right away."

The light waggon had been rolled out of the shed and now stood in the yard, greased and ready. It was hitched to the team in no time, and Klára and János mounted.

János flicked his whip over those fiery horses, and the beasts, snorting and with nostrils quivering, went prancing out of the yard.

He let his proud glance dwell on them; and as he watched the shapely heads, now pressed down on the chests, now raised in graceful curve; watched the polished brass rings of the harness, all a-glitter; saw the gaudy ribbons flutter gaily along the horses' flanks; and saw the steel shoes throw out sparks, intent on setting the ground ablaze—János's heart swelled with joy.

Ah, it was a lucky thing he had not sold these horses, though many an offer had been made! Only recently, Boddok and Choltó had put up four thousand florins to buy them, so they might take them and slay them out in the fields.

They were out to kill off the strain that was better than their own.

At this point, his eyes strayed from the horses and fell on his bonny wife's rosy cheeks; then wandered to her lily-white bosom and caught

sight, upon that lily-white bosom, of the two hollyhocks—one red, the other white.

She had said they would be there—so she had.

János lashed out with his whip, he let it swish, and the four beasts raced along. The tracer reared, the leader strained, and lovely Klára arched her pretty palm to shade her guileful eyes, dreaming as she gazed over the land. Her thoughts were racing too.

"To tell the truth," she said, "I never thought you'd take me along. I know you're doing this against your will, for tongues are wagging still on my account. Besides..."

She checked herself, expecting him to speak, to say something. But the farmer too was watching the landscape—the fleeting meadows, the approaching retting-pits, whose greenish waters shone like mocking eyes, and, farther ahead, the dizzy precipices—those capacious, open coffins.

"Besides, you see, I thought, seeing you were making ready to go to the fair tomorrow, that you meant to drive there straight from the Chilloms' wedding feast."

That too the farmer allowed to pass unanswered. Ah, let that woman but show her true colours first!

"Now look at him giving himself airs! Will Your Lordship deign to speak? What's it to be—tell me. Am I to stay the while—or am I to go with you?"

"I'll leave thee there," he said reluctantly. "This wedding's going to last three days, anyway."

They came to the rettery. Strolling down the path across the fields was young Sándor Chipke, smart in his tulip-patterned embroidered cloak and Sunday hat. He looked round at the rumble of the waggon—casually, as if by chance, though the very ground could tell the difference when Gélyi's famous horses came galloping up the road.

A lot he cared for the horses now! János's eyes were fixed on Klára's face. See, how her eyes are glinting! See the glance she darts at that dashing fellow! The longing, the lust, the sweetness—he saw it all!

And... Oh, it was no longer on her bosom! She had dropped it from her hand... The white hollyhock was gone.

János's grip slackened on the reins—they were slipping through his fingers, more and more... Like a violent wind that drives the racing clouds, Gélyi's steeds flew madly onward... Steeds no longer, no—the break-neck speed had moulded them into darkling wings that darted on in soaring flight... Not wings, even, but Death himself, unleashed!

"Mercy! Help!" goodwife Klára screamed. "Oh, hold those reins! There is the gorge, and—Oh, there's another precipice!..."

"God punish thee, and punish thee he will!"

"Oh, hold those reins, dear husband mine!"

He did just that—but only long enough for him to untie the knot. That done, he clicked his tongue and snapped at the steeds—

"Gee-up, Fairy! Gee-up, Dusky!"

—and flung the unknotted reins about the necks of Frisky and Lightning.

TREPOV ON THE DISSECTING TABLE

by

GÉZA CSÁTH (1887–1919)

A couple of white-coated attendants were dressing a short, fair-haired corpse. Two men of his size could have been put end to end on the great marble dissecting table. It was as short as a child, this thick-set, flabby corpse that had only a few days earlier been called Trepov. Just Trepov, throughout the world.

The two men worked cheerfully and quickly. They once more washed down his skin with a sponge and let the blood-stained water trickle down the drain-hole on the slab, then seized him by the shoulders, sat him up and washed his fat, white back as well. Next, one of them took a comb and did his fair hair. He put the parting on the opposite side to where the deceased had—when he was alive.

"That's not how he wore his hair, Vanya", said the older of the two. "Part it on the right-hand side."

But Vanya, who appeared to be in a particularly good mood that day (he kept quietly whistling away to himself), replied that everything would be done as he (Vanya) wished.

The two of them now lifted the clean and dried corpse on their arms and took it into another room. They clothed it in underwear, stockings, fine shoes and an ornate, gilded uniform.

The old man was moved at the sight of the medals, and although this is quite extraordinary, indeed forbidden behaviour for dissecting-room attendants, he started to philosophize:

"What on earth did he want so many for? Now he can go to hell with 'em."

"He got them", answered Vanya, "so this should be his end. It'd be a fine business if these gents were to die in bed. No sir, we'll have your

bellies cut up and stuff you with tow to prevent you dripping. (Vanya spoke furiously and almost as though making a speech.) What do you think, Uncle Nikolai, if this swine had died a year earlier, how many more Russians would now be living on earth?"

This question was followed by a pause, for there was a deal of trouble with the collar.

The old man only answered when they had managed with a great effort to put it right.

"There'd have been someone else instead of him. Look, Vanya—the Little Father needed a man like this, and if this one hadn't been the sort he was, the Little Father would have sent him flying. He'd have taken on another."

Vanya was not convinced of the truth of this reasoning. He swore desperately, and finally declared that corpse had been a swine and guilty of having more people killed than was absolutely necessary.

By this time they had finished the job of dressing. The old man lit his pipe, surveyed the uniform, adjusted the many gilt and enamelled medals, pulled the cuffs down from under the tunic and crossed the arms on the chest. Next, they put the deceased on a small iron trolley covered with baize, and the old man opened the door for them to wheel it out to the staircase.

Vanya, the younger of the two, now suddenly closed the door.

"Why do you close it, when I've just opened it?" asked the old man.

"Wait a moment, Uncle Nikolai, I want to do something."

"What do you want to do?"

"You'll see soon enough."

Vanya walked round the room on tiptoes and even looked out into the dissecting chamber. Finally he went up to the corpse, suddenly raised his hand, and smote it powerfully in the face three times.

After the blows, the two men looked at each other in silence.

"I did this," said Vanya, "because it would have been a base thing not to have desecrated this scoundrel, this murderer and robber, the vilest creature to rot in God's earth. Here was the opportunity!..."

The old man nodded, whereupon the younger continued with a laugh and more courage:

"Of course I hit this swine, and I'll kick him as well!"

Fired by his new plan, he carefully mounted the table where the corpse lay, and taking care not to dirty his ornate clothing, administered a strong kick at its face. Then he got down. The old man brought the sponge. They washed the face again, combed the hair, gave a forced laugh and spoke no more about the business.

Finally they began to wheel the little trolley outwards. The old man was about to open the door again.

"Just wait another little bit," the other asked him. "Only once more!"

Again he got down to it. And he gave the corpse one more resounding slap on the face.

"Let's get going then," he stammered, for even his face was red with the great excitement.

After handing over the corpse, they ambled back silently to the dissecting room.

A little while later, Vanya spoke up.

"You know, Uncle Nikolai, if I had not done this now I'd have been sorry all my life. Just think—such an opportunity! May God's mercy fore-sake me if I wasn't right to do it."

"You were right," replied the old man gravely.

When Vanya went to bed that night, he rubbed his hands together and thought that once his son grew up, whom his wife was now expecting, he would tell him what he had done today, and the lad would be terribly proud of his father. It would be a great moment. The boy would stare at him with his big black eyes and worship him as a demi-god.

But he had not much time to think about it, for soon he was asleep, breathing deeply the way healthy people do.

THE HAND-STAND

by

GYULA KRÚDY (1878—1933)

In the neighbourhood of Museum Garden, where governesses are as pleasant as countesses and feel an urge to act out every trashy German and French novel as, under trees with heart-shaped leaves, they languidly let the book fall onto their lap and, in default of crown princes in disguise, have to make do with ordnance officers—in this neighbourhood, in a seemingly somnolent back-street where storks and cranes standing on one leg slumber on white-lace curtains: the ladies behind the locked doors of the houses spend their day with music-making, needlework or light reading, and porters, looking like prize-fighters and "tigers" in hunting jackets, their hair made sleek with the aid of wet brushes, are idling about outside the doors. Wenckheim Palace stands lost in majestic reverie, seeming con-

tinually to be musing upon the thought of how nice it would be to stand in Schwarzenberg Platz, in Vienna, and to receive archduchesses of an evening. In springtime one may smell the fragrance of Schönbrunn floating in the air of the gardens, while in the autumn the snuff-coloured esplanade round the Museum yawns lengthily, just as in the Pest of yore. Elderly ladies with faces like nuns reminiscent of Spanish infantas can be seen reclining in broad-backed state coaches, while the young pink-faced girls, long-limbed and boyish, look like coloured illustrations out of the English newspaper for children, and lilac-scented youthful governesses dressed in grey and wearing low-heeled shoes walk demurely like schoolgirls. After sunset, when the white-painted shutters have been closed over the windows, nobody can tell anymore from outside what the countesses and their lady companions are dreaming about.

It was in this neighbourhood, some springs ago, just when he had come to the conclusion that life could hold no more surprises for him, that Konstantin Levrey very nearly came to grief. Each day he was expecting to be sent to gaol or to be expelled from the city. Had he received a summons that he was to present himself at police headquarters because some females had denounced him for breach of promise, Levrey would have quietly strolled round and presented himself. If, in the Józsefváros district one day, they had thrown a noosed wire round his neck because of some middle-class girl he had seduced, Levrey would have regarded the procedure as absolutely in order. Levrey was an adventurer, a survival from the days of Old Pest. He had nearly had the word 'adventurer' printed on his card as his occupation. (As a side-line he wrote a few memorable poems for the "Metropolitan Journal"—as to the *nom-de-plume* he used, I could not tell it you after so many years.)

Konstantin Levrey, Budapest lion and a person of good sense, narrowly missed becoming an accomplice before the fact in a murder case, without having had previous knowledge of the event. But let us hear the story.

At that time, Levrey was compelled to leave the downtown section of the city (it was not safe for him to walk down Kalap Street except late at night). So he transferred his residence to Józsefváros, although he was known by several of the landlords in that district, who would be sitting about on small stools outside the street-doors of their houses of a Sunday afternoon. They would point at his many-collared grey cloak and stove-pipe hat as he passed by them, and say:

"There goes Levrey—a dangerous fellow."

As he had played no tricks in this part of the town lately, even those women Levrey used to know before they were married now ventured to

go abroad of a Sunday morning, and they would look him up and down with dignity as one regards an intruding stranger. Levrey clenched his fists. "Ah," he murmured under his cape, "I'll do something again that'll make you respect me as before. Just you wait!" For the time being, all he did was to push an old citizen off the sidewalk into the mire of Stáció Street.

As a matter of fact, his adventure started in that noiseless lane at the back of the National Museum. Here, the sidewalks are always swept clean, the shutters are given a fresh coat of paint every three years, and silent, well-born people live in isolation from the bourgeoisie.

Levrey could not tell you himself what purpose had brought him into that street of dignified atmosphere. Perhaps it was one of his sentimental days—recurring with increasing frequency as he was nearing his fortieth year. Perhaps he remembered his orphaned childhood; or his mind wandered to his future, with its goal of committing suicide in due time. And in those days he would wake up in the night with a start to ponder over that end. He began wondering if all that might not be altered yet; if it would not be possible yet to lead a dignified, clean and honest life in some nice-smelling small house—after dispatching the wealthy widow whom it was his intention to lead to the altar only as a last resort. Levrey was still a fastidious man: he was very particular about the cleanliness of his hands and his linen; and the wealthy widow used to wear the most untidy dressing-gown in all the town.

While occupied with these reflexions, twirling his ivory-headed cane in his fingers with no apparent design, he would from time to time rise on tiptoe, in order to espy some of the secrets of these silent houses, to catch a glimpse of golden-framed family portraits on the walls, of covered furniture and canopied beds. Sometimes his eyes would meet the cold stare of ladies who, their hair tied with a kerchief and their hands in gloves, were themselves looking after the meticulous tidiness of their homes; other times some peasant servant girl would shake her duster down his neck.

However, he suddenly came to a ground-floor window behind which, in a stiffened posture, sat a dignified lady with a pensive, unsmiling face, her vacant look aimlessly roving the desolate street.

"She's waiting for me!" Levrey muttered to himself, for he would sometimes talk aloud in his excitement.

It was a spring day, and Levrey, pausing with his back to the window, was leafing through his memory as speedily as one will leaf through an album of portraits laid out on the table in the drawing-room. He wondered

where he had seen that face. Daguerrotypes and pastels of medallions—all portraits of women seen many years before—flashed across his mind in swift procession as in the whirl and swirl of a carnival dance. . . . A band of gipsy musicians in red dolmans playing a lively dance-music on a platform at the Redout. . . . The ladies, leaning ecstatically back in their partners' arms, enraptured with voluptuous smiles on their lips, as they danced away. . . . Dainty little feet and soaring flounced skirts that swirled with a swish like the south wind. . . . Clasps of stays tightening, and embroidered initials on shirts and handkerchiefs seeking to associate with men's names. . . . Who on earth would believe the testimony of those horrible graves in the cemeteries? Only Ferenc Deák died in Pest, but he too was an old man.

"I must have seen the gracious lady at some ball," Levrey told himself as he walked across the narrow street, so as to observe the lady at the window from there too. Meanwhile he had put on his butter-coloured gloves under his ample cloak, and showed off his pale-green waistcoat. By some chance, his trousers had been ironed that very day. And the scantiness of the locks combed over the ears was concealed under the stove-pipe hat to which men with thinning hair show such partiality.

Here, Levrey twirled his cane between his fingers several times.

The lady sat motionless at the window like a wax-figure displayed in a hairdresser's shop-front. (The thought flashed through Levrey's mind that he might be paying marked attention in this street to a true-to-life oil portrait. But no, she was alive and breathing softly, like Queen Cleopatra lying inside the glass-cabinet of the panorama.) She wore her brown hair done according to the fashion of the time, and a white collar around her neck. Her almond-shaped eyes, fine oriental nose, and lips closed like those of a sphynx were fit for turning the head of any gallant in Pest at the time. She was about thirty years old, and her temples showed ever so light a breath of autumn like the memorable shadow of a summer cloud cast upon the foliage of a peaceful forest. When the wind blew, the hair above her ears no doubt rustled as the tall grasses do as they run in long-legged flight at September's approach from the forest clearing. And on spring mornings she would greedily open the door of her closed lips, in order to rinse her mouth with dew gathered from the leaves of the trees and with the scent of potted flowers, so that it would have a youthful taste like sorrel leaves. Surely that masculine collar around her neck was not yet designed as a shield to protect oneself against prying, sacrilegious eyes that sought to divine one's age from particular curves of one's neck, as one reads the number of years from the annual rings of a tree. Oh, no—

as yet her neck was a match for that of a swan, and the little fluffs of hair, they too would no doubt be at the right place like the dreams of summer on the new-mown second harvest hay, when a little meadow flower will tickle the sleeper's face until he starts dreaming about his sweetheart's hair. And the whole Junoesque head and stately carriage and the serious play of those cold eyelashes would have graced the halls of a ducal palace no less than the cash-desk of the café Turkish Emperor. Levrey (for his was a romantic soul, after all) opted for the former alternative and, in his mind, proceeded forthwith to call the unknown lady a duchess.

Had he prepared himself for a love affair, Levrey would have known how to approach the lady. He could speak the language of footmen and servant-maids, old and young; and he was a great adept at writing secret love-letters, like every young man who has plenty of time. Levrey, however, was getting on to forty and needed an idol; he therefore resisted the temptation to exchange a few words with the old house porter, who happened to emerge from the doorway that very moment and started sweeping the spotless sidewalk. Levrey slunk off without having insolently lifted his hat or brought his finger-tips to his heart, blown a kiss or indicated a formal bow with his foot, although these things were an every day habit with Budapest gentlemen. He glanced back and saw the woman's gaze slowly turn to follow him like some mechanism.

"Kempelen's chess-playing automaton," Levrey murmured, then hurriedly proceeded in the direction of the outlying part of town, in order to obtain the wherewithal to provide for his dinner.

Let us, for the rest of that day, leave Konstantin Levrey to his adventurous errand on the outskirts of the city, the abode of disreputable dealers. Csörsz, the famed Budapest card-sharper, made his services available, though not without some growling, to the old-time cronies with whose support he had once maintained his gambling-den, whence he had retired with a substantial fortune. Levrey was a victim in that alliance: though he was aware that his friend was a sharp banker, he had not the strength to resist his passion for gambling.

Let us observe him the following day as he again set out for that noble street on his pilgrimage to his sacred idol, like some holy monk of Asia.

"The baron is trembling," he told himself, repeating a fashionable saying of the dandies of Pest, as he raised his eyes to the lady at the window.

The duchess sat precisely in her place like a portrait. Her dress, her face, her figure had not changed a bit since the day before. Her perfect, long-shaped hands—which were like the hands of holy women painted on church vaults by Italian masters—rested calmly upon the window sill. "What

have these hands been created for?" Levrey wondered. "Is it to stroke a man—a man's head with an *à la Romantique* *coiffure*? Or is it to strangle a man with a turned-down collar?" For Konstantin Levrey was superstitious—like most respectable gentlemen in Pest, where Lenormand's cards and chiromancy and Lavater's phrenological theories thrilled better-class society. Ah, many a time had fine educated ladies turned their backs on him, because he had unsuspectingly shown them his palm and they had discovered in it a line which had made them shudder! In good time, Levrey repaid them in kind, making the lady in question cut cards before getting down to the business of wooing her in all seriousness.

This time the duchess let her eyes dwell at length and bewitchingly on Konstantin Levrey as he stopped across the street, in the customary attitude—the official attitude, as it were—twirling his walking-stick. Levrey was wearing a Lavallière cravat with polka dots, and he felt sprightly, young and enterprising; his mind was full of amorous thoughts, and he looked upon his encounter with the duchess as something ordained by Fate. He felt that he was getting involved in an affair whose outcome was uncertain. Perhaps he would be happy, and then unhappy. This was going to be a gamble, and his heart would be at stake, as well as his sobriety, which he had in recent years preserved under all conditions, no matter what lies were told or what promises held out to him by women whom by now he would take out for a walk in the Buda hills almost as unconcernedly as a spinster takes her pet-dog for a stroll. Now, however, he felt he had reached a turning-point in his life: his fortunes, his rotten luck at cards, his spirits and his health, his forty winks and heart murmur of an afternoon, his prison-like sleep of a night, amid groans and anguished cries—all that would now be changed, thanks to this strange lady. What he was as yet in the dark about was whether she was rich enough to be in a position to redeem his long watch-chain with an amethyst, which he had worn round the neck and which he had pawned, as well as his antique rings, which women used to study with such curiosity, very nearly melting into tears as their eyes fell on Pope Innocent's signet-ring. And would he ever get back his cornelian cuff-links?

At this point, the duchess did a peculiar thing, one which quite put Konstantin Levrey out of countenance—and he was a man of experience, prepared for surprises.

The duchess dismounted from her chair and performed a hand-stand.

From the street, one could only see the duchess' white-stockinged legs appear at about the same spot where, a moment before, her head could be seen. Levrey was non-plussed, so much so that with a serious mien, he

produced his lorgnette (hung from a broad ribbon, this was the only relic from his opulent days that was still in his possession) and put it to his eyes—only to discover, then and there, that these glasses, which he had bought from a curio dealer, enabled him to see absolutely nothing. It was therefore with naked eye that he gave himself up to observing the spectacle, which was of the kind that would have given any Budapest gallant quite a jolt.

The duchess's legs pointed skywards like the wings of a dragon-fly. On the white-stockinged legs, tied above the knees, one could see the lilac-coloured garters which were such that they suggested to Levrey the mysteries of a never-savoured wedding night. While, below the knees, the curve of those legs was as regular and graceful as they are in the sultry dreams of young men. The feet were sheathed in black, low-heeled and silver-buckled shoes—the size of a tree-leaf—and they were tied round the ankles with ribbons, also lilac-coloured. And the course of those ribbons around the ankles might like Ariadne's thread have served as a guide to lead the onlooker's gaze, had not Levrey's greedy eyes searched at once for the continuation of those legs. However, his yearning looks were barred by the flower-pots. Stunned, he stood fixed on the spot with a throbbing throat, while an unseen hand gently drew the white lace curtains over the window.

Now Levrey straight away produced his card (which was printed in French) and engaged the old house-porter in a lengthy discussion at the street-corner, slipping a few coins into the man's wrinkled hand.

When Levrey entered the room, the duchess was once more seated in her place. She turned towards him with quiet matter-of-factness and, without rising, bade him be seated. Nevertheless he would not sit down before, with genuflection and a sigh, he had kissed the duchess's hand.

"Sir?"

"Madam, I worship you," he answered with the utmost calm, for he thought they had better brush aside all ceremoniousness.

"This manner of declaring one's love was fashionable in Petőfi's time," she said, gently smiling.

"I am an old-fashioned man. Ferdinand the Fifth, though long since dead, is my sovereign. The frivolous fashions of these times I ignore, and as for the rules of my behaviour, I shall always be guided by the most refined Spanish etiquette."

"So you wish to love me before even learning my name?"

"A few minutes ago I learned everything. Your name is Emilia, and you are mourning for your fiancé, who was killed in the Prussian campaign."

"Clever man," she said with appreciation; she took his card, and read:

"Mr. Levrey". She surveyed him from top to toe, then once more offered her hand to be kissed.

Levrey left in a daze. For hours he roamed the town forest, talking aloud to himself, in the manner laid down by the authors of novels written many years ago. He would pause and lay his hand on his forehead; he indignantly made way to a lady-friend of earlier years, who herself was seeking surcease from sorrow under the shade of the forest. When at last he arrived at his rooms, he found constable Schneider of the city police waiting for him. The constable unceremoniously bound Levrey's hands and took him to police headquarters. Here, they threw him into a cell that was crowded with murderers and thieves. Levrey thought he was dreaming. His questions were left unanswered.

Several days afterwards, he was interrogated, and now he learned the following facts. Some time before, Emilia, the sorrowing bride, had lured to her home a wealthy livestock-dealer, whom she had forthwith poisoned and then immured in the wall of her home. The trader's body, stiffened into soldierly attention, had been recovered from among the brickwork. Levrey was suspected of complicity in the murder.

It took him a longish time to clear himself of the charges. Gaol, however, had taken a great deal out of him and left him a quiet man for ever. Only when he was dead—people in Pest would say in those years—would it be possible to find out where he had hidden the dealer's money.

Later on, Emilia moved to the Inner City district. The unlucky accident of a coper's having been found immured at her place had cost her a pretty penny—the police were not easily persuaded to reconcile themselves to the fact and leave it at that, and she was compelled to tap some hidden reserves of cash, although she had sworn never to lay hands on even the interest until she was old. She might have her own bed and bath-tub brought in to her prison cell, and have the Paris-trained chef of "The Tiger" cook special dinners for her (more than once she entertained at her table Commissioner Thaisz of the police)—it was all in vain. Gaol was gaol—those crafty prisoners down in the cellars would be raising hell with their gruesome howls, hoping to make the commissioner's wife grow tired of the din; and the receivers of stolen goods would only give up their hidden treasures after being tortured at great length—a proceeding that likewise involved some disturbance of the peace. Every now and then, Emilia would remember that strange man, Konstantin Levrey. "I've never met such a peculiar man," she thought, and already regretted that, through the evidence she had given—which had proved Levrey's innocence—she had opened the prison door for her remarkable friend. How quickly time would pass within the prison

walls if only Konstantin Levrey were there to declare his love to her from time to time! The barber would restore the gallant's curly *coiffure*, he would frizzle his side-whiskers and apply equal treatment to his mustachio (upon which could be seen the faint glitter of the first snow of passing time)—and Levrey, escorted by the constable, would come and pay court to her! Ah, would she ever see her strange follower again?

Women have long arms. No sooner had Emilia taken up her new quarters in the Inner City than she was in possession of Levrey's address. Constable Schneider, with whom she had struck up a close acquaintance while in gaol, wrapped himself in his bat's-wings-like cloak, slipped his double barrelled pistol in his pocket, took a loaded bludgeon with him, and before very long presented Levrey at Emilia's place.

"Do you propose to immure *me* the way you did the trader?" Levrey said after the crimson velvet curtains had closed behind the constable.

Emilia clasped her hands the way saintly women do in village churches. For a long time she gazed at Levrey, deeply moved and in silence, like the portrait of a dead person out of a memorial album.

"I thought you were a good man—a better man than the others. That is why I wanted to see you again. I did *not* kill the trader."

Levrey produced his beribboned glasses (his only surviving relic from the merry old times) and looked her up and down. There she stood, wearing a sea-green silk skirt, spread wide by the hoops inside like some parasol. This was an attractive fashion at the time. Especially when the dusty wind down by the Danube got a good grip on those skirts, and they would rise like airships. For the same reason, respectable ladies protected themselves from surprises by wearing knickers gathered below the knees. As one may read in an old poem, these knickers were the bulwark of decency, and the battlemented parapets of the fortress ended in a triangular cut-out parts of blue or red. The name of a woman who had forgotten her knickers at home would hardly ever again be put on the list of balls. "Would she or would she not wear knickers?" Levrey wondered when he concluded his survey. In those days, men still had time to think about silly things like that.

"Well, how did that horrible thing happen, then," he demanded when, at a motion of her ivory-coloured hand, he had seated himself on a mushroom-shaped chair, crossed his legs and peeled the butter-coloured glove from his right hand.

For a space, she sat in the middle of the high-backed divan, her head bowed as if she were marshalling her thoughts. He had time to look around in the Gold Street parlour. The walls were hung with nothing but portraits of men. Remembrance mused on portraits made according to

Daguerre's invention. These gentlemen—stove-pipe-hatted, white-vested, side-whiskered, riding-costumed and booted, all of them, as though they had just come from a fox-hunt or were out of a circus manège—hung on the wall, erect or leaning against something. Some of them had a small black rosette attached to their frames like ribbons of their mistresses' colours tied to the foreheads of saddle-horses. They stared down with an other-worldly creepiness in their gaze that recalled photographs sunk into tombstones when, on All Souls' Day, the widows and their lovers come to visit them. Could *she* have despatched them all, Levrey wondered.

"Ah, you are looking at those pictures?" she said, raising her head. "It is a fine collection, isn't it? That was Baron Sina. The one over there is an Esterházy—Count Niki he was called by everybody. This one here is Gyula Andrassy. . . . They posed for Goszlet's tube on the occasions of hunts down at Gödöllő. And as they were well disposed towards me, they presented me with their portraits."

Levrey looked up at the Gödöllő sportsmen with dutiful respect. And as he had a vivid imagination, he pictured them wearing their gala dresses, with scarlet, white, or pale-green ribbons slung over their shoulders. For his part, he preferred to see the aristocracy decorated with the Leopold Order rather than have them go about wearing ordinary, everyday costumes. Could any woman resist a white-caped Maltese knight?

However, the strap of his dove-coloured pantaloons became taut, and this circumstance brought his attention back to the present. A kind of dazed curiosity—one might say, love—was beginning to burgeon in his heart for the lady that was sitting face to face with him, the lady who had been the mistress of peers. (What might those dukes have been saying while making love, he wondered, and made up his mind to ask her about it in due course. For the time being, however, there was this unfortunate accident of the coper to go through with. Levrey was now tired of the whole business. He would have preferred to chat about yellow-booted, side-whiskered Count Niki.)

"I met the trader on the Danube boat, between Pest and Vienna, when they still had an orchestra playing on board the 'Archduke Stephen' and only people who were in love could buy a ticket. I too was in love. I was in love with a count whom his parents had sent to England to study improving the breed of horses and to forget me. Sitting in the rocking-chair under the awning of the deck, I was indulging in a reverie about him, while the skipper was trying to attract general attention by swearing dreadfully into the brass speaking-tube, with the machinist swearing back at him from below.

"His name was Ruszskabányai, I think, and he dealt in horses. I noticed he had plenty of banknotes in his wallet, which he wore under his shirt. When we arrived in Pest he put a saddle horse into my courtyard, and asked leave to call on me in the evening.

"I do not clearly recall all the details. There are, in a woman's life, events of little significance, to which she fails to attach particular importance because she is not concerned in them with her heart. My thoughts would wander to distant England, where, on the sea-green meadows, Edmund, I felt sure, was thinking of me, letting his gaze dwell at length on the charm I had hung round his neck when he had parted. I had promised him that while we were separated, I should live in piety, purity and god-fearing; that day after day I should walk as far as the Normafa—the place where we had fallen in love with each other; and that for my baths I should frequent the Császár Baths, for there I had lived under the alias of Fruzsinka Császár, while Edmund's parents were having their agents comb the town to find me. I felt a new life stirring within me and was crocheting little bonnets under the plane-trees. The trader must have drunk a drop too much, he felt ill, lay down on the divan, and in a few moments was dead.

"I sat down by the corpse and began to reflect. In the beginning I was not afraid of it—it looked as though he was sleeping and it was up to me to wake him up. But I had already realized that I should not wake him up, for his awakening would have been rather awkward. Again, as always, I was thinking of my Edmund. If he were to learn that a strange man had died at my place, a man with whom I perhaps had shared my love, the knowledge would break his sensitive, noble heart. He would be made unhappy to the end of his days, would despise womankind, and be doomed to spending his life without a helpmate, in hermit-like seclusion. His saintly mother would rightly curse the person who was the cause of his undoing, and I should go into exile, burdened with shame, suspicion and contempt. And I should lose my Edmund for ever . . . That thought gave me back all my courage. At dusk, I sent for a distant relation of mine—yes, a distant kinsman. For you must not think I sent for my brother or my father; they are respectable people and shall be nameless. This man was a master mason, and by the following morning we completed the work of immuring the trader. After that, I never thought of him again. I would only remember him every time I began to dress and first thing put my hat on my combed locks. Then I would wonder whether he might not step out of the wall while I was away."

During this account, Konstantin Levrey had gone down on his knees. He showered kisses upon her hands that resembled those of beatific

women destined to perform sacred deeds—hands that would no doubt gently distribute alms among the poor and were easy-going with banknotes like the hands of duchesses, but could roll together the hairs left in them after combing in order to divine superstitious things from their shape. He kissed those hands and those rings (the blood of ruby, the distracting lake of diamond, and the ice-field of opal). The only circumstance that puzzled him was why she should put on her hat first thing when she began to dress. According to retired lions, that habit was customary among ladies of easy virtue.

"And now, Queen of my heart," he breathed, "I wonder, would you mind performing a hand-stand like you did when you first loved me?"

The tip of her nose reddened. Her eyes filled with tears. Her voice became veiled.

"Edmund too used always to ask me to do that," she said softly.

She bent forward from her waist, placed her palms on the carpet and, in a single movement—like a fish leaping out of the placid surface of a pond—raised her legs in the air. With a blissful heart, Levrey observed that she wore a pair of decent barchent knickers such as are worn by middle-class women in the Józsefváros district.

OMELETTE À WOBURN

by

DEZSŐ KOSZTOLÁNYI (1885—1936)

Kornél Esti was heading homewards from Paris after a year of study. When he got into the third class compartment, and his nose was assailed by the familiar, stale smell, the misery of his poor country, he felt that he was already at home.

Towards evening, legs and heads were lying about on the dirty floor, as on a battlefield. Groping his way to the lavatory he carefully avoided scattered limbs and stray heads, whose owners were snoring away overcome by fatigue. He had to look out lest he should step on a mouth or a nose.

At times the sleepers fidgeted, collecting their lost limbs from some place beneath the wooden seat or elsewhere as on the far-off day of the last judgment, attempted to struggle to their feet, rubbed their eyes, and then fell back into the exhaustion which they had brought with them from overseas. Mostly they were returning emigrants, wrapped in gaudy rags,

with sacks, pillows and eiderdown quilts. A poor woman with a kerchief on her head, coming from Brazil, held her sleeping little girl on her lap.

In the obscurity of the dusk the student was saddened at the prospect of having to spend a night in this malodorous menagerie, and then another day, before reaching Budapest. The whole time he remained standing. His legs trembled. He was nauseated by the reeking of the clothes and the acrid smoke.

In the evening at eight his train steamed into the station of Zurich.

Leaning out of the window, he was fascinated by the sight of the town straggling over the hills, the villas looking like toy houses, with tiny, idyllic lights glimmering in their windows. It had rained that afternoon. The air was pure, vapourless and translucent like glass. Suddenly he was seized by an irresistible longing to get off and continue his journey next morning.

Originally he had intended to make the trip at one stretch, chiefly to save money. He dived into his pocket and found eleven Swiss francs in it, all his wealth, which he had exchanged at the border. He quickly got hold of his bag and sprang down from the train. He had his ticket stamped and, leaving his thin, hectic student's bag in the railway cloakroom, he wandered into the city. He did not regret his decision. It was, indeed, wonderful to roam about the unknown streets that awakened no memories, to peep in at a window for the first, perhaps the last, time, to watch people walking along calmly and contentedly, with closed umbrellas. He could not say why, but their slightest gestures affected him with a magic power. He yearned for all of it. Hotels beckoned to him from ancient residences and wainscoted manor-houses.

Soon he found a students' hostel where for three francs he got a tiny room opening on the courtyard. He washed, and hurried down to the lake. Enframed by houses on stilts and by embankments, the lake looked like a china inkstand with light-blue ink undulating in it. A single boat with its romantic lamp was rocking on the surface in the vicinity of the opposite bank. For some time he stood there, lost in reverie. Then he became aware of feeling hungry.

He was ravenously hungry. He felt the pangs of starvation. No wonder. All day he had eaten nothing but two apples. He thought he would get a bite at a milk-shop before going back to the hostel. He sauntered along from street to street, looking evermore furiously for a milk-shop, but the diligent, sober Swiss had already gone to bed. He caught sight of a light among the foliage. It appeared to be a neat little garden restaurant, so he went in.

He walked in, unsuspecting, between the two rows of blue hydrangeas towards a table in a corner. By the time he got there he was surrounded by four waiters in tails as quickly as a burglar by men of the secret police. He looked at them, a little startled, perhaps with some reproach for their descending on a defenceless man in a company four strong. He definitely found them too many.

The waiters discharged their duties coolly and mechanically. Each of them had his own role. One took his hat, the other helped him to get out of his shabby, weatherbeaten old raincoat, the third hung it on an iron coat-rack, while the fourth and tallest among them, an ice-cold, indifferent gentleman, with his sparse black hair parted in the middle, as stiff and dignified as a *major-domo*, ceremoniously handed him a thin, leather-bound book decorated with gold tooling, which one might have taken for some *incunabulum*, one of those early printed books of which only a single specimen exists. Specimens of this book lay about, one on every table. It was the bill of fare.

Kornél, full of forebodings, sat down irresolutely, and opened the gorgeous book. He saw the restaurant's name, the date of its foundation—1739—a red coat of arms, and, underneath, an endless list of dishes written on cardboard in faultless typescript. He turned the leaves absent-mindedly, endeavouring to find his bearings. The four waiters stood waiting at easy attention, without the slightest sign of impatience, or rather with the readiness of ball beaux, inspired by faith and confidence. This scene, it cannot be denied, was graced by a certain solemnity.

The *major-domo*, tilting his head a little to one side, now asked in the most highly refined French whether he wished to have supper. The guest nodded and ordered an omelette of three eggs.

Having repeated the order with proper respect, the *major-domo* emphasized his guest's desire for a dish of eggs as an entrée; while a dreamy smile flitted across his face, he remained standing at the table as if he had failed to understand the order. In fact, there were three kinds of omelette: omelette à Napoleon, omelette alla zingarella, and omelette à Woburn. The question was which of them the guest deigned to prefer.

He had to decide.

For Napoleon he felt an aversion on account of his ambition to conquer the world; zingarella he did not find very attractive either. As for Woburn he had no idea who or what it might be. After all it was immaterial, the important thing being that it should be brought as promptly as possible, and that there should be enough of it at a reasonable price; for he was practically famished. He could not blurt this out so curtly. He heard the waiters speak Italian to one another, so he addressed them in Italian.

Thereupon the *major-domo* frigidly replied in German, as if repudiating such undue familiarity. A distinguished gentleman was apparently expected to speak only one language.

Embarrassed, he decided in favour of omelette à Woburn.

The *major-domo* acknowledged the order with a nod of his head and tripped away; then the other waiters put before him various wine lists, ready to bring any sort of champagne in an ice-pail, sweet French, dry English, sack, or bottled light wine. The guest asked for water. Mineral water? No, ordinary water, well-water, tapwater. Yes, yes.

At last he was left alone.

His attention was first arrested by a dresser in the centre of the room, with a violet flame blazing for an unknown purpose. Later he noticed the staff warm plates over this odd perpetual light, to prevent their cooling by the time they were put before the guests. At this late hour there were only a few people in the restaurant. Rather far from him there was a fair, diplomat-like dandy in tail-coat; opposite the latter sat two German upper middle-class girls with their grey-haired father, who seemed to be an industrialist, an old Swiss patrician; nearest to them sat a party of eight or ten, ladies and gentlemen, all dressed in evening clothes. These must have been in the middle of a long supper. They drank champagne with claret. At a flicker of the *major-domo's* eye-lids the waiters successively brought various glasses and cups; the silver dishes with their silver covers were taken round, and the guests helped themselves unhurriedly, paying more attention to the conversation. They would take a slice of fish, a claw of lobster, or taste some of the excellent flesh-coloured meat which at such restaurants is sometimes provided with extra hues, as is a woman's face with make-up. Several ladies only glanced at a dish and made a sign of dismissal.

Kornél gazed about him suspiciously. Crystal glasses glittered on every table, the glass chandelier in the middle threw fairy-like soft light on the shirt-fronts, on the ladies' diamonds and tiaras. Truth to tell, he would not have minded if the restaurant had been less luxurious. Soon he made new discoveries. Directly below his feet the lake was splashing in rhythmic ripples. This pleasant summer house, jutting out over the lake, had been built on the water. On the platform, a band of bearded gipsies were playing only classics, with spectacles and from music.

All these were excessively ominous signs, which induced him to subject the bill of fare to a thorough study. In general, the prices varied between fifteen and thirty-five Swiss francs. There were, however, dishes without any indication, except for marks of interrogation, as if the distinguished owner, ensconced in the self-assurance of centuries of wealth, were shrugging

his shoulders derisively, snapping his fingers at stingy inquisitiveness. As a rule, neither the waiters nor the guests talked of such things, carefully avoiding every allusion to money, this despicable, sordid, shameful thing of which, naturally, everybody had plenty.

At this point he frowned and grew serious like someone who suddenly finds himself in a trap. He looked for omelette à Woburn with which he had rashly established a close connection in a giddy moment. He found it only among the entrées, to be sure, mentioned in a group, without a fixed price. He began to calculate, to multiply and divide, to see what the eleven Swiss francs in his pocket were worth in various other European currencies, but these arithmetic operations did not add to their value. He rubbed his stubby chin with his perspiring palm. He felt ill at ease. Had anyone offered to release him at the price of having the little finger of his left hand cut off, he would have willingly agreed to the bargain. He glanced at the exit with growing frequency.

Since he had been left without being served for half an hour and the staff appeared to have entirely forgotten about him, he made up his mind to slip off. He rang.

In a moment the waiters were at his table. There were so many of them that two or three attended to every guest.

Amidst voluble apologies they reassured him that his food would be ready in a minute or two. In the meantime he ordered some bread, for he could not stand being famished any longer.

A waiter brought it on a nice little crystal dish. It was toast, of film-like thinness, not unlike a wafer, suitable only to symbolize the burning bread at holy communion, to nourish the soul and prepare it for eternal life. He slowly crunched it.

About a quarter of an hour later, a mysterious commotion became noticeable around the dresser. The whole staff marched up to it, as to an altar. A waiter brought a huge dish covered with a silver lid; for a few moments he pottered about the purple flame and then actually came towards Kornél. A warmed plate was put before him on the table and, with the aid of the other waiters, the operation of serving was commenced under the *major-domo's* personal supervision. When the lid was removed from the dish, Kornél did not dare to look at it at once, only later. After such preliminaries he would not have been astonished to see a nut-sized diamond fried in the middle of the scrambled eggs, accompanied by a ruby on one side and a sapphire on the other; so he was disappointed to find the omelette à Woburn look exactly like the scrambled eggs prepared by his mother. There it lay in the middle of the silver dish, fried in the shape of a fish, as good as lost in

infinite space. The waiter seized it with a knife and a fork, but before putting it on his plate, perhaps in compliance with the restaurant's traditions or actuated by the exterior resemblance of the omelette à Woburn to a fish, he dexterously snipped off the two ends with lightning rapidity, like the inedible head and tail of a fish, and nonchalantly, thoughtlessly threw them on another silver dish held high by an assistant waiter, discarding these yellow, exceedingly tempting pieces and visibly reducing thereby the quantity of the dish. Kornél emphatically disapproved. He looked after them with sad, wistful eyes.

In a moment he had devoured the omelette. It was smaller than he had suspected, scarcely a mouthful. He had already consumed his bread. He did not have the courage to order more. He preferred to drink two glasses of water instead.

The waves on the lake were murmuring, the orchestra was playing the minstrels' competition on the Wartburg, the party in his neighbourhood were still unable to get to the end of their meal, but all this held little interest for him. He wondered what would happen next. With an air of determination he asked for his bill. While the *major-domo* was making it up with a fountain pen, he closed his eyes, imagining scandals, every manner of awkward scenes—first amazed faces, then suppressed, agitated altercations in the course of which he would be shown the door; there would be a scuffle, police, an identity check. His heart was in his throat. He opened his eyes. The bill was lying on a tray. It showed altogether four francs. He took out his pocket book, fingered it slowly, with voluptuous enjoyment, as if he were hard put to it to find that ten franc bill among his wad of notes. He threw it on the table superciliously. He was returned six francs, which he jingled in his hands as if he had won them; relief made him feel light-headed, like a nabob, and in his joy he put a franc into the hand of every waiter. To the *major-domo* he gave two.

The waiters, having been grossly over-tipped, glanced at one another, bowed and promptly withdrew.

He had to put on his raincoat alone.

On his way out he once more met the *major-domo*, who, with one arm raised, must have been engaged in some extremely important operation. Kornél stared at him, trying to provoke a greeting. But that gentleman was so busy that he omitted every form of salutation. So it was Kornél who raised his hat.

That too was mistake.

He reached the street blushing, overcome by the itching, sickening disgust of shame. He drew a deep breath and broke into a run. He raced to

the statue of Zwingli. Here he roughly took stock of his situation. He could not go back to the hostel; he had no more money than sufficed to redeem his luggage in the morning and to travel on. Nevertheless, he felt happy; as if he had escaped death after a terrible adventure. He roamed about in the starlit summer night, bareheaded. His aimless walk took him again and again to the restaurant which was by then enveloped in darkness. On the shore of the lake he sat down on a seat. He thought of all sorts of silly things. He recalled the diplomat-dandy, the industrialist with his two well-bred daughters, the party where champagne was mixed with claret, the *major-domo* who did not return his greeting, also the omelette à Woburn, the two ends of which the waiter had cut off and thrown on the silver dish so heartlessly.

As if weighed down by drowsiness, he suddenly bent down his head and rested it against the arm of the seat. But he did not sleep.

He wept softly and quickly.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

by

LAJOS NAGY (1883—1954)

The wolves were trotting along the fringes of the forest. They were parched by thirst, and they were swearing and reviling some rascally rabble—when one of them beheld the swift-flowing brook. The pack rushed down to the water, leaned over and started drinking of it greedily. Some used mess-tins, others just scooped the clear water of the brook into their cupped hands. Suddenly, one wolf threw up his head, his eyeballs bulging and his nostrils dilated into round holes as when a wolf smells sheep: he had observed a little way off, a tame lamb that was drinking from the brook. He who had made the observation warned his nearby comrades and reported forthwith to Wolf. The pack drew themselves up to their full length, turned their gaze towards the sheep, and their cheeks brightened. One wolf unleashed a howl:

“Hey!”

Like the whizz of an arrow the cry swished past the sheep's ear, and the helpless creature quailed. He had heard the call all right, yet he made no movement, pretending not to have perceived it at all or ignoring it as something that did not concern him. Nor did he find it too difficult to be standing still, for the sudden terror froze him for a moment.

"Ho!" came the sharp howl again.

"Hey there, you rogue!"

At that, the sheep, with the mechanical obedience which had become an ingrained habit, rose and stood erect, and turned to face the wolves.

"Just trot over, will you."

"Double up!"

The sheep was loth to budge from the spot. Ah, it would be far better for him if he would just fall plop into the water and never rise to the surface again. His heart was heavy within him.

It was Wolf that spoke to him again, and he sounded gentle, almost friendly:

"Come here, will you?"

Now the sheep got going. A faint hope was stirring in his heart, for the call had sounded almost kind. So he began to walk slowly towards the wolves, who were standing there with burning eyes and swallowing their saliva.

As the sheep came up and, respectfully, hat in hand, stopped in front of him, Wolf smilingly spoke:

"Why do you make the water muddy when we are drinking?"

The sheep, forgetting the trouble he was in, replied in a manner that was almost courageous:

"Me? Make the water muddy? How *could* I have made it muddy with you people standing above and me below?"

"Ah yes. *Superior stabat lupus*. Very good."

And Wolf laughed. His laughter was accompanied by a chorus of raucous guffaws.

"Well, but you did speak disparagingly of us last year."

The sheep defended himself briskly.

"Oh no," he protested. "God forbid! How *could* I have done so?—Why, you folks didn't yet exist last year!"

Again Wolf laughed—it was a peal of unmerciful laughter.

"Right you are," he said. "Last year, we were, still at some hell of a faraway place. But then. . . Ah, never mind. If it wasn't last year, then it was this one. This bloody year! And if it wasn't you, then it was your father. Or your mother or your brother. Or any of your tribe. Yourself or your people, your accomplices—it makes no difference!"

Wolf's cheeks had now become pale; his eyes were flashing, his ringing, clear voice had become distorted. The sheep, who had heard many a story about wolves, could have screamed now and dropped to his knees, sobbing and wailing, and pleaded for mercy. But he was impotent and just stood.

there speechless. The wolves drew closer and surrounded him completely. Some of them, driven by the whip-lash of their desire, growled loudly. Their muscles twitched. One wolf snapped his teeth, and a greenish, sulphurous breath issued from the mouths and nostrils of all of them.

The sheep stood there, paralysed with fear. One of the wolves howled at him: "Your bloody lips are sealed, are they, eh? We'll open 'em for you!"

"We'll open 'em for you!"—the words fell like blows on the sheep's skull. He burst into sobs, and the tears streamed rapidly down his cheeks, drop after drop. In a voice broken by sobbing, he bleated:

"My fah-ahther's dead. I'm an orphan boy. M-my mother die-eyed l-long ago. I had one brother and he-ee was killed in the war."

"Killed! Was he!" echoed one of the wolves, with blood-curdling scorn.

"In short: You did *not* make the waters muddy. Your father is dead; your mother is dead. You have no brothers—nobody. You did *not* do anything. You are as innocent as a newborn babe. Is that it?"

"Yes, please, General," the sheep bleated, with reviving hope.

"Mph. So you haven't. You didn't and you haven't. You deny. Therefore. . . I am a liar?"

The sheep was taken aback. At this moment, one wolf hit him a terrific clip in the face. Instantly, the sheep's left eye popped out of its socket. The wolf gave a howl of delight.

"Well! Captain's a bloody liar, sez you, eh? You cheeky bastard!"

"Is he or isn't he a liar?"

A shattering blow. The sheep's hanging left eye burst. The wolves howled in chorus.

"He is not," the sheep gasped.

"He isn't? Why, then he is speaking the truth!" another wolf howled, and hit the sheep vehemently over the head. The sheep's skull-bone gave.

"He's speaking the truth!"

"Then it's you that's telling lies?"

Plump-bang! Skull fractured.

"Is it or isn't it you?"

Crack! Skin torn. Bone cracked.

"It's me."

"You, eh? Telling us lies, worm? You have the cheek to tell us lies, eh?"

Slash! Blood running.

"So you've been telling lies, gryphon? And how about your father—he's alive, isn't he?"

Stab.

"My father's alive, yes."

"You do have two fathers, don't you?"

Kick.

"Oh! I've two fathers."

Smash! Bone cracked.

"You do have three fathers, don't you?"

Flesh seared.

"Oh! I have three fathers."

Wallop!

"You have as many fathers as we wish, haven't you?"

Skin flayed.

"Oh! Oh! I've a hundred fathers."

Whack!

"You've murdered people, haven't you?"

"I have, yes."

Kick.

"You've robbed and looted, haven't you?"

Bang! Smash! Stroke after stroke.

"I have, yes."

Stab.

"And you did throw mud at us, didn't you?"

Flesh seared.

"I did."

Bone cracked.

"And you did make the water muddy when we were drinking?"

Blows showering.

"I did."

Whack! Slash! Stab! Burn! The sheep now lay motionless, softly breathing. The wolves howled in chorus. Wolf stood erect, a grim look in his face. He lit himself a cigarette—his hands were white, his finger-nails gleaming. His leggings shone in the sun. The wolves clustered round him and were whining madly in the urgency of their expectation. He made a sign to them.

The wolves dragged the sheep away and hauled him into the forest.

The wind roared and screamed and moaned in the trees, swinging the loads of their strong branches.

HOVEL ON THE GROUNDS

by

ANDOR ENDRE GELLÉRI (1908—1945)

He still remembered his name: István Pettersen. That was what the schoolmaster had called him very long ago when he handed over to him his grey-backed primary-school report. At the magistracy, where he went to get his labour-book, a peak-capped attendant in a blue smock, after staring severely at the group of prospective workers, had shouted: "István Pettersen"—that had also been he. Then he saw himself among Swabian lads, on whose black round hats the spring flowers had paled as if they too had drunk from the young men's brandy. A little removed from those lined up before the recruiting commission a few girls or mothers were loitering, flushed and excited. Soon they all poured into the hall where gentlemen were sitting at long tables, while the regimental surgeon was walking up and down before the tables, an extinguished cigar in his mouth and his hands behind his back. The row of young men duly started moving towards the scale, whence they emerged before the surgeon. Still he was István Pettersen, fit for military service as a trooper, who was transferred to a machine gun unit and sent off to Montenegro.

"Look Pettersen," he was told a couple of years later at a locksmith's workshop, "what can I do with you if I have no work?"

At the time he was on friendly terms with a girl's family, and Ella's people had said that István Pettersen would anyway shortly pop the question...

But now, as he glided along furtively among tiny, scattered houses he gave himself quite a different name: "Dog."

There certainly was something of a stray dog about him as he stepped out briskly, to stop short and gaze with bent back through the window; then he drew aside and stealthily looked on while those inside had their evening meal.

The sky was overcast. A scarcely perceptible wind went through the streets; down here its cold was nippy, but up in the mountains it must have had an icy touch. Up there he had so far been able to go to sleep on any grassy spot; and it was as if stolen fruit tasted better by night than by day. In spring and in summer goats were grazing on the mountain sides; he approached them bleating, creeping on his belly, and milked them. The houses on the mountain had many hens with a tendency to rambling; they stole out surreptitiously and wanted to make a nest for their eggs among

the hay or in the bushes. He plundered such nests, and sometimes his life was so pleasant that he gathered flowers and chased butterflies.

But, autumn had now rendered the grass sharp and rough. As if an invisible river were flowing underground, every clod had become wet.

He had to come down into the town.

A large, black space of empty sites yawned across several streets.

He waded right into the middle. On the way he stumbled against scattered stones and bricks. He scraped up a number of bricks in the darkness and made himself a bed. A little off he saw something lighter than its surroundings; he went there and picked it up. It was a paper bag that once held cement. He tore it apart and smoothed it out over the bricks. Then he curled himself up, covered his head with his arm and went to sleep.

He woke up drenched with moisture, as if he had perspired. When he stood up his whole body shivered with cold so violently that he was seized with fright. He started running, to get warm.

The extensive grounds beneath the vast grey expanse gradually grew light.

Pettersen trudged back to his hard bed and looked about him.

Bricks with little red faces were lying about all over the place; stones; and the soil was chalky; a lime-kiln had stood here long ago, the bricks and sooty tiles had been left here when it was pulled down.

The houses lay scattered at the edges of the site. Hardly anyone crossed the deserted grounds, which were littered with rubbish.

The mountains opposite were full of autumn; the nights would be full of wind and rain...

Pettersen was not very exacting. He strode six long steps this way and six the other. First of all he covered the space with bricks. That would be the size of his house. Then he looked about for tools. In the neighbourhood he found a discarded basket without ears, an enamelled pail with holes, and countless old pots. When he walked over his realm he noticed cast-off, dusty coat sleeves, a pair of trousers torn into eight pieces, and some rusty nails. He filled the basket and the battered pail with bricks and began to cart them to his "house." He allotted an important role to a crooked dust-pan, using it to dig up the loose soil; the chalky, drossy dust served as mortar, which he sprinkled and smoothed in chinks between the bricks.

There he stood, a lone man on the deserted site and began to build. He erected motley walls to shield his body against the night, and, though his stomach rumbled, divine satisfaction descended on him. These grounds had lain empty; the material from which he was building his house had for years looked at the sun, nestled under the snow and suffered the heavy

autumn rains. Now somebody was selecting the better bricks to build a house. The sooty tiles he fitted along slats nailed together from a hundred pieces; on the roof he left a round hole for the stove pipe to peep out. And to smoke, when all was covered by snow. That it might warm the life of a vagabond whom the schoolmaster, the magistracy, the girls, the recruiting commission and the front had known as István Pettersen.

No one took any notice of something's having been built in the middle of the grounds. A large-size hole formed the entrance, with an old piece of sacking hung over it as a door. The whole was no taller than just to avoid the owner's brushing his head against the roof. It was no larger than a prison cell: six steps in one direction, six in the other. Yes, yes, Pettersen had already had that honour. . . . For petty theft. But it had been no inconvenience, for it was winter when he had to do his time. Yet these six steps were different. He could draw aside his door, slip out into the open and walk about; he could go to the street corner, hold out his hand and beg. This begging too was, of course, quite different from what it had been before. As he winced: "I have not eaten for ten days, sir, give me a few pence for bread," Pettersen was dreaming of a bed. . . . dreaming of a stove, . . . perhaps his heart would break when a stove pipe at last poked through the tiny roof!

Oh, that first evening! The wind is licking the walls of the little hut like a wild creature, panting and snorting as a beast of prey sensing that its quarry is inside. But the quarry is crouching safely at the bottom of the wall. For the time being he is heating his lodgings with his own body, feeding that stove with half a loaf of bread and a few bits of bacon as fuel for the fire. But that isn't important. The important thing is the tiny hut, and when the rain comes during the night, the water luckily trickles down to the ground from the faithful tiles.

Pettersen tramped about in all directions, as he had done before. But now, when the wind was high or he felt tired, there was something to draw him, to call to him.

Náni.

That was what drew him. At night the little house beckoned to him as had Náni, his grandmother, who always kept some hazelnuts and apples hidden under her many-many skirts. And in her lap it was warmer than anywhere else.

In the streets Pettersen sometimes came across other beggars. They looked at each other, but never exchanged a word. It was as if shadows had met on the ground. They passed each other noiselessly. Now and then Pettersen thought he would accost the blind man led by a little girl, and invite him to be his guest.

Unfortunately he never got enough to buy a chair for his house, or a crucifix, only a tiny one, of course, just to remind him of his rural home. That was how he came to fling himself neatly over the fence of the scrap-iron yard one evening. Had he shut his eyes he would still have found that club-footed little stove which he had picked out from the distance, and, lying beside it, a nice stove-pipe, a couple of yards long, with an elbow. Sometimes he thought it was wrong to do such a thing. But he needed it badly and knew how good it would be to have it. Some time he would pay for it, when he would have collected those two or three pengős. Yes, he would have liked to leave a note at the place where he found the stove, saying: "I shall pay for it."

But that could not be done. That he knew. No one liked to have his possessions taken away. Particularly at night.

There was the stove. Like a warm lamb. And the stove-pipe, like the stem of his grandfather's pipe. What delightful wreaths of smoke would rise from it. Fuel would be easy to get. Along the road would come a cart loaded high with wood. The stack might amount to, say, twenty quintals. He would hobble after such a cart, as a raven follows ploughmen in the fields. What fell down he would pick up and put into the blessed basket which he had in the meantime provided with wire ears. But sometimes nothing tumbles down from the top of the cart. In that case he would take a long stick, readily supplied by a friendly tree, and gently poke and prod the heap. The pyramid would wobble and begin to fall. He would be satisfied if he had enough each day to dry the many kinds of refuse and the wet twigs from the forest placed around the stove.

The stove had three feet. Three nice bricks were put under them for rugs. The stove had a neat little mouth; the grate was intact. István had been lucky... he had met no-one on the way, and in the daytime he had found a matchbox with a few matches in it.

The fire was burning. At the first kindling some acrid smoke forced its way through the walls, but inside this smoke crackling noises hopped about as if they were dancers, warming the air with their capering bodies. Sparks sputtered from the stove as from a piece of iron beaten by the smith on his anvil... And the fire itself was like the face of a young girl. For ever changing colour, it veiled itself in blue; then green and yellow bows glowed in its hair, as it piped its little tune. At the back a flame, the colour of a brown bear, danced to it.

And so one falls asleep. It is fire that brings on sleep, and the warmth in the lap of the silent walls. Around one some pots are already sleeping; true, they come from the rubbish heap... yes, also the single plate, half

of its edge missing, which was fished from a garbage can. But, there is sand and lime: in the morning, on getting up, one goes out before the house and sits down on the stone that serves as a chair and begins to scour the old pans. With the patched pail one crosses four streets to the public well. And the pail is full of water. Beautiful white water, the colour of glass.

Three times Pettersen had gone to fetch water, and already he had clean pans; if only he could discover a hen house to get something to feed them with. "What if I do carry off three eggs a day," he said to himself, "from where the hens lay fifty. At worst the housewife will shake her head: that hen with the tufted head has again missed a day. Next day she'll suspect the little yellow one. Heavens, does a hen have to lay every day, without a break?"

Yes, that night there would be a regular feast in honour of the stove, the pans, the spoon, and the plate. He had never known how much life there was in these things. One could whisper with them. How amiably they looked at Pettersen, and how confidentially they could listen and keep silent like sensible babies. One might hope that having so many things one might once cook and roast dishes as good as those that had been prepared before in these old pots and pans. One began to long for a glass; no matter if a light had been burnt in it for the salvation of the dead. Unfortunately there was no way of acquiring one.

"There is no denying," mused Pettersen as he scrutinized the scrap-iron yard with his telescope look, "it would be nice to have some sort of bed." But that couldn't be stolen. It was too large and heavy to be lifted over that tall fence.

The man had a whole pengő. It was November, and he had started to save in September, laying by coin after coin, until he had collected this considerable treasure.

That was all he had; he went to the scrap-iron dealer who was too fat for his clothes.

"Good morning, sir," he said and quickly added, "I should like to buy a bed."

"Pick one for yourself," replied the dealer.

"I have already. There!"—and Pettersen pointed to a curved and crooked, completely rusty bed.

"How much money have you got for that bed?" asked the owner tactfully.

Pettersen would have liked to show both his pengő and his heart, saying, "One pengő and all the gratitude of my heart."

All this had to be expressed by his eyes. The longing. The dejection when the fat man named three as his price. Exactly three times as much as he had. The man did not seem to care. "Three pengő's! You can't say that's too much?" . . . December, January and February, and another three months, fillér by fillér. . . by spring he could bring it off.

"After all I shall be compelled to steal that bed one night," thought Pettersen.

"I've got one pengő," he said, "let me have that bed now. It is only standing here to no purpose and I have nothing to sleep on. I have a little hut," he added, but the situation seemed to be hopeless.

The scrap-iron man was watching his little dog as it barked at the shadow of a bird flying overhead. He had all sorts of old junk worth thousands of pengő's: hammers, umbrella ribs, dumb-bells, even a swing of the type used at a wake; also a turn-bench, innumerable nails, bits of iron, anvils and scissors. He could equip workshops and set people up in life. Of course everybody came to him with such yarns as: "I am a beginner, I have a small workshop, a tiny house. . . I need a chimney pot, or an iron window-frame, or some sort of door, glass, a carpenter's axe." A young student wants a bungalow to go with his boat. . . Of course, he could give it all away for the asking. Sometimes he made ridiculous prices. . . it depended on his mood. . . And then, after his little dog had finished barking at the sparrow's shadow, he looked at the miserable, bearded Pettersen.

"Are you a Jew?"

Pettersen nodded lively assent.

"No, you are not!" said the scrap-iron dealer, piercing him with his eyes, but without any anger at the fib. "Listen; give me your pengő and you may have the bed. It will cost you altogether two pengő's. Do you see that savings-box?"

Pettersen could see it. A blue enamelled money-box with Hebrew characters and with "Zion" in white letters.

"The remainder you will throw in here. As you can. Let there be something in this too."

So Pettersen would show up at the scrap-iron dealer's place. He honestly brought his fillérs.

To one side there was a huge iron plate. It had been part of a boiler. Perhaps it would never be sold—on this Pettersen chalked marks denoting the number of fillérs he had thrown on the altar of Zion for the bed.

In the meantime he bought himself a hammer for ten fillérs. He was given a handle as well. Just like that—he would pay for it later.

Now a bed was spread in the house when evening fell, a human resting-place, at least half a yard from the cold brick floor. It was covered with rags that were as soft as if Pettersen were lying surrounded by a lot of warm puppies. Pettersen had invented a new trick in begging. "Sir," he would say imploringly, wagging his beard, "I need only three fillérs more to pay for a night at the asylum. I can do without food, but I cannot sleep on the ground."

That was about the essence of the words he repeated to passers-by, now with strong confidence, then again unsuccessfully.

He wasn't sure about it, but he had heard that soon there would be snow. He felt no particular apprehension on this score. Having dug a spacious pit, he had filled it almost to the top with coal that would burn, picked from the cinders of a large factory.

One evening there were two people conversing in the house, Pettersen and a woman.

"Well, just go to bed," said Pettersen, "if you like."

"No, don't undress," continued the man's voice, "it isn't sufficiently warm here, yet it is good enough as it is."

In the morning a young servant girl crawled out on all fours from behind the sack.

Yes, it had been well arranged with István; now that there was a bed where they could rest, walls to protect them, and a pit filled with usable cinders, everything had changed.

Later, she would go out to char and wash, take on work for low wages and bring home half of her food to Pettersen. At present she was fetching water, for the man was still asleep. Comfortably stretched out he was sleeping in happy fatigue. It had been a very good night; Anna had after all undressed and the bed, though it had groaned and creaked, had not collapsed. Evidently that was what had made the man so glad, for he was smiling even in his sleep.

Anna made a fire. It was a pity that there were no goats on the hillside. She would have willingly run up there, and by the time Pettersen woke up fresh goat's milk would have stood steaming on the table. But there were other joys. In the tepid air of the room Anna could at last undress to the waist and wash, using pleasant, friendly, warm water; she felt the dirt melt from her, making her grow beautiful... it was long since she had had such an opportunity. Pettersen had also acquired a comb; Anna was seized by a bold idea: she washed her hair then and there as best she could, and bound a kerchief round her head like a real young wife. When he awoke, Pettersen began to laugh; it was so good to be together.

Sometimes it was Anna who went to the scrap-iron dealer to throw the filler instalment into the Zion money-box.

"Well," said the fat dealer, "so now there are two of you; beware, or you'll soon be three," he added, pointing to the woman's belly.

Anna laughed: "We are already. That's why it would be good to have a table and two chairs."

They had one pengő for the purpose.

"One day I shall come to see you," said the fat dealer, who already knew that Anna and Pettersen lived from begging.

And since he was so friendly Anna asked him to kindly reserve for them a pram if he happened to pick one up by next summer.

...It all happened before the snow set in. It was getting on toward dusk when a red-faced gentleman of about fifty-five approached, accompanied by some sort of agent.

Pettersen was standing before the house; instinctively he felt that these two men boded little good. During the long months several gentlemen had passed that way... but these two approached with an air of being astonished and scandalized.

Anna was darning socks inside for a young gentleman, while Pettersen had come out for a breath of fresh air. When the two got near enough to the house, Pettersen took off his cap.

"Good evening, gentlemen."

There was no answer.

The elder, more stately man sniffed as he breathed through his nose. He only looked at Pettersen, then suddenly yelled:

"Get out of here!"

"This is outrageous!"—and it sounded as if he had banged the table.

"Who gave you leave to intrude on my site?!!"

Flushed with fury he looked at the smoke rising gently from the stove pipe.

Pettersen just stood there. The sky appeared as if it were going to snow. Without looking up he could see the sky's ash-grey face. What could he say?

Meekly and humbly he said:

"We had nowhere to go, sir, my wife and I; there were so many bricks here, so we built a little hut. And next spring I was going to bring some black earth and make a little garden."

He said it in a wheedling, imploring, sing-song voice, like an obsequious animal.

"A garden here, on my site?"

Pettersen, who had got accustomed to filching one thing here, another there, and to taking home stolen goods with a very gentle heart and peaceful joy, was confused. As if someone had stopped him when he had stolen the stove, to ask: "Hi, where are you taking that stove, and what for?"

Yes, yes, he could have calmly explained that he needed that stove badly.

Here too he could have explained that there was nothing wrong, the ground had at least been cleared of rubbish.

But the gentleman turned on his heels and walked away, followed by the silent agent.

No, he wasn't going to get into a row with such a tramp.

Here, quite near, was a policeman.

Pettersen and Anna saw what was coming. They collected a few things in a bundle.

Neither of them had any kind of human document.

The policeman... they felt their flesh creep at the mere thought of him. From childhood they had feared and carefully avoided the police... Why? Because they had perhaps always entertained some wish that counted as theft, and because there might always be something for which the policeman could take them to the station if he stopped them.

Anna nevertheless wanted to shout, but Pettersen stopped her.

The policeman had already made out a record, taking down the gentleman's name and complaint. Disturbance of domestic peace, violation of property and trespassing was the learned comment of the gentleman, who was an educated man, a property owner and of great repute in the district.

The agent emphasized that the gentleman was perfectly right. No one had any right to build on a site belonging to someone else.

And the gentleman was anyway a hot-blooded, impulsive person. He had had an unpleasant day, to boot.

When Pettersen looked back from the corner of the grounds those two were knocking down the walls of the house with their thick walking-sticks. Their anger increased when they saw the furniture of the hovel, the bed with the rags, the pots and pans salvaged from rubbish heaps, and the fire burning in the pilfered stove.

With stolid indifference the policeman marched the two people off; from the end of the grounds they looked back, as Adam and Eve may have from the gates of Paradise.

THE HOUSE WITH THE RED LAMP

by

SÁNDOR HUNYADY (1893—1942)

It was in the early nineteen hundreds, at a time of most profound peace, that a second-year arts student by the name of Kelepei slept in the brothel called "Gerendás," in Búza Street, at Kolozsvár.

I can almost see those of my readers who are not versed in this subject now recalling a series of Russian authors from Kuprin to Dostoyevski, who all portrayed these places in such manner that their stories exude not only the stench of liquor and stale cigarette smoke, but also disease, crime and, from time to time, desperate screams of girls with hoarse voices and tormented souls.

Yet this picture does not apply to our story. The noble charm of Kolozsvár clothed even these sad places (though why sad?) with fairy-like and poetic features. I am sorry to have to be patriotic even over so base a subject, but there can be no doubt that the tone in these houses was so distinguished, in fact almost gentle, that it sometimes verged on the humorous. Indeed, the guests of the house generally treated the live merchandise with the politeness due to ladies, so that the poor girls who were to be had for money could almost forget their profession. They were gently dealt with, and they became gentle themselves. This is a general rule. Maybe I ought not myself to be surprised at Aurelia.

Aurelia was an Armenian girl with jet-black hair and large eye-lashes. I shall never forget how she behaved, when after a long Platonic friendship I first went to her room. She stopped by the open bed, the towel in her hand and the counter in her stocking. She blushed and trembled. With the purest of maidenly bashfulness she whispered, almost by way of directions for use, so that I should pay attention to her sensitiveness:

"We are alone now, dear."

The girls were in the habit of going to the theatre, in groups of ten or a dozen. They would fill two neighbouring second-gallery boxes. The only thing that showed them to be different from the rest of the audience was that they were more modest, almost shy. As though they were Mohammedan women who had only recently been set free, and their faces that had been used to the veil still feared the light of day. In the intervals they retreated with confused humility to the obscure background of their boxes.

On March 15th, wearing rosettes on their bosoms and mingling modestly

with the huge crowd, they would all corporately march to the Main Square, to the statue of Fadrusz. There was a University in the City. And the girls wanted to hear the orators, they wanted to see the boys, some of whom they knew and loved. They loved them carnally and spiritually, with that overwhelming exuberance of the soul with which only young people and only students can be loved.

But let us return from the general picture to Kelepei. For those times have passed. They were no more than a crazy flash. An absurd shaft of light, born of the encounter of a host of rare accidents. Kelepei's story, on the other hand, is eternal in its entirety. It took place, it actually occurred. It has been preserved by memory, like an ancient insect frozen in a crystal.

There are boys who seem older than their age. I remember a class-mate, a fifteen year-old schoolboy, who had to shave. He was an almost immoral sight, with his blue chin, mature body and a voice plunging into bass, as though these features had been directly designed to draw attention to his sex among the immature children. Kelepei was of this type. He was a man among the boys. Hairy and deep-voiced. For this reason his escapade also had a completely different colouring to the similar jaunts of his fellow-students. The students would, on their carousing nights, usually burst into the brothels in groups. Like boiling milk that spills over and froths on the hot plate, they wanted to let off steam, rather than indulge their lusts. They would joke, sing, laugh and dance in the saloon. Their rosy gaiety was health itself. Perhaps this too is sometimes necessary. It is part of the other liberties of the undergraduate.

Kelepei, on the other hand, arrived alone. For reasons that only depraved adults can know. His face was wreathed in a mature and expert grin as he stood in the yard and wondered which of the girls to choose. He needed time before he decided, and so he called to a canary-blonde, snub-nosed girl:

"Come along, Darinka! I'll sleep with you."

Darinka quickly drank her early morning coffee in the kitchen, then tallied her account of the day's takings with the madam in charge. After this she retired with enthusiastic zeal, in the company of the student, to her cloister-like, small and narrow cell, which opened from the yard and did not even have a window, only a glass door with a curtain over it. On its wall, over the bed, the carefully framed post-card-sized photos of the actors of both sexes in the troupe then playing at Kolozsvár were hung.

"Wait a minute, I'll lend you a nightdress," said the pedantic Darinka to her guest. She opened her chest of drawers and took out a nightie from

among her underwear, stacked in the tidiest possible manner. Kelepei did in fact put on the scalloped lady's nightdress. It made him look like a chimpanzee, or like the wolf who swallowed Little Red Riding Hood's Granny.

They lay down.

Early in the morning Darinka, who was a light sleeper, opened her eyes. She glanced at the small alarm-clock on the bedside table. Then she gently tapped the shoulder of the snoring student at her side.

"Half past eight. Won't you be late? Don't you have to go to the University?" she asked with gentle concern.

Kelepei gave one snort, then rolled back towards the wall.

Burying his face in the pillow, he irately muttered:

"Let me be!"

Darinka let him. She was sleepy herself. She had merely wanted to be attentive to the boy. They continued to sleep.

At half past twelve, the day-time madam started shouting in the yard, knocking at the glass doors of all the cells:

"Dinner, young ladies!"

This was like the reveille in a barracks. They started running the tap in the yard. The slamming of doors could be heard. Loud speech and quarrelling. One of the girls started singing a tune from the operetta "The Magic Waltz."

Darinka again tapped Kelepei:

"Do you know that it's noon?"

The student sat up in bed. He rubbed his eyes. Then he glanced at the uppermost, uncurtained square of the door. The outer world was visible through the glass here. A narrow strip of the sky, which looked back at him like an eye with a cataract.

"Damn it, it's raining," he yawned.

It was indeed raining. Impatiently, sharply and thick. These unexpected, enduring spring rains usually sweep away the last snow in Transylvania, at the beginning of March.

As he was dressing, Kelepei kept looking at the glass of the door.

"What lousy weather. How am I to go away in this rotten weather? Shall I call a cab? It's a pity for the money."

"Wait," said Darinka. "It'll stop."

"How long do you want me to wait?" grumbled the student. "When I'm so hungry it almost punctures my stomach."

"Then stay here," recommended the girl. "I'll let you have half my dinner. They serve us helpings that would do for a horse."

When Kelepei, after some disdainful prevarication, finally accepted the invitation, Darinka donned her slippers, put on her light blue, white-spotted morning dressing gown, tied a shawl round her blonde hair the way diligent young middle-class wives do at spring cleaning-time, and went off to the kitchen to ask for an extra plate and cutlery for her guest.

The outcome was that the whole house ceremoniously invited Kelepei for dinner. They knew the lad well, they knew that he was a student, a member of the University, which glowed in heavenly light before their eyes. They considered his presence an honour. The proprietress—her little kine called her "Mum"—took down a jar of greengage preserves from the larder shelf for her guest.

Darinka asked Kelepei:

"Shall we bring you your dinner to my room, or do you want to eat with us at table?"

"I'll eat with you," answered the student, who had had enough of the untidy little cell with its stale night-time smell, and was in any case curious to see the table at which "they" had their dinner.

Dinner was served in the saloon—for nine girls, Mum and Kelepei. The saloon had been aired from morning till noon. Then a fresh fire had been lit in the cold room. Finally a bit of incense had been burnt, to suppress even the memory of the previous night's clouds of cigarette smoke. As the concerted result, the atmosphere in the saloon was like that on New Year's day in a room where the Christmas tree has been removed the previous day and the air has retained a trace of the smell of charred pine and wax candles.

The head of the table was occupied by Mum. She was an asthmatic, large, fat woman of about fifty. But she showed more. According to the fashion of the day, her greying hair was piled up in a high bun on top of her head. She was, in fact, dressed neatly and tidily, in the manner of an average middle-class wife. A pair of pince-nez dangled from her neck on a long silver chain. She had one long-haired brown wart on her forehead, and two more on her chin. In her mouth her false teeth glistened with porcelain whiteness. She was the kind of person you would imagine as a Berlin piano-teacher, concerned to maintain her dignity and rather strict with her pupils.

The saloon was as noisy as a birdshop. The girls were gabbling all round the table. They were girls of select prettiness, all young. Blondes, brunettes, black, in every makeable shape, all that Transylvania has to offer. By way of a curiosity, they also had a half-crazy Jewish girl with flaming red hair and freckles, of whom all the others knew that she had poisons hidden in

her drawer. "She'll swallow them when she's twenty-four. She's sworn that she won't grow old."

In the daylight, rested after their sleep, fresh and without make-up, with their hair put up or a shawl tied about their heads like Darinka, the girls looked so pretty and charming that it was almost incredible how singularly cheap they were.

How could this be? Perhaps precisely on account of their warmer humanity—a value that is difficult to utilize. It is probably the worst scum that come out on top in the market of purchasable women. The most self-ish, most unfeeling, most shamelessly demanding type. Even a little silliness, laziness or gluttony is enough for one of these girls to stay down in the abyss of fate. Yet in most cases the reason for their lack of success is some kind of fearfully concealed inferiority complex. The little thing commits her first mistake, receives a wound, loses her courage, and bows her head so low that she can never raise it again. This saloon too, would have needed the presence of Freud. . . . But Freud would not perhaps have been sufficient, Jesus himself would have been needed to restore with kind words the human self-respect of these nine chirruping girls, who had acquiesced in everything.

Kelepei sat beside Mum, who was intensely aware of the social honour. She strove to entertain her guest, and having noticed that the student was interested in the practical side of life, began in the manner of a quartermaster sergeant to explain the business arrangements of the house to him. The turnover, the prices on the market, the laundry costs, the heavy taxes.

The lad listened, ate, then suddenly spoke up with a sincere, inner enthusiasm:

"I say, how marvellous this stew is! How do you do it?"

Mum's porcelain dentures glittered with joy.

"What gives it its good flavour is that there's a little red wine in the gravy. We're very particular about our cooking. We must be, you know—the girls work so hard. And where do you have your meals doctor?" she asked, ingratiatingly advancing him the distant title.

"At the *Werbőczy*," replied Kelepei. The *Werbőczy* was a small student restaurant in the old city. The boy complained that he was not satisfied with it. The soup was all water, the meat gristly, the pastry was as though it had been made of sand. Once he was at it, he continued with his complaints. His lodgings were also no good. The bed had fleas, and the landlady was cantankerous. He paid twenty-five crowns for the room, forty at the *Werbőczy*. That was sixty-five crowns. He was sent a hundred and twenty crowns from home on the first of every month. That left him fifty-five crowns a

month for "the rest." This was little, though it was true that he sent his laundry home to Brassó and only ate "home tuck" for breakfast. For he was a Brassó lad—he had only come to Kolozsvár for the University.

Mum smiled, jokingly.

"Sixty-five crowns is a fine lot of money. I'd give you board and lodging for sixty, doctor."

The girls laughed. Kelepei also laughed, then suddenly became serious:

"Now wait a minute ma'am, that isn't such a bad idea! Have you got an empty room here?"

"Number seven's empty," said Darinka with a giggle. "Nelli's gone to Arad. You could move in."

The girls laughed more tempestuously still. But Kelepei, absorbed in thought, sucked at his teeth. He wondered what it would be like if he really did come and live here. In his mind's eye he saw a whole host of things. Good food, a comfortable bed, with which he might get free all that the house specialized in, once he lived here. And the good company. Kelepei looked round at the girls. There was something he liked about each of them. They would all come his way, gradually, comfortably. He would just have to wink after dinner, like a Sultan...

And what difficulty was there about it? None. He would write home to say he had moved. From now on they should not send the money to Honvéd Street, but to this address. How could anyone in Brassó know what kind of a house No. 2, Búza Street was?

As for the University, let the devil take it. Of course he would not go and report to the Rector what he had done. He would have time enough to think what to do when they cautioned or threatened him. For the time being, he would certainly come here, to this paradise. It was just the place for him—he would swallow in it, like a buffalo in the mud. He turned fully to face Mum.

"Now look, ma'am, let's talk this over..."

It did not take too long before the news got round everywhere that Kelepei had moved into the "house" for lodgings. From this time the boys kept away from him, as though the deep-voiced student had a skin disease. Some treated him like a stranger. Kelepei became the disgrace of the Alma Mater. But not a single one among the students betrayed him to a professor or to the disciplinary authorities of the University. This was partly a matter of chivalry, partly that none of them wanted to be involved in this filthy business.

But Kelepei was so depraved that he did not care a jot what his fellows thought. He really did live like a Pasha in the house. The doorman cleaned

his shoes, the porter swept his room. The girls did his washing, ironing and sewing. Mum, who boasted everywhere of her lodger, had a new mattress made for his bed, a fine white tulle curtain put on his window, and even had black coffee brewed for the lad after dinner.

Kelepei lazily slept through the forenoons, on most days he woke at noon, when the madam shouted, "Dinner, young ladies!" Then he too would shuffle out from No. Seven. He wore slippers and would sit down at the common table in shirt-sleeves, under "Mum's" protecting wings. He grumbled, maligned the food, said it was monotonous, then, after he had eaten, and with a toothpick in the corner of his mouth, he would have a good look at the girls. He made these lazy after-dinner hours, replete with the warmth of digestion, the times for love. The girls were different at this hour, they had slept, they were rested, they were more inclined to play about. Indeed, they did not quite seem what they were. Kelepei became a gourmand. He no longer wanted the girls at night, dressed up for their work and with their make-up on. He liked them uncombed and without stockings. Like housemaids or young middle-class wives, in flannel dressing-gowns, straight from their morning cleaning.

When he came home at night from one of the coffee houses where he had played cards or possibly billiards, he spent some time in the saloon at home. He would dance a waltz and look round to see who was there. Then he would go to his small chamber and lie down. Through the glass pane of the door, above the curtain, he would gaze at the red light, listen to the distant sound of the piano, the shrieks, the laughter, and the splashes outside as water of some sort was poured out on the stone yard. He felt no pangs of conscience at where he had landed. Yet Kelepei was not stupid. For instance he was terrific at cards and dice, only he happened to have this horrid, greedy, animal nature—maybe his hormones did not function properly. When he went to sleep, his face was enough to scare anyone. His mouth assumed an evil expression. The murderers whose pictures are taken by the police have this kind of face.

*

At the end of May, Kelepei's mother had the idea of visiting her son. She had not heard anything bad about him, she saw nothing wrong in his having changed his lodgings, but she was nevertheless uneasy for him. Her maternal instinct realized that something was not quite right with her spoiled, only child. Brassó is a fair distance from Kolozsvár but Kelepei's mother, who was a fairly well-to-do widow of independent means, must

have taken a quick decision. It was that same morning that she had begun to feel specially worried at home, and by six p. m. she had arrived at Kolozsvár. She neither wrote nor wired. "Jenő will be amazed when he sees me!" she thought, with a warm tremor.

"No. 2, Búza Street," said Mrs. Kelepei to the cabbie at the station, while the porter put her ancient valise on the seat of the hansom. The cabbie turned round to have a better look at his passenger. He was a little surprised and wondered what this respectable-looking, skinny little moth wanted in that house. Then he mentally shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps it was a madam from another town, who had come to bring girls or take them. What a rotten trade! He spat to the side, from the corner of his mouth.

Old Neumann, the thick-eared, idiotic old doorman, would hardly let Mrs. Kelepei in. But when she told him who she was, he conducted her with terrified humility to No. Seven.

"There you are ma'am, the doctor isn't here now, but he'll be home later, for sure."

The whole house went numb with terror. The girls, who had been reading, doing needlework or smoking cigarettes on their thresholds in the twilight as they waited for the hairdresser, all withdrew to their rooms. Mum's porcelain teeth began to chatter with fright. She cursed herself for the vanity that had made her take the student for a lodger. Now here she was. The police came to her mind, and the fine she would have to pay. Possibly even her permit might be rescinded if this woman made a fuss. Once she found out what sort of a house this was. Or perhaps she already knew. Maybe that was why she had come, because someone had written and told her.

But Mrs. Kelepei knew nothing. She was a decent, pure-hearted country woman. She had never thought about what a brothel might look like inside. Nevertheless, one or two things did strike her as she crossed the yard. For example, she was startled at the sight of the girls smoking cigarettes. Other signs, however, reassured her. It happened to be washing day at the house, and the acrid smell of smoke, soda and laundry soap was wafted along the yard. Supper was also being cooked—potatoes and tomatoes in a great cauldron. She could feel that someone was cooking something with tomatoes. And in the yard, around the permanganate-stained puddle by the drain, hens were scratching around. A place where there was poultry, where people washed and cooked, could not be altogether depraved according to the widow's lights. But she found the room very small. She sighed: "What a tiny hole poor little Jenő lives in!" She wondered whether the bed was clean, so she had a look. Then she sat down on the only chair, in front of the dresser, on top of which were the

tin basin and other professional props that the previous lodger had left behind.

It was getting dark. After a timid struggle with her conscience, the little lady switched on the light. There was an old, bound volume of "World and Country" on the table. She put on her spectacles, and to pass the time she began looking at the pictures. She could not see out into the yard. But she could be clearly distinguished in the illuminated glass square of the door. Through the thin, organdie-like texture of the curtain, she looked like a Christmas picture. In her grey lustrine dress, her valise by her foot, the spectacles on her nose, she was the very image of "The Waiting Mother."

Mum was no longer thinking about either the police or the fine. Her whole being was overcome by a new feeling—that of shame. She trembled to think what would happen if Mrs. Kelepei became bored in there, if she came out, looked about and asked questions. She had no wish to come face to face with the little grey moth. She did not want the widow to get to know her, to find out who she was and how she made her living and what business of hers the boy was. She did not know her, but she feared her, respected her and yearned after her. She would have liked to prostrate herself with her face in the dust, to cry, to make amends, to go to church, to drink caustic soda, to scratch the student's face, because of whom all this trouble had occurred. Whatever was to happen, she wanted that widow to go away somewhere—she was not the kind to be in her house.

The doorman, acting on orders, knocked at the widow's door.

"Don't worry madam, I'll go and find the young master for you."

Kelepei's mother gratefully thanked him for his kindness. She continued to wait patiently. Now she no longer read. She sat motionless, dropping her hands in her lap, like a time-worn and emaciated Mary.

Mum sent the doorman and the three cleverest girls to go out in the City and look for Kelepei. They were to hire messengers and ask every acquaintance they could find to search out the boy and have him come home, for his mother was here and he must take her away somewhere.

Some twenty-five people sought the student high and low. They could not find him. The trouble was that they all looked for him in the places where students usually went. Whereas Kelepei had actually long ceased to be a student. He had not been expelled, and officially it was not known what had happened to him. The other lads, who were set on preserving their gentility and honour, had dealt with him in their own way. Kelepei had ceased to exist for them as a friend and a colleague, and they politely, coolly, without any quarrelling, simply ostracized him from their society.

On this particular evening Kelepei was in a small inn on Monostor Street. He was playing bowls with railwaymen. They knew nothing more about him than that he had a hand the size of a frying pan, that no one was better able than he to hit a solitary pin, and that he had a voice so thick and deep, you would think he had three pairs of tonsils. It was eight, then nine, then eleven. . . . As a rule the business of the house began at nine. Now, however, the yard stayed dark.

"Sit down, master, in the kitchen. We shan't be starting yet. Ask for some coffee," said Mum nervously to the old pianist who, though he was not blind, wore black spectacles—possibly he had a right to, or else it was only for the sake of etiquette.

They could not start. If the piano began playing and they lit up the saloon, if the girls appeared there in their make-up, with their hair curled, dressed in light blue, white and pink, if the yard livened up and the guests were let in, then, however meek a widow Mrs. Kelepei might be, she would certainly gather what was happening. And of this everyone in the house was terrified. Particularly Mum. It was a mixture of morals, bashfulness, and a feeling of social shame. And also something else, heaven knows what, perhaps it was most like the kind of decency that stops people saying or doing revolting things in the presence of children. The yard and the saloon stayed dark, and the girls did not sing as usual while they put on their evening make-up. A black silence descended on the house—so great a stillness, that it seemed too intense, even to the widow. "What on earth can have happened here?" she thought. "Has everyone around here died?"

The madam and the doorman kept watch in the narrow street outside the house. They stopped all the early guests, who came timidly hugging the wall like shadows, and sent them to the competitive house. Yet it was just these solitary early-comers who paid best. These were generally elderly people, or men with families, or else those who bore the heavy burden of some special wish. A chemist nearly had a stroke with fright, when Mum suddenly accosted him in the dark gateway:

"Please come a little later, doctor. Don't be angry, sir, but the girls are still at the theatre."

Finally at half past eleven Kelepei arrived. He was not grateful for their attention, he was rude, whereupon they were rude with him. He burst into his room. His mother had dozed off, having lain down fully dressed on her son's bed. He woke her, put up with her kisses, then straight away reprimanded her:

"How can you come like this, without a word, Mother? I could hardly get a hotel room for you! Come on Mother!" He snatched up the valise

and rushed the helpless, thin little moth out with him, while she looked on dotingly as her only child made arrangements and gave orders with manly energy.

Ten minutes later the saloon was lit up and filled with people. The piano played, and once more the sounds of laughter and quarrelling, the slamming of doors and the splash of water on the stone of the yard could be heard. There was the smell of meths and singed hair. Darinka was late, only now was she curling her hair in her room. Another girl crossed the yard with her jug. She only had to walk a few paces, from the saloon to her door. Two seconds of solitude, during which her soul could express itself. With a yearning and false voice, as though pitying herself, she sang: "My sweet lady, Sibyll!" Only that. After this single beat she entered her room, where a disgusting man waited for her—the kind whom it is impossible to love. Her voice was stilled, her key turned in the lock, and her curtain became desperately dark.

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS *Continued from p. 33*

AFRICAN PROBLEMS

by József Bognár

THE FAVOURITE — A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

by Gyula Illyés

INVENTING THE FUTURE — TWO CHAPTERS FROM A NEW BOOK

by Dennis Gabor

DEBATE ON SEX ETHICS

by Ottó Hámos

TWO ENGLISH CODICES IN HUNGARY

by László Mezgy

GERMAN ECONOMIC PENETRATION
IN HUNGARY BETWEEN THE TWO WORLD WARS

by György Ránki and Iván Berend

MIKLÓS BORSOS THE SCULPTOR

by István Genthon

THE SHYLOCK QUESTION

by Géza Hegedüs

FOUR POEMS AND A CONFESSION IN PROSE

by Ferenc Juhász

THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF DIVORCES IN HUNGARY

by Ottó Csiki

LIVING WORLD LITERATURE

by Tamás Ungvári

SHORT STORIES

by Gábor Thurzó, Ferenc Karinthy, Lajos Mesterházi

KEIR HARDIE AND HUNGARY

by János Jemnitz

THE ROLE OF RURAL SCHOOLING IN HUNGARIAN PEASANT CULTURE

by

GYULA ORTUTAY

The present paper* will deal with the question whether, and to what extent, education at school has been able to exert an influence on the cultural development of the Hungarian peasantry as well as with the relationship between official *organized* school education on the one hand and the effects, constantly at work, of *organic* traditions of the family and the village community on the other.

I

The question, briefly formulated, comes down to this: What accounts for the survival of the oral traditions of folk poetry in a nation, in one of its social strata, or in some of its ethnic groups? How can it survive over long epochs of history? What fundamental historical and social, what cultural factors will animate or put an end to the creative periods of folk poetry? At what point will the so-called "communal" creative forces of folk poetry begin to decline, when will the traditional and dialectic process of enhancement-deterioration in passing on and taking over come to an end, and the destructive forces of deterioration, of "singing to death", become dominant? Must an explanation be based exclusively on poetical factors immanent in folk poetry, or—as we are convinced it should—on historico-social factors that ultimately determine both the genesis and the contents of poetry and thus indirectly also its forms?

To give a complete analysis of all historico-social factors within the frame of a single lecture would clearly be impossible; we therefore wish to confine ourselves—as already pointed out—to the effects of school education, and even this only for a historical period that can most easily be used for purposes of illustration.

* Excerpts from a lecture delivered by the author in Helsinki, at a special meeting of the Finno-Ugric Society, on April 28, 1962

Contrary to the views professed by literary romanticism, the Hungarian peasantry was not a homogeneous class even under early feudalism. Variations in the size of land tenure were already apt to create considerable social differences, and the differences between the villeins with a certain amount of land tenure and the landless cotters were steadily growing. In Hungary, this increasing social stratification began as early as the 15th century. Here too, development followed the general European trend, with class differences within the peasantry becoming more marked as time went on. The number of destitute cotters who earned a living only by their handiwork continued to increase while part of the villein tenants grew richer (Sámuel Tessedik, a Lutheran pastor and agricultural reformer of the 18th century, referred to the latter as bloodsucking and despotic peasants). The holdings of the rest of the peasantry kept breaking up. The size of a hide was about 26 to 34 acres, but by the 18th century we already encounter—beside tenures of half or one quarter of a hide—holdings of no more than one sixteenth and even one thirty-secondth of a hide. The process went on until the advent of capitalism, which gave a new impetus to the enrichment of a thin layer of peasants who became the allies of the great landowners, and to the further impoverishment and proletarianization of the landless peasantry.

At this point I should like to interpose two remarks. The first concerns the fact that, as a consequence of the stratification among the peasantry, a self-conscious political force emerged from the ranks of landless cotters dissatisfied with and revolting against their fate. A contemporary document refers to the peasants who took part in the Transylvanian uprising of 1437 as

“those having no animals or any other property of their own, but earning their daily living by the work of their hands, namely, by hoeing and thrashing.”

On the other hand, our Hungarian experience shows literate peasants as occurring in this class of landless cotters at a very early date—a fact worth being taken note of by the folklorist. Among the cotters there were artisans and clerks engaged in trades other than agriculture, especially in the major seignorial market towns. It was from their ranks that the socially most significant group of students came—itinerant at first—and then the teachers of the peasantry, easily the most important agents of European culture among the illiterate peasants. A single illustration will suffice: in the 15th century, of 85 cotters in the market town of Szikszó four were “literate” but of the villein tenants not a single one.¹

¹ Cf. István Szabó: *Tanulmányok a magyar parasztság történetéből* (Studies on the History of the Hungarian Peasantry), Budapest, 1948, pp. 26 and 61.

The history of the peasantry was determined by a system of renders and services regulated by laws of increasing severity. All this tended to aggravate the situation of the villein and to increase the number of landless. In addition to the render in kind and money to the lord of the manor and to the Church, the heaviest burden of all was that of scutage, which put the serf at the landlord's disposal often for as many as 3 to 4 days a week, especially at the height of the agricultural season. It is partly to these circumstances that the steady growth of manorial estates and the increasing poverty of the villeins must be ascribed. Ever since the 16th century, the necessity of fleeing, of abandoning the land was a recurrent theme in peasant petitions. The uniformity of the process manifests itself in the fact that villein letters of this type survived into the 19th century; they permeated the pattern of refugee songs and even of the letters and migration songs of peasants who in the 19th and 20th centuries fled to America to escape capitalism.

While on the manorial estates and, in their wake, also on the lands of the rich peasants, more intensive methods of agricultural production were gradually gaining ground and mechanization was being introduced from the middle of the 19th century onwards, on the poor peasant's farmstead the methods of cultivation remained extensive and primitive. Many of the medieval forms of extensive farming survived in Hungarian animal husbandry and agriculture, often in such primitive forms as the rudest methods of threshing by hand, until the country's liberation in 1945. Nor were several archaic forms of gleaning and poaching entirely extinct. At the same time, the peasant was bound to the land not only by law and by inhuman seigniorial jurisdiction but also by the prevailing system of village and farm settlement, with its lack of adequate roads, as well as by the absence of market centres that might have exerted their beneficial effect on cultural development. From early autumn to early summer the roads were literally impassable, and the great Hungarian reformer, István Széchenyi, saw in these roads unfit for traffic one of the principal causes of the country's backwardness.

All these factors combined in shaping the Hungarian village emerging from its beginnings under feudalism and, survived essentially unchanged in the era of capitalist development; and within the village, they gave shape to the peasant ways of life that constitute the subject of our ethnographic investigations. Village life was regulated by severe rules that extended over every aspect of existence, from birth to death, and determined both the forms of compulsory labour and the most intimate moments of family life. In a very instructive essay² Margit Luby points out the extent to

² Margit Luby: *A paraszti élet rendje* (Rural Customs), Budapest, 1935

which age-old conventions have survived into the 20th century, beginning with forms of greeting and recurring throughout the course of everyday life. With his limited notions of a society governed by unknown supernatural powers and by only too well-known earthly potentates, every moment of the peasant's life was embedded in pre-determined traditions acknowledged as the law. The rebel who trespassed against these standards would be punished by the small village community itself or by the feudal order ruling over it. Any deviation from the traditional was almost immediately considered as rebellion, as punishable.

Gergely Berzeviczy, a Hungarian nobleman of advanced views, said in a manuscript written in 1804³ that the soul of anyone dealing with the state of the Hungarian people was stirred by passion as storms stir up the sea. In 1848, social reforms and the War of Independence brought about the liberation of the serfs, at least legally. But the living conditions of the peasant, his social defencelessness, his growing poverty, his cultural forsakenness remained essentially unchanged.

2

One can hardly wonder that a social order that enclosed the peasants in a strict system of obligations regarded the education of the peasantry as an unnecessary burden rather than as the duty of the State; nor would ecclesiastical opinion in the Middle Ages—an opinion which, by the way, has survived to the present century—see the educational task of the Church as extending beyond teaching the peasant obedience. According to the feudal view sanctioned by Thomas Aquinas, social stratification was based on parentage and any transgression of class boundaries must be considered an evil. These Thomist views are voiced in a sermon of Mihály the Hungarian, at the middle of the 15th century:

"Heed must be taken lest the secular princes elevate common and poor people to high rank, for this will lead to the corruption of the good and the virtuous. Empires and cities fall into decay whenever the servants are exalted and the free noble (*liberi et generosi*) overshadowed."⁴

The history of rural schooling in Hungary reflects the predominance of these views. Although at a later stage, in the wake of the spreading ideas of the French Enlightenment, a campaign for peasant education began to unfold, those in authority, those who wielded the real power, adhered to

³ *De conditione et indole rusticorum*. Published in 1902

⁴ Cf. Lajos Pásztor: *Temesvári Pelbárt és Laskai Ozsvát az egyházi és világi pályáról* (Pelbárt Temesvári and Ozsvát Laskai on Ecclesiastical and Temporal Careers), *Regnum, Egyháztörténeti Évkönyv* (Yearbook of Ecclesiastical History), Budapest, 1937, Vol. 152

the views of Mihály the Hungarian—for how disastrously long we shall see in the sequel.

The very possibility of educating the peasants was ignored to a degree that hampers the compilation of even the barest relevant facts. As regards rural schooling prior to the 17th century, it is sufficient to state that both material and spiritual conditions of teaching were lacking in all the Catholic and the emerging Protestant schools. Hundreds of rural schools existed in theory only, for the number of their pupils did not exceed 10, while the term was less than 4 to 5 months, and the villein children were already put to work at the age of 6 or 8. (This, too, was a permanent feature of peasant life and even after 1945 it was hard to make the parents understand the principle of compulsory schooling.) From the data of descriptive history we know that in many a parish all forms of schooling simply stopped for years for lack of a suitable building or because no schoolmaster, no teacher could be found. Besides instruction in religious matters, teaching was confined to the rudiments of writing and reading. The training of teachers was unheard of until the 18th century.

A census of village market-town schoolmasters in 1773 showed that there were 4,315 teachers in the then territory of Hungary. According to the same census 8,240 villages and 502 market towns, i. e., a total of 8,742 parishes were in need of a teacher. Bearing in mind, moreover, that schools with two and even three teachers were also taken into account, it becomes evident that more than one half of the parishes had no teacher at all. This is the conclusion arrived at by one of the first historians of Hungarian public education.⁵ A contemporary account of the village schools of the period is that of Sámuel Tessedik, whose name has already been mentioned here. Though an adherent of the principles of the German Pietists, Tessedik was also inspired by the ideas of the French Enlightenment. It was in his first village parish that he became conscious of his flock's backwardness, of the shortcomings of the school system and of the ravages caused by superstitious beliefs. He accused the village school of being a hotbed of backward rural customs, of erroneous economic views and of superstitions.

"In the village school we have almost exclusively stopped at an improved ABC and some illustrations of spelling, without advancing a step further."⁶

⁵ Ernő Fináczy: *Az újkori nevelés története* (A History of Schooling in Modern Times), Budapest, 1927, 282 pp.

⁶ Sámuel Tessedik: *A' paraszt ember Magyarországon, mitsoda és mi lehetne* (The Peasant in Hungary, What He is and What He Could Be), Pétszett (In the town of Pécs), 1786, p. 39

In this and other quotations, no attempt has been made to reproduce in English the obsolete style and spelling of the contemporary Hungarian original. — Editor's note.

In his book, designed to give an outline of the properly built and cultivated village with a sound economy, he is continually preoccupied with problems of primarily educational character, especially with institutions where the peasants could be taught scientific and rational agriculture. His description of the ignorance of parsons and schoolmasters is staggering; he gives a bitter account of the frustration of his educational projects, of the decay of the institutions he had called into being. (Yet both his agricultural college and his educational projects were of European renown.) He tells of schoolmasters of inadequate knowledge, teaching as it pleased them, without a proper plan of tuition or a defined curriculum. To compensate for their extremely low salary, they would participate in every village wedding or funeral feast, taking an active part in framing the text and the ritual of christening, funerals and other customs. Thus, for instance, they participated in felling the Maypole amidst singing, in bringing it to the village, decorating and erecting it; and Tessedik, the parson who was trying to afforest the treeless plain and plant it with orchards, became exasperated over this cruel devastation and year after year entered in his diary the damage caused by this popular custom and the role of the schoolmasters in it. Let us refer in passing to the fact that the churchman and the schoolmaster given to drink are recurrent figures in the comic convivial songs and satirical tales of Hungarian folk poetry, living as it were in complete symbiosis with their village and not emerging above its cultural level. Their important role in the creation and formation of a not insignificant part of folk poetry and of dramatic popular customs becomes clear also from the data furnished by Tessedik. In his autobiography entitled *Memorabilia*, Tessedik describes the schoolmaster's house as hardly different from the poor shacks of the peasants; headmaster János Molitorisz, for example, was living in a single small and smoky room with his wife and seven children. What he has to say about the school is no better:

"They are almost reminiscent of a prison, fuming with the vapours of the badly smelling children crammed into it. To think of two or three hundred children in a single, far from big and generally dusky room."⁷

And in this prisonlike schoolroom the village children were completely at the mercy of their poor and cruel schoolmaster, who more than once put them to work on his own field.

For a long time this pessimistic description (which must have been even more valid in the previous centuries) was not challenged by anyone. Nor were Farkas Cserey's experiences in village schools a few decades later much more favourable:

⁷ Ibid. p. 428

"I took special care to examine the state of the school in the villages of our country, but nowhere could I find one where the education of the peasant, however well-intentioned, was really being carried out."⁸

The subject-matter of instruction in contemporary schools was provided primarily by the so-called *Hármas Kis Tükör* (Threefold Small Mirror), first published in 1771. The purpose of its author, István Losontzi, was to give the village schools at least some elementary and summary information on the affairs of the world. In the Small Mirror's way of looking at things, in its versified summaries and definitions, which by now may seem primitive, the germs of a rational educational method can already be traced; and it imparted knowledge in the national language instead of in Latin, for, as Losontzi put it, teaching in Latin was more of an obstacle than a help to the village children. Here are the beginnings of that heart-searching of Hungarian intellectuals affected by the ideas of European enlightenment and by the first events of the bourgeois revolution. Prompted by the conditions of the serfs, this heart-searching led to a call first for social reform, later for revolution.

Before proceeding to give an account of some efforts aimed at improving the state of the rural schools, allow me to say a few more words about the conditions of the schools and the methods of instruction. Teaching was confined to the most primitive rudiments of writing and reading, and whether instruction was in Latin or in the vernacular, the major part of the village children left school illiterate and lacking even the most elementary education. Contemporary sources are unanimous in their judgment on the schoolmaster. This is how Cserey described them:

"About the schoolmaster. The very name and a reflection on the properties a man of this status should possess has a depressing effect on my pen. There are no means of instruction in this country for raising men fit for this position, yet if we wish to improve the state of rural education, schoolmasters would be needed who are not marked out for this vocation by the favour of the village priest or by the pleasure of the parishioners. In the first case he is bound to become the priest's servitor, seeking to comply with his wishes, and to attend to his work of schoolmaster only lazily. Nor are matters likely to turn out better, were he appointed to his post by the people of the village, for they will lack the insight required to judge the character of the man to whom they can entrust their children."⁹

And if this is what Cserey saw in Transylvania, here is what a Transdanubian report of not much later date has to say about the schoolmaster:

⁸ Farkas Cserey, jun.: *A falusi nevelésnek módgyáról való vélekedés* (An Opinion on the Methods of Rural Education), Nagy-Várad, 1806, p. 26

⁹ Farkas Cserey jun., op. cit., p. 31

"The education and the selection of the future village teacher, are they not left to mere accident and blind choice? Let anyone with but the slightest doubt about this only look and find out who would commonly become a rural schoolmaster? Are they not, generally speaking, village children who, either because there is not much need for them at home or because their parents are better off, are able to spend more time—may be by a year—at school; who, therefore, having become more proficient than the rest in reading and writing, are appointed by the teacher to the task of monitor or catechist; and if such a child has also a disposition and a voice to sing, so as to be able to help the master with the choir, or the gift of learning to play a few tunes on the fiddle or on the whistle, or even to strum on the piano, he grows more intimate with the family of the schoolmaster, and the schoolboy will become a preceptor. Lest at his native place he be considered a child for a long time, he will within a year seek employment—a formal preceptor now, an assistant—with another schoolmaster from whom, just as from the former one, he will hardly learn much else besides catechizing and one or two new songs; save that he will seek to distinguish himself—precociously for his adolescent age and much to the detriment of his morals—in reckless conversation. Having passed some further two or three years with such occupations in one or more places, his only care will be how to procure himself a schoolmastership: to this end he will, through the intermediary of his kinsfolk or friends, seek the favour of some people in some village; or he will take aim at the daughter of some old teacher or at some schoolmaster's widow, and through her obtain the situation as a dowry and inheritance, and now we have him all ready, a teacher, a schoolmaster."¹⁰

Even more bitter voices have come down to us from this period:

"Let us see where our schoolmasters are coming from, to teach the indispensable fundamentals of all higher knowledge. *We refer to our primary national schools.* It is among students tired of learning, among indolent loafers, depraved barber's assistants, disabled soldiers, fortune-hunters, bibulous old men and like rabble that we find—with due respect to the respectable ones—the pot-garden of our citizens' teachers. But only those without judgement and incapable of putting two and two together will expect choice fruits to grow from such roots."¹¹

3

These are the manifestations of nearly half a century, and it is principally through the schoolmaster's person that they present the village school of the period. In the hands of such teachers not even the proper subject matter or proper methods of instruction would have brought about a cultural advancement of the peasantry. The truth is that the village had either no school at all, or only the most primitive facilities for elementary instruction. Nor does an ecclesiastical report from the period immediately preceding the 1848 War of Independence show any

¹⁰ *Rövid észrevételek a' falusi nevelésről* (Short Observations on Rural Education) *Tudományos Gyűjtemény* (Scientific Collection), Budapest, 1832, Vol. I, p. 96

¹¹ Ignác Zsoldos: *Nevelésünk' hiányai* (Shortcomings in Our Educational System), Budán (In the town of Buda), 1836, p. 41

sign of progress. Instruction in liturgy seems to have been the principal task. Thus, a village parson described the duties of the children besides daily attendance at mass in the following words:

"Whenever there was a funeral in the village, they had to attend, following the hearse by pairs and singing funeral songs. . . . On holidays and on Sunday they had to recite the sermon, to attend religious teaching and litany in the afternoon, and to take part in the processions under their banner. They also learn the Apostles' Creed and have a generous share of singing lessons."¹²

They were, in fact, taught almost nothing else.

In a neighbouring village "only eight could be taught in the current year for lack of desks," in another "the village swineherd's house was used for class," or "the front part of the local inn was converted into a schoolroom."¹³ Nor has this source more praise for the schoolmasters than the earlier ones. And all this in Transdanubia, traditionally considered the most civilized region of the country. It is thus no accident that one of the greatest Transdanubian poets of the age, Dániel Berzsenyi, should, in an essay on Hungarian peasantry, have ascribed the peasant's degradation and the emergence of the "betyár" (highwayman) way of life to the backwardness of schooling and to the survival of nomadic forms of shepherding.¹⁴ The work, written in 1833 at the time of the Reform Diets, literally appealed to the conscience of the nation's nobility in the interest of rural education.

Yet Berzsenyi's voice was raised in vain, though the battle between the opposing views had already been raging for decades prior to the appearance of his work. Tessedik sought to prove that an educated serf, trained in matters of farming, could also be of more use to his landlord. His arguments, together with those of the enlightened authors who were pressing for the education of the peasants, shed light on the views they had to fight:

"It has often been claimed that the miserable serf is amenable and ready to do anything, whereas the one a bit better off will show no such obedience and often even defy his lord. . . . Yet the more educated and richer peasant would be easier to govern by honest means; he would have better farm implements which would be beneficial both to the landlord and to the community; he would be more punctual in the fulfilment of his obligations; his obedience would be more rational and he would be more capable of complete loyalty."¹⁵

¹² Antal Meszlényi: *Gróf Zichy Domokos, veszprémi püspök egyházlátogatása 1845—46-ban* (Count Domokos Zichy, Bishop of Veszprém's, Visits to his Diocese in 1845—46), Veszprém, 1941, p. 135

¹³ Meszlényi, *ibid.*

¹⁴ Dániel Berzsenyi: *A magyarországi mezey szorgalom némely akadályairól*. (On Some Difficulties in Hungarian Agriculture) B. D. *próza munkái* (Prose writings of D. B.), Kaposvár, 1941

¹⁵ Jenő Gaál: *Berzeviczy Gergely élete és művei* (Life and Works of Gergely Berzeviczy), Budapest, 1902, Vol II, p. 149

And the passionate cry of the aforementioned Transdanubian reporter:

"Nor do I wish to belong to those . . . who, with brow raised high, often with imaginary erudition, but with a more obvious thirst for power, unashamedly claim that it is better for the peasant not to learn and that it is dangerous to improve village schools. For do we not see the horrible consequences: the ensuing excesses, the unrestrained riotousness that knows no law? And, conversely, how meek, obedient and calm, how patient and suffering the simple-minded, ignorant and uneducated serf? Yes, indeed, if I were to regard man as a beast, if I were to treat him as the major part of Asia and Africa was treated for centuries, especially the black part, for which Europe is now beginning to feel really ashamed . . ." ¹⁶

Since it is not my present purpose to outline the history public education in Hungary, I shall not deal with the fact that Hungarian public education as a whole did not remain unaffected by the ideas of the Enlightenment, as proved, e. g., by the State plans (the two *Ratio Educationis*) elaborated in the last third of the 18th century to raise the standards of public education, or Palatine József Ürményi's plan 1812 for the organization of educational administration, for the compilation of the curriculum and for the regulation of the pedagogues' status. In analysing them, much could be said in praise of the general trends in Hungarian public education; but here I am discussing the question of rural education. And in this field all arguments proved useless, all references to better farming, to the serf's loyalty were in vain: the Sovereign and his collaborators were scared by the ruthlessly suppressed conspiracy of Martinovics and his associates, who had heralded the ideas of the French Revolution. They therefore would not hear of the education of the peasantry,¹⁷ no more than would Archduke-Palatine Alexander Leopold, younger brother of the Hapsburg ruler, who in a memorandum drawn up in 1795 acknowledged the usefulness of urban schools and of elementary education. Enlightenment of the people was in the Palatine's view a vile undertaking ("eine verworfene Arbeit"), the consequences of which could only harm the State. He wrote:

"However, I must admit to being unable to grasp the importance of rural schooling; I am genuinely afraid that these schools would provide the peasants with an education which they do not need and which would, in fact, not make them happy. The villager has, in my opinion, no need whatever of reading and writing. Let him learn a bit more, and he will not wish to remain a peasant any longer but only to go on studying. Hence the extravagant number of students which, having reached 11,967 in the present school-year, shows an increase of 1,000 as against the past year and keeps increasing at an extra-

¹⁶ *Tudományos Gyűjtemény* (Scientific Collection), 1832, Vol. I, p. 93

¹⁷ For particulars of the historical process see Gyula Kornis: *A magyar művelődés eszményei* (Ideals of Hungarian Culture), Budapest, 1927, Vol. I, p. 240

ordinary rate. Since this mass has no prospect of finding employment, the major part will have studied in vain. Ignorant of handiwork they must for lack of an office needs turn off the right path or else starve to death. Experience shows that the educated peasant, provided he possesses adequate mental capacities (which is true of only a few in each village), will turn his mind not so much to matters of agriculture, which ought to interest him, but get into the habit of reading the gazettes, books and pamphlets which can only corrupt him. But the majority will make no use of writing and reading and will forget it, having thus studied to no purpose, albeit the building and maintenance of public schools lays no small burden upon the country."¹⁸

Since simply to close them down would unavoidably cause a scandal of European dimensions, he would therefore propose that the Sovereign immediately apply a policy of forcing the village schools into slow decay. Let all State subventions to the village schools be cut off; the landlords and the Church will then be only too glad to rid themselves of their burdens too. This State program of analphabetism can—in folklore terminology—be called, if one so prefers, the perpetuation of culture based on oral tradition.

The following Palatine, Archduke Joseph, repeats the fears of his predecessor:

"One cannot disregard the fact that the peasant has become more learned and more inclined to thought; that by reading the newspapers at the village inn he has absorbed ideas formerly unknown to him; and, finally, that as a consequence of the multiplication of public schools he has acquired more knowledge than necessary to make him content with his own social status."¹⁹

In the light of what has been shown it is unnecessary to examine whether the number of schools had in fact multiplied, since even an increase of 1,000 in the number of students was regarded as extravagant. Unlike Archduke Joseph, it is true that Archduke Charles advocated the education of the people and admitted that an educated peasantry might contribute to increasing the wealth of the State. He nevertheless saw a danger in the educated peasant's taking an interest in State affairs. What with all those village libraries, newspapers and the growing number of schools, the peasant's mind could easily become confused. Let his education therefore be confined to writing, reading, arithmetic and religious matters. The Archduke therefore proposed that all newspapers should be carefully censored and the peasants made to stick to books dealing with agriculture and sylviculture and to matters relating to work around his homestead.

¹⁸ Kornis op. cit., p. 246

¹⁹ Sándor Domanovszky: *József nádor iratai* (Papers of Palatine Joseph), Budapest, 1925, Vol. I, p. 405

The essential thing is that since the 15th century, since the Thomist views of Mihály the Hungarian, the arguments of those in power concerning the education of the peasantry had practically remained the same. So much so that in 1900 the argumentation of the Palatines was taken over by a prominent Catholic periodical. At that time the Compulsory Education Act was under discussion in Parliament, and Catholic opinion regarded it as an expansion of State schools and an infringement of the law of nature.

Their arguments will by now sound familiar:

"Compulsory attendance at school overreaches itself, as does, even more so, the prescribed mass of material in the elementary school. Is there any necessity for the future workman, peasant or servant to swallow the school's dust for six or seven years, to fill his mind with a farrago of botanics, theology (*sic!*), physics, history, only to forget it all within a short time... Small wonder the children who up to their 12th or 13th year have been treated to all kinds of upper-class things later shrink from manual labour and, believing themselves gentlemen, will never become contented workmen and happy servants."²⁰

Did ever a ruling class speak to their subjects with more shameless cynicism?

4

So much for the principles and practice of the State with regard to the schooling of the Hungarian peasantry. The consequences are obvious. When speaking about matters of public education in the Parliament of the Hungarian War of Independence, József Eötvös said:

"Up to the present the anomalous situation has prevailed in Hungary that whereas in the higher institutions, up to and including the universities, tuition was free of charge, in the lower-grade schools, especially in elementary schools, fees were required. This situation, in my opinion extremely anomalous in itself, would deservedly astonish us, were it not in harmony with the rest of our institutions. They could count only on the support of the upper classes; and as with other things, so it was also with the schools; the children of the rich attended free of charge, those of the poor were compelled to pay. In my view, however, this situation is untenable; the duty of public education devolves on the State just as much as the defence of the country's frontiers..."²¹

Eötvös, a member of the Hungarian aristocracy and one of the great writers of the Reform Era, was Minister of Education in two cabinets. Together with the revolutionary-minded pedagogues of 1848 he fought for the cause of Hungarian public education, for the laïcization of

²⁰ János Stuckner: *Az iskolakérdés irányai* (Trends in the Schooling Problem), *Katolikus Szemle* (Catholic Review), Budapest, 1900, p. 686

²¹ József Eötvös: *Összes munkái* (Collected Works), Vol. IX, *Beszédek* (Speeches), Part II, p. 266

the schools. The realization of the first important measures through the Public Education Act and the training of teachers was due to the social effect of the War of Independence, to the conscientious teachers and, last but not least, to Eötvös himself. But the nationalization of the schools had to wait for a hundred years; it was only in 1948 that it could be enacted. Eötvös, a deeply religious man, died embittered by many a frustrated project. The ruling classes did everything in their power to retard the cultural advance of the people. The tone of the *Katolikus Szemle* (Catholic Review), when speaking of public education, was therefore not fortuitous. Nor was the neglected state of village schools and the humiliating social status of the teachers accidental; nor the fact that as late as the inter-war period the proportion of analphabets on the great landed estates was still 20 to 28 per cent. Even this percentage was nominal, for the majority of the rural proletariat, even if they had once attended school, were not actively literate, their culture being based mainly on oral tradition. Only 1.5 per cent of the children of the poor peasantry, which in 1938 made up 35 per cent of the country's total population, was able to graduate from grammar school, and that under the greatest difficulties.²²

The subject here dealt with suggests many further problems. The question of peasant literacy has hardly been touched upon. Yet the process embraces a long historical period in which the illiterate peasant becomes actively literate, and the dialectics of this cultural process is of interest not only to the sociologist but also to the folklorist. It would be most enlightening to find out first, how many of the facts provided by school education are retained in the village community over the post-school decades (this is of less significance) and how much of the training in rational thinking; and second, how much of the inherited traditions, of the products of oral culture, and of its creative methods. Such investigations are related to the question of which of these will take the upper hand? Under what circumstance are the social prerequisites given that allow systematic schooling to take over the education of the whole people without destroying the valuable creations of tradition? For how long are the results of schooling overshadowed and defeated by traditional peasant culture, by oral tradition? We believe that in Hungary an exact answer can already be provided to this question on the basis of given social experiences: as soon as political power passes to the working people they will also take possession of the school and of culture as a whole. This, however, goes already beyond the sphere of the present paper.

²² Ferenc Földes: *Munkásság és parasztság kulturális helyzete Magyarországon* (The Cultural State of the Working and Peasant Classes in Hungary), Budapest, 1941, p. 53

Finally, I should like to avoid a possible misunderstanding. When speaking of the relationship between school education and the oral traditions of peasant culture, we have no intention of denigrating the creative yet conservative culture of the peasantry, nor do we regard it with romantic enthusiasm. We know under what suffering and humiliation this peasant culture was born. Although we have devoted only a few words to the eras of the Hungarian peasantry's oppression, there can be no doubt that we value the creations of folk music, of the folk tale and folk art, if only because they are hallowed by so much pain. We shall preserve these creations, which again and again sum up the teachings, the grief and the joy of millennia in barely a few lines, with the explosive force of a concise proverb, in the black magnificence of a ballad, in the fairy splendour of a folk tale. But we must not forget the hard centuries in spite of which they were born.

Our duty is to serve the advancement of our people with the purest and most exacting tools of European culture. Not only are the creations of Hungarian folk culture studied by our scientific institutions; our artistic institutions also adopt every achievement of popular dance, song and art. At the same time we are endeavouring to give our peasantry a school education, in the framework of our public educational system and by means of the most up-to-date methods.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE

at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts

by

JOLÁN BALOGH

In August 1961, the department of old sculpture at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts reached a significant stage in its development: the first part of its rearranged and greatly enlarged permanent exhibition was opened to the public, which was able to note the extensive museological work pursued in the last few years in the spheres of attribution and restoration, as well as in that of acquisition.

The new exhibition presents the most valuable part of the collection, works by artists belonging to the Italian schools. Its entirely modern method of presentation is worthy of the importance of the statues. Every detail—skylight, pale bluish-green, noble walnut pedestals—aims at setting off the statues and emphasizing their undisturbed effect. The airy, loose placing of the statues, their rhythmic grouping and the harmonious arrangement inside each of the various cabinets serve the same purpose.

The development of the collection is graphically illustrated by samples derived from various exhibitions. In 1936 the Italian statues were exhibited in four cabinets; in 1956 they occupied seven, in 1961 ten cabinets, to which it is planned to add two more.

The exhibition illustrates the development of Italian sculpture from the 11th to the 17th century. Notwithstanding the relatively small number of pieces it contains, the series offers a comprehensive picture of the changes and trends of style, even of various masters. There are several items that may be classed among the masterpieces of Italian sculpture.

The beginnings of medieval sculpture as it grew out of antiquity are represented by two fragments, both from the fourth century, the fundamental period in the development of Christian iconography. The decorative art of pre-Romanesque and early Romanesque style is set forth by Venetian wells from the 9th, 12th, and 13th centuries, by a richly

carved Lombardian column from the 12th century and a considerable number of other architectural carvings.

The ivory relief, "The Creation of Birds and Fishes," stems from the world-famous paliotto of Salerno Cathedral, which is covered with small ivory carvings representing thirty-five scenes from the Old and thirty-eight from the New Testament. This series was the first significant figural cycle of Italian sculpture, in all probability from the close of the 11th century. It is not uniform in character, however: the scenes representing the life of Christ are of a style differing from that of the scenes from Genesis. Artistically the latter are more remarkable. The exhibited piece, belonging to this group, is as admirable for the ingenious representation of an extremely difficult sculptural theme as for its delicacy of form, reminiscent of Byzantine classicism.

The beautiful wood-carved cross is a rarity from the 13th century. As to type it would seem to be a transition between "Christus triumphans" and "Christus patiens"; in style it stands on the verge of the late Romanesque period. The plain modelling and fine calligraphic lines of the statue have an abstract, ethereal character, but it is precisely in the airy forms and elongated, slender proportions that the depth of expression becomes manifest. The placidly resigned head is of great beauty. Features of type and style link this statue with central Italian relics, particularly works of the Spoleto school of painting. It may therefore have been carved by a Spoleto (Umbrian) master between 1210 and 1220.

The 14th century, the golden age of Italian Gothic art, is represented by equally rare and outstanding works that are very instructive as regards distribution according to schools. Besides the two great centres, Florence and Siena, the Central Italian provinces (Marche, Abruzzi) are also represented, as are schools of Northern Italy.

The Florentine school is the most important. Of the pieces belonging to it, Andrea Pisano's enchanting marble statuette of the Holy Virgin is particularly outstanding. Its radiant beauty, construction and masterful marble technique fascinate the eye. It belongs to the great Tuscan master's early period, and was most likely made simultaneously with the world-famous Florence bronze door, about 1330. A small wooden statue of the Annunziata, on the other hand, gives an idea of late Florentine trecento style: the head, the harsh seriousness of the face betray a relationship to Orcagna's works.

The wood-carved holy martyr's head with its serene gaze and noble features reflects the peculiar charm of Sienese art. The Siena angel-relief is of similar beauty; a fragment of a major composition, it bears



UNKNOWN MASTER OF SOUTHERN ITALY: THE CREATION OF FISH AND BIRDS (11th CENTURY)



MICHELOZZO MICHELOZZI: MADONNA



UNKNOWN MASTER OF SPOLETO: CRUCIFIX (DETAIL; 12th CENTURY)



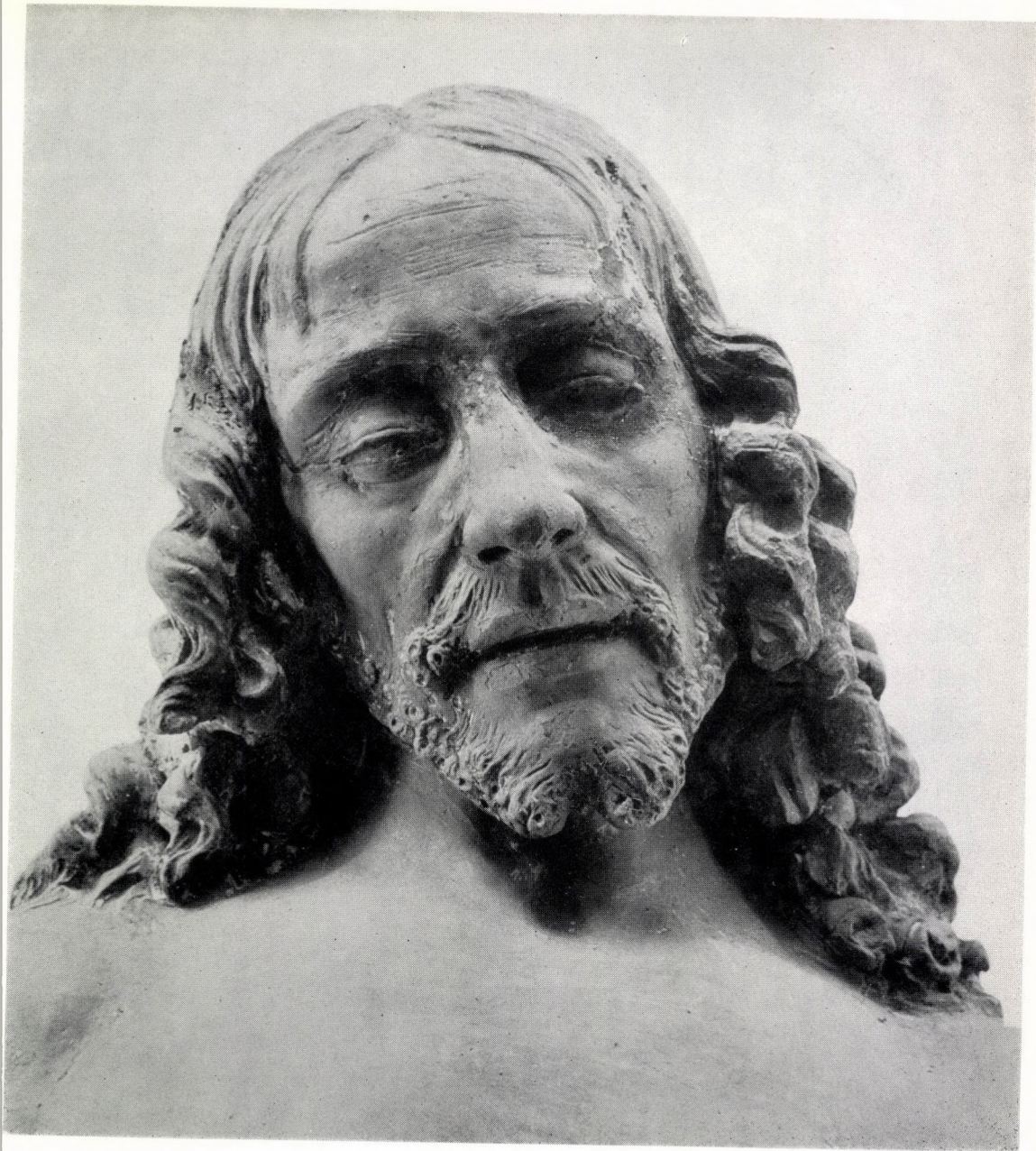
AGOSTINO DI DUCCIO: ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (DETAIL)



AGOSTINO DI DUCCIO: ARCHANGEL GABRIEL



ANDREA DEL VEROCCHIO: "IMAGO PIETATIS"



ANDREA DEL VEROCCHIO: "IMAGO PIETATIS" (DETAIL)



LEONARDO'S SCHOOL: EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE

witness of a softer, more emotional conception. In type and spirit alike, it shows an affinity to the art of Ambrogio Lorenzetti as well as to the statues of Giovanni di Agostino.

Of the Venetian trecento statues a seated Madonna is a worthy representative of Italian architectural sculpture. A Venetian well carved in Italian trecento style, with reliefs of a sitting youth playing a flute, while youths and maidens are dancing a roundelay, is perhaps unique in its kind.

The quattrocento and the cinquecento are represented by more abundant and continuous series, setting off the peculiarities of the various schools.

The Tuscan, Florentine-Sienese series, embracing both the early and late periods of the quattrocento, is the most complete. Early quattrocento style and the artistic aspirations of its leading masters, Ghiberti and Donatello, are illustrated by pieces from their own workshops or those of their followers.

The half-length coloured stucco Madonna and the coloured sitting Madonna in terracotta offer a fair idea of Ghiberti's art flowing from Gothic style with its beauty of form, harmony of composition and searching for intimacy of expression. The former is known in numerous variations; the specimen in the collection excels through its subtle, original colouring. The classical closed composition and radiantly lovely head of the sitting Madonna are equally noteworthy.

Many items in the collection show the influence of Donatello, the other great master of the early quattrocento. Two eminent pupils of his, Michelozzo Michelozzi and Agostino di Duccio are represented by first-rate works. A relief of the Madonna with a background of shells, remarkable for the radiant beauty of the heads as well as for the harmony of the intricate composition, is the work of Michelozzo. The classical beauty of the Virgin's head reflects the influence of Donatello's early works, especially the charm emanating from his relief representing the Annunciation (Florence, Santa Croce). Agostino di Duccio's archangel Gabriel, the fragment of an Annunciation group consisting of two figures, is less significant. Agostino took up this theme several times, but here we find its maturest realization; it is a masterpiece of his late, clarified and settled style, as shown by the soft rhythm of the soaring lines and the grave beauty of the head. In all probability it was produced simultaneously with Agostino's last works, the statues of the Maestà delle Volte in Perugia.

The collection presents a less familiar Luca della Robbia: he appears as the eminent architectural sculptor of the town of Florence rather than the master of the white-glazed reliefs of the Virgin. His small terracotta group, "Christ and Thomas," had been submitted as an entry to the

competition for the tabernacle of Or San Michele. The award went to Verrocchio's boldly constructed group of statues. Luca's composition is in an earlier taste, but the figure of the apostle, with its youthful beauty and devoted humility, vies with the master's best works. There is also a handsome series of coloured glazed terracotta pieces from Robbia's workshop: Andrea della Robbia's white-glazed tondo representing the adoration of the infant Jesus, Giovanni della Robbia's white-glazed sitting Madonna and his lamenting women in coloured glaze (a fragment from a group bewailing Christ), a white-glazed angel's head, and a Madonna in multi-coloured glaze from the late period of the workshop.

The development of Sienese sculpture in the 15th century is illustrated by several interesting works: a contemporary copy of a lost Madonna composition by Quarcia, which radiates the dramatic power of his late period; Francesco da Valdambino's enchanting statue of St. Dorothy; a half-length figure of Christ by Giovanni Turini; Neroccio's Archangel Gabriel, remarkable for its rhythmic construction and the beauty of the head; and Francesco di Giorgio's tender Madonna composition.

Late quattrocento Florentine style is represented by Desiderio de Settignano's serene Madonna and by Antonio Rossellino, Domenico Rosselli, and Benedetto da Majano's compositions with the Holy Virgin, furthermore by Benedetto's refreshingly realistic terracotta group of Christ and the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well.

The art of the period's greatest Florentine master, Andrea del Verrocchio, finds varied expression in the Budapest collection. A minor terracotta bozzetto of a lively group around Tobias and a delightful bronze putto with a dolphin—a contemporary variant of the fountain statue at the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence—are from his workshop. They are far surpassed, however, by the master's own work, a statue of Christ in terracotta, one of the most valuable items in the collection, brought to light from the obscurity of a store-room where it had been lying for several decades until it was restored and identified as a work of Verrocchio's in 1959. Recognition was followed by detailed proof. Verrocchio's authentic works supplied the nearest analogies to the head covered with thick tresses, the expressive hands, the moulding of the winding-sheet. The Budapest statue displays a close relationship to the sculptor's famous group of bronze figures at Or San Michele in Florence representing Christ and Thomas. Most likely it was made at the same time as the latter, between 1476 and 1482.

The statue represents Christ rising from the dead, as in the first merciful gesture of returning consciousness He opens the wound in His side,

the source of His redeeming blood. Verrocchio renders this scene with great dramatic power: the head, recovering consciousness after a long swoon and still weighed down by past agony, the matted hair still moist with sweat, the gently opening eyes, the amazingly expressive hands. The theme of the statue is the "Imago pietatis," frequently recurring in 14th and 15th century Florentine art, both in painting and relief. In Verrocchio's hands the old theme was, however, recreated. His work is far superior to older compositions, even to the terracotta statue of Christ at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, which is believed to be an earlier conception of the theme as a full statue, if the date of its origin, 1420—1424, is correct (*The Burlington Magazine*, 1941, XXXVIII, p. 77). The London statue shows a single moment: the ruthless opening of the wound. Verrocchio gives much more: he wonderfully suggests the transition from death to life, terminated by the final dramatic chord of the slow opening of the wound. The face is gentle, and there is perfect harmony between its humble expression and the marvellous gesture of the hands that begin to stir. The beauty of the head and the well-balanced build of the body radiate majesty as well as love and mercy.

Originally the two kneeling angels also belonged to the Budapest statue. At the Vienna World Exhibition of 1873 the three figures were still put on show together. At the time the triple group belonged to Ferenc Pulszky, then director of the Hungarian National Museum. After the suppression of the Hungarian War of Independence (1849), during the period of Lajos Kossuth's exile, Pulszky had spent a long time abroad. Most likely he purchased the group "Imago Pietatis" during his stay at Florence from 1862 to 1866. Later the figures of the group were separated: the two angels reappeared in the collection of Albert Figdor, a renowned Vienna art collector, who was a relative of Ferenc Pulszky's. The statue of Christ was bought by the Budapest Industrial Art Museum, from where it was transferred to the Museum of Fine Arts in 1924. After the Figdor auction held in 1930, the two angels wandered on, and it was only through lengthy and exciting correspondence that their whereabouts could finally be discovered at the museum of Toledo (Ohio). There was now no further impediment to the reconstruction of the old masterpiece, at least by photography.

Both as to content and form, Verrocchio created an utterly novel work. He invested the traditional theme with Biblical depth and gave dramatic power to his representation. The figures were superbly composed into a closed triangular unit. This classical device, however, is not a mere frame, but becomes the skeleton of inner construction, expressing a pro-

found harmony in the wonderful play of the hands: the lines sweeping upward from right and left, supporting the angels' testimonial gesture and flowing into the lines of Christ's gesture as the focus of the composition's content.

At the exhibition the works of the North-Italian schools come after the Verrocchio cabinet. The Padua school is represented by especially abundant material, both from earlier and later periods. Pizzolo's Madonna carved in wood, Bellano's terracotta relief and Giovanni Monelli's two magnificent terracotta figures give an idea of the quattrocento sculpture of this school, whereas early cinquecento art is represented by Andrea Riccio's Europe in bronze, one of his finest works, which excels by the vivid realism of its forms, the classical balance of its composition and its lovely verdigris.

The endeavours of the Venetian school are illustrated by the works of Pietro Lombardi, a remarkable, stately, white marble Madonna and a Doge's terracotta head moulded with inexorable realism.

The two famous marble reliefs, the portraits of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and Queen Beatrix, reveal the entirely different character of Lombardian-Milanese Renaissance portrait sculpture. The master of these portraits strove to achieve representative and decorative elegance rather than to mirror the soul. The relief representing the Adoration of the Magi, with its charming details and genre figures, reflects the freshness and vivacity of Lombardian narrative style.

Our collection of the mature Renaissance is headed by a splendid group in bronze, the figure of a warrior mounted on a prancing horse, displaying close affinity to the art of Leonardo. A number of research workers have, indeed, attributed the sculpture to Leonardo himself. Although it cannot be regarded as his own work, it was indubitably produced under the great master's influence. The structure and composition of the bronze statuette, though based on Leonardo's sketches, depart from them in several respects. The sculptor reduced the rider's size and strongly pressed down the horse on its hind legs, thus producing a passionate exaggeration in place of the balance and elastic vitality of Leonardo's design, accentuated by the sketchy handling of form.

The works of Florentine early cinquecento art show more or less evident traces of Leonardo's style, for instance in the large-size wooden crucifix, with Christ's head imbued by meekness and in the relief of St. George attributed to Rustici. Jacopo Sansovino's beautiful standing Madonna, remarkable for its bold construction and technical characteristics, also follows this trend. It is, in fact, a bozzetto—probably for the Holy Virgin

of the Mercato Nuovo at Florence—perhaps the boldest work of the master's early, Florentine period, pervaded by the spirit of early cinquecento Florence.

A wood-carved bust of the Apostle is also influenced by the peculiar style of the Florentine painters following in the footsteps of Leonardo. The wistful beauty of the head, lost in a dream, the almost studied elegance of the construction reveal a direct relationship to the painted portraits of the age.

As with Leonardo, the art of the other great Florentine master, Michelangelo, is also represented only in the works of his followers. Baccio Bandinelli's marble head of a youth is a mannered variation of Michelangelo's David. Bandinelli's Heracles statuette in bronze also clearly demonstrates the great master's influence.

The rest of the Florentine bronzes are from the second half of the 15th century, showing increasingly obvious signs of late Renaissance mannerism. They include bronze statuettes from the workshops of Vincenzo dei Rossi, Giovanni da Bologna and Francesco Susini.

Venetian sculpture developed on similar lines. Jacopo Sansovino's relief of the Madonna reflects the monumental style of the first half of the 16th century. Cinquecento solemnity still prevails, but the treatment of forms is already slightly mannered in this excellently composed bronze Madonna, which bears the mark of Sansovino's late, animated statues of the Madonna. The statue of St. Anthony the Hermit is also a product of Jacopo Sansovino's workshop; its contraposto S-line shows already the germs of mannerist figure-construction. This trend was continued by Sansovino's followers: Alessandro Vittoria, Tiziano Aspetti, Niccolò Roccatagliata. Their artistic endeavours are illustrated by a number of minor bronzes. Both as to size and artistic value, Tiziano Aspetti's two mighty firebucks are far superior to the rest. Their varied and opulent figural ornamentation, the crouching Atlases, the putti, and the figures of Minerva and Mercurius belong to Aspetti's most eminent and most characteristic works.

For the moment the Italian exhibition of the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts ends with these works. When the second part is opened, another cabinet presenting material from the cinquecento will be added, while the baroque section will contain a cabinet of Italian baroque sculpture, chiefly bronzes.

HAMLET WAS WRONG

First Act of a Play

by

MARGIT GÁSPÁR

CAST

ANNA widow of the late judge Tárnok
GÁBOR MIKE* head of section in a ministry
GABI Anna's son
LILI judge Tárnok's one-time secretary
FRICI Lili's son
LIA a student

The play was performed in 1962 by the company of the Vígyszínház (a leading Budapest theatre) at the Ódry Stage, Budapest.

In Number 7, Vol. III, of The New Hungarian Quarterly Dezső Keresztury summed up the essence of the play in his article, "A Survey of the Theatrical Season," as follows (p. 215):

The author has attempted a truly difficult task: In the course of criminal proceedings at the beginning of the 1950's a chief justice sentences to death even some of his friends and comrades, on the basis of trumped-up charges and prefabricated evidence. A grave moral crisis follows one of these judgements, with the result that the judge commits suicide. His fateful inheritance devolves on his 20-year-old son, a gifted pianist. Like Hamlet, the young man adored his father and cannot suffer his mother to begin a new life with the quondam friend and victim (who had been sentenced to death by the father, but was requited and had long been in love with the mother.) Faced with the facts disclosed by his mother, the young man collapses after a grave inner conflict and tries to run away from reality. Then, searching out a half-understood, half-truth, he finds the moral courage to learn and bear the whole truth, so that, after much suffering, the three are able to get rid of the memories of the sombre past and begin a new life with fresh vigour. The drama

* Mike (pronounced Meekeh) is a Hungarian surname and has nothing to do with the Christian name Michael.

presents many figures and scenes borrowed from Hungary's present-day life by a playwright who is well versed in stage technique and has a sharp eye for crucial questions.

SCENE I

(The scene is gradually lit—it is the drawing-room of a garden-district bungalow. The large glass door in the background opens on a small veranda and a garden whose rust-coloured foliage is bathed in autumn sunlight. To the fore p. s. there is a door leading to Gabi's room. To the rear o. p. there is a smaller door, beyond it Anna's room. The furniture is homely but a trifle shabby. Strewn about are a few characteristic pieces of "family furniture"—a davenport, a sideboard, an upholstered arm-chair in the corner, etc. In the centre a larger table with chairs round it is set for tea. A photograph of István Tárnok hangs in a conspicuous place on the wall.)

The passionately tempestuous flourishes and chords of Chopin's Revolutionary Étude are interrupted by the wild barking of a dog.)

ANNA: Quiet, Kópé, that'll do, Kópé.
(The barking gradually fades.)

GABI *(leaves off playing the piano for a moment and shouts through the open door):* Who is it, Mum?

ANNA *(shouts back to him):* The Kalotais! *(Admits the guests into the drawing-room, while Gabi goes on playing the piano in his room.)*

(Enter LILI and FRICI. Frici, a lad of twenty, keeps glancing back, as though afraid that the

dog might snatch at his calves. Lili, the same age as Anna, wears very fashionable clothes. She is evidently highly skilled in the art of war against the passage of time. At the same time the briefcase under her arm serves to stress that she is not a mere fashion-doll, but a "serious working woman.")

FRICI: Kó pé seems to honour me with a special dose of spite.

LILI (*lightly*): He never liked me either.

ANNA (*while bidding her guests to sit down*): Poor beast, he's almost hysterical nowadays. He was very much attached to his master. (*Casts a glance at the photo of Tárnok.*)

LILI (*looks round*): Is Gabi practicing?

ANNA (*behaving throughout with a kind of strange reticence*): He'll be playing at the Kossuth Club on Sunday.

FRICI: I'll go in to him. (*Exit p. s. fore, closing the padded door behind him. The piano-playing stops, and the voices of the two lads are heard greeting each other inside.*)

ANNA (*steps up to the table*): May I pour you some tea? There's some left in the pot.

LILI: No thanks, I've just had lunch. (*Is about to sit down at the head of the table.*)

ANNA (*quickly exclaims*): Not there! (*At Lili's frightened movement, she realizes she has been rude and in some confusion shows her to another chair.*) Gabi doesn't like anyone to sit there... It was his father's place...

LILI: Of course... (*Sighs.*) Who would have thought it, after five months...

ANNA (*coolly*): You haven't been to see us since.

LILI (*in confusion*): You live so far away...

ANNA: Exactly the same distance as five months ago...

LILI: I never noticed it then. How many times I came out even at night, when your husband phoned for me!

ANNA: You were an ideal secretary. István always said so.

LILI (*does not ask, but declares*): You held a different opinion.

ANNA (*coolly*): You were not my secretary but István's.

LILI (*gets up and steps up to Tárnok's*

picture): He looks exactly the way he did in real life. You have the feeling you ought quickly to adjust something on your clothes—or on your personnel record. (*A brief pause.*) I was very frightened of him.

ANNA (*drily*): Everyone was frightened of him. Except Gabi.

LILI: Tell me, does Gabi still not know that his father...

ANNA (*snaps*): Died of heart-failure (*pulls herself together.*) Is that what you wanted to ask?

LILI (*slowly*): Is that what Gabi knows? The way it was in the papers?

ANNA (*harshly*): The way it was. Wasn't it?

LILI (*after a little hesitation*): Yes, of course. (*A pause.*) How fortunate that Gabi happened to be at the Youth Festival just then...

ANNA: He found it hard to forgive me for not having called him home immediately... But you see... István himself forbade me to let him know before the competition.

LILI (*without conviction*): That was right. After all, Gabi won the Festival prize... (*A brief pause.*) I imagine they'll soon appoint him a junior instructor...

ANNA: He already gives private lessons, poor boy. Beside the host of other things he does.

LILI (*lightly*): Of course, it must be difficult for the two of you to live off your salary... (*Suddenly.*) By the way, do you like it in the Ministry?

ANNA: I do my work.

LILI (*as though she had not heard her*): Have you heard that... the new Division Chief has been appointed?

ANNA (*indifferently*): For our Division? High time.

LILI: I may possibly be coming to work there myself—at the Ministry of Justice...

ANNA: Are you leaving the Court?

LILI: And do you know who the new Division Chief is to be?

ANNA: Who?

LILI (*as though pulling the trigger of a gun*):
Gábor Mike.

(ANNA utters a low scream and leans
against the sideboard.)

LILI (*confidentially*): Well, yes... It's a delicate business... Your new chief... whom your husband condemned to death...

ANNA (*violently*): It isn't true, he didn't!

LILI (*superciliously*): I know this part better. It was only later commuted to a life sentence. If it had depended on István Tárnok, Gábor Mike would not be alive today.

ANNA (*highly agitated*): What makes you put it that way now? And what made you come at all? What do you want? You never do anything without a reason!

LILI (*meekly*): I wanted to warn you, so that it should not come as a surprise... I owe as much to your husband's memory.

ANNA (*very bitterly*): It seems you're the only one to have maintained some respect for the dead. How could they have put me in such a situation?

LILI (*putting on airs*): Those who decide things at the top cannot pay attention to... matters of detail. An excellent person suffered innocently. After prolonged shilly-shallying justice has at last been done him. He must therefore be given the place that is his due. That is all that concerns the top level. The solution of personal problems is a matter for the local bodies.

ANNA (*looks at her*): But you're not a "local body," Lili! Come to think of it—what exactly are you here, now? (*Turning to the attack.*) What have you got to do with Mike?

LILI (*in confusion*): I'm helping to make good the sins committed against him... It's a human duty for someone to look after this lonely man. When he was released I waited for him at the prison gates...

ANNA: But you were still my husband's secretary then!

LILI (*swiftly*): The more reason for me

to feel obliged to do it—or if you prefer, that exactly was the reason.

ANNA (*lightly*): Of course my husband didn't know that you were complying with this "philanthropic duty."

LILI: Of course not. Though you know I hardly ever had an hour or two to spare...

ANNA (*artfully*): Oh, but you were always able to make time for—voluntary work.

LILI (*quickly*): You see, that's the right expression! Voluntary work. And it certainly wasn't easy. Gábor Mike is a difficult person. During the first few months he refused whatever post was offered him and went out to Csepel, to the same factory where he had worked before the Liberation.

ANNA (*sharply*): But now at last he is going back to the Ministry. Where he worked *after* the Liberation.

LILI: There was a high-level resolution to the effect. (*Smiling.*) Imagine, at first I had to correct the date on all his letters. He always wrote 1950. His mind knew well enough that it is 1955, but his instincts had anchored down in 1950.

ANNA: It's lucky that you're always so well informed about the instincts of whoever happens to be your boss.

LILI: I don't know what made you say that now.

ANNA: Let's leave this subject Lili. I know why you came. I understand. I'm in your way at the Division. I shall ask for my transfer tomorrow.

LILI: But Anna, really. I only thought it would be awkward for you...

ANNA: It would be awkward for Mike that's what you thought. You were always very tactful... (*with suddenly rising temper*) and inhuman!

LILI (*aghost*): Me?

ANNA: You. And he. He sends you here to hint—not even to hint—that by the time he takes up his residence he doesn't want to see me there. He didn't even have

enough humanity about him at least to tell me this in person...

LILI (*sardonically*): It's certainly strange for you people to be talking about inhumanity...

ANNA (*looks at her*): What do you mean by "you people"?

LILI: You, all of you, who landed him where you did! (*Makes an uncertain gesture which seems to include the picture of Tárnok, Anna, and even Gabi next door, in the concept of "you people."*)

ANNA: No! All of us! That is the right way to put it!

LILI (*exclaims*): Do you mean to accuse me that I also...

ANNA (*in a menacing, stifled tone*): Quietly! And the children have nothing to do with what passes between us. We must talk about it at long last, Lili.

LILI (*begins to jabber hysterically, taking her breath in gasps*): I always felt that you loathed me. They talked your head full of nonsense about my being your husband's mistress, but I swear to you by my son's life that it was a lie and I always denied it...

ANNA: It was no use your denying it, even that didn't make it true. Not that it was any fault of yours...

LILI (*screams*): What slander! How dare you slander me?

ANNA (*quietly, forcefully*): I've said already—no hysterics. I wouldn't have gone into hysterics even if István had happened to take a taste of you, as you do of a dish that you're offered till you're too fed up to refuse it. But he didn't happen to fancy you. Yours was a different kind of affair!

LILI (*screams*): Anna, but Anna!

ANNA (*her face immobile*): Very busy people always have two companions in life—their wives and their secretaries. They spend the major part of their lives with the second. The secretary is the connecting link between the chief and the world at large. To some extent she is the pair of spectacles through which he sees people.

LILI (*ironically*): Do you think that if I had been a few diopters stronger or weak-

er, then István Tárnok would not have sentenced half a dozen decent people?

ANNA: His eyesight was certainly badly distorted even without you, during these past few years. But you only aggravated his blindness.

LILI: What benefit would I have derived from it?...

ANNA: That you should always be the ideal secretary, the one who always agrees with everything. I admit, it was difficult to contradict him. But I at least tried. You didn't even try. On the contrary! My situation would also have been easier if you—and others—had not always said that he was right, whatever he did.

LILI: You've said yourself that he brooked no contradiction.

ANNA: But you egged him on, even when to suspect people had anyway become an obsession with him. That is the reason for our enmity Lili, not some silly bedroom gossip. "Panting Lili," they nicknamed you at the Court. Because no one could think of a mad suspicion, a maniac exaggeration that you would not immediately rush, panting with enthusiasm, to outdo.

LILI (*almost speechless*): You're mad!

ANNA (*bluntly*): Don't be afraid, I won't denounce you to your new chief. If he also wants nothing but someone panting with enthusiasm, he deserves you. As for you, I know it's all the same to you—first you panted to the left, now you'll pant to the right.

LILI (*with low cunning*): In your view then, Mike's a right-winger, is he?

ANNA: That's not what I meant. And anyway, that was a bad question, Lili. One of those *in flagrante* questions. A Tárnok question. Gábor Mike never liked that sort of thing. At least not in the past...

LILI (*slowly reflecting*): Of course, you've known him for a long time.

ANNA: Only some twenty-five years. (*The telephone rings. Anna goes up to it and lifts the receiver.*) Hello... (*She shows great*

surprise.) You?... *(She exercises self-control and casts a glance at Lili.)* Well yes, it is a little surprising.

LILI *(jumps up, terrified)*: What is it?

ANNA *(with the receiver in her hand, turns half away from her)*: Yes, by all means. In an hour's time. *(With a glance towards Gabi's room.)* No, I can't make it earlier. The address is what it was... So long... *(She replaces the receiver.)*

LILI *(in a toneless voice)*: Surely it wasn't?

ANNA *(calmly)*: Gábor Mike.

LILI *(very frightened)*: I didn't know you were on terms with him...

ANNA *(frigidly)*: We haven't met... since...

LILI *(gets up, flurried)*: But you know I only... only wanted to help you. So you shouldn't find yourself in a humiliating situation. *(After a moment's hesitation.)* Please, don't mention that I was here.

ANNA *(sardonically)*: Why? You only wanted to help, didn't you?

LILI: He would be displeased if he knew... Without his instructions...

ANNA *(delicately)*: Don't be afraid Lili, I won't tell on you. That's as much as I owe my husband's memory.

LILI *(suddenly turns towards the door)*: Frici! We're going.

FRICI *(enters on p. s.; to his mother)*: Lililove, I'm staying on.

ANNA *(bastily)*: But Gabi's preparing to go in to town...

FRICI: Yes. To the Academy of Music. But we still have quarter of an hour. *(Returns to Gabi's room. In the meanwhile Gabi has again begun to play the piano next door.)*

LILI *(starting to go, speaks half to herself)*: Why should he be coming here?

ANNA: He'll tell me, I suppose. *(Picks up Lili's brief-case.)* This is still the old one...

LILI *(nervously)*: Yes, your husband brought it from Prague. *(Aggressively.)* Why shouldn't I use it? *(Starts out across the veranda.)*

ANNA *(as she sees her out)*: You're right.

People can't be expected to change their brief-cases as often as their views. *(They have stepped out on the veranda. The dog again begins to bark wildly. As soon as Lili has disappeared, Anna bends down to the dog on the veranda.)* Look Kópe, our opinions agree, but there's no need to be so loud about it. *(Goes back to the room and calls through the p. s. door.)* Gabi! *(The piano-playing stops.)*

GABI *(opens the door)*: Yes, Mum?

ANNA: Gabi dear, I'll just run down to the shop. We've got no coffee at home.

GABI: Are you expecting someone?

ANNA *(after a moment's pause)*: No. I'm not. *(Throws a kerchief over her shoulder and pointing towards Gabi's room with her chin, asks in a stifled whisper.)* Why doesn't he go yet?

GABI: We'll be going together. What did his mother want?

ANNA *(curtly)*: Nothing. I'll be coming straight away. *(Hurries out through the veranda towards the garden.)*

SCENE 2

FRICI *(coming from next door, looks round, picks up a book that is lying on the table and reads from it)*:

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right."

How are you getting on with your Hamlet Overture? May I write about it?

GABI *(annoyed)*: Who's interested in my efforts?

FRICI: Don't try and be modest, old boy. "First original composition of the Festival-Prize artist..." A few lines in the paper, publicity for you, thirty forints for me.

GABI *(nervously)*: Don't you understand? I may even abandon the whole thing. I've chosen too hard a subject for a graduation piece. But for certain reasons Hamlet has almost cast a spell over me.

FRICI *(dryly)*: Of course. The father whose spirit directs the actions of his son, even from the grave...

GABI (*quickly*): Let's talk about something else.

FRICI: Well, may I write about whom the Youth League's going to send to Avignon next summer? You chaps at the Budapest headquarters surely know...

GABI: It's a long time till summer.

FRICI (*incidentally*): You might recommend that they send a journalist as well. I'd like to have a look how those unfortunate capitalists lead their wretched lives out there.

GABI (*feeling uncomfortable*): Actually, I...

FRICI: You think I'd beat it?

GABI (*nervously*): Why should I suspect you of such a rotten trick? But... in my view you wouldn't behave as you should out there.

FRICI: Do you know how like your father you are, when you—declare things like that?

GABI (*looks up at his father's picture*): I desire nothing more than to be like him.

FRICI (*changes his tone*): Well yes, he was a fine bit of a man. I don't wonder that Lililove "headed for him"...

GABI (*indignantly*): What? My father... and your mother...?!

FRICI (*frightened of the effect of his words*): Oh, it was no more than gossip.

GABI (*infuriated*): I want you to know that no one may besmirch my father's memory in any respect whatever. Because I won't stand for it, do you hear? I won't stand for it!

FRICI (*frightened*): All right, all right, take it easy. If you want me to I'll give you a signed paper to say you yourself were born of having your father and mother clink their party lines together.

GABI (*passionately*): I can't bear your cynicism. You see, this is what separates us.

FRICI (*suddenly bugging him*): I like you though for all that, you fanatical old bird!

GABI: To you everyone's a fanatic who believes in something.

FRICI: And to you everyone's a cynic

who dares to notice that Socialism is not all made up of angels.

GABI: We'll be late if we don't go.

FRICI (*with a sudden burst of passion*): Another thing—have you ever thought about what made me the sort of chap I am?

GABI: What do you mean?

FRICI (*with a show of great sincerity*): It's easy for you who were brought up by two marvellous people... Why I, with this miserable Lililove of mine... But don't think I don't love her. She is my mother. I'd feel like knocking down anyone else who had the same opinion of her that I have. You think it didn't hurt me to see that you wouldn't come out of your room till she'd gone?

GABI: But really...

FRICI: Don't deny it, I understand you. You've probably heard people say that her latest "target" is Gábor Mike... as his secretary, for the time being...

GABI (*in disgust*): That's no concern of mine.

FRICI: Of course this isn't the first time Lililove has changed colours. It evidently won't be the last. As I recall it all... in the late forties we spent days at home, trampling on the new clothes which Dad had sent us from overseas... we only wore them when they seemed shabby enough... In those days Mother and I both wore the same kind of peaked cap and our fingernails showed a pale shade of mourning. After the June Resolution Lililove had an evening dress made, and gaudy birdie-things appeared on the side of her head... The March Resolution scared her and she again wore her 1950 flannel slacks, had her hair cut straight and broke with some of her ex-capitalist friends... Then later, as the atmosphere relaxed, she resumed her peaceful cohabitation with them. (*Suddenly breaks out.*) What on earth am I to think, then, of those to whom a single person can tell so many different lies?!

GABI (*sharply*): Are they at fault, and not the person who tells the lies?

FRICI (*takes a great breath and almost cries*): How very lucky you are, Gabi. You don't know how lucky you are. And sometimes... I'm so ashamed of myself. You're right. (*Hypocritically*) I wouldn't be able to behave as I should at Avignon.

GABI (*after a brief silence pats him on the back, with clumsy tenderness*): Now then... pull yourself together! (*Kindly*.) I like you, you know, for all that I scold you.

FRICI (*bitterly*): Yes, the way that very refined people like very wormy cheese.

GABI: As for this Avignon business, I'll see what can be done.

FRICI (*relieved*): That's quite enough for me.

SCENE 3

(*Lia, an 18 year-old, pretty student girl, approaches across the garden.*)

FRICI (*looks out and notices her*): Well, if it isn't little Lia! Does she come to you across the garden?

GABI: While I wasn't here she came over to see Mother every night. We removed a few planks from the fence, so she should not have to go out on the road...

FRICI (*winks at him*): Very handy... Look at her, isn't she just like a freshly baked brown rye loaf? How often I hungered for her when we lived near the tram terminus. And then I realized that this little loaf was not waiting for my knife to take the first slice.

GABI (*angrily*): You're base and in bad taste!

FRICI (*laughs*): In my opinion we have very much the same taste as far as Lia is concerned.

(*Lia enters. When she notices Frici she looks displeased.*)

FRICI: Hail to thee, and may thou once be blest with many sons, fair Ophelia!

LIA (*wryly*): Rozália's the name.

FRICI: O, I'm so sorry. Only we happened to be talking of our friend's Ham-

let Overture. That's how it came to my mind...

LIA: You just keep your bright ideas for your paper. I don't pay by the line. Hello Gabi. I'd like to talk with you.

GABI (*coolly*): I must go to the Academy of Music.

LIA: Let's first clear up this morning's misunderstanding.

GABI (*very frigidly*): There's nothing to clear up. The proposal's bad. Headquarters don't agree with it.

LIA: Headquarters? You.

GABI: I, as education secretary. Choose another study-group leader.

LIA (*meekly*): But if the kids... (*glances at Frici*) are asking for that particular person.

(*Frici pretends to be reading.*)

GABI (*impatiently*): A Youth League secretary should not be an opportunist. Convince them that they must ask for someone else.

LIA: What reason shall I give them? Look Gabi, you're not unprejudiced on this issue...

GABI (*snaps at her*): I reject that.

LIA: Gabi dear, I'd never have spoken of that person before you, if...

GABI (*angrily*): I'd be grateful if you would stop making it look as though this was a matter of my private feelings, or something.

LIA: In that case... I don't understand. That... person has been rehabilitated. He is shortly to be given a high post. Is there just one thing he is not good enough to do—to lead a study-group at the Faculty of Law?

GABI: Don't you see a certain tendentiousness when the chaps all of a sudden need precisely Gábor Mike of all people? Do you know why? Because they want to pry into delicate questions...

LIA (*thoughtfully*): Maybe. But we're being terribly clumsy at avoiding these "delicate" questions. And that makes it easier for the scoundrel.

GABI: Dear Lia, don't let's try and be wiser than people who're much wiser than we.

LIA (*nervously*): It's bad, this artificial fog—don't you feel it is? In the end you don't know nothing proper...

GABI (*impetuously*): Anything! Not "don't know nothing," but anything! You might at least have learned that much at the University.

FRICI (*slams down his book and laughs*): Oh Gabi, don't badger her. They're so sweet, these *faux pas* of her. A law student and "don't know nothing"... She's a wizard!

LIA (*beside herself with rage, turns to face him*): Don't mock me, you intellectual *kulak*, you!

FRICI (*laughs*): What am I?

LIA (*passionately*): Don't put on superior airs with your intellectual *kulak* estate, your spiritual entailed holdings. You were simply born into it all, you wretch, and then you pretend as though we had set out in life with the same starting capital.

GABI: Lia! A good propagandist isn't rude.

FRICI (*offended*): As far as I'm aware I also set out from nought in 1945. I inherited nothing.

LIA (*passionately*): Why, the bookshelves reaching up to the ceiling at home, are they not inherited property? The erudite conversation between Dad and Mum that you heard as a child—is that not inherited property? The cultural life of your forebears that led to the convolutions of your brain being so darned polished—is that not inherited property? What did I get of all these, when I landed in the world in the tramwaymen's flats by the depot?

GABI: This is bad politics, Lia. Don't you notice it is?

LIA (*bitterly*): I notice a great deal, Gabi. More than you think. (*Turns away and surreptitiously wipes her eyes.*)

GABI (*uncomprehending*): Are you crying? It's terrible how little you can put up with criticism!

SCENE 4

ANNA (*comes from outside, a little impatiently*): Well, you can be off now. (*Looks round.*) What's the matter Lia?

LIA (*petulantly*): Nothing.

GABI (*to Frici*): Let's get going. (*Kisses Anna's hand and quietly adds*) My heart's always so heavy, Mum dear, whenever I leave you alone.

ANNA (*laughs*): No one'll steal me, you great child, you. (*Kisses him.*)

FRICI: Good-bye Mrs. Tárnok.

(*Gabi wants to shake hands with Lia, but she turns away from him. At this he playfully boxes her, shrugs his shoulders and exits with Frici.*)

ANNA (*looks at Lia, who stands with her head bowed low*): Did you quarrel?

LIA (*turns her head away*): Oh, no.

ANNA (*reaches under her chin and looks her in the eye*): That's a fib, you know.

LIA (*breaks out*): That rascal ridiculed me, and Gabi wouldn't come to my aid. There's no helping it—Gabi's under that rascal's influence.

ANNA: You don't imagine a chap like Frici could influence Gabi? They rarely meet...

LIA: Oh, he's always at the ready, with his tongue unsheathed.

ANNA (*severely*): Gabi loathes bootlickers.

LIA: But this isn't just the usual type of bootlicker like his Mum—he licks as though he was spitting. He's discovered that we love to forgive. So he always keeps a little something to forgive in store. (*As though delivering a talk.*) Because you see, comrades, those who don't have any obvious faults cannot show sufficiently obvious development, and those who don't obviously develop are of no interest to us. On the other hand a tainted individual like this, like comrade Kalotai Esquire, the only son of the absconded Cheese-Works owner, he can naturally show striking development from year to year, and develop he does,

relentlessly—damn his... I nearly said: his guts.

ANNA (*laughs*): You're crazy, Lia. My son's not all that easy to lead by the nose.

LIA (*seriously*): Unfortunately he is, very. And he's not the only one. We think we're trying to be devilish dialectical in our thinking, and then we fall for this sophistic gab—oh dear, there I am again, talking slang! And that makes it easier for smart guys with a glib tongue to be right than for halting but honest people. (*The sound of a car is heard from a distance.*)

ANNA (*switches on the coffee machine. Listens nervously*): Well, if that was the only thing over which you quarrelled...

LIA: It wasn't only that, Gabi was het up—I mean nervous—from the start, and he may have been right. He called me in to Headquarters this morning, because we asked for Gábor Mike to lead our study-group...

ANNA (*startled*): Gábor Mike?

LIA: Gabi gave me a terrible telling off. Maybe the proposal really was wrong. I don't know myself now. After all, Gabi's better informed.

SCENE 5

MIKE (*appears at the door to the veranda*): Good evening. I found the gate open... (*Bends down to the dog, which accompanied him to the door.*) My good old friend Kópé recognized me...

ANNA (*looks at him paralyzed, has almost lost her voice*): Good evening, Gábor.

LIA (*stares at Mike with nearly comic amazement*): Good God, why, it's...

MIKE (*notices Lia*): It was you comrade, wasn't it, who came to see me on behalf of the Law Faculty's Youth League organization?

LIA (*utterly confused*): Yes... but since then... complications have arisen. We'll talk about it again. At present (*looking at Anna and Mike*) it's all so complicated. (*Suddenly turns and hurries out.*)

MIKE (*gazes at Anna*): Well, here we are, Anna.

ANNA (*stares fixedly at Mike*): You've gown grey.

MIKE: Yes... (*A short pause.*) I wrote you. When it happened. You didn't answer.

ANNA (*reservedly*): As far as I remember I thanked everyone for their condolences. You too.

MIKE: On a printed card. That's no answer. (*A pause.*) But now... we have to talk to each other. That's why I came.

ANNA: Yes. (*Makes a clumsy gesture to offer him a seat, but Mike does not sit down. He goes up to the picture and examines it attentively.*)

ANNA (*in confusion*): Some coffee?

MIKE: I'm not allowed to. (*Makes a light gesture towards his heart.*)

ANNA: Since your...

MIKE: Yes.

ANNA (*watching Mike who still stares fixedly at Tárnok's picture, softly*): Do you hate him?

(*Mike without taking his eyes from the picture, silently shakes his head.*)

ANNA (*a little louder*): No?!

MIKE (*quietly*): No longer. The accounts are closed. He closed them.

ANNA (*in a stifled tone*): And me?...

(*Mike turns towards her, and looks questioningly.*)

ANNA: Me... do you... (*She wants to continue: "do you hate me?" but falters.*)

MIKE (*looks her in the eye, softly*): Tell me, did you believe it?

ANNA (*bitterly*): Should I of all people not have believed?

MIKE (*quietly*): Yes, you of all people.

ANNA (*uncertainly*): You mean, I of all people whom you taught.

MIKE: Yes, that was part of what I meant.

ANNA (*aggressively*): You taught me discipline!

MIKE (*very calmly*): But not to compromise.

ANNA (*with a sudden change of tone*): And how do you know that I didn't fight for you?

In my own way. (*With increasing vehemence.*) Do you think István would listen to anyone? Anyone who said something else than what he wanted to hear?

MIKE: There are things that one must say even if people will not hear one.

ANNA: And where did you get with it?

MIKE: I wanted us to avoid the greatest danger of all revolutions. Lest healthy anxiety should be distorted to become a morbid mania with those whose task it is to keep watch. A kind of Biblical, merciless exorcism: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee... and if thy hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." But what if we are mistaken? What if we amputate ourselves in vain?

ANNA: István never thought he might be wrong.

MIKE: As long as the strategic positions were clearly delineated he couldn't go wrong. But later. A complicated period began, and the formerly fixed boundaries twisted and turned in the most disconcerting way. You could get nowhere now with the old methods. At least that was how I saw it. He didn't... Then came an alarming case...

ANNA (*softly*): András?

MIKE: We were both exhausted by our nerve-racking verbal battles. Nevertheless, I went to see him once more. I begged him: "István, think! We trusted this man as we would ourselves. He may have erred—I don't know. But he can't be an enemy!" He looked at me—I shall never forget his gaze—and answered: "If I were not fully convinced of what I am doing, I would be unable to live another minute."

ANNA (*softly*): Is that how he put it?

MIKE: And that is what happened. (*Once more standing before the picture.*) He was of the professing kind. Never to compromise with his own, inner laws.

ANNA (*to herself, like a motto*): "If I were not fully convinced of what I am doing, I would be unable to live another minute." (*After a short pause.*) Your trial... I mean the

trial in which you were one of the principal accused...

MIKE: It became István's mania that I was an enemy, because I had not wanted to believe that those whom he condemned were one and all guilty. He was tragically mistaken. People can make mistakes.

ANNA: And you only held... people responsible for what happened to you?

MIKE: I don't understand your question.

ANNA (*cautiously*): Your convictions... were they never upset?

MIKE: I still don't understand your question. The fact that an injustice happened to me does not alter the validity of the Law of Value. (*A pause.*)

ANNA (*to herself*): So you never lost your faith...

MIKE (*softly, speaking with some difficulty*): But myself, I sometimes almost lost.

ANNA: Yourself?

MIKE: It's not easy to resist the process of erosion... (*Suddenly.*) Tell me, did you know Béla Kerekes?

ANNA: The chemist?

MIKE: He was with us for a while. He used to say (*pondering as he quotes*), "Faithfully to preserve the original formula of our egos—that is the greatest trial..."

ANNA (*wondering*): What did he mean?

MIKE: Wait... I'll give you an example... though it's very hard to speak about this... (*Looking down.*) At that time I was in a common cell... and when the bread was brought, I had a feeling that my share was always smaller than the others. I watched day after day, mine always seemed to be the smallest. You know, Anna, I grew so scared, as though I had noticed the signs of leprosy on my body. Because obviously it can be true once, twice, three times even, but always?! These were the blind instincts of a famished animal... No, I said to myself, I won't have it. I won't let the frenzy of "mine, my own" infest me like lice... From that day I always broke a piece off my bread and gave it away. Not by way of Christian charity, don't misunderstand

me—in selfdefence... To find my way back to consciousness of myself. But, it just occurs to me—you won't be able to understand this anyway.

ANNA (*bitterly*): Of course, because I'm a stranger, because we, who were outside when you were inside, are a "different species."

MIKE (*bursts out*): What nonsense! (*Is sorry.*) Don't take offence, I shouldn't have said that. (*Takes a cigarette from the box on the table.*)

ANNA: Are you allowed to smoke?

MIKE: It's all the same. (*Lights up.*) What about Gabi?

ANNA (*evasively*): He's gone to the Academy of Music. (*Suddenly.*) Please put that cigarette down. I want to make it easier for you. I know why you came. You're going to be Head of our Division.

MIKE: How do you know? It's still strictly confidential...

ANNA: Well, this is Budapest, you know.

MIKE: I wanted to tell you personally.

ANNA: It's good to hear you didn't leave it to your secretary.

MIKE (*incidentally*): You mean Mrs. Kalotai? She's not my secretary. She's not the right kind of person for me to work with.

ANNA: One thing's certain—I can't stay in your Division. Evidently.

MIKE (*in a reticent tone*): Evidently.

ANNA: In that case I'll ask for my transfer tomorrow. Perhaps that'll be more agreeable for you as well.

MIKE: Evidently.

ANNA (*turns away*): Well... then that's settled.

MIKE (*looks at her and smiles*): Now you're just like you were when I first saw you in the Museum Gardens.

ANNA (*coolly*): That was long ago. Perhaps it never really happened.

MIKE: You were sitting on the bench, holding a text-book—"Roman Archaeology." There, I thought, is the model young

lady. I peeped into your book. It was a volume of Engels, bound in the cover of a text-book.

ANNA: So I wasn't the "model young lady" after all.

MIKE: Don't kid yourself. In 1930 a bit of flirtation with the Revolution was part of being a model young lady. You had to go a long way to become a person of full value.

ANNA (*bitterly*): In your eyes I never did become one.

MIKE: How can you say such a thing?

ANNA (*resolutely*): It's all the same now, I've said it at last. You always despised me.

MIKE (*angrily*): There we are again! István's old song that I'm anti-intellectual.

ANNA: No, that's not what I'm saying. You considered me (*it is hard for her to say it*) a coward.

MIKE (*frankly astonished*): Why do you think that?

ANNA: Right from the beginning, when there was increased danger involved in an assignment, you would leave me out if you could. You said I had a frail physique. Ostensibly you spared me. But I knew you had not the same confidence in me as in someone from a factory bench.

MIKE: Is that what you thought?

ANNA: It proved to be right. On the occasion when we fled together from the Park in '32.

MIKE (*listening with rapt attention*): Go on...

ANNA: We hid at the Baksas, do you remember? Péter was still at Csepel and Bözsi was ironing in the kitchen...

MIKE (*speaking to himself*): We went into the room...

ANNA (*haltingly*): And then... the fear broke out on me. It shook me from head to foot. I stuffed my fists into my mouth to prevent myself screaming.

MIKE: It was a nervous attack.

ANNA: You sat down beside me, then you put your arm round me, and you held me till I calmed down. But from then on...

(*Passionately.*) I was a coward in your eyes. Whereas you should have understood that for me that clash with the police in the Park was my baptism of fire, and even men are afraid sometimes... You were inhuman to me!

MIKE (*deeply moved*): Is that what you thought?

ANNA (*exhausted*): I couldn't think anything else. You didn't come to the next meeting, but sent István. You obviously didn't wish to work with me any more. From that day he became my contact. By the time we next met in '45 on Kálmán Tisza Square—Republic Square by then—I had long become István's wife. He didn't despise me, he respected me, and I also respected him.

MIKE (*takes a deep pull at his cigarette*): So that's how it happened.

ANNA (*passionately*): But one thing I can tell you—in those years, whenever I had to be really strong, I always had you in mind. I said to myself—even if you don't see it, even if you never come to know about it, I must come up to your standards. That was why I was able sometimes to put up with so much, that even men could not have put up with it. But in your eyes I nevertheless remained what I had been—an easily crying "young lady" with delicate nerves. Others praised me in vain—it was no use at all, at all!

MIKE (*shaken*): Anna, am I to understand that you...

ANNA (*very simply*): Yes. Always. From the first moment.

MIKE (*takes a deep breath*): Wait a little, I'd also like to tell you something. That time in the Park... it's not true that I thought you coward.

ANNA: It's all the same now.

MIKE: It isn't all the same. That was your first battle. I admired your courage, because your nerves—even if you're angry for my saying so—really are more delicate than ours. Then came the reaction, the nervous fever. I put my arm round you and

felt your heart beat... Anna, really, it beat so hard, it almost jumped out of your chest. And then I suddenly realized that this could not go on any longer...

ANNA (*looks at him*): What are you talking about, Gábor?

MIKE: Look, I knew myself, and I knew that they couldn't break me. But that afternoon I suddenly realized that there was a torture that I could not stand... if you were hurt... And so—there was no other solution. I had to put an end to it all, within myself, at whatever price.

ANNA (*breathless*): Gábor, you...

MIKE (*very simply*): Yes. Always. From the first moment.

ANNA (*to herself*): Then all my life... absolutely meaninglessly... (*She suddenly starts sobbing and leans on Mike's chest. Her whole body is shaken by her crying.*)

MIKE (*trying to master his emotions, pushes Anna slightly away from him before he speaks*): Well, comrade, do you see now why you can't stay with me at the Ministry?

ANNA: Are you thinking...

MIKE (*with mock solemnity*): ... if your son will give me your hand, I shall marry you.

ANNA (*as though waking from a dream*): My son! (*A pause*). But that's impossible!

MIKE (*impetuously*): Why should it be impossible? (*Jumps up and walks up and down.*) You mean that there'll be people who'll be scandalized? Of course you can't explain it all to everybody. But then there are other things... have they been explained to everyone? (*Very upset.*) Has everyone been told what happened to me, and why? I was simply taken along to the Party branch and they said: "Here's comrade X, he was in prison for five years, unfortunately it was a mistake, make him welcome." Did they not think that perhaps they ought to say a bit more, or something different? Who tried to remove the mark from my brow? There are some former friends of mine who still cross over to the other side of the street when they see me. And I, should I concern

myself then, with what people gossip about? (Stops, a little out of breath, involuntarily reaches to his heart, but immediately lets his hand drop.)

ANNA (*has noticed his movement and speaks in a very warm tone*): It's not that, it's Gabi.

MIKE: And for Gabi's sake, too...

ANNA: It's so hard to talk about this... He... he doesn't like you.

MIKE: But he was only a child when...

ANNA: As far as Gabi is concerned, only his father could ever be right.

MIKE (*aghost*): Doesn't Gabi know that István...

ANNA (*tersely*): He doesn't know he committed suicide. I didn't have the courage to tell him. He thinks he died a natural death. That his heart...

MIKE: How many lies it must have taken to make him believe that!

ANNA (*upset and nervous*): You must understand, I can't just go up to him and say: "Look son, here's your father's best friend, whom he sentenced innocently..."

MIKE (*quietly, bitterly*): Of course. Better to have him go on hating me, as though I was only a conditionally released enemy.

ANNA: No, no!

MIKE: Well, then let him face the truth.

ANNA: And what if he can't bear it?

MIKE: Have you brought him up to be such a weakling?

ANNA: You don't know Gabi. He's not like other children. He's more sensitive. He's an artist. Only I know how to manage him. I'll gradually show him the truth. But I beg of you, let me decide when and how. (*Holds out her hand.*)

MIKE (*kisses her hand*): Do you want me to go?

ANNA: I wouldn't like you to meet. It would be too early...

MIKE (*sets out*): I hope it won't be too late. (*They step into the garden. Mike leaves. Anna returns alone after a few moments. She goes up to the picture, as though drawn to it by Tárnok's gaze. She seems paralyzed. In the mean-*

while it has become dark, only a standing lamp near the picture is burning. The small circle of light includes only Anna and the picture.

ANNA (*speaks softly*): "If I were not fully convinced of what I am doing, I would be unable to live another minute."

GABI (*unexpectedly speaks from the dark doorway*): Here I am, Mum dear!

(*Anna screams. Gabi suddenly switches on the lamp and the room is suffused with light.*)

ANNA: Why did you hurry?

GABI: I knew you were sitting here, pondering... It's bad to be so alone, isn't it? But you see, I hear you from the other end of the town when you call me.

ANNA: Do you hear my thoughts?

GABI: Of course... Why, you and I we're one.

ANNA: And that's why we always understand each other, don't we? Always?

GABI: Always. My little child.

ANNA: Are you calling me your child?

GABI: Sometimes I feel as though you were. Father left you to me. Now I must take care of you, as though I was the grown-up. And it's so good, you know, the responsibility. It strengthened me.

ANNA: My dear little son.

GABI: Has anyone been here?

ANNA (*quickly*): No... I made this coffee for you. It's cold now.

GABI: Never mind, let's drink it.

ANNA (*pours out the coffee, meanwhile indifferently remarking*): I haven't even told you... I'm having myself transferred to another Division.

GABI (*puts down the cup*): So you know.

ANNA: What?

GABI (*with hatred*): That the "comrade" is going to be Chief of your Division.

ANNA (*surprised*): You've heard about it?

GABI (*gaily*): Oh, it's such a burden off my heart to see you take it so lightly. I didn't know what wrapping to find for the bitter pill. Of course you'll have yourself transferred... that's the right solution. You're so clever, Mum. Obviously you can't breathe the same air as that...

ANNA (*interrupts him in confusion*): Look, Gabi...

GABI: Don't bother to explain. Between ourselves we can admit that it was a strange decision to take. How could they have failed to consider the situation you'd land in?

ANNA: An executive officer in the Ministry is such a small cog...

GABI: But this isn't a case of an executive officer, but of István Tárnok's widow. Obviously they found no other solution.

ANNA (*drily*): Obviously.

GABI (*suddenly looks at her*): There's no bitterness left in you, is there?

ANNA: Against whom?

GABI (*kindly*): You know what Father used to say on these occasions? "We can't think with the heads of the leaders. Those higher up see further. And not every decision can always be explained to everyone."

ANNA: You remember well, son.

GABI: Could I ever forget all that he taught me? He saw the boundaries so clearly. Do you know what a great help this is to me nowadays? If only you heard the arguments that are going on at the Academy, from morning till night. Sometimes it's not easy to find an answer. But all I have to do is think of Father, and immediately everything becomes clear to me. You know, he is my compass. He is the scale at the edge of the map. He is, because he's the unit against which I can measure the unknown perspectives of the future.

ANNA (*pale*): I don't know whether this is correct. Isn't one man too narrow a pedestal for a set of convictions?

GABI (*lively*): Since the world's a world, the power of ideas has always been measured through individuals.

ANNA: Shouldn't it be the other way round son? Men can err.

GABI (*startled*): Mother, I'm talking about Father!

ANNA (*after a short pause*): Is it certain that your father was always right in everything? What if—if he erred.

GABI: Erred in what?

ANNA: For instance—in Mike's case.

GABI (*shocked*): In Mike's of all cases?

ANNA (*with determination*): You know, don't you, why you're called Gábor.

GABI: Because he's also called that. Are you referring to the fact that he was Father's best friend? (*With a wry smile.*) That's been a tradition since Judas.

ANNA: Why do you call him a Judas?

GABI: If he had not been one, Father would not have condemned him.

ANNA: They say it was a mistake.

GABI (*quickly*): Wait, now I'll ask you, like you did just now. Why were three fingers of Father's right hand numb?

ANNA (*blanches*): They were broken by the interrogators...

GABI: ... broken, and yet he wouldn't tell where Gábor Mike was hiding. And it was with that same hand—half paralyzed—that he signed Gábor Mike's death sentence in 1950. (*Passionately*) Can I doubt, then, that he knew well what he was doing?

ANNA (*after a pause*): And if Mike was nevertheless sent to prison blamelessly?

GABI (*looks at her aghast*): That would mean not only he... for he was not the only one...

ANNA (*softly*): No.

GABI (*after a long interval, dully*): If I had to think that, perhaps I would be unable to live any longer.

(*Anna drops the cup from her hand and falls back in the easy chair.*)

GABI (*jumps up*): What's happened Mum?

ANNA (*in a colourless voice*): I was dizzy.

GABI (*jumps to the 'phone*): I'll call Dr. Pajor.

ANNA (*shouts*): No! (*More quietly*). There's no point to it. I'm better now.

GABI: Just the same...

ANNA: I'm telling you, it's over. Gone. (*Takes some sewing from her little basket and bends over it. In a dull voice.*) How dark this lamp is. As though it wanted to go out.

GABI (*who has in the meantime kneeled down to gather the chips from the floor, looks up at her*): Really? I haven't noticed it particularly.

(*Curtain*)

SKETCHES

By

LÁSZLÓ TABI

WHAT A BUCKET CAN DO

We were talking about the wickedness of objects. Corks that break in the bottle, tooth-paste that squirts out at the bottom of the tube, all impelled by sheer ill will. At this, our friend Z. said:

"If you want, I'll tell you a story about the goodness of objects."

We wanted him to, and he told it.

I've mentioned before that I also took part in the Eastern Campaign of 1942, in fact I may add without boasting that I started to run for it at the same time as the highest ranking officers.

I joined up as a simple forced-labour man, but I quickly advanced in rank to become first a dirty scoundrel, later a lousy swine. It was in the latter capacity that I received my order of the typhoid without the swords, in January 1943. My further career was terminated by the break-through at Voronezh. With only a bucket in my hand, I tried for some hours to stop Tolbukhin's army. However, when I noticed that Field Marshal Mannstein was also retreating, I decided I too would give up my vain resistance. In the infernal chaos I set off westward with my bucket. Hungarians, Rumanians, Italians, Slovaks and Germans were all streaming helter-skelter towards Kiev, climbing over each other to get there first. Everyone challenged everyone else, patrols were out everywhere to herd the soldiers together and shoot the forced labourers. The patrols even challenged each other, everyone was suspect except the dead, who could be regarded as reliable. No one bothered me, because they saw the bucket in my hand and it was obvious I was going somewhere to fetch some water.

I went from the Don to Kiev with that bucket. It was due to the bucket that no one shot me, no one challenged me, after all it was obvious I was going somewhere to fetch some water.

The chiefest screening centre was along the line between Bobruysk and Berdichev. This line could only be crossed by ordered formations, for—even though everything at the front had broken—in the hinterland order was to be maintained. Here everyone was separately checked and questioned. Those who could give no reason why they were running homewards,

were locked up. But no one asked me, because they saw the bucket in my hand and it was obvious I was going somewhere to fetch some water. At this stage there was still calm in Kiev. This was where the units received their new postings, and this was where they decided when and how to exterminate those who were to have been exterminated but had so far survived. The soldiers went off to hunt for partisans, or they went to hospital, others were sent to remove land-mines or build tank traps. But no one bothered a jot about me, because they saw the bucket in my hand and it was obvious I was going somewhere to fetch some water.

I had got to Szolnok with my bucket in hand, when fate caught up with me. A Hungarian field gendarme asked me why I was loitering in the street. I raised the bucket and said:

"Beg to report sir, I'm going to fetch some water."

At this I received such a slap in the face that I myself had to admire it.

"Do you know why you got that, you swine?"

"Yes sir, beg to report sir. Because the bottom of the bucket's missing".

ON STICKING TO ONE'S GUNS

"If I was to ask you, sir, to tell me how much twice two is, what would you say?"

"I'd say it was four. Twice two's four."

"You're certain of that, aren't you?"

"I'd stake my life on it".

"Grand. Then I'll ask you to put it down in writing for me."

"Put what down in writing?"

"That twice two's four. Put down on a piece of paper, 'I consider that twice two is four,' sign your name and the date. Here's a leaf out of my notebook. . ."

"What do you want it for?"

"I collect funny things like this."

"Well don't".

"Why not? Surely you're not going to refuse my request?"

"Your request—if you'll pardon me—is asinine. People don't collect things like that. And anyway I haven't got anything here to write with".

"Here's a fountain pen."

"I don't take other people's pens in my hand, because I might catch a skin disease."

"Then I'll go up to your flat tonight for this chit of paper."

"I'm going to the theatre tonight."

"In the morning, then."

"I'll throw you out if you come in the morning."

"But why are you reluctant? When you're willing to stake your life that it's four. That's what you said, didn't you?"

"Then make that do. I won't put it down in writing. No sir! Why, I could never be sure you wouldn't show it to somebody one day!"

"And what if I did? Don't you think twice two will always be four?"

"I haven't the faintest doubt."

"Well then?"

"Even so. Look, I've got a family and I've never taken part in politics."

"What's this got to do with politics?"

"I don't know. But it's best to be on the safe side. I don't want anyone reproaching me for having put this thing down in writing for you."

"No one'll find out. I'll lock that paper up straight away tonight."

"And what if someone breaks into your place? Then I'll be in a pretty fix."

"If someone breaks into my flat, does that stop twice two being four?"

"Stop badgering me. I won't put it down in writing, and that's all there is to it."

"I've got an idea. I'll give you a paper as well, saying twice two is four. In that case you really won't risk anything."

"No need for that. If you want, I'm prepared to put down in writing that nowadays, generally, according to common belief, twice two is mostly considered to be approximately four. Will that do?"

"No."

"Then get to hell out of here."

"All right. But I'll have you know that I shall go about everywhere saying that according to you, twice two is four."

"You can do as you please, I'll just deny it."

THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN

"I don't want you to misunderstand me, my dear young friend, but I'd like to ask you whether you wouldn't fancy playing in our football team from next autumn..."

"The idea is not a displeasing one."

"Would you be willing, then, to sign a transfer paper?"

"By all means. I must stress, however, that professionalism has been abolished in our country. I'm an amateur football player myself, thank heaven I only go in for football as a pastime, and I hope you had not the vaguest intention of offering me sums of money, or that sort of thing..."

"Permit me to assure you that the very idea is repulsive to me. You're asking for your transfer to our team, because you could pass your time better if you played with us, because our pitch is breezy and healthy, it's near the tram-stop, and the colours of our team, brown and pink, match your face better, don't they?"

"That's exactly the case. So you haven't the vaguest intention of offering me twenty-five thousand forints, have you?"

"Not the vaguest. But I must rectify one point, because the sum which I haven't the vaguest intention of offering is not twenty-five, but fifteen thousand forints."

"I think that's very strange. Seeing that you're actually not offering so much as a fillér (since I'm an amateur), why can't this sum which you don't offer be twenty-five thousand?"

"Look, if I wanted not to offer twenty-five thousand, then I could get Pafcsek snr. for that much. Since you're an amateur player, I'm asking you to make do with fifteen thousand as the sum we shan't pay you."

"Of course I can make do with that much. But it would very much pander to my vanity, if you would declare that you're not only not going to pay me twenty-five thousand forints, but that you also have absolutely no intention of letting me have a freehold flat."

"Unfortunately we have no flats available, and are therefore not in a position not to let you have one. But if you would make do with a motor bicycle, possibly that might be something we would not dream of giving you."

"Of course, as everyone knows, I'm an amateur. But that doesn't mean I have no self-respect. Why should I refuse to accept a wretched motorbike, when only yesterday a car was not mentioned in a conversation with someone else."

"There are richer clubs, and they, of course, can fail to give more."

"And there are more modest football players, who are prepared to refuse even less."

"Since you're an amateur, let the sum which we shan't give you, be twenty thousand."

"But that motorbike which I'm not to get, at least it's new, is it?"

"Of course."

"Well then we'd have agreed. I'm extremely glad that we haven't sullied our hands with financial dealings. And I'm proud that I was able to stay an amateur, even at the most critical moments. Because the age of professionalism is over, you know!"

"Thank heaven."

SURVEYS

THEORETICAL PHYSICS AT THE LORÁND EÖTVÖS UNIVERSITY OF BUDAPEST*

by

GYÖRGY MARX

In the 19th century scientific learning throughout Europe, including Hungary, attained such a high level and the subject matter of physics showed so great a measure of differentiation that special instruction in theoretical physics had to be introduced. Only thus could the field be surveyed in which human inquiry was first able to achieve a deeper, intrinsic understanding of the world's phenomena. The comprehensive synthesis in theoretical physics has made it possible both to formulate a scientific approach to the sphere of inanimate nature and through the conspectus thus obtained to search for and disclose opportunities for the practical application of scientific knowledge in technology, in order to render human life richer and less arduous.

At the Loránd Eötvös University of Budapest, instruction in theoretical physics was first given by the professors of natural science. The lectures on theoretical physics delivered by Ányos Jedlik during the period of absolutism were among the few given in Hungarian instead of the official German language. This was a political manifestation that was by no means free of danger for Jedlik, who had previously backed the freedom struggle in 1848.

It was after the *Ausgleich* that the Faculty of Philosophy asked the Minister of Edu-

cation to set up an independent Chair of Theoretical Physics. Finally, after much temporizing, applications for the appointment were invited in 1870. The faculty then recommended acceptance of the application of Kálmán Szily, an enthusiastic and versatile protagonist of scientific education in Hungary, but he was not appointed to the post. In 1871 the young Loránd Eötvös, recently returned from studies abroad, was appointed a deputy professor. Theoretical physics was thus finally established as an independent subject, 90 years ago.

A year later Eötvös was appointed Professor of Theoretical Physics. In 1874 the Faculty of Philosophy, on Eötvös's recommendation, asked the Minister of Education, Tivadar Pauler, to set up an Institute of Theoretical Physics. A favourable reply was received on January 8, 1875. From this day on, not only instruction in theoretical physics but also research on the subject has had a separate place in Hungary.

In this respect the Loránd Eötvös University was among the first. At the University of Berlin, for instance, which at the time was undoubtedly a guiding centre of world physics, it was only in 1889 that a separate Chair of Theoretical Physics was established, whose first head was to be Max Planck.

The second half of the 19th century was a magnificent period for physics, giving birth to a multitude of new ideas. As was

* Based on an article in *Magyar Tudomány* (Hungarian Science), Budapest, 1962, No. 1.

so often the case, the new fields of inquiry originated in the laboratories of experimental physicists, but their portent became apparent through the work of the leading theoretical physicists of the time. Electricity was the new, great unknown of which one had been aware in ancient times but whose role in revolutionizing physics was only now beginning to be suspected. The mechanical view of the world, an approach that would reduce everything to perspicuous schemes of wheels and levers, was still dominant, but Faraday's ideas on the electromagnetic field were already known, and Maxwell—though basing his work on mechanical analogies—recognized the specific laws of motion in this field of force. Indeed, he courageously declared that light itself was one of the interesting manifestations of the electromagnetic field.

Eötvös, as a student, had heard about electricity from his professors—Jedlik, Kirchhof and Neumann—so that it is easy to see why his interest too was aroused by this major physical problem of his age. His first scientific papers were concerned with the theoretical problems of electricity. In one of the disquisitions he submitted to the Academy, he treated the question of action at a distance and action at an instant, which engaged the attention of the best minds of his age. By 1877 he was familiar with Maxwell's epoch-making discoveries, which decided the dispute in favour of the contact effects of local fields rather than of the metaphysical idea of action at a distance (by showing that matter in contact with matter is the only source of physical interaction, instead of some mystical, non-material force that was supposed to act between material bodies separated from one another in space by a void), but he did not yet realize the significance of the then only four-year-old discoveries. His inaugural lecture at the Academy, "Contributions to the Theory of Electrostatics," followed the conceptions of the past. One of the fascinating problems of the decades preceding the for-

mulation of the theory of relativity was whether it was possible by laboratory experiments to demonstrate the forward movement of the earth, and whether the velocity of travel in space—"through the ether"—could be measured. Eötvös discussed the change in intensity of a moving source of light in the forward and backward directions. Two years later Michelson carried out his famous experiment, proving that it was impossible to observe movement in "absolute space" or in the "ether," a result that was to lead to the theory of relativity.

The treatises of the young Loránd Eötvös are of interest to us not because they contained contributions of lasting value to physics but because they showed that Eötvös, who was to be one of the greatest figures of Hungarian science, was able on completing his university studies immediately to join in the most up-to-date trends of research and, from Hungary, to become an active participant in international scientific life. At the same time he pioneered the road and set up a centre in Hungary where fundamental research on theoretical physics could begin.

Meanwhile, experimental problems concerned with capillarity and later with gravitation also began to engage Eötvös's attention. He lectured on experimental physics in place of the aged Jedlik, and on the latter's retirement succeeded him as head of his Institute. The investigations he conducted there won him international scientific renown, particularly his study of the gravitational field. Through his experiments in this area he developed the geophysical methods to whose utility thousands of oil wells throughout the world bear witness. This work was inseparably linked with his measurements on the nonisolatability of the force of gravity and on the proportionality of weight and inertia.

These experiments by Loránd Eötvös are still the best-known contribution by Hungarian scientists to the edifice of physics. Eötvös and his pupils proved that the

weights of various bodies were directly proportional to their inertia, to within first 8, then 9 decimal places.* This provided an experimental basis for the general theory of relativity, which is to this day the most profound physical theory on gravitation. The name of Loránd Eötvös will be encountered on the first few pages of any handbook of the general theory of relativity.

Through the whole of his life's work, Loránd Eötvös provided an example for his successors on the fruitful unity of fundamental research and practice. His torsion pendulum enabled him to make the most significant contribution in the 19th century to the elucidation of the long-unsolved mystery of gravitation.

It was used all over the American oil-fields at the beginning of the 20th century, as the only known means at the time of geophysical prospecting without boring. Measuring the second partial differential coefficient of the gravitational potential permitted conclusions to be drawn on the structure of the subterranean strata. Eötvös was for a time President of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and also Minister of Education. He was the founder of Eötvös College, the most successful Hungarian institution for training university students who were to become the scientists of the future. The Budapest University is fully justified in honouring the memory of Loránd Eötvös by having adopted his name.

Eötvös's investigations on gravity were carried out while he occupied another Chair and therefore belong to the history of experimental physics. Let us now return to the Institute of Theoretical Physics.

Eötvös recommended that Izidor Fröhlich be appointed to the vacant Chair of Theoretical Physics, hoping thus to save the separate

Institute for Theoretical Physics. Fröhlich, however, was made only an associate professor. Although he was appointed professor in 1895, the Institute did not become independent again until 1904, its name now being "Museum of Educational Appliances for Theoretical Physics." The initial upsurge was followed by years of stagnation and even decline. A proposal was actually made in 1919 to set up a second Chair of Theoretical Physics, but this justifiable request was satisfied only 30 years later, after the liberation, when new professorial posts were made available.

Fröhlich, like Eötvös, was a pupil of Kirchhoff's. He showed great zeal in preparing his university lectures and setting about the study of scientific problems. He was interested in certain problems of electricity, particularly that of light. His scientific approach, however, was extremely conservative. He was suspicious of new ideas. During the 50 years of his professorship physics traversed the path from the discovery of the laws of electromagnetic fields, through the theory of relativity and atomic theory, all the way to quantum electrodynamics. But in Fröhlich's study time stood still. He studied light, but to explain diffraction and other optical phenomena he intended to work out an isolated theory, describing light as a thing in itself. He took no notice of the fact that Maxwell's electrodynamics had amalgamated optics into a greater unity, that of the phenomena of electromagnetic fields, deducing also the laws of diffraction, as special consequences of the universal laws of motion of the electromagnetic field. His conservatism prevented Fröhlich from making truly fruitful discoveries. Despite all his talent, his ardour and diligence, instruction in theoretical physics remained for half a century at the level it had attained under Eötvös, although every year of this half century was tantamount to ten in regard to the rate of development. The excellent theoretical physicists who graduated from the University during

* The significance of this achievement is shown by the fact that it was only half a century later, in 1961, that a group of research workers at Princeton succeeded, by making maximum use of all the facilities of present-day techniques, in improving the accuracy of the measurements to 10 decimal places.

this period established contact with modern physics primarily through their own efforts and obtained posts outside the University. The Polytechnical University* and the University of Kolozsvár (Cluj)—the latter through the work of J. Farkas**—were at this time more important scientific centres.

Izidor Fröhlich retired in 1928 and died in 1931. His successor was Rudolf Ortway, then professor at the University of Szeged and a pupil of Sommerfeld, a master of the period.

Ortway was imbued with the ideas of the modern physics that had attained its fulfilment in the quantum theory. He considered that his most important task was to make up for the many decades' arrears of his Institute and to establish the necessary conditions for up-to-date research. He saw clearly that scientific work could not be confined within the walls of an institute and could only flourish if it was in live contact with the progress of international science. It is due to his activities, developed with great imagination, that Hungarian research on theoretical physics rose to international standards. Ortway modernized the Institute's library, and, even though the budget provisions of the governments of the time were always miserly with respect to the natural sciences, he managed to order most of the scientific periodicals. This has been of value to this day, not only to the University Institute but also to physicists working elsewhere in Hungary. Following the examples of the great German Universities, he estab-

lished the famous Ortway Colloquia, at which the best Hungarian and foreign physicists delivered papers on the achievements of the rapidly developing fields of modern physics. Through these colloquia he maintained contact with those Hungarian physicists who had gone abroad to escape the increasingly gloomy political climate and economic conditions that barely furnished a living to scientists, and had there attained world-wide renown. Of these we may mention Cornel Láncozos, John Neumann, George Polányi, Edward Teller and Eugen Wigner. Foreign physicists who visited Hungary were also regular lecturers at the Ortway colloquia, and they even included Nobel Prize winners (among them Dirac and Sommerfeld). But the most important permanent collaborators were those Hungarian physicists who continued working in their own country, including schoolmasters who were engaged in independent scientific work. In the pre-war years the Ortway colloquia played a decisive part for the whole country in the development of physical research at a contemporary level. A University Chair with very few members sought to make up for what the leaders of the country had failed to provide—a critical forum, the exchange of experiences and progress for an entire science.

Ortway also raised university instruction to a fully up-to-date standard. He introduced regular lectures on quantum theory and statistical mechanics, thus achieving at the University a level of development in the teaching of theoretical physics that many European universities have not surpassed to this day. The popular shorthand texts of Ortway's lectures were used as textbooks during the decades when the regular publication of university textbooks could not even be mooted. Next to Ortway, an increasingly important and dominant part was played by his assistants—Theobald Neugebauer (now professor at the Loránd Eötvös University and a Kossuth Prize win-

* This was where, for instance, Győző Zemplén taught, whose investigations on the spread of hydrodynamic and electrodynamic discontinuity surfaces are particularly noteworthy.

** J. Farkas was one of the pioneers of the axiomatic treatment of thermodynamics. In the academic year of 1907–1908 the theory of relativity (propounded in 1905) was already the subject of instruction and examination in his courses at a time when only a few people even knew of its existence. It was only in about 1909 that the theory began to be discussed and developed at the various European institutes for physics.

ner) and Paul Gombás (professor at Budapest Polytechnical University and head of the Academy's Research Group for Theoretical Physics, twice awarded the Kossuth Prize. The evolution of successful research on modern theoretical physics in Hungary during the 30's is linked to their names. They applied the quantum theory to atoms, molecules and metals. Paul Gombás pioneered the achievement of international recognition for Hungarian theoretical physics by fully developing the statistical theory of the atom.

The Second World War involved a catastrophic rupture in the vigorous research work of the 30's. Ortway endeavoured to save whatever he could and at least to maintain scientific contacts with the neutral states. Finally everything fell victim to the war. Rudolf Ortway himself died at the beginning of 1945. The liberation found the Institute deserted.

At the end of 1945 K. F. Novobátzky, formerly a secondary school professor, was appointed Professor and Head of the empty Chair. The university courses begun in 1946 involved a new qualitative improvement with respect both to content and form, as compared to the previous situation. K. F. Novobátzky regards the education of the future generation of scientists as the main task of his activities. He has undertaken the lion's share in the work of university instruction. While training his pupils to become his collaborators, he has gradually but ceaselessly raised the standard of teaching. One after another, fundamental courses on such subjects as the theory of relativity, nuclear physics, solid state physics and the quantum theory of radiation have been inaugurated. The Institute has been years ahead of many of the Western universities that for decades were its examples, in incorporating these courses into the training scheme for physicists.

The expansion of the Institute's personnel after 1950, when the country had start-

ed to build socialism, insured the manifold and successful development of its training activities and also of the research work, which was beginning to flourish. An increasingly important part is being played by the young pupils of K. F. Novobátzky. There are now five professors engaged in teaching theoretical physics.

Having thus come to the present, we must say a few words about the character of fundamental research on theoretical physics in present-day Hungarian society.

The division of physics into "experimental physics," "theoretical physics" and "applied physics" does not actually imply three different scientific disciplines existing in insolation from one another and anyone of which can be cultivated independently of the rest. The "three physics" are concerned with the study of the same material world and the same phenomena of the material world, the difference lying merely in the methods used. The eminent physicists of earlier centuries were only physicists, without any differentiation. However, the expansion of the field of science has in physics too rendered it impossible for fruitful work to be done at an individual, "craftsman's" level. A natural division of labour has evolved which has facilitated the solution of the common task.

The experimental physicist and the theoretical physicist may both engage in fundamental research and may both achieve practical results which develop technology. The long-range aims of some institutes may be overwhelmingly concerned with fundamental research, those of others with technical development. In really fruitful scientific work, however, fundamental research and technical application (contemporary or in the future) must ultimately go hand in hand, whether the institution is concerned with experimental or with theoretical physics. Great leaps that advance technology in a revolutionary manner are impossible restricted short-range applied physics. Perhaps only two examples need be cited from

the history of the past decades. Scientific circles know well that most of the intellectual heads of the project for release of atomic energy were theoretical physicists, precisely because practical life demanded something new, the application of fundamental knowledge to unknown circumstances. Or take one of the finest achievements of Hungarian technology, the production of the krypton bulb, which resulted from work done by E. Bródy, a theoretical physicist who studied under Max Born. Without wishing to imply that all fundamental research on theoretical physics automatically, within a few years, leads to results such as these, it may be asserted that fruitful and advanced research in experimental physics, research in applied physics that will boost technology in a particular country, are just as impossible to imagine without theoretical physicists as is, say, the competitive manufacture of locomotives without development engineers. Indeed the reverse situation is more likely to arise: foreign firms are glad to buy the patents of a design engineer, and a theoretical physicist can build up his work on the basis of experimental results published in periodicals, while the laboratory controls and technical realization of the possibilities he reveals are always readily undertaken by laboratories abroad, which are eager for research themes. This provides an explanation for the interesting historical fact that in Hungary, a small country that lacked real industrial traditions, it was possible during the decades preceding the Second World War to get off to a relatively healthy start in research on theoretical physics, despite a regime that abhorred the natural sciences, and the fact that the laboratory background was missing in most fields. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that close cooperation with proper laboratories can give a tremendous stimulus to have theoretical workers as well.

All these considerations have been taken into account in the aims of Hungary's

long-range scientific plan. The Academy of Sciences, which has been made the organizing centre of Hungarian scientific research, has set as its first task the elimination of any backwardness in research on experimental physics. At the same time the Academy gives determined backing to research on theoretical physics (based mainly on University institutes) and has therefore set up Academy and University research groups.

The first that should be mentioned of the present-day homes of theoretical physics is the Physics Institute of the Budapest Polytechnical University, where research under the direction of Professor Paul Gombás is aimed at further development of the statistical theory of the atom. The method is equally applicable to solids, molecules, atoms and nuclei. Its full elaboration is due to the work of Gombás and those around him, who are continuing the work started in the Institute of Rudolf Ortway,* and he and his students, forming an expert scientific team, played an important part in getting Hungarian physical research started again after the Second World War. Since 1950 a research group of the Academy has also been working at this University Chair, the members being completely free from teaching obligations in order to devote themselves entirely to their research activities.

The other Budapest centre is the Institute of Theoretical Physics at the Loránd Eötvös University, headed by Professor K. F. Novobátzky. A research group of the Academy has been functioning there since 1960.

There are smaller chairs of theoretical physics within the faculties of sciences in the universities in two other towns, Debrecen and Szeged. (There are only undivided chairs of physics at the four Hungarian technical and the three medical universities.) Finally, because of the enthusiasm of

* A conspectus of the results achieved is given in the article by P. Gombás in the *Encyclopaedia of Physics*, and also in his monograph, which has been translated into a number of languages.

some young research workers, theoretical physical research is also developing in the large research institutes of the Academy that are completely independent of the universities and whose primary aims are in laboratory work.*

Our report is, however, not meant to be a nation-wide survey. Therefore, again returning the Institute for Theoretical Physics at the Loránd Eötvös University, the work there is now concerned with fundamental research. When the Institute was established 100 years ago, it was the discovery of the laws of electromagnetism that breached the mechanistic view of the world, which implied a decisive and revolutionary advance in physics. At the present time we have come to know elementary particles as the most primitive building-blocks of matter, so that their behaviour is what reveals most clearly the universal laws of motion of matter. This is the central problem of mid-20th-century physics and the one that engages most of the resources of all institutes concerned with fundamental research on physics throughout the world. The reason for this interest is understandable: all matter is built up of elementary particles, so that the root cause of every phenomenon in inanimate nature may be explained with reference to the interaction of elementary particles; if, therefore, the nature of these elementary particles and the laws of their interaction and of their movements are known, then—obviously in the long run and perhaps even in practice—it will become possible to achieve a deductive understanding of the structures of the more complex bodies (atomic nuclei, atoms, molecules and crystals).

At the end of the Second World War work at the Institute was, on the initiative of K. F. Novobátzky, begun in the sphere of classical field theory. This approach was

motivated at that time by the consideration that adequate systematization of the newly discovered manifestations of matter would be rendered possible by a study of the electromagnetic field as a general formation and by disclosure of its inner dynamism, for which the theory of relativity provides a sure method. The pupils of K. F. Novobátzky began to participate in this work around 1950, setting as their first goal the clarification of some open questions concerning the classical energy-momentum relations of particles and fields. Applications of the relativistic law of motion to special cases proved to be a good preparation for study of the present pressing problems of the quantum field theory. Now it is in the sphere of quantum field theory that most young research workers are being trained. They are participating in two main lines of inquiry: (1) the special interactions and systematics of the individual elementary particles and (2) the universal laws of the motion of elementary particles.

Lately the weak interactions of elementary particles have come to the fore in the investigations at the Institute, because, among other reasons, this sphere offers opportunities for cooperation with Hungarian experimental physicists. These recent research efforts have been directed at discovering how the finer features of these strange, and for a long time obscure, yet basic interactions of matter could be investigated experimentally.

The results achieved at the Institute have been reported in many foreign scientific publications. It may suffice here to mention the discovery of the conservation of the leptonic charge, with which Hungarian researchers were some months ahead of the Soviet and American physicists who arrived at a similar conclusion. This law has been brilliantly proved by the experimental investigations of recent years. Physicists now rank it among the fundamental laws of nature.

In regard to the other approach to the

* This applies particularly to the Central Research Institute for Physics, the Nuclear Research Institute, the Institute for Technical Physics and the Research Institute for Heat Technology.

problems of elementary particles, the central issue has been theoretical analysis of the laws of motion of matter. It was not so much empirical as theoretical reasons that prompted the conclusion that the fundamental postulates of the quantum theory, which have been so useful in describing the properties of atoms and nuclei, cannot be applied over still smaller distances or—what amounts to the same thing—where still larger energies are involved. One hopeful line of inquiry in the search for a new, contradiction-free theory is that provided by simplified models. (These play the part which, for example, the point mass, the rigid body, the incompressible fluid or the ideal gas played in the age of mechanistic physics: the model does not have all the properties of real matter but seizes on that which is important from the point of view of the problem being investigated.) The development and analysis of such models has been one of the most fruitful fields for the Hungarian research workers.

One of the central problems in the further development of the quantum theory is the form of the commutation laws, which are closely linked with the question of causality in nature. In this respect a successful effort has been made in connection with indefinite metrics to elaborate an over-all treatment that will shed light on the more obscure questions and clarify the possibilities available. This subject too has aroused international interest.*

The obligations of the Institute with respect to cooperation within the country and the problems arising in the course of the work of the Academy's laboratories have naturally rendered it desirable for Hungarian scientists to be well-informed and to engage in independent scientific work

in some other branches of physics that are now of particular interest. (The scientific institutes of a small country cannot refuse such work on the grounds that it does not fit into their specialized field.) Besides the physics of elementary particles, research has been undertaken on the structure of atomic nuclei (e. g., the appearance of the superfluid properties of nuclear matter in the base condition of the atomic nucleus and in the thermodynamics of excitation), as well as on some problems of astrophysics. Investigation of the equations of motion of irreversible thermodynamics and analysis of special cases in the transport problems of plasma physics should also be mentioned as spheres of present activity.

Possibly the most important part in the Institute's work is played by scientific seminars. The traditional sessions of the "Pushkin-Street Seminar" are high-points in the weekly scientific program not only of the Institute itself: they are attended also by members of the most diverse theoretical and experimental physics institutions, and through lively debates, critical remarks and constructive outlook provide an important forum for the informal yet fruitful harmonization of different institutions and fields of endeavour. Guests often come from various provincial centres to take part in the discussion of a subject that is of particular interest to them. Foreign theoretical physicists who visit Hungary gladly avail themselves of the opportunity for informal talks and the untrammelled exchange of ideas offered by these seminar lectures, to discuss the details of various scientific problems with specialists in the field. A large number of research themes and results have been conceived in the friendly and at the same time critical scientific atmosphere of these popular sessions.

Compared to the independent research institutions, a special feature of this Institute is its organic linkage to the University. The work of education—the instruc-

* During the past year or two, members of the Institute have been invited to deliver lectures at the universities and research institutions of Moscow, Dubna, Leipzig, Jena, Warsaw, Wrocław, Cracow, Prague, Bratislava, Rome, Naples, Vienna, Trieste, Munich, Hamburg, Geneva, Milan.

tion of university students and training of young research physicists—is inseparable from scientific research. Many persons throughout the world have voiced the opinion that the universities can, even now, in pursuit of the century-old traditions of the ancient European universities, offer the healthiest and most inspiring home to scientific research. The part played by university institutes is especially decisive in a country such as Hungary, where there are no centres with many-century-old traditions, no numerically strong force of leading scientists with decades of experience, but only one or two professors with a record of fruitful research and a large number of enthusiastic young people striving to solve the great task facing them—that of achieving the full development of scientific research, which Hungarian socialist society requires for both its industrial and its cultural ends.

Modern physics has, in the space of one or two decades, conquered larger areas for human knowledge than all the classical scientific research of past centuries taken together. This phantastic expansion has confronted university teachers throughout the world with a difficult task. There is more and more specialized knowledge (masses of new principles, new facts and new methods) for the physicist to learn. Yet the duration of the courses may not be increased, since the years of youth, which are the most fertile for scientific research, must not be completely taken up with the acquisition of knowledge. What is needed are research workers who have a firm grip on the whole range of facts and who are, at the same time, ready with fresh minds to receive new ideas. The Loránd Eötvös University seeks to satisfy these contradictory requirements by guiding all physics students through the great law-systems of physics in a series of lectures of which attendance is compulsory. The fundamentals of theoretical physics are presented in logical order, treated with precision and

illustrated by some applications. The second year of the five-year course is concerned with mechanics and the mechanics of continua. In the third year the whole edifice of classical physics emerges. (The titles of the various lecture-courses are electrodynamics, optics, relativity, thermodynamics.) The fourth year introduces an entirely new category: all the lecture-courses refer to quantum physics. (There are separate lectures on quantum mechanics, statistical physics, molecular physics, the structure of solids, nuclear physics and quantum electrodynamics.) At these lectures, which more or less cover the whole field of theoretical physics, there is of course no opportunity for practice in all the methods of calculation or for showing every important application. However, we have found that the applications can be more easily learned through the activity of the students themselves, in contrast to the case of the fundamentals of the modern theoretical disciplines with their novel thought structures.

Most of the freely chosen seminars and lectures for giving the students specialist training are concentrated in the fifth year of study. Here the subjects vary from year to year and follow the latest developments. They are thus especially attractive not only to the best students, but also to the young graduates at the research institutes. The university training is topped by the degree thesis completed during the fifth year—this is the future physicist's first independently solved research problem. The students working on their degree thesis become active members of the Institute, occasionally competing with some of the older members. The results of their work are not infrequently published in the *Acta* of the Hungarian Academy or in other foreign-language periodicals.

Obviously, in the active effervescence of present-day life, in a period of rapid cultural advance by the whole of Hungarian society, no one can remain within the walls

of a research institute or a university. Not a week passes without the younger or the more experienced of the research workers being asked by other research institutes, places of higher education, voluntary organizations, secondary schools and even big factories to deliver lectures on basic problems in physics. Such lecturers have made an interesting discovery: if in these lectures they do not content themselves with spectacular and superficial popularization but, by showing the more abstract and profound connections (and also problems), endeavour to present the world view of modern physics, then this only serves to increase the interest of the audience. It has frequently happened, after a lecture delivered at a Budapest factory, that requests for it to be repeated have come from several other factories, voluntary organizations and continuation courses.

It cannot be said that no difficulties have arisen in the work of the Institute. A small research group, numbering about a dozen people, naturally cannot compete with the degree of organization at research institutes with several hundred members. Here every worker must consider

teaching, the training of young research workers, and scientific work to be equally his personal concern.

Although some of the results that have been achieved here may occasionally have aroused the attention of world science, there is still a considerable distance not only between Hungarian research and the great powers of world science but also between its position and that of the more noted lesser powers. Nevertheless, the example of such countries as Denmark and Poland proves that successful research in theoretical physics, the discovery of the secrets of nature, are not a monopoly, of the great industrial and economic powers. Theoretical physics is one of those fields of work where groups of people who are devoted to their science may (with financial support that can be extended even in an economically small country) organize into scientific schools and take an independent stand before the discussion forum of the world's scientists. Recalling the past 17 years it seems reasonable to hope that our enthusiastic young research workers will hold their own in this peaceful competition.

BUDAPEST CONFERENCE ON COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

Comparative literature has more possibilities in store for science than might have been supposed in earlier decades—this universally growing conviction has been confirmed by the international congress held in Budapest between October 26 and 29, 1962, with the participation of Belgian, Bulgarian, Czechoslovak, Dutch, French, German, Polish, Swiss, Soviet, Yugoslav and Hungarian scholars. Like at previous year's Utrecht congress of the International Association of Comparative Literature, at this meeting too it was registered with pleasure that, as shown by the literary development of the present century and particularly by the changes of recent decades, the isolation of various national literatures has begun to loosen. Their relations are growing steadily closer, and the term "world literature" is acquiring an increasingly universal meaning. All this is closely connected with the widening scope of cultural exchanges and of means for facilitating the approach to literature and, of course, affects every branch of literature. A particularly important role is assigned to comparative literature. This applies not only to the study of contemporary literature; and the demand for modern scientific analysis of the literature of past centuries is growing noticeably stronger.

At the Budapest congress—attended mostly by Marxist scholars—the first day was therefore rightly devoted to discussing the acute problems of comparativism. The addresses delivered by Mrs. I. G. Nyenpokojeva (Moscow) and I. Sőtér, as well as subsequent contributions, dealt with the efficiency of the hitherto developed methods of investigation from the viewpoint of increased requirements and tasks. Several of the participants claimed that neither the various positivist (or neo-positivist) schools

nor constructions based on the history of ideas could cope with the total of the complex phenomena they had undertaken to explore. Purely structural analysis (which can register only the formal features of a work, torn from its social and literary contexts) is no less inadequate in the light of modern science than are the methods that draw general conclusions from superficial and casual similarities, disregarding the peculiarities of various national literatures. Several delegates emphasized that Marxist literary science should employ the comparative methods much more frequently and more profoundly than before, since it can apply them on a much wider scale. It has always regarded the disclosure of social and literary correlations as highly important and has with the aid of complex investigation extended its attention to other art branches; it has, moreover, avoided neglecting the dialectic connections between content and form. While rejecting theories resting on metaphysical foundations, all that has been achieved by phenomenological research through the refinement of analytical methods can thus be utilized by it in its own sphere, while invariably insisting on the social character of the work, offering possibilities for the fullest explanation.

The acute problems of comparativism are known to include not only methodological but also terminological questions. These were examined on the second day of the conference. The formation and development of literary notions were analysed by T. Vianu (Bucharest) and H. Mayer (East-Berlin), while comparative stylistic problems were dealt with by V. M. Dzirmunsky (Leningrad). Investigation of the meaning of various terms is important in itself, as shown by the example of I. Voisine (Lille) who analysed the varying meanings of the word autobiography; it

becomes still more important when general aesthetic effects are taken into consideration. (Here we allude to the confusion that has arisen in connection with such terms as "realism" and "decadence".) It belongs to the most urgent tasks of the science of literature to eliminate conditions that are liable to cause such misunderstanding. W. A. P. Smit (Utrecht), chairman of the International Association of Comparative Literature, reminded the congress of the universally growing need of compiling an encyclopedia elucidating notions at least approximately. It is to be hoped that the Budapest conference will prove to have been a step forward, bringing nearer the preparation of an "explanatory dictionary."

The principal themes of the first and the second day went beyond narrow professional problems; so did the scientific program of the third day, which—*nolens volens*—touched on general cultural issues. The most fruitful debate was provoked by the comparative examination and assessment of the question whether there was any need and possibility for writing a comparative history of Eastern European literature. The conference answered this question unequivocally in the affirmative. Endeavouring to trace typical features of Eastern European literatures, I. Dolansky (Prague), T. Klaniczay (Budapest) and B. Köpeczi (Budapest) pointed out common and characteristic geographical, historical and ideological traits. Minor addresses delivered in the afternoon supported these points from various sides.

The Budapest conference on comparative literature can be regarded as a regional meeting of universal comparative research; on the third day in particular it assumed that character: a conference on definite literary problems, attended by scholars of Central and Eastern European socialist countries. This, however, does not detract from its international significance, on the contrary, it rather serves to enhance its importance, since the literatures of the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe have to

some extent remained "terra incognita" to the scholars of world literature. Apart from a few isolated and futile attempts, comparative elaboration of the whole area is still lacking. One of the consequences of this gap is that no manual has so far been able to present a satisfactory evaluation of the total of European literature. We have every right to look forward with great expectations to the works to be written, for they may dispel the semi-darkness that obscures Eastern European literatures. As a first step, the conference proposed the compilation of a historical bibliography embracing Central and Eastern European literatures, and suggested a plan for writing a common comparative history of literature. The participants in the conference addressed a letter on this subject to the Academy of Sciences in every socialist country of Europe. They explained that in their opinion the comparative method could not be omitted in the Marxist science of literature; therefore they requested the institutions addressed to devote special care to its development and to set up an international committee for the coordination of the activities to be initiated.

In conclusion it must be remarked that the conference, attended by approximately fifty foreign and eighty Hungarian delegates, took place in a spirit of friendly debate. Over fifty addresses were delivered; in addition to Hungarian speakers, a number of eminent authorities on comparative history of literature addressed the meeting, as M. P. Alekseyev (Leningrad), N. Banasevic (Belgrade), M. Brahmer (Warsaw), P. Dinekov (Sofia), R. Etiemble (Paris), W. Girnus (Berlin), W. Krauss (Berlin), R. Mortier (Brussels), A. Mraz (Bratislava), I. Mukarovsky (Prague) and K. Wyka (Warsaw). The material of their contributions, together with the records of the conference, are to be published in book form in French, German and Russian, edited by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, which arranged the congress, and by the Institute of Literature.

GYÖRGY SZABÓ

DEVELOPMENT OF APPRECIATION IN BROADCASTING

The struggle for the educational emancipation of the modern technical arts is still in the initial stage and is coloured by lively debate in Hungary as in every other part of the world.

The idea of "art through a machine" itself has so far not been freed from a depreciatory sense. In general, the term does not allude to technical origin or to certain mechanical procedures but brands the cinema, radio broadcasting and television as sources of inferior entertainment which deaden, in the wider public, active enjoyment of artistic achievement. In the West this attitude is backed by extensive literature. Analysing the crisis of the capitalist world, its exponents condemn technical progress and its product, the machine, as the chief culprit responsible for the demoralization of human society. An illustrious Hungarian representative of this trend, Sándor Mária, gave the following picture of the "idyll of the mass man" in a pamphlet on national education published in the early 40's:

"The globe appears to their eyes as some ideal Paradise where the masses have nothing to do but to enjoy life; where motor cars, wireless sets and cheap swimming-pools hang from the trees and warehouses are full of preserves; where after some sort of daily work requiring but slight physical or mental effort everybody may go to the pictures to see the latest American film, thus satisfying all their cultural needs, again without any particular spiritual or moral effort."

We emphatically deny the dehumanizing effect of technical progress. On the contrary, under conditions of socialism technical advancement is an important precondition of material and cultural improvement. Two factors can, however, scarcely be denied: one is that under capitalist conditions technical progress and the arts that derive their existence from it may actually come to

serve antihumanitarian trends; the other that mechanically minded youth who are enthralled by technical achievement are everywhere exposed to dangers which should not be underestimated. This tendency is associated with the worship of machinery and a turning away from mankind, its creator. What can educators who are aware of their responsibilities do in such a situation?

Special attention should be given to the statement of UNESCO (published at Sèvres, spring, 1958) where it was declared that educational work, whether spontaneous or actuated by external intervention, has at all times had to be adapted to the development of the surrounding world, to life, to social demands. . . Transformations have, however, perhaps never before been so comprehensive or so far-reaching—spreading throughout every developed civilization—as they are nowadays. Though the statement may sound commonplace, it must be added that never before has the rate of advance been so rapid and, consequently, the stagnation and stabilization of existing systems have never involved so much peril as precisely in our time.

His everyday experiences, the success or failure of his work, will bring a practising teacher of literature nearer to art through a machine and to giving room for technical aids in his lessons. The conclusions drawn from investigations carried out at a single secondary school in Budapest will most likely prove to be generally valid: namely, the secondary school pupils of the country devote more time to their wireless sets, the cinema and television programs than to their books, and therefore the experiences, the information and even the ideals of the boys and girls are derived increasingly from these sources. The hegemony of "letters" has vanished, and already in the very near future the schools will have to make tremendous efforts

if books are to maintain their rightful position in the interest of the youth.

*

Let me tell something about the road I took in this respect.

It all began with the invention of the tape recorder. This contraption has become a veritable fashion among youngsters. They use it for taking down dance hits with dashing rhythms, songs and humorous features, but it is suitable for more independent and ingenious activities too. Even when forbidden to do so, pupils like to bring a tape recorder to school and amuse themselves with it during breaks and after lessons.

It came to be used in instruction relatively late. The first area in which its advantages were noted was foreign languages, where it was applied to promote correct pronunciation by practice. In Hungarian lessons it came to be used for the same purpose. Plays—preferably those included in the lessons—performed on the radio by artists with excellent diction were taken down and reproduced as a stimulating example. Such use of the tape recorder was found to be valuable and lent a new colour to studying.

I felt convinced that much wider applications of this machine were possible. The significance of the tape recorder lies in the photography of sound and its microscopic magnification. I thought of attempting to exploit these processes for improving my pupils' technique of speech, for refining their style, and for inducing them to put better balance into the construction of their phrases. I intended to hold up a mirror to my pupils, to make them look into it and realize that if the reflection wanted beauty it was not the mirror's fault. I relied on their playful, active temperament—the class concerned included children of about 15 years of age—their strongly critical disposition, and their predilection for all occupations of a technical nature. In general, it was a class with interest in the humanities but of mediocre talent. The master of this class

was doomed to suffer because of the paucity of their lingual culture and literary interest, and the insipidity of their imagination. The deepest impressions my pupils brought to this community were from the realm of films, the wireless and television.

The game I am going to describe mobilized, in the first place, their intellectual independence. It was built on the assumption that a broadcasting station had entrusted us with the arrangement of a popular feature, the "Evening Chronicle." There was a list of tasks in a sealed envelope, which I opened and read before the pupils. The first task required a reporter to interview a student immediately after the latter had received a great literary prize for a novel dealing with the life of the secondary-school generation in our time. The second task required the reporter to take a stand at a corner of the Great Boulevard, the busiest thoroughfare of Budapest, to stop passers-by of various types and get them to tell their views concerning the chances of next Sunday's football match between English and Hungarian teams. The third task was a report of a trial of a juvenile—16 or 17 years old—who had broken into a municipal garden, gathered a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and was on the point of getting away when a gardener intercepted him: how did the defendant plead before the court, what evidence did the witness give, and what was the verdict?

From among the volunteers I picked out the characters and gave the reporters ten minutes to get ready. We set up a jury and established the criteria to be observed in evaluation, including such points as the reporter's questions, his style and diction, and how well the interviewed persons assumed their roles. The performance itself was recorded on tape and played back in each case. It was discussed by the audience—the class—and then the jury made its decision.

As may be seen, the lesson was here based on the tape recorder which was allotted a double role: it became the instrument of a

game where, as in broadcasting, reporters and others spoke into a microphone and their words were recorded, and at the same time it was a measuring device capable of magnifying speech through repetition and of stressing its characteristic traits and faults by rendering the latter easily discernible. The game itself grew extremely exciting, since the whole class became active in tasks of general interest which also stimulated critical faculties.

In regard to its character, actually an "irregular" literature lesson resulted. Likeness and animation were indeed provided by the framework, but the decisive experience was produced by the encounter of voice and person. The stylistic endeavours of the lesson drew on this source: to raise the level of the expressed content, to bring home the necessity of improving speech and the requirement of harmony between form and content. The other endeavour was of an entirely different nature: a literary task. Each participant had to assume a completely new personality and situation. (The journalist loitering at the corner of the Great Boulevard addressed, for instance, a middle-aged housewife, a violinist, a physical-training instructor and a girl of 16 on the topic of the football match.) Capacity for identification and re-creation, so important in elaborating literary experiences, here acquired an outstanding role. The critics put forward forceful arguments when a performer fell out of his role or acted incongruously with the type he represented. Imagination, which is liable to be withered by uncritical devouring of the mechanical arts, was virtually lent wings by this activity. Finally, the gift for improvisation was also given scope, the various reports having to be invented on the spot.

Of course, these are only a few of the possibilities that may be offered by the use of a tape recorder in literature lessons to broaden aesthetic experiences. There can be no doubt that the new way is viable and productive. In a short time the tape recorder

will become a permanent aid in instruction; only then will the full wealth of its methods and possibilities become evident.

The experiment described contains several useful lessons. It has, for example, furnished evidence for the claim that creative playfulness is alive and undiminished in secondary-school pupils, despite contrary appearances, and ready to grow active when a suitable modern form and vehicle are devised for it. The use of a tape recorder supplies a double source of pleasure: It offers opportunities for handling an apparatus (an achievement of technical progress), as well as possibilities for personal reflection.

The presence of a constantly intensified experience, as referred to above, also contributed. The experiences of my pupils had been interwoven ever more abundantly with impressions derived from mechanical arts; ideals and situations coming from that sphere had grown in significance while literary influences tended to wane. These experiences were, however, immature, undigested, or at least inadequately sifted by the filter of consciousness. The influence of films, the wireless, and television is brought to bear through their contents; the story is not only of primary but of almost exclusive importance, dwarfing the instruments of artistic form—to say nothing of dramatic considerations—flowing from the specific form-language of various branches of art.

The question may thus be raised whether it is possible to teach the modern arts of technical origin at secondary schools under existing conditions and, if so, what methods should be applied and what benefits may be expected.

*

For this experiment the wireless appeared to be the most suitable. Through its popularity, it has become the most general source of not only information but also artistic experience. All this is offered to audiences by broadening the acoustic sphere.

Thus poetry has again become a mostly auditory experience, since recitals by the

best artists are broadcast; the throbbing excitement of drama is carried to even the remotest homes by the voices of eminent actors and actresses. The realm of hearing has been enlarged. We are capable of distinguishing different, hitherto-unnoticed aesthetic effects.

This has led to a specific aesthetic feature: adaptability to broadcasting. The wireless can attract masses only by addressing the individual. This, naturally, determines its tone. The usual stage dialogue will fail before the microphone as completely as, for instance, the shrill loudness of a circus. The voice is adjusted to room acoustics; from this aspect broadcasting style is similar to that of an intimate theatre. Cocteau has expressed it in the words, "theatre enjoyed from an armchair."

All this comes to the surface most noticeably in the radio play, a form well adapted to broadcasting. As one of the best Hungarian representatives of this genre, Géza Hegedűs, put it, the stage reflects reality as a spectacle, while the wireless presents it as a vision. Stimulated by auditory experiences, the listener beholds the author's world not with the eyes but through imagination.

To teachers, it is clear from this that broadcasting, if it is to make an impression, not only has to translate the visible into an audible language but will have to radiate light on the most hidden paths. By "magnifying" and making "visual" the latter, knowledge and application of broadcasting art may render excellent services in the "education of sentiment," and thereby bring under control a domain which has been badly neglected in the past few years. Nor can the tempting possibility offered directly by development of appreciation in broadcasting be left out of consideration: development of the imagination is apt to promote the coming into existence of the indispensable conditions for response to art.

These experiments, discoveries and experiences gave the impetus last year for the founding of a radio-aesthetics circle at the

Sándor Petőfi grammar school in Budapest, an account of whose function is given here:

This experimental circle set itself a double target. The members—40 boys aged 15-16—were to be educated to become more fastidious and conscious listeners, and the masters endeavoured to find new and more life-like roads for development of appreciation.

With these aims in view, the members of this working community were given information on problems associated with choice of genre, with dramatic art and stage management—in fact, with all the artistic questions connected with broadcasting. The Youth Department of the Hungarian Radio undertook to patronize the circle, and thanks to their intercession experts made visits and delivered addresses dealing with the problems of their fields of activity. The circle began to discuss such topics as the significance of the wireless in modern life, the radio play, the work of the writers' department, problems presented by radio-play management, reporting and running commentaries. In every instance, the lecture was followed by a lively, high-level debate.

Endeavours were made to deepen auditory impressions by illustration. The discussed material was provided with a background of experience. In the Radio Building we followed the course of a manuscript from the editor's desk to the microphone. We attended a few rehearsals, and, while dealing with radio reports, a few "initiated" members accompanied reporters on their tours, following each phase of their work up to the cutting. We tried to attach to each theme exercises likely to activate the whole community. We listened in on every radio play, and the lecturers made their remarks with reference to and drew their examples from these plays. A few of the boys wrote summaries of radio plays; the most successful works were discussed by the writers and contributors of the Dramaturgy Department. An address of the popular sports reporter of the Hungarian Radio,

György Szepesi, on the theme of the running commentary was introduced by the reproduction of some lightning reports of the "Evening Chronicle" taken down with a tape recorder the evening before; a critical discussion followed, and after Szepesi's talk some of the boys improvised two or three items in the form of a running commentary. The immediate advantage derived from these proceedings was that ready response to acoustic effects became practically second nature.

So much for working methods. Let us now direct our attention toward side-issues. It soon became obvious that the activities of the circle brought into prominence problems that bore no direct relationship to either immediate or remote aims. It should be kept in mind that the tape recorder had become a permanent aid in our work. Sound-recording made it possible to observe speech closely. The most common defects of speech were revealed: too rapid speech, sputtering, mumbling, inarticulate diction. Stylistic deficiencies also became evident: poor vocabulary, dull contents, lack of ingenuity, repetition of words, and many other signs of inadequacy. The tape recorder furthermore reflected the degree of inventiveness shown by the boys in assuming the personality called for by a role. It gave a truthful picture of ability for improvisation and drafting. In brief, literature lessons received excellent help from the work done at the circle, the more so as the latter had no avowed instructive purpose.

The vivid interest evinced for topical questions may be judged a secondary product of no less importance. This is connected with one of the virtues peculiar to the wireless, namely, quick response to current events. Many issues, the discussion of which would have led nowhere at school, came to provide absolutely thrilling entertainment when tackled in this playful manner.

The question whether the circle turned out to be useful may be answered in the affirmative—the end-of-term "examination"

gave this result unequivocally. In regard to the immediate target, to acquire better understanding of broadcasting art, the members furnished evidence of demonstrably positive results.

At the beginning and at the conclusion of the term the boys showed their critical judgement, taste and education in a review of a screen play. As was to be expected, at the beginning we found that the majority of the papers dealt with the contents, devoting hardly any attention to other aspects—clearly demonstrating that no one becomes a good listener spontaneously. The situation was far different in May, at the conclusion of the circle's work. The theme chosen for the so-called final-examination paper was the radio play written from "The Slave," by Hans Kirk, the Danish novelist.

The following review was published on the play in the May 23 copy of the daily *Magyar Nemzet* (Hungarian Nation):

"The famous Danish author wrote this novel about the cruelty of the South American Spanish conquerors while confined to a Copenhagen gaol as the prisoner of the Hitlerites; the nazis, recognizing themselves, destroyed the manuscript. Later Kirk rewrote the work from memory. From this novel of suggestive power, which radiates a tense atmosphere, a terse radio play of quick action has been evolved, concentrating the story of a magnificent Indian hero into a brief half hour. Géza Varga's unerring management, the performance of the actors, and particularly the strong and convincing figure produced by Ferenc Kállay, gave excellent results."

This was the opinion of a professional broadcasting critic. Our amateur critics, in general, differed. They rejected the play almost unanimously, citing in detail a series of faults in scriptwriting and staging. It was only the message of the play that they approved of without reservation. Their frequently sharp criticism often manifested "teenager" impatience and exaggeration—natural with youths of 15 and 16. But every con-

tribution showed attempts to improve and to form an individual opinion.

A few speakers wrestled with the problems of scriptwriting. R. T. stated: "Had the theme been a description of reflection, the play of mental vibrations and struggles, I do not think they could have taken the wrong path. Of course I do not think that the plot should have been relegated to the background. No, but in the delineation of characters who lack exterior power or who cannot show strength on account of their hands being bound, that inner strength—that plus—should have been brought out which raises them above everyone else. Then they would have inevitably appealed to the hearts of people." An anonymous remark ran: "The adaptation is not successful... the whole play sounds like reading... the music fails to connect the disjointed parts of the somewhat loose construction, and in some places it exerts an adverse influence." M. B. also had harsh censure for the author of the radio play: "Kirk wrote his work during the German occupation. He drew a parallel between the nazi bandits and the adventurers of the modern age. But this allusion is disregarded in the adaptation. A relationship may be sought and identified with nazism but it does not present itself spontaneously; the listener does not realize that the play is about the nazis and that it is intended to voice a powerful protest against barbarism. The story, reduced to simplicity on one plane, has lost some of its presumably great value." I. D. started from theoretical considerations: "The wireless is said to be the 'theatre of the blind.' This is an aesthetic truth. However, it is equally true that it is exactly this possibility of setting aside vision and allowing imagination to soar entirely in its own way that vindicates and justifies the place of broadcasting in art. In the present case this could not be felt. Adaptation to broadcasting was not achieved."

Nor was the usual politeness and lukewarm attitude of the press encountered when critical analysis turned to the management

of the play. In this connection B. M. made some noteworthy remarks: "It is the manager who is to be blamed in the first place for the play's being weak. I noticed several hackneyed tricks. One of the many: Dolores is terrified by the queer servant; she fears revenge. She would not be astonished if he came in unawares and killed them. While she intimates these thoughts to her companions, the door opens with soft creaking. A scream breaks from the woman; after a few seconds' pause the new arrival speaks: it is the captain. This is a good example of clap-trap... The radio play lacks verve and rolling rhythm. The action can be calculated in advance. The manager tried to concentrate the material; he tried to characterize the age (by drawing a picture of the Spanish and the new world); he furthermore attempted social criticism, etc. But concentration eluded him; the play failed to acquire conciseness, verve or rolling rhythm. The part about the escape was well constructed. It had rhythm, dynamism; these few seconds were indeed the best part of the performance. This sentence contains the critical essence of the review: In a play of forty minutes there were only a few seconds that were really good."

Several critics went into the question of sound-effects. A. M. wrote: "The plot of the radio-play opens with two Spanish adventurers. The dialogue was soon marked by Pablo's humming and hawing, which made the whole scene dull, rapid and even irritating. No tension could be felt." And P. L. said: "The manager omitted to coordinate the work of the actors. In one of the scenes where three men talk it was difficult to distinguish the three voices."

Of course there were also other opinions. Cs. E., editor of the form's paper, showed touching pathos in his enthusiasm for the ideological message of the play: "In Gomez, we learn to know an outstanding personality. He bravely declares that, like his people, he is not afraid to die. His death is no downfall; it becomes an apotheosis. The slave-

ship sinks. If only that whole merciless world had gone down with it!"

Pages of such astoundingly ripe and multifaceted criticism—even if sometimes contradictory and missing the point—could be cited. But the foregoing should supply a clear picture of the most significant lesson: The experimental circle has contrived to prove the practicability of its chosen aim; this branch of machine-art aesthetics, broadcasting aesthetics, can be taught and learned under existing secondary-school conditions, with no small advantage to the emotional refinement and ethical development of participants in addition to the direct aim of eliciting conscious receptivity for auditory impressions.

*

To draw didactic and other conclusions on a nation-wide scale has not been our task. However, we gladly welcomed the possibility of continuing this work on a broader basis. We were granted permission to undertake experimental instruction in broadcasting aesthetics within the existing framework of the school curriculum. Thus last year we inserted this new subject as a separate chapter in the material of Hungarian literature, devoting to it three lessons in four forms of boys of 15 and 16 years of age. It must be noted that the groups in question were of mediocre quality and had no particular interest in the humanities, thus corresponding to the national average.

In the first lesson broadcasting was dealt with as an art. The master explained how this subject came to be added to the material of literature. It was shown that there are branches of art related to literature—representing, like it, human life and the fate of individuals in artistic form—which possess the characteristic of owing their existence to technical progress, and that broadcasting art is the most widespread of these.

The next problem was presented by the question of what broadcasting art is. The pupils stated that programming includes (1) items void of artistic value (news, etc.),

(2) artistic features (such as transmission of opera performances and recital of poems), and (3) pieces of broadcasting art (in the first place, radio plays). The essence of the latter lay in their being adaptable to broadcasting. By way of illustration a passage was read from one of Lajos Kossuth's speeches and then a few details from Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*. We were to hear how the words of the greatest Hungarian orator of the past century and those of the poet would sound before the microphone (the microphone will rarely do justice to elocution). Then the master's assistant played two parts of a radio play on the tape recorder. The boys were given the assignment of listening to the next program presented by the Radio Stage for the Young and point out instances of features peculiar to broadcasting art.

The second lesson was devoted to radio plays. On this occasion the tape recorder rendered a dramatized version of Mikszáth's story of how the devil himself bought from Mr. József Bocsoki tobacco on which no excise man had ever set eyes. On the basis of this experience and the radio play heard at home, the most important laws governing dramatic art in the "invisible theatre" were established. At the end of the lesson the master announced a competition among the four forms concerned: writing a radio play from the ballad "Szondi's Two Pages" by János Arany, the "Shakespeare of ballad-writing." The scene of this fine poem is laid in the 16th century, the period of the fortress wars against the Turks, when the heroic György Szondi with his valiant warriors defied the siege of the troops headed by Ali, Pasha of Buda, and chose to be buried under the ruins of his fort rather than give it up. The boys received this splendid task with great enthusiasm, and when the time was up four tapes were delivered to the jury.

The third and last lesson treated the subject of reporting. After determination of the idea and varieties of this genre, the most im-

portant mistakes were discussed (including stilted style, lack of spontaneity, and undue familiarity toward the person being interviewed). Then the pupils listened to two brief, improvised running commentaries and criticized them. One was on the subject of how people respond to the arrival of spring. "Statements" were made by a very old lady, a lilac bush blossoming near the promenade, and a student.

According to the unanimous opinion of the attending experts, the pupils displayed lively interest and activity during the lessons. This showed that, in addition to the right direction of the lessons, the subject itself had "hit the mark," because it fully absorbed the attention of the form. It is an open question whether the benefit derived from all this will amount to more than the encouraging memory of three extraordinarily colourful lessons and a few pages of notes in exercise books. It is to be hoped that

it will come to more, that from now on, when these 160 schoolboys listen to the wireless, they will respond to the well-meant words coming to them over the air with keener ears and a more broadminded spirit.

All that has been described here is certainly open to debate in every detail. Many persons can approach these questions with more expert knowledge. What we regard as essential is the new attitude of instructors toward modern arts—the educational use of the mechanized arts and their rehabilitation in the face of narrow, rigid conceptions long outworn by progress—a new attitude that will doubtless prevail and last. This durability is assured by the natural attitude that no conscious generation may renounce the transplantation of human ideals, which always has to be carried out in the sphere that is effective and that stands in the focus of interest.

IMRE SURÁNYI

GLAUCOMA RESEARCH IN HUNGARY

In general, the most common cause of blindness is glaucoma, an eye disease resulting from increased intraocular pressure. Under normal conditions intraocular pressure is between 18 and 26 mm. Hg; when the pressure rises to more than 30 mm. Hg, glaucoma may be said to be present. Intense intraocular pressure is accompanied by the danger of optic-nerve involvement and concomitant deterioration of vision.

Normal ocular tension depends on the balance of fluids entering and leaving the eye. These fluids are the blood flowing into and out of the eye and the transparent aqueous humour produced and discharged by the eye. When the eye suddenly receives an inflow of a larger amount of blood than is able leave to it (as with a sudden rise of blood pressure), intraocular pressure is promptly increased—i. e., an acute attack of glaucoma occurs. When evacuation of the aqueous humour is hindered, intraocular pressure increases slowly and gradually, leading to glaucoma simplex. The aqueous humour is discharged chiefly through the chamber angle, and according to the classic conception glaucoma is due to occlusion of the chamber angle for some reason, the consequent retention of aqueous humour, and intensified intraocular pressure. This is the so-called mechanical explanation of the origin of glaucoma.

This mechanical concept prevailed for several decades and set its mark on therapy: the use of miotic eye-drops and surgery. However, it was found that in some cases of glaucoma vision continued to deteriorate although hardening of the eye had been reversed by treatment; therefore, responsibility for loss of vision could not be ascribed to intraocular pressure. Professor József Imre (1884—1945), a Hungarian oculist, was the first to expose the untenability of the local, mechanical theory by showing that ocular tension was controlled not only by ophthalmic local elements but by extra-

ocular factors as well: the endocrine glandular system also played a role (1920—1922). His fundamental observation was registered in the case of a young woman in the eighth month of pregnancy whose intraocular pressure was too low to permit tonometric measurement. Obviously this was due to the pregnancy and attendant changes of ovarian, pituitary, and thyroid endocrine function. Imre found similarly low intraocular pressures along with pituitary tumours. He further discovered that intraocular pressure was diminished with the progress of pregnancy. These findings were confirmed by Professor István Csapody. The publication of Imre's hypothesis on the existence of a relationship between control of intraocular pressure and glaucomatous conditions and the endocrine system led to a long series of confirmatory studies internationally and laid new and wider foundations for research on glaucoma.

Imre's chief, Professor Emil Grósz (1865—1941) had at his disposal the largest amount of glaucoma material in the world. In his London address of 1938, dedicated to the memory of Hunter (*The Problem of Glaucoma. Trans. Hunter. Soc. 1938—1939*), he reported on 5,000 operations for glaucoma that had been performed at his clinic during his 30 years' professorship. This remarkably large amount of material concentrated in one place inspired the initiation of a thorough study of glaucoma at the clinic. Grósz's pupil and collaborator, Professor Gusztáv Horay, joined in the work of establishing indications for surgery in cases of glaucoma, relying on the experiences of Emil Grósz.

Professor László Blaskovich (1869—1938) was also interested in problems associated with the surgical treatment of glaucoma. He developed a surgical procedure (cyclodialysis inversa) which was readily accepted and widely used and developed by ophthalmologists all over the

world; it is still employed by numerous surgeons. One of the pupils, Dr. Zoltán Tóth, having undertaken an extensive inquiry into the correlations between glaucoma and the vascular system, found that patients with glaucoma could be grouped with those disposed to vasoneural diseases, whose blood vessels displayed a tendency toward either constriction or dilatation and who had hypertension of the venules.

The present school, established by the three noted Hungarian masters, is carrying on the research. Imre's pupil, Professor Magda Radnót, has done further intensive study and analysis of the correlations between intraocular tension and the endocrine system. With her co-workers, she has shown that alteration of function of the sexual glands may provoke a change in intraocular pressure; she has also found experimentally traceable correlations between the function of endocrine glands and certain areas of the brain. One of her most important findings is that the endocrine glands act on intraocular pressure by nervous pathways (so-called neuroendocrine action).

Blaskovich's surgical studies have been carried further by Professor Aladár Kettesy-Kreiker (Debrecen), who has also developed an operation for glaucoma (cyclanaemisation) for use in certain cases of glaucoma. This operation is known and performed in every part of the world.

One of Emil Grósz's pupils, Dr. Imre Bíró, is engaged in studying the heredity of glaucoma. He demonstrated, from a large series of family trees, that the disease shows a hereditary character in 13 per cent of the cases. Emil Grósz's son, Dr. István Grósz,

deals with the neural correlations between iritic atrophy and glaucoma.

I began my studies of glaucoma as a heritage from Emil Grósz. Since 1930 I have written about 50 reports and published three monographs on the subject. (*Glaucoma. Pathology and Therapy*, Budapest, 1943.—*Glaucoma. Pathology and Therapy*. Mosby, St. Louis, 1953.—*Primary Glaucoma. Medicina*, Budapest, 1961.) A monograph on glaucoma, summing up my researches over the past thirty years, is now in press and will also appear in Italian and German.

As shown by our studies, the vascular and nervous systems play a dominant role in the origin of glaucoma (the so-called neurovascular theory). Attacks of glaucoma may be classified within the group of "vegetative" diseases, in the development of which the central nervous system plays a large part (emotions, blood-pressure crises, psychic factors). In the aetiology of glaucoma simplex, arteriosclerosis is decisive, partly because it inhibits discharge of the aqueous humour from the eye and partly because it results in deficient nutrition of the optic nerve. In therapy, miotic eye-drops and surgery have to be supported by influence on the nervous system (neural therapy). In our view, the future of glaucoma research lies in the coordination of mechanical and neurovascular theories.

In the history of scientific research it frequently occurs that a truth of the past becomes an error of the present, and it is our task to evolve the scientific truth of the future from the errors of the present. This recognition inspires glaucoma research the world over.

PAUL WEINSTEIN

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"BEHIND THE BEYOND"

THOUGHTS ON READING ZSIGMOND MÓRICZ
AND THOMAS MANN

Sometimes encounters due to mere chance achieve greater significance in one's life than those for which one has been preparing and carefully planning for a long time. The following sketch of ideas most probably came about by my having read quite fortuitously two books at the same time that were not connected at all, save for the possible connection of diametrical opposites. . . . But I am anticipating things, and, what's more, I have crept into the style of one of the two books, a style intricately ironic, ingeniously apt and constantly referring backward and forward. This could be, at times, a lack of respect, but if it is within the bounds of good taste it is rather an expression of esteem and, as it were, social decorum, just as a man will dress—as it is but seemly to do—in accordance with the casual or formal clothes of the lady in his company.

One of the books—as revealed by the foregoing lines, if their modest adaptation in dress has not been entirely unsuccessful—is Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*. The other is a recently published volume of Zsigmond Móricz's collected works, a book containing two novels: *The Woman Meddles* and *Captive Lion*. Even after a lengthy selection it would be difficult to find two books that seem connected with so few links as these two, which—I cannot but repeat—have come together by pure chance, save—save for the unity, which for me has suddenly become so full of meaning, of the diametrical oppo-

sites, a many-faceted identity of the age, of the subject matter, and of the questions lying beyond them. This is the unity I am trying to approach here.

Each of the two writers has been the pride of 20th-century history of literature in his own nation, each an exceptional genius penetrating the depths of his own nation's fate. Moreover, they have been the bearers of two national destinies which, in this century, twice glided into ignominy in a common tragic history, a destiny that is at the centre of their work and against which it was the aim of both to struggle and protest. Yet, in spite of all this, their works show so sharp a contrast.

Even in the two books before us here their antithetical extremes are manifested perhaps most prominently.

Doctor Faustus stands out as a realization of the ideological novel—this literary genre *par excellence* of Mann's—a unique *bravura* in world literature, by which the philosophy of artistic creation (though it remains biographical and thus uses "romantic" details almost more tersely and economically than can be expected even from strictly scientific monography) rises to become a thrilling and most powerful representation of the whole age. The two novels by Móricz, on the other hand, might be called the purest epitomes of all his epic writings, which are so much in contrast to Mann's, so full of life, so lacking in abstract speculative matter in

the rich texture of their narrative; although it is these two novels of the author, who mainly depicts peasant and small-town life, that play in a metropolitan environment with urban, quasi-intellectual types as their heroes. *Az asszony beleszól* ("The Woman Interferes") presents the cross-section of a block of flats in Pest at the lowest point of the great slum, in the distorting mirror of an extremely funny episode. The story turns around four free theatre tickets that happen to be distributed among the families living in the block and of which none of these families can avail themselves "worthily of their standing" in a world where, as the author says, "title counts most, though money should," and where "everybody carries a gun in his pocket." To save the illusion of "title" and "rank" all families finally turn up at the theatre, but after an even bigger monetary sacrifice, because they have bought their tickets. The novel is easy-flowing, one could almost say "tricky"; in its richness of lively turns the author condenses the picture of backward Hungarian capitalism in the strained situations of the economic crisis, with stifling concreteness. But he is incapable of going beyond, of giving a picture of the menacing spectre of fascism, because the novel's ideas lack generalization. The same lack is evident in *Rab orozslán* ("Captive Lion"), which was written and takes place in the same years and was published in 1935. The municipal auditor, whose marital crisis unfolds in the novel, is again not intellectually significant as a representative of Hungarian society. Móricz, from the vantage point of his social position, might have been expected to present this figure as interwoven with specifically Hungarian or specifically European problems.

Throughout Mann's books, he chose as characters for his heroes those who experienced the problems of life and society on the highest intellectual level and, further, on the level of creativity, from the Tonio Kröger of his youth to the diabolical Adrien

Leverkühn and Zeitblom of the late period. Zsigmond Móricz never, in any of his works, chose a hero pursuing one of the higher intellectual professions—an artist, a scientist, or even a teacher, a physician or an engineer (and there is only one leading politician, the historical figure of Gábor Bethlen in the trilogy "Erdély"). His heroes are princes and highwaymen, sons of kulaks or farm labourers; ladies who came to the middle class from the ranks of the aristocracy, and Jewish landowners who climbed the social ladder to the gentry; there are mayors of provincial towns and girls from the outskirts of Budapest, real mudlarks, heads of ministerial departments, and petty journalists.

Someone who, by some caprice of chance, happens to read the two writers in this way, side by side, will be tossed between them in the same way as, in Adrien Leverkühn's ironic and yet tragic theological imaginings, the inhabitants of Hell—and also an artist of his kind here on earth—are thrown "from extreme cold to such heat as can melt granite." However, after a time, because of the alternation of cold and hot and its enhancement of the circulation, it gradually becomes clear to the reader that both writers express a tragic European alienation and the "desire for breaking through," as Zeitblom says while Leverkühn casts a crushing glance at him; they give utterance to some "behind-the-beyond provincialism" which will bring about a "neurotic entanglement" in society, in the individual and in the artist who unites them at the highest level.

Provincialism of *Kaisersaschern* and of *Ilosva*—or even of Budapest—between the two wars, more and more donning the chrome-plated amour of fascism, this behind-the-beyond provincialism (it is worth while to remind the reader of the title of Móricz's novel *Behind the Beyond*) is essentially nothing but a tragic historical backwardness. It is not so much being behind the beyond as being behind progress,

behind the revolution. In spite of centuries-old antipathy and resistance, it was this feeling that linked Hungarian and German destinies (often in the disguise of Germanophobia). All along, the best offspring of both nations wanted to break out of it, and both Mann's and Móricz's works are attempts at breaking through.

Thomas Mann has succeeded in doing so. Móricz, however, no matter how much he strove for it, did not—not even for today. In his own way each of them was a peerless master of writing, and in the alternating rhythm of the architecture of colossal ventures and small-sized masterpieces both of them more or less succeeded in completing the building of their works. Perhaps, ultimately and inevitably, the difference is to be found in the ideological contents of their works, but this is by no means obvious or to be taken for granted, nor can it be determined simply by means of degree of ideological development. With respect to their ideologies, considered in general, neither falls behind the other. There are times in the life-work of both when they outdo each other. During the Hungarian Council Republic in 1919 Móricz, for a short time, adopted an attitude that was far more enthusiastic and revolutionary than any reached by Thomas Mann. The latter, in the period of open fascism from the outbreak of the Second World War to his death, reached a more definite and consequential degree of antifascist "militant humanism" and of fighting for peace than could ever be reached by Móricz—if for no other reason than that he died in 1942. But, all in all, both of them brought into being the last possibility of critical realism; both of them saw and expressed the bankruptcy of the bourgeois world. They had a presentiment and could envisage—sometimes understand and advocate—the necessity of the proletarian revolution and of the superiority of new socialist humanism, with which, however, neither of them could identify himself. It is worth while to

compare two pages in which the two writers approach each other in their very expressions, although their situations—and this is characteristic of their whole art—are contrasting. Anyhow, these are the pages in which they come nearest to understanding the task proletarian culture has in world history.

Adrien Leverkühn says: "Believe me, the whole life-mood of art will undergo a change... The future will consider art as a handmaiden, and so will she herself, of a community which will contain much more than 'civilization,' and though it will have no culture, it may be culture itself... art which will be the intimate friend of mankind..."

In 1919, in an article entitled "A New Audience", which dealt with a performance of the National Theatre, Móricz wrote: "The drama has become life, I lived together with the audience... the most beautiful world of all, a *human* world... a matter of hope... sanctuary of the truth of art... high and pure feelings arose in me about the task of art..."

With the desperate consciousness of art that has reached the very depth of loneliness Leverkühn sees, as the only human possibility of an art that has become inhuman, the "handmaiden" of a new community to come; in 1919 Móricz stated enthusiastically the reality of a future that had come true for a moment. Thomas Mann was never able to turn any form of realized socialism to a subject of his representation, that is, to make it his own; on the other hand, Móricz was unable, when the real surroundings of the proletarian revolution had ceased to exist for him, to approach a socialist future in such an intellectual way as Thomas Mann through Leverkühn.

Where else, if not in this very point, is the great and decisive difference? This difference, when all is said and done, has made Thomas Mann one of the writers of our century who has exerted the greatest influence of all, has made him an intellectual

giant who for long decades has been one of the writers of the world read by the greatest number of readers, whereas Móricz's work can hardly break through the close confinement of Hungarian walls even when the linguistic limitations are surmounted, as has several times been the case with the German, Italian, French and other translations. Why do the cultured people of the whole of Europe and even of America and Asia find an answer to their own innermost problems in one of two passionate expressions, which are of seemingly equal rank, of the historical backwardness that had such a terrible impact on the fate of the whole world, whereas it is virtually only Hungarians who can find the answer in the other one? Such international success can be achieved, of course, also on the level of cosmopolitan shallowness. But in the case of Thomas Mann, the falseness of this need not be proved. His work is not less profoundly and thoroughly German than Móricz's is Hungarian, and it has attained superior international value in world literature, as with all such values, precisely on account of its deeply German and national character and not in spite of it.

What, then, is the decisive difference? Is it not a genius's pretension to intellectual generalization embracing the whole world in one writer; and a provincial simplicity in the other? Apart from a small élite, a preposterous intellectual backwardness followed and pushed Hungarian society along the course of counter-revolution for a quarter of a century and finally plunged it into the catastrophe of a fascist war; German society suffered from an identical lesion but of an opposite sign: a sort of elephantiasis of ideology and intellectualism. To be able to bear being an "alien to Europe" and to get revenge for it, one nation created from its enormous cultural poverty the Asian mirage of "Turanian primitive force," while the other, because of an exaggerated inclination for the abstract or, as Thomas Mann puts it,

"being too fond of living on theories," created the barbaric myth of the blood. The works of the two great writers faithfully reflect this state. However, when depicting German life in the 20's and 30's Thomas Mann could thoroughly recognize the tendencies leading towards barbarism; he was able in his own soul to enter into the spirit of an "aesthetics—the precursor of vandalism—that brought together and made friends of aestheticism and barbarism," and to make flash the warmth of the humanism of a communal culture, as he did in Leverkühn's memorable words. Móricz, when representing Hungarian life during the same period (although his works embraced a wider range of Hungarian life and contained rich details as a result of closer observation) had a point of view that was more popular, more plebeian, and he could never go beyond merely exposing the corrupt feudal-capitalistic regime; for want of intellectual interests he could not perceive the more essential thing that pointed beyond, the new thing that was being born, nor detect the perspectives of greater and greater involvement in fascism and the catastrophe of war. Yet this broader scope of seeing and thinking "in the wide world" was offered by Hungarian reality too (though not without any difficulty), as was proved by two other great Hungarian artists of the same period: Béla Bartók, whose work and example are for this very reason invaluable, and the poet Attila József, who in recent years has attained European fame.

It is not only the judgement of today and not only Móricz's work that forces a confrontation with this problem of Hungarian literature, so deeply rooted in the course of Hungarian progress. Mikszáth, with his keen insight, had beforehand pointed out that "the Hungarian novel can reach genuine heights, those about the level of *War and Peace*, only if the narrator can produce an effect also with the means of the essayist." István

Király, quoting the above statement in his book on Mikszáth, is right in his judgement on Mikszáth (which, however, holds good not only for Mikszáth), that "this was the stumbling-block on which his realism broke, this impeded his rise toward the greatest also on a world scale." And, since the Mikszáth quotation refers to the example of the Russian novel, let us remember—without embarking on this massive new problem—how the way to world literature was paved for the great Russian realistic novel by the literature of the revolutionary democrats, which was highly charged with intellectual contents and employed the means of sociological and philosophical analysis. In getting rid of Russian backwardness, which was so similar to that in Hungary, and in creating Russian realism with its comprehensive qualities of world literature, Tchernishevsky's critical activity, so full of epic elements, and his narrative art "producing

an effect also with the means of the essayist," played a significant part. The lack of this speculative culture is the more tragic in Hungarian development, particularly with Móricz, as within the gigantic outlines of his deeply popular talent the proportions—if not of a Hungarian Thomas Mann, by all means of a Hungarian Gorki—were discernible.

Ultimately all this comes back to the question, a very painful one, of the relative seclusion of Hungarian cultural life, which exists even today. This is the key-question of the development of socialist Hungarian culture and no less of its literature. The lack, which dates back several centuries, of philosophical, theoretical and intellectual development in Hungary is among the things to be made up for by art. And this is needed in order that the best achievements of Hungarian art and literature should not remain so painfully alien to the world.

GYÖRGY SOMLYÓ

MAN AND THE OUTER WORLD

A subjective review of new Hungarian books

This review has been written with no pretention to completeness. We must therefore request the reader to come to our assistance with his imagination. (After all, he cannot do without this ability in assimilating the literary work itself, so for once he can perhaps even help the critic in weighing his difficult situation.) He should attempt to keep in mind the continuity of literary history, the heritage of many hundreds of years, the aspirations and possibilities, lurking behind the works introduced here.

Another thing that our "directions for usage" must include is that there is a certain chance element with regard to the works

selected for review. What we have done is to collect the material of the past months, and this can in no way be considered a scientifically sound method. It does not promise many useful conclusions for those who place reliance on the possibility of some kind of Linnéan classification of literary history. There is a large element of chance as to when one of the representatives of a trend makes his appearance, and one cannot predict whether the features of the simultaneously appearing works are related to and thus explain and colour each other, or are fortuitous companions for the duration of a short review. At best, they can stand side by side,

in stiff attitudes, until the group picture is completed, after which they may safely move according to their inner dynamics.

One thing, however, the writer of the review had to take note of, perhaps even draw conclusions from. A type of prose literature that devotes particular attention to the "inner environment" has recovered strength, exploring as it does the relationship between the individual and the world from the standpoint of the individual's environment and morality. And from behind the literary explorations, the explorations of man struggling with countless problems arising at the turning point of an era, the features of a society practising a new way of life emerge.

A significant event in book publishing was the appearance of Imre Sarkadi's two-volume collection, *Szökevény* "Fugitive"—(Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó, [Literary Publishers], 1962). The collection comprises the short novels, short stories, dramas and literary reports of a writer who died amidst tragic circumstances. Many of these works have never yet appeared in book form, and more than one among them was left unfinished.

In following this able writer's career we always considered him one of the best among the generation of writers in their forties. His adventurous, playful life too was an organic part of his literary activities. It almost seemed that he was writing down his artistic conceptions on the pages of his life, which were punctured by adversities. It is hard to establish where the printed text ends and the "Sarkadi legend" begins; our reading memories and personal experiences are mingled in them. Last year he attempted an experiment that could, indeed, no longer be regarded as an experiment. For its anticipated outcome was apodictically unequivocal, and it lacked the playful dialectics of several kinds of possible results. He leaped from the fifth story to the street pavement. And that on the very day when the world's first space

flier soared into the heavens. Was it perhaps the romantic ambiguity of the expression "soaring" that misled him? Perhaps, for he considered the word sacred and unambiguous: such was his code of ethics. He did not pay much attention to other laws, why should he have reckoned precisely with gravitation? Now it is his life work that argues with the law of gravitation, in his place.

In the writings of his youth—without any more thorough acquaintance with Sartre, Camus, or even Gide—the author shaped the material of his own experience according to the model of the Western writers of "fatal chance." He evidently sensed what was in the atmosphere of our century. Later he depicted the situation that developed after the revolutionary changes with the fanaticism of child-like faith. This picture does not easily come to terms with the sterner laws of reality. It remained rather the imprint of an estimable conviction, of a heroically fruitless literary and human intent. His last period is imbued with the mood of an awakening from his fanaticism but chiefly that of path seeking, of the mature shouldering of responsibility, of a new beginning. He suddenly awakens to the realization that he has a job to do in the world, because he is part of it.

Sarkadi's short novel, *Gyáva* ("Coward"), one of his last works, is a fascinating document of a writer's resurrection. Its main character is the wife of a famous sculptor who easily compromises with power. She sacrifices her personality, the right to be herself, for a life of ease and well-being. She falls in love with a young engineer who is just embarking on his career, but she lacks the strength to live the harder, cleaner life. In this failure the merciless criticism of the writer behind the lines inspires a sense of resurrection. This is also the theme of his drama, *Elveszett paradicsom* ("Lost Paradise").* Here the main character is

* A review of this play by Dezső Keresztury appeared in Vol. III, No. 5, of The New Hungarian Quarterly ("Round the Budapest Theatres").

a young doctor, who performs an abortion on his beloved, thereby causing her death. He faces arrest and, feeling that he is a murderer, plans to commit suicide. He returns home to his father's house in the village, in order to take leave. This is when he becomes acquainted with a young girl, who flashes before his eyes the possibility of a human life filled with hope. The writer does not answer the question *expressis verbis*: can the glimmering hope of the future combat the sum total of life experiences, of a past held together by the bonds of memory? The two examples placed side by side, however, leave no doubt in the reader as to the writer's desire and answer.

Many people regarded the writer's emotional penetration of his characters as identification with them, the intensity of depiction as an expression of his own convictions, and they therefore treated this work as an example of morbidity and of hopelessness. The various evaluations clashed in a large press controversy, and both the defenders and opponents of Sarkadi's lifework were given space in practically every literary periodical and daily paper. Finally the Association of Hungarian Writers sponsored a debate on the subject which, however, resulted at best in the clarification of the debaters' own views. The controversy is still going on. We believe that Sarkadi's work is an enduring example of identification with different attitudes towards life. The individual did not survive the merciless vivisection, but the result of the experiments have survived the individual, the artist, who discovered within himself the raw material of his work. And this human, literary struggle derives its authenticity from the stake involved, the natural risk implied in the things he dealt with, and not from a cloudless disposition or light-hearted deception brought about by circumventing or denying vital problems. To this extent Sarkadi's oeuvre is symptomatic and exemplary and represents an enduring document of humanity struggling with the prob-

lems of the times, of the struggles between the external order of things and of the individual seeking internal order even while rebelling.

The heroine of Emil Kolozsvári Grandpierre's novel *Párbeszéd a sorssal* ("Dialogue with Fate"—Magvető Publishers 1962) faces the same kind of inner crisis. Alienated from her destitute and depraved family she leads a precarious existence doing casual work. Her condition is harmfully affected by the conservative bureaucratic methods of a hard-hearted child-welfare official, who seeks to verify her own theories in the tormented corrupted life of Zsófi, the young girl. Her personal history, which verges on tragedy, is redeemed by the love of a village youth and the good will of the community that gives it a more reassuring course. The writer, in contrast to Sarkadi, is pronouncedly objective, almost dispassionate. He himself does not speak, and the story is told by the girl, the conservative-minded welfare official, the youth who loves the girl, and an understanding young nurse, who successively take over the narrative. The greatly varying viewpoints are superbly suited to illuminating the problems and the character of the heroine from many sides. The numerous relative truths combine to make up the full truth, but the reader himself is left enough of a role to be able to weigh the arguments pro and con, in harmony with his own taste and experience.

This too is a possible answer, therefore, to the timely question of man and his relationship to the outer world. The optimism of the conclusion appears to refer to the possibility of overcoming the obstacles, while the equilibrium constructed with great literary virtuosity amidst the antithetic factors points to the natural danger of the whole undertaking—indeed of life itself. Zsófi succeeds in avoiding the greater danger, the finality of tragedy. Even if she did offer her body for sale during a brief, unhappy and bewildered period of her life, the corruption has not affected the deeper layers

of her personality. For as yet she did not even have a developed personality. And when the first sign of her maturing into a grown-up human being, serious love, touches her, she finds her very self, at least to the extent that her environment permits. Such a balancing of good and evil forces nevertheless incites us to think and radiates no irresponsible optimism. Will other Zsófis succeed—and that in the same way as this particular Zsófi? The writer—faithful to his method—does not specifically commit himself on this point either. It is precisely through his extremely lucid artistic argumentation, his logical style free from decorations, rather than through the voicing of his own personality that he takes a stand on the problem with a wise grouping of eloquent facts. He thereby elevates his not very extensive novel to the ranks of the best in the recent crop of Hungarian prose literature.

Ferenc Karinthy* also seeks to answer up-to-date questions in modern form. The writer, who belongs to the Sarkadi generation and has struggled through the same moral crises, holds himself similarly aloof from the romantic attitude towards life, avoiding any appearance of sympathy or declaration of emotions. His volume of short stories entitled *Kék-zöld Florida* ("Blue-Green Florida"—Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó 1962) also carefully analyses the individual, who has got into a critical situation, with almost laconical scholarliness, while his stories are impelled by the springs of playfulness. Bearing in mind the writer's path of life his method is not surprising, for on the one hand he was a doctor of philosophy, a philologist, and on the other hand he was a member of the national water-polo team and is today still a referee of international stature. Meanwhile—and chiefly, of course—he has been the author of successful dramas, novels and volumes of short stories from adolescence. Moreover, he is the son

of one of the greatest Hungarian writers of our century, the satirical philosopher and poet Frigyes Karinthy*, who was at home in every genre of writing. This is a heritage of dubious value, because it tempts the reader to make cheap comparisons—a very exacting "family yardstick."

His characters are sportsmen who have left their country, intellectuals who have lost their way, eccentrics existing on the borders of society, strange, grotesque figures on the body of our time. The heroes of the title story are water-polo players, who in the hands of a clever manager have degenerated into a circus and, in order to endure their difficult situation, drive themselves heart and soul into their savage, bloody exhibitions, a course they consider better than that of performing their shows with complete cynicism. This same feeling imbues the hero of a *Régi nyár böse* ("Summer Long Ago,") who is called up for military service during the war; the peaceful art student thus turns into a blood-thirsty partisan-hunter, the irresolute, sensitive ideal-less yet brooding humanist into a killer. There is also an example of the reverse: a young man, fleeing from the company of a society of intellectuals stewing in their own juice and deadening their consciences with their theories, makes love to an unknown janitress who opens the gate for him at dawn, in order to forget his evening: *Dukich Emil születésnapja* ("Emil Dukich's Birthday"). The restlessness of our times, the nervousness of people hopelessly seeking their place, throb in each of the short stories. Here the author is undoubtedly related to Sarkadi and Grandpierre, the more so since this nervousness is intensified by the contrasting effect of a disciplined mode of presentation, a style confined to essentials and the author's ruthless—or modest?—effacing of himself. He too achieves his literary success and moral aim through an artistic depiction

* See Miklós Vajda's essay "Frigyes Karinthy, Humorist, and Thinker," and the selection of Karinthy's writings, in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 6.

* See his short story, "Autumn Fishing," in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 7.

of the "original danger" of things, instead of through the irascibility of prophecy. Without doubt this new trend in Hungarian prose literature is a "new wave," worthy of its models; in fact, it enriches, through its investigation of social factors, what his predecessors have achieved in disclosing psychological factors.

An interesting experiment, although founded on rich antecedents, from Cocteau to Werfel's "Matriculation Reunion," is Imre Keszi's novel entitled *Örvényes Csóri* (Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó, 1962). It tells of a secondary school class that is about to matriculate, of some kind of Hungarian "preliminary angry young men" of the 1930's. These young people consider their epoch bad, but unalterable. They consequently create for themselves a special deity, who is irrational even in his name, *Örvényes Csóri*. They worship him in accordance with his rules and even dedicate grotesque and sometimes inhuman ceremonies to him for the sake of occupying their imaginations, which are not burdened with realistic mental tasks, and in order, at the same time, to gratify their rightful desire for freedom by way of defending their mythological reveries. Naturally reality interferes in the form of the external world, which is always inordinately exasperated when it is ignored, more so, even, than when it is rebelled against. Poverty, love and, later, a suspicious police that senses a conspiracy interfere. The youngsters have to put an end to their increasingly demanding deity, whose prophet commits suicide and perishes together with his dream world.

The versatile author, who in his youth was an outstanding student of composition and music history, a poet and, later, a leading critic and political writer, is able constantly to intensify the moral and intellectual tension of his work, without abandoning the primary charm of portrayal. Yet, the novel lacks full value, because the excessively traditional mode of portrayal has exacted too great a toll: this rebelling strikes one as

already a little bodiless and anachronistic, compared with the modern attitude in dealing with such problems, realized in the works mentioned earlier. It preserves the atmosphere of the era, rather than giving a more profound explanation of its laws. But it does so in a rich style and with lavish literary skill, a sure knowledge of the times and great wit. Apart from its other merits, Imre Keszi's novel deserves attention as a retrospection on a literary path that can hardly be continued and as a summary of experiences along the road. As such it belongs among the better of the crop of books appearing during the past months.

While we have sought to make the features common to the works of the authors introduced up to now understandable even to those who have not read their works, no such attempt at achieving an unstable "common viewpoint" can be made in the case of the great solitary figure of Hungarian prose literature and poetry, Lajos Kassák, whose novel *Munkanélküliek* ("The Jobless"), appeared not long ago (Magvető Publishers, 1962). A career of half a century lies behind this influential writer. Once he was the best-known representative of the Hungarian avant garde, not only as a prose writer and poet, but also as an able painter, editor and ideologue. This novel of his, however, is rather a conventional summary of his literary experiences than an expression of the excitements of the writer's adventurous past. From behind the classically simple structure and puritanically resolute style, the life of the Hungarian working class in the 1920's unfolds. Two workers are looking for lodgings. However, they are not only struggling for a place to live, but also for their daily bread, and chiefly for the possibility of forgetting their disappointments of the day before and of attempting the hopeless by means of a better working theory. At times almost uncouth pieces of life, pre-historic colossuses loom over us, enigmatically and unrelated, reminding us of Kassák's cubistic period. Sometimes we

grow weary of the homogeneity. But perhaps this too is one of the writer's means of creating an effect. It is difficult to resist the suggestive power of quantity, of dimensions. And all along there can be felt the writer's bitterness, his identification with his heroes: he could not speak of anything else or in any other manner, at the sight of the suffering of his class, even if he did not undertake to point a way out.

Two publications of an entirely different character also belong to any chronicle of books published in the past months, not only to demonstrate the wide spectrum of publishing activities, but also because they document the interest of the reading public.

A volume of essays, entitled "American Literature in the 20th Century," is enjoying great success (Gondolat Publishers, 1962). And this is due not only to its subject matter.

This book of more than half a thousand pages has dispensed with the traditional method of presenting its information. Shaded, exacting portraits of the greatest American writers appear side by side. We may read here of Carl Sandburg, Ezra Pound, Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and other leading authors of the present century. The two editors, László Kardos, literary translator and professor of world literature at the Budapest University, and Mihály Sükösd, gifted young aesthetician and prose writer, succeeded in winning noted professors, writers and researchers and several talented young people for the undertaking.

The essays are not and cannot be linked one to another. They are not coordinated orchestral movements, but successive instrumental solos. We have in mind here not only the multiplicity of styles but also the manifold methods of approaching the subject. Alongside Marxist critics there is the Neo-catholic aesthetician or prose writer; beside the literary historian who is partial to the populist writers, the poet guided by his instincts and the positivist faculty of

arts student. A certain order is created by the author of the introductory essay, Professor László Országh. But independently of this striving the ups and downs of this flood of essays written with varying degrees of literary power profoundly affect the general impression created. And this imparts to the picture of modern American literature a unevenness that is not inherent in it, but derives from the Hungarian contributors. What is common to all the studies is the *furor pedagogicus*, the noble compulsion to impart knowledge, combined with an obligatory respect for the facts. Thus even if we do not learn everything about American 20th-century literature, the volume gives us valuable information on the century's American writers.

The other book represents a similar common effort, the raw material of which was provided from abroad, but it is at least as important to say something about its Hungarian aspects. The work in question is a collection of French aphorisms entitled *Gondolatok könyve* ("Books of Thoughts"), prepared by the literary critic and translator György Gábor (Magvető Publishers, 1962).

This ornate and costly book has gone through three editions within a few years, the last one in 19,000 copies. Although one could easily purchase ten or twenty of the cheap classics for its price, or three or four of the new novels, it is impossible to resist its charm. In explanation of its success it is not enough to praise its clever selection, the attraction of such names as Montaigne, Pascal, Chamfort, Taine, Balzac and Valéry.

More likely it is an eternal and, therefore, justifiable reader's desire that speaks in support of the book. The reader is not satisfied with mere confession, an introduction to a literary world governed by its own laws, which he is being tempted to visit. He expects to have the interconnections revealed and seeks to establish his links with the book—something which from the standpoint of his own life is usable and valid.

There is some danger in this. The transubstantiating essence of literature does not easily tolerate having a reading public, which has not been tully drawn into its circuit, borrow only isolated pieces from it, "for practical purposes." He who wishes merely to perfect his hunting technique from reading Hemingway is little worse than the one who immediately expects useful and ever-applicable advice regarding his "emotional technique."

Behind the primitive desire, however, the stirring of a justified wish can be perceived—the desire for *assertion*.

The aphorism fortunately reconciles the noble and ignoble aspects of this desire. There is no doubt that in reading them we come into contact with a series of masterpieces that speak directly to us, give us

good advice. The old reader is happy to find verification of his existing knowledge, the new reader to make up for his lack. Without any effort, and avoiding strenuous mental paths and mazes, both of them have arrived at the essence. For the aphorism is essence.

The majority of the new books, however—and here we again return to Sarkadi's tragic life-work, Grandpierre's grandiose experiment and Ferenc Karinthy's exacting and intuitive attempts—seek to achieve more: a suggestion of the road that leads to the truth. After all, our era is interested in man's self-searching, in the endured search, the endured end-result. This is why Hungarian literature of today is also following the new mood, the new attitude.

BÉLA ABODY

HANDS READY TO CLAP

Translating Salinger

According to Zooey, we, the public, are Christ. Side by side with this distinguished regard, according to the Salinger mythology, we have to accept another convention, that we are also the "Fat Lady." Salinger makes us sit at the right hand of God the Father when he puts his work before us to criticize, yet he knows very well that even if he strains himself to the utmost "the goddam 'unskilled laughter' is coming from the fifth row." It is still a question as to whether the writer will hold us to our double function in the future too, for he is only 40: we Hungarians are, however, all the bolder in giving vent to our "unskilled laughter," since according to the meridians we are sitting in at least the 120th row away from his stage play.

Frank Kermode, in his criticism in the June 8th issue of the *New Statesman*, seems

to have waited for all the reviews of Franny and Zooey, which appeared last year, and at the same time he also reviews Salinger's public. The title of his article, "One Hand Clapping," comes from the motto of "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor": "We know the sound of two hands clapping. But what is the sound of one hand clapping?" The answer, as he puts it, is "brutal, occidental." "Salinger without a culture-acquisitive audience." Which means that, according to Kermode, the Fat Lady does not clap during the production. Salinger speaks to mere Christs.

Kermode's answer is really "brutal," and exclusively "occidental." As much as the eastern audience has got wind of what Salinger has written they have received him with undivided enthusiasm, with "all hands clapping." The introduction of Hol-

den Caulfield to Hungary, in the Hungarian edition of *The Catcher in the Rye*, is awaited with great anticipation.

The question is certainly justified: why hasn't the appearance of the novel preceded the anticipation of the public? Naturally, with the delays involved in the exchange of reading copies between publishers, the question of royalties and translation, it could not have appeared a day or two after its publication in New York, but why didn't it appear say a year and a half later in Hungary? How is it that after eleven years we are still anticipating?

As one who is involved in the publication of the book in Hungary let me briefly tell about the factors and natural causes of delay. I was presented with V. S. Pritchett's copy of the *Catcher* when he visited Hungary in the summer of 1959. He said that although a critic he had not read a more interesting book in the past ten years. That was the first I knew of it. It was translated in 1961; in May 1962, the person concerned with publication rights replied to my letter, addressed in final desperation to Salinger personally, that the question of "granting the right to the Hungarian edition would be reconsidered."

This novel also had to run the gauntlet of dozens of well-meaning experts in order to reach the last natural obstacle, the translation. Those who stood lined up were the publisher's readers. Their good intentions are of a kind unknown in the West. Outsiders who observe only the scanty critical life reflected in our literary journals cannot imagine what sort of criticism a novel is subjected to before its publication. Its preliminary critics, the publisher's readers, weigh its artistic, moral and political merits, and if their opinions are favourable and agree with one another then the book goes forward for publication. I am sure it was easier for a heretical manuscript to get past the copy room during the inquisition than for a sentence to escape the

eyes of the publisher's readers in our days. By the time the jury of publisher's readers makes its final decision, the public knows the book inside out from the coffee-house grape-vine. It is small wonder that books by new authors, even when published in large editions, disappear from the bookshops within a matter of days. It is an understatement to say that the Hungarian public is eagerly anticipating the *Catcher*.

Considering the large numbers of our experts, it would seem that we have already reviewed the critics of Salinger in the manner of Frank Kermode. The publisher's readers are the Fat Ladies and the Christs of the dress rehearsal.

"Who is this Holden Caulfield?" somebody in the fifth row asked his neighbour. "I don't like his impudence in dismissing institutions like school, his country and his parents with a wave of the hand. Laughing at his teacher! How should I put it... inciting someone to break wind at one of the school celebrations! And then running away! Loafing around! Throwing money away on useless things! And finally ending up in a sanatorium! Who is this boy?"

"Your son," his neighbour enlightens him. "Or at least mine." And continues to attend eagerly.

At the end of the row sit a more thorough Fat Lady and a Christ more ready with word.

"What sort of language is all this said in," laments the Fat Lady. "In the world of synonyms, the praises are boiled down to attributes like 'big deal' and 'that kills me' and the pejoratives to 'strictly lousy' and 'crumby.' 'My vocabulary is strictly lousy,' says the boy, and if he had just said that his vocabulary was poor he would have said very little. If something good happens, he says 'it kills me,' if something bad, then 'it gives me a royal pain in the ass.' So can anything else come out of this strictly lousy vocabulary than a crumby novel?"

"It seems so. If you are not overcome

by repulsion at the emptiness after the first pages, then you can't help becoming an admirer of Salinger. We have never seen such a magician without the security of a long coat with plenty of pockets... on the contrary, wearing the tight, short jacket of the teenager for his show... he tells us next to nothing... he doesn't charm us with stories produced from old top-hats... yet at the end of his act we sit enchanted. He is not a magician but a hypnotizer. He keeps repeating monotonously the empty phrases of a teenager, and while doing so implants his wishes upon us. What he says about the boy's environment is something that shames us all who, having grown out of our teens, already form, or at least are supposed to form, our own environment... perhaps... perhaps there is something in it... which is not the most sincere... but how strange it is that the teenagers have already recognized it. I am not sincere either, who at the age of 29 have already been admitted to the World Organization of Adults... and who lament like rheumatic headmasters at the innocent petting-session, stupid jargon, leather-jackets and teddy-boy hair styles of revolt... I too have already spoken with resignation about the youth of today, among whom I apparently placed Holden Caulfield too..."

"What teenagers are you talking about? And why are you so enthusiastic? Weren't you glad to be free of the frenzies of adolescence that threatened to break out every minute, from fear of death, from hands and feet, especially feet, which the wind was always mixing up, whenever the girls began to giggle behind you?"

"Don't you mix up the theme with the novel. And the adolescent with the teenager. I am enthusiastic about the novel and have a sorry opinion of myself when I am speaking about teenagers. It was bad enough to be an adolescent. But today it would appear—as we have conjured it up—that the teens are not a matter to be so dis-

missed. Fashions in dress, for example, are created for them, and I cannot follow their whims without running the danger of making myself ridiculous. Their dances and music are already strange to me, and I am already a respectable citizen when it comes to their other kinds of entertainments, some mentionable, some not. And it seems that teenagers are immeasurably more oblivious and childishly irresponsible than adolescents once were. In our teens during the Second World War, to study meant an exceptional exemption from going to work early and making a contribution to family income. To be an active teenager means to prolong the joys of childhood, enriched with games which imitate the grown-ups, and there are unlimited opportunities to study. The explanation of the teenagers' paradise is obviously that the well-being of the people has risen sharply throughout the civilized world, and simultaneously the old culture of the home has disintegrated. Teenagers are compensated in money and clothes for family upbringing, for home cooking and grandma's hot poppyseed-strudel."

"In a strange way," answers my Fat Lady carefully (for it is not at all difficult to guess that I am the intelligent Christ), "the life of those adolescents who have earned a new name is not very enviable either, despite the fact that the bicycle is not an unattainable dream... no, nor the motor scooter either... and that they can brandish their awkward bodies in juke-box palaces without the danger of an immediate box on the ear from their parents..."

"That's true. Their position is not very enviable. But you are taking that from the novel and not from reality. First of all because you have never been in a juke-box emporium. You could not even go there, except under the supervision of your teenage child, and then not after 8 p. m. That's why you will never know what 'to take a couple of ice-cold hot licks' means. This too you will learn from the

novel. And the more you are a settled parent and a competent publisher's reader, the more you will learn about your own son from the novel."

"You see, it's that 'ice-cold hot licks' style that I don't want to learn," says my Fat Lady, and I almost see how the blood rushes to his head. "Neither the style of life nor the style of talking. And it's not only that I don't want to learn it. I don't want my son to learn it either. Because just as my son isn't like that, the Hungarian youth aren't like that either. . . ."

Here one has to think fast because immediately a wallet will be whipped out and photographs displayed. "Good, good, your son is not like that. Our sons are not like that. But such boys from eight in the morning till one in the afternoon revere their teachers in school and then from one till eight revere their parents at home and before they go to bed at eight put in some gymnastic exercises to guard against nocturnal erections—such boys can't be spoiled by one novel. On the contrary. If such a boy is shown how youth in the West lives, he is strengthened in his own virtues and if possible will become even better."

"That's possible," says my Fat Lady reader-colleague and with this there is agreement on the publication of the book. "But how can you get a translator for it?" a last objection comes into his mind. "Who will understand that language? And who can find its Hungarian equivalent? After all, one cannot speak American in Hungarian," he says, thinking he's scored a point.

Then I set to work. From a publisher's reader I turned into a teenage expert and from an irresponsibly enthusiastic Christ into a responsible editor—this last is the official term in Hungarian, denoting the person who prepares a work for the press. And I also had to find a translator, a task which did not prove to be an easy one. I had to demonstrate that Holden Caulfield can speak Hungarian too, and from

that it follows that there is a Hungarian Holden Caulfield too.

The fact that the "ice-cold hot licks" can be put in Hungarian is not due to me. From school escapades to actions against public order, one can hear and experience lots of things that more or less rhyme with the sentences of Holden Caulfield. The Chestertonian refrain of "I like the noise of breaking glass" seems to put the teenagers of the world from New York to Moscow in tune in a new kind of internationalism. There is a Russian language too, in which Vasili Aksyonov can write Salingerian under the title *Starred Ticket*.

But here in Hungary teenagerism is not widely publicized, is not recorded on gramophone records and has no magazines for stars of its own, like those "Absolute Beginners" of Colin McInnes who complain about their lot. There is no "Espresso Bongo" in Wolf Mankowitz style either. Here, fortunately, it has not become a business, and there probably won't be any publicity around it as long as Salinger does not find what sort of sanatorium therapy will cure Caulfield of his strange attitude towards life and society.

Now, the problem of the translator is that during the work he has to play with words which have never been written down before, yet neither Salinger nor Caulfield, the narrator, are electrified by the novelty of them—indeed, they pronounce them with a certain amount of tedium. So the language has to be modern, but at the same time blasé, and flexible enough to characterize not only the whole world of the novel but the self-characteristics of a teenaged narrator who is going through a mental crisis as well.

Judit Gyepes, the enthusiastic young teacher-translator, and I took as our starting point that there is a Hungarian Caulfield and the better part of his mental make-up and vocabulary was already known to us when we started to search for the details. Our search threw light on the many ways a strictly crumbly Hungarian vocabulary

could differ from a strictly lousy American one. It developed that the difference of style between the two Holdens is in essence a difference in the style of living.

If a Hungarian teenager were to run from one educational establishment to another (which would hardly be possible because the number of boarding schools in Hungary is not all that great) and if he were to grow up with his parents, it is certain he would not have his own typewriter. In such an example we catch the whole difference. And if it's usual not to have one, it is completely irrelevant that one Hungarian teenager might have one by accident. For he would not sell such a rarity for 460 forints if he had bought it for 2,070 (conversion of the dollars quoted in the novel at the IBUSZ tourist rate of exchange). Holden squanders, in his few days of "Robinson Crusoe" adventures in New York, about a month's salary earned by one of our respected university professors. Yet his parents are not particularly rich. And still this squandering is no crime, the American Holden could easily get such a sum even if there were no trouble at school, if, let's say, he was as normal as the son of my male Fat Lady.

Our living standards are much more modest. In the work of collecting the details it turned out that the difference in living standards is not just a difference in style. In the flats where teenagers live, or rather in the teenager's corner of the room fenced off with a chalk mark from the adults, such odds and ends as are collected would pass by unnoticed in the life of an American Holden like a cigarette stub. For example an empty American cigarette package, a nice smooth box with a practical closure, might be found lying in a Hungarian teenager's room on top of a pile of illustrated magazines, chewing-gum wrappings, thoroughly worn-out zippered windbreakers with deep pockets. Such things are of

no value compared with a typewriter. Only they cannot be thrown away. The feeling of wasting these would be intolerable. To put on these worn-out possessions is a delight not only because these pieces of clothing demonstrate another world of taste amidst Hungarian ready-made clothing, but also because they got them for nothing or very cheaply. It is due to the difference in the standard of living that saving is a pleasure for the Hungarian Caulfield. But it is also due to the difference in living standards that at the end of a jazz-concert they don't "wreck the joint" to make the evening more successful. And it's also a difference when one of Aksyonov's teenagers encourages another by saying: "Why are you crying: Your older brother's become a member of the soccer international and will be going to Hungary in the autumn!"

At diplomatic receptions, I recommend you to look closely at the waste-baskets. They contain those very fine, very useless aluminium cigar-containers. And I also sincerely hope that if the Hungarian Holden does not have all the possibilities of unfolding his wasting Caulfieldness, then perhaps the prospects for his improvement are better. We laugh at how he makes a fetish of odds and ends of objects, but in ourselves we point out that he who clings to objects so well won't become so rootless; that he who establishes his status as a tenant, even within an empty Marlboro box, will never feel himself just a lodger in his own life, like the American Caulfield.

We can understand each other better through our differences. The difference in the language and style of the Hungarian Catcher puts the difference between the two Caulfields in quotation marks. Our stronger grasp on the world of objects will be understood by the Fat Lady too. And Christ will also appreciate it. And yet more hands will be ready to clap.

TIBOR BARTOS

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOOKS

RICHARD, HUGHES: *The Fox in the Attic* (Chatto and Windus, London, 1961, 352 pp.)

A writer like Richard Hughes is a rare occurrence. Of the same age as this century his photograph shows a bald, sharp-featured man, with penetrating eyes, a large beard and moustache, a pipe in his mouth, who might have stepped out of the last century, from one of Joseph Conrad's stories. His career also seems more like that of a literary gentleman than that of a professional writer. For more than thirty years have passed since the world success of his *High Wind in Jamaica*, with hardly anything to precede or to follow it. The antecedents were a few plays back in his Oxford years, appreciated by G. B. Shaw but not by the public; the sequel was a second novel (*In Hazard*) which, following the first successful one at a distance of ten years and repeating its artistic bravoura, failed to attract as much attention. There followed, during the Second World War, work at the Admiralty, participation in preparing the official history of the British Navy, and some charming books for children—otherwise silence, a few scripts and an uneventful life with his family in their home in Wales, whence in earlier days he would be called away on long voyages but at present is tempted only by his beloved sailing boat.

One might have thought that the writer in Mr. Hughes was extinct and that all his literary ambitions were spent. Yet they were by no means even dormant, for he now admits that the basic theme of what, under the collective title of *The Human Predicament*, is to become his great novel and of which the present volume forms the first part, was born in the early forties and that he has been working on it ever since. It is not a cycle of novels but a single work in several volumes. Nor was it his intention to publish it in instalments, it was only his friends and the

slow advance of his work that have forced him to do so, together, perhaps, with that fertile uncertainty, active in every artist, about the worth of his creation, the eagerness for—and, we may add, the dread of—the reactions of the public.

From what has been said the reader will realize the reviewer's hesitation in embarking on his venture. This three-part novel of some three hundred and fifty pages constitutes only the exposition of the whole work. It is as if one were to read *Le rouge et le noir* only up to the end of the seminary years, or had to abandon *War and Peace* right after the battle of Austerlitz. And yet, was not Martin du Gard's *Les Thibaults* also published volume by volume, and were not many readers of *Le cabier gris* aware that they were witnessing the unfolding of a grandiose work, although still ignorant of the path it was to take and of the dimensions it was to assume?

The very examples that involuntarily present themselves testify to the high pretensions of Mr. Hughes' new undertaking as well as to the success of the first volume. R. Hughes set the beginning of his plot in 1923, and plans to carry it up to the Second World War, thus presenting the history of our age in his novel.

This much is already apparent: the hero of the novel—like the writer—is coeval with the century, a son of the landed gentry; the overwhelming impression of his childhood and adolescence was the First World War, which he expected to grip and grind him, just as it did many of his contemporaries. But since the Armistice was signed before he was called up, young Augustine went to Oxford relieved, yet without firm ground under his feet.

At the beginning of the novel he is 23 years old, living in solitude on the Welsh estate of his ancestors, the only inhabitant

of a great mansion. Driven out of his voluntary seclusion by an accident, a sudden impulse makes him leave for Germany to visit some distant relatives, a Bavarian baronial family living in their castle near Munich. It is here that he lives through the Bürgerbräukeller Putsch and that he gets acquainted with love and some frightening realities of post-war Europe. As a result he packs up suddenly and leaves in terror, no matter where, only away.

As a rule, the re-telling of a story reveals very little of the real values of a good novel. *The Fox in the Attic* has many qualities which cannot be disclosed by telling the contents only. To begin where most critics would generally end: R. Hughes is a real master of both language and style, capable of creating an atmosphere with his first sentences; he attains a rare degree of perfection in his descriptions of people and landscapes and especially in expressing human moods through scenery. Moreover—and this is where he was slightly censured by some critics—all the stormy changes in the form of the novel blew over his head without even ruffling his spare hair. His novel appears to be written in the tradition of the 19th century, it has a beginning and will—so at least we hope—lead up to an end; its characters are in continuous movement through space and time; the writer is present in it as an all-seeing and all-knowing narrator. Yet this novel does not turn its back on the present and its achievements in contemporary art: especially in the field of psychology and "Seelenschilderung" does it make use of all that science and art have discovered since Freud and Proust, without, however, binding itself to any particular school of thought or psychological creed.

Following Augustine's path Mr. Hughes presents two worlds: first the world of England, with its strong Victorian surface, yet behind which there is already a new world in the making. This becomes apparent on two levels. The husband of Augustine's sister is a Liberal politician who is convinced that

once the Conservatives are out, his party will be in. The author shows how, conditioned by the Victorian era, this politician is unable to understand that Liberalism in England may be done for and that the political battlefield will henceforth be occupied by the Conservatives and Labour. And in the world of the children: Polly, Augustine's little niece, on a visit to London, mixes in the park with some playmates who in their own way have already declared war on the grown-ups and on the values dictated by them.

Yet, in comparison with the turbulence of the Continent, the English world, at the time of the story, is a backwater—a fact which finds its reflection in the slow, leisurely style of the first part, set in England. Getting to Germany, however, the wheel begins to whirl, and the author's pen too quickens its pace. Within the castle-walls at Lorient most of Germany's contradictions are present: the father, a Bavarian separatist wants to see a Wittelsbach installed on the throne of an independent Bavaria: his brother, an ardent adherent of pan-Germanism and the Reichswehr, spares no effort in organizing and financing the secret army; his wife is a bigotted Catholic, his son a resolute nazi, while his daughter seeks to reconcile Catholic and nazi bigotry in her virginal soul.

Here undoubtedly the novel reaches its peak. The presentation of Germany in the early twenties and the description of the turbulent chaos of which Munich was then the centre are brilliant. And the position of Augustine amidst all this commotion is a subtle piece of English self-irony: he listens to everyone, but understands little, and nothing really interests him save his adolescent love for the daughter of the Bavarian baron. The girl, however, before Augustine declares his love, goes blind and retires to a convent. This part of the novel abounds in excellent psychological detail, including the description of Augustine's love, the account of how Mitzi loses her eyesight, and the

analysis of her subsequent state of mind; the intense presentation of the sadist fantasies of Wolff, the Nazi murderer hiding in the attic, who later puts an end to his own life; and the brilliant portrayal of the relationship between Augustine and the younger of the baron's offspring. His capacity of entering into the world of childhood is one of R. Hughes' strongest points, and his hero too seems to be endowed with it.

Yet his greatest performance of all is the masterly description of the Ludendorff-Hitler Putsch and the portrayal of Hitler, mean and dangerous, half-witted and sharp-witted at the same time, a coward seeking refuge in heroic dreams, a pervert making his perversity the tool of his political aims: ridiculously grotesque and weirdly horrible, he is made the embodiment of the narrow-mindedness then prevalent in Germany as well as the greatness of the danger, without for a single moment upsetting by this portrayal the balance of the work.

It would be premature to form a final judgment of the novel which—let it be repeated—is only an overture of something that may already be complete in the author's mind, yet still unknown to us. There can, however, be no doubt about the fact that even in this unfinished form Mr. Hughes' new novel constitutes one of the most significant events in recent British fiction and that, if his artistic power and human insight are preserved to the end, it may easily become the most outstanding British novel of the 20th century. Richard Hughes promises to create a true and rich image of the inter-war world as seen through the eyes of an Englishman.

RICHARD N. COE: *Ionesco* (Oliver & Boyd, London, 1961, 120 pp.)

The recently issued third volume of the *Writers and Critics* series—each of which has thus far proved most interesting—deals with the lifework of Eugene Ionesco, who is probably the most controversial figure in contemporary French drama. His small book by Professor Richard N. Coe may be termed

not only useful but pioneering and of lasting value. What he has written is no "regular" biography, nor a study in literary history, but rather a dynamic essay of several chapters, roaming through the realms of Ionesco's dramas apparently without any preconceived aim and revealing its harmonious proportions and careful construction only at the end.

Mr. Coe does not proceed from play to play in historical order. Though he does not deny—and occasionally even points out—the progress in Ionesco's thought and dramaturgy from one work to the next, he treats Ionesco's plays as a simultaneous and homogeneous whole, as the artistic expression of one and the same philosophical and dramaturgical conviction. It is this philosophical and aesthetical conviction he is primarily interested in, and this is what he seeks to trace throughout the six chapters of his short essay. All that he reveals about the identical or related features in Ionesco's and Jarry's dramaturgy, in Ionesco's and Stéphane Lupescu's philosophical creed, in Ionesco's and Antonin Arthaud's dramatic theory, is most interesting and convincing. Of considerable importance, moreover, is his exposition of how Ionesco, in his entire attitude and in his dramas, participates in the "pataphysicist" movement, expressing the flight of man, frightened by the latest achievements of science, into the absurd. Of no less importance is what he has to say about Ionesco's relation to language, especially about the significance of the commonplace and of platitudes in his dramaturgy. From this he passes on to an explanation of Ionesco's struggle against "bourgeois mentality," in which the epithet "bourgeois" becomes the common denominator of everything based on rational, materialistic and borrowed conceptions.

Mr. Coe is essentially right in classing Ionesco as an anarchistic mind, who tries to escape from all social constraint into "pure freedom," into absurdity. He is also right in defining Ionesco's socio-historical signifi-

cance as the most important representative of the "frightened fifties" on the stage. In his extraordinarily penetrating and thorough analysis Mr. Coe has unfortunately proved incapable of going beyond the attitude of the critic who identifies himself with his hero's point of view. This probably accounts for his taking at face value Ionesco's often repeated statement that he had nothing in common with Brecht, that his was in fact a negation of Brecht's dramaturgy. To the extent that Brecht's primary endeavour was to create a didactic theatre, whereas Ionesco denied from the very first the educational role of the stage, he may be right: yet Ionesco's relations with Brecht's technique of "alienation" were, especially in his early work, closer than he cares to admit.

Mr. Coe's book is a very useful and clever introduction to the plays of Ionesco, with carefully compiled bibliographical notes to enhance its usefulness. It is, no doubt, predestined to form the basis of further studies on the progress of contemporary French drama. It is only regrettable that the author did not pay more attention to the other representatives of the "anti-theatre" and to their connection with Ionesco's *oeuvre*.

STEWART, SANDERSON: *Hemingway* (Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, 1961, 120 pp.)

Stewart Sanderson, like Richard Coe, is a professor at Leeds University: the present booklet testifies beyond doubt to his eminent scholarship. This, regrettably, is the most that can be said about it. In the ten chapters of his book Mr. Sanderson surveys the literary theories of Hemingway in great detail, gives a sketchy biography supplemented by a chronological discussion of his works, with an occasional glance at their genesis. In many respects his work is solid and fills in sundry gaps. Though laconic, his biography nevertheless covers every important event and will prove useful to the student of American literature. The author shows considerable sensitivity in following up the recurrent motifs in Hemingway's works, and makes many a subtle observa-

tion. The selected biography which concludes the volume not only testifies to the thoroughness of his research but will also prove useful in further study.

The author's starting point is his deep conviction that Hemingway was one of the greatest prose writers of the period, if not the greatest. However, the moment he has chosen for writing this book was hardly the most fortunate: Hemingway's public fate is reminiscent of that of a great number of other writers who, though highly appreciated and popular during their lifetime, lost much of their literary reputation after their death and only slowly regained the fame they justly deserved. Hemingway's star is still on the decline, and most of the essays written since his death emphasize the limitations of his art rather than its enduring values. It is to the credit of Mr. Sanderson that he does not follow these tendencies; at the same time, they make his text more apologetic than one would wish.

And if the apology in this study is not sufficiently convincing, it is primarily the result of Mr. Sanderson's limiting himself almost exclusively to a defence of Hemingway's craftsmanship. A good proof of it is his chapter on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Mr. Sanderson is right in considering this work the summit of Hemingway's career as a writer, but to justify this statement it is not enough to dwell on the work's technical excellence, whether in construction, power of description and characterization, or ability to carry through the tightly woven plot. All this is true enough, because Hemingway in this novel follows his better instincts and keeps in check his more negative qualities. His pen here was serving progress in both the artistic and the political sense. The book represents the triumph of the humanist sentiments and convictions that were always at work in Hemingway, even if they at times found only pale expression. Of the duality which characterized his whole career—the social responsibility on the one hand and the flight from it on the other, the perception of

both the horror and the fascination of physical and moral pain and death—it is only the better side that comes to the fore. This accounts alike for the poetic richness of the work and the winning stoicism of its hero. It is to the credit of Mr. Sanderson's short essay that it does not yield to the temptation of overexplaining and of chasing after symbols, of which Carlos Baker's work is such a warning and instructive example. On the other hand, this may have induced him to stick too closely to the works, without confronting them with the social and literary realities of the age. As a consequence he is not always able to convince the reader.

DENNIS WELLAND: *Arthur Miller* (Oliver & Boyd, London, 1961, 124 pp.)

This is an unpretentious yet thorough and up-to-date analysis of Arthur Miller's literary career particularly as a playwright. A short biographical sketch is followed by a chronological survey of his works, in the course of which the author draws his conclusions on Miller's oeuvre as a whole. The biography is based largely on Miller's own confessions, which is to be expected in the case of a living writer. Particular emphasis is laid—no doubt with good reason—on his Jewish origin and on the great economic depression that decisively influenced his formative years. It is to these that the author attributes his consistent liberalism. This in turn induced Miller to seek a deeper and broader soil for the expression of his experience, which had its roots in his Jewish origin (*Focus*, *Death of a Salesman*).

Throughout his analysis of Miller's works, Mr. Welland displays knowledge, erudition and thoroughness. His principal shortcoming is that in the course of his investigations he confines himself too closely to Miller's world. Not that he disregards every connection with other writers: indeed he points out the elements Miller took over from Ibsen and his immediate and more distant predecessors in American literature. But he denies the influence of American drama-tradition, claiming that no such thing as American

drama existed prior to O'Neill. When discussing *The Crucible*, he draws parallels with G. B. Shaw's *Saint Joan*, while in the analysis of *A View from the Bridge* he demonstrates the difference in the approach to sex by Miller and Tennessee Williams. Yet, even with the added casual references to Thornton Wilder (*Death of a Salesman* versus *Our Little Town*), all this still is not satisfactory: the book, though it is an excellent guide through Miller's work and contains a number of useful observations on its characteristic features, fails to answer the most exciting and—as far as literary history is concerned—the most crucial question as to Miller's place in present-day American literature and in the spectrum of American drama.

Obviously his importance cannot be compared with O'Neill's epoch-making role, but he has most probably surpassed Thornton Wilder, because instead of turning to cheap stage metaphysics he has a rationalistic approach to the depths of man and society. On the other hand it remains to be decided whether it is Miller or Williams who express more completely and adequately contemporary American reality. The former is more rational, unambiguously progressive, and desirous of exerting social influence, while Williams is more poetic, passionate and richly creative. True, Williams' world is always distorted by aberrations, but through these he certainly shows American reality in a more concentrated and variegated manner than Miller's rational, reformist and unsophisticated portrayal. Perhaps Mr. Welland considered this a question too early to decide, since both writers are fortunately still relatively young and in the full bloom of their creative powers. Nevertheless, his short essay is an important contribution to understanding the characteristic features of Arthur Miller's work. This is further facilitated by a carefully compiled bibliography.

YVES BONNEFOY: *Rimbaud par lui-même* ("Écrivains de Toujours", Éditions du Seuil, Paris, 1961, 189 pp.)

This essay by a gifted young French poet

on the brilliant and certainly most influential poet of the 19th century lends special significance to the new volume of the *par lui-même* series. However profound the author's erudition, a poet's essay on a poet will always be something of a confession, an endeavour to discover and to formulate one's own poetic methodology and vision, one's *ars poetica*, through the intermediary of a precursor or a contemporary.

M. Bonnefoy is a man of culture, qualified not only in literary history but also in philosophy, well versed both in the method of the "small significant fact" and in Freudianism, without, however, committing himself unconditionally to either. For the uninitiated and those seeking an introduction to Rimbaud's works and life, the book may constitute a rather difficult approach, as the text, though harmonious and of a fine timbre, is overburdened with allusions and philosophical terms; but for those versed in the material it is full of interesting and instructive detail. The roles of the mother and the sisters, of Verlaine and of the friends and teachers of the poet's childhood, were already clarified by M. Bonnefoy's predecessors; to these he adds a profound and sensitive analysis of Rimbaud's relation to religion (Christianity for Rimbaud was at the same time repellent and fascinating, an ambivalence always characteristic of hatred) and of the mother's peculiar part in it. A most interesting analysis, based on a subtle interpretation of Rimbaud's *oeuvre*, is given of the role of homosexuality in his life and poetry: M. Bonnefoy explains it as the source of Rimbaud's generally valid poetry only because he never accepted it save as an absence of natural love. It thus became the source of the self-detestation and exaltation that recurrently manifest themselves in his poetry.

M. Bonnefoy follows closely all that represents metaphysical experience or experiment in Rimbaud's life or that can be interpreted as such. This tends to drive him to extremes: he interpretes Rimbaud's en-

thusiasm for the Commune as the starting point of his metaphysical revolt; Rimbaud, in his opinion, found social revolution inadequate and wanted to go beyond it. I think the relationship here is just the reverse: it was exactly because of the defeat of the social revolution, because of the apparent impossibility of transforming the odious world surrounding him, that the young man turned to the "metaphysical revolution." It was for this reason that he was gradually attracted by peculiar means of restoring the harmony that was lacking around him and in him. These means were dissipation and drink, narcotics and music, both instrumental and linguistic. However, this process is treated and traced by M. Bonnefoy in the most interesting and instructive manner. He makes a number of chronological and analytical observations that constitute a valuable contribution to Rimbaud's philology, especially as regards the interconnections of *Une saison en enfer* and *Illuminations*, and the genesis of the constituent parts.

This study is bound to be consulted to advantage not only by students and interpreters of Rimbaud but also by those looking for a key to the hermeticism in Bonnefoy's poetry, for no doubt he is describing his own poetical method when analysing Rimbaud in these words: "Has a work of poetry ever been started by anyone with the intention of 'communicating' an emotion, a perception or a thought? The poet's problem is to invent and to verify: this means life—and not the telling, which is only a consequence. His clarity is akin to his enigmas. Explicit when he is bound to reveal himself, silent on things he already knows. His very greatness lies in this searching solitude. His truth illuminates his obscure paths. And when the poem, once finished, becomes valid for everybody, it is because the poet wished to be no more than a man with his own individual experiences" (page 108).

There is no need to comment on the arbitrariness of a definition the contrary of which can be proved by many a poet in

world literature. It was none the less worth quoting, for nothing could be more characteristic of M. Bonnefoy himself, of his attitude as a poet, of the values he was able to condense and the limitations he was compelled to observe in his book on Rimbaud.

ALVAREZ, A.: "*The New Poetry*" (An Anthology. Penguin Books, 1962, 158 pp.)

To demand completeness and representativeness of an anthology—particularly an anthology of verse—is a mistake that every critic is liable to make even if he is generally aware of the impossibility and futility of such a claim. However, it will be easy to avoid such a mistake in the present instance, for the distance and the unavoidable gap in information make it impossible to pass on such charms to the young, still developing poetry of a foreign literature.

The critic finds his pleasure in the fact that such an apparently conservative mass series as the Penguin Books—which, incidentally, has issued astonishing novelties in the past few years—has been enriched by a modern anthology of verse and has entrusted its preparation to a critic of such taste and spirit as A. Alvarez. Though light in style, his preface, profound and rich in thought, is a call to battle; as announced in the subtitle, it is an attack on "gentility" in English poetry, declaring war simultaneously on Auden's traditions of the 'thirties, on Dylan Thomas's school and on the Movement and Angry groups, in the interest of a new attitude and new means of expression. A. Alvarez simultaneously turns his back on avant-gardism and on emotional and intellectual conformism in favour of a poetry in which the poet faces "the full range of his experience with his full intelligence."

We could agree with this objective were it not connected with an utter disregard of social problems, as is, indeed, evident in

Mr. Alvarez's preface and selection. In both, the poets for all their intellect stand uncomprehending and isolated before society. This is their fundamental conflict, frequently voiced and always lurking between the lines. The volume thus acquires a remarkable unity, demonstrating A. Alvarez's consistency of principles, emphasized also by the choice of his two models, D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot. This alone can explain the otherwise scarcely justifiable fact of having eighteen young English poets (mostly around thirty) preceded by two Americans, some ten years their seniors, as their intellectual leaders.

Through the concept of "gentility" Mr. Alvarez combats all kinds of conformism, an attitude I most profoundly agree with; in the meantime, however, he is, perhaps unconsciously, steadily paving the way for a new artistic conformism.

The strongest personality voicing this trend is Thom Gunn (a fact which Mr. Alvarez accentuates by the weight and quantity of the selected material); his poems in the anthology reveal an artist of great lyric power. Right after him Donald Davie, Kingsley Amis and John Wain are outstanding poets of the collection. In their poems this same attitude is revealed in a distinctly individual mixture of intellectuality and irony, distilled from complexity into unassuming simplicity (in content and form alike). This attitude on the whole is characteristic of the intellectual youth of our age. The form of expression characteristic to the poets of this anthology certainly carry distinctive symptoms of our decade. That does not imply this attitude as unique or even prevalent.

Mr. Alvarez has the right to compile an anthology in his own manner; he has given us pleasurable reading, led by a passionate spirit and knowledge of poetry, by introducing us to the works he likes.

PÉTER NAGY

ARTS

NOÉMI FERENCZY (1890—1957)

A Hungarian Artist of Tapestry

In the history of modern tapestry the two-dimensional decorative style of *art nouveau*, the evoking of Medieval *verdures* in a somewhat grotesquely stylized form and the adaptation of contemporary paintings played an important part in reviving this branch of art and in opening up new possibilities for it.

Noémi Ferenczy was perhaps the only artist fully to understand the secrets and traditions of the medium and to re-create it on the level of *grand art*.

Her father, Károly Ferenczy, was the leading master of the painters' colony which settled down at Nagybánya at the end of the 19th century. His art was the starting point of one of the most powerful trends in Hungarian painting. All three of his children were artists: his elder son followed in the footsteps of his father, while Noémi's twin brother, Béni Ferenczy, became one of the most significant representatives of contemporary Hungarian plastic art.

Noémi Ferenczy, surrounded from the start by the artistic atmosphere of her family, was reared upon the art treasures of the museums of Europe, and her guiding principle was the ethically pure and severe artistic attitude of her father. At first she also tried her hand at ceramics and needlework designs. It was in Paris that she learned the traditional *haute lisse* technique of weaving from one of the weavers of the *Manufacture Nationale des Gobelins*. In 1913 she set up

a studio of her own at Nagybánya. Her working method remained unchanged from the very beginning: she not only designed her tapestries but wove them herself. By doing so she broke with the traditional practice of the art of tapestry, which only considered designing as the artist's task and left the execution to the weavers' workshop. By weaving the tapestries herself she not only undertook the manual execution but, at the same time, raised and developed the artistic level of her products. She thus came to know all the secrets of her material, the limits and restrictions of tapestry and the possibilities it offered. When the design of a tapestry is ready and mature, its outlines are drawn upon the yarns that constitute the warp. In the course of weaving no changes are practicable; only the details can be enriched and the blocks of colour refined, giving the fine texture of the woven surface full scope to assert itself. "The essential point is that the artist weaves her own design and in doing so does not copy it but endows it with its final form. In a tapestry-picture produced in this way nothing remains undecided; it becomes calmer and more definite than a painted picture", Noémi Ferenczy wrote in the introduction to the catalogue of her retrospective show held in 1947.

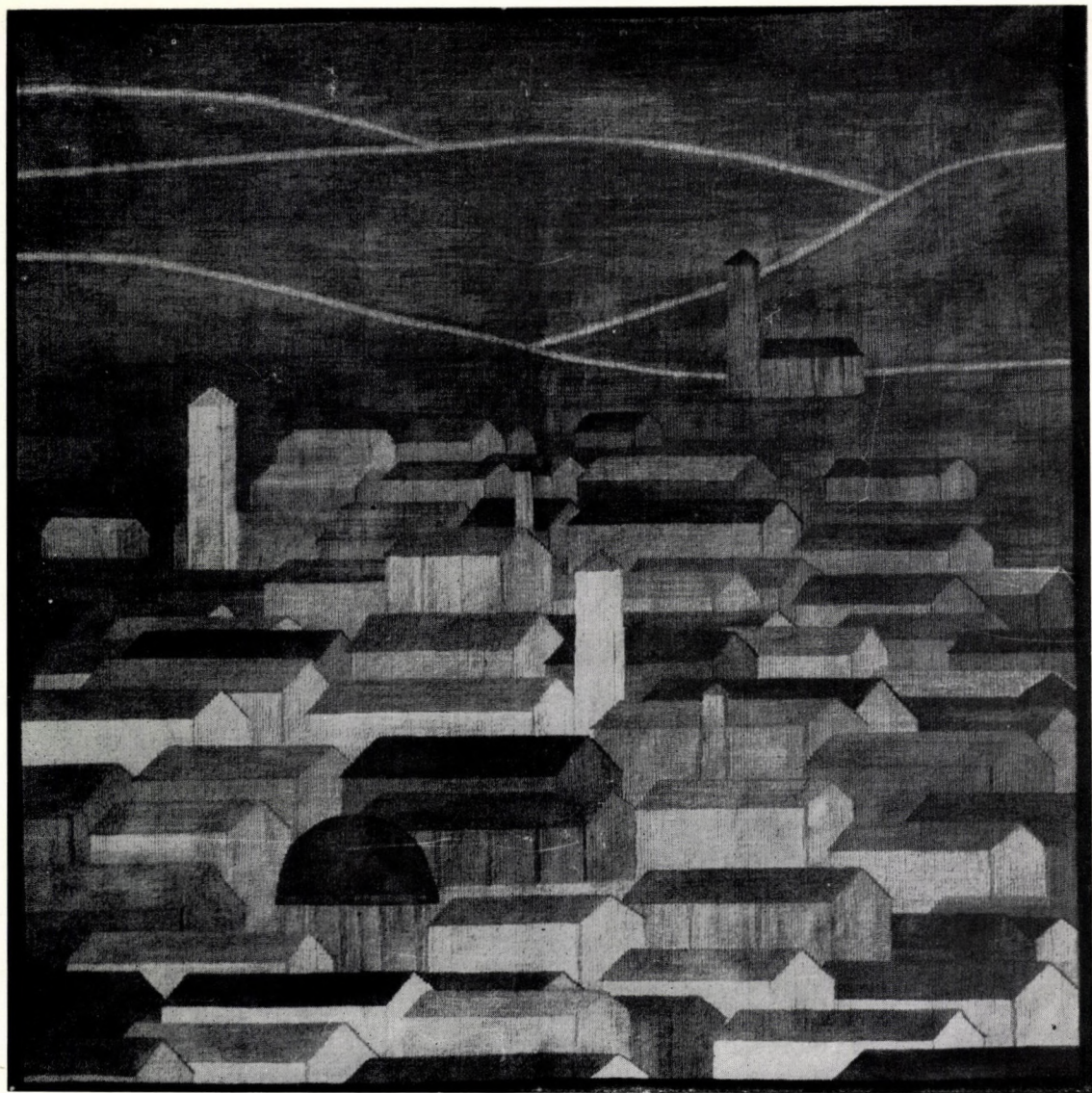
It took her about a year or a year and a half to complete a tapestry, her oeuvre consequently comprises relatively few works.



NOÉMI FERENCZY: THE STROLLER (*Tapestry*)



NOÉMI FERENCZY: MUSE (*Tapestry*)



NOÉMI FERENCZY: THE TOWN (*Tapestry*)



NOÉMI FERENCZY: CROWS (*Water-colour*)

With a zeal reminiscent of religious devotion and the same profound concentration as the unknown masters of the Middle Ages she kept on weaving from morning to night. Indeed, a certain Medieval spirit pervades her works: the beauty of details, so often wanting in contemporary tapestries, fascinates the spectator, particularly when contemplating the decoration of the fringes.

Her early works show her full understanding of the noblest traditions of the medium. In them she was chiefly inspired by Medieval tapestries, with their lavish ornamentation of foliage, fruits and flowers and strictly two-dimensional composition. The colouring of her pieces, with their cold blues and greens, also recalled these Medieval tapestries. The experience that inspired her first major work, "The Creation" (1913), was the series of stained glass windows of Chartres Cathedral. This tapestry, divided into nine squares and edged with a luxuriant border, imbued the Biblical story with pictorial qualities showing complete indifference to traditional representation. She did not depict the story of the Bible, but her lavish decorative imagination filled up the surfaces with curving and sweeping branches bearing heavy fruits and fantastic flowers and with immobile animals. The purple-robed figure of God the Father, engrossed in meditation in the centre, and, beneath him, the first human couple helplessly holding each other's hands are scarcely more than decorative motifs.

In its harmonious blending of man and nature her "Flight into Egypt" (1916) is reminiscent of her father's paintings. The tender figure of the Madonna in the middle of the composition is surrounded and protected by a fantastic forest and by animals with eyes agape. The fabulous forest somewhat resembles the charmingly primitive landscapes of Henri Rousseau, but no connection between the work of the two artists can be assumed. The poetic qualities of the tapestry also point to the future, for these early works of hers are suggestive of

the unity of man and nature. Notwithstanding the differentiation of details on the woven surface is completely homogeneous.

After the period when she was influenced by traditions there followed a short interlude in which her work expressed the spirit of purely decorative *art nouveau*. Her themes were still inspired by the pantheistic ideas of the previous period, but her colouring underwent a change. More and more her tapestries grew into independent, woven pictures and could be divided into the different genres of painting: figured compositions, landscapes, heads taking the place of portraits, still lifes and a historical composition ("St. István," 1940). Increasingly her interest concentrated on man, and the human figure, which earlier had only been one of the motifs of her tapestries, became predominant and assumed monumental forms. Her first incarnation of the new style was "Man Digging" (1922). In front of brown furrows there stands a powerful and serene figure dressed in blue and white, radiating strength and quiet and engrossed in his work. The limitless soil, with no horizon to be seen in the background, is waiting to be tilled. The wide fringe with the winged wheels symbolizing time to some extent dissolves the sombre atmosphere of the picture.

From that time onwards it was the companions of the "Man Digging"—men and women with serious faces, with eyes as narrow as slits and with smooth hair—that populated her tapestries. They are the inhabitants of a Utopian world that is noble and secure, devotedly working and entirely taken up by their several tasks of sowing, baking bread or building houses. Work is of the essence of their lives. As against Millet's heroic peasants and Meunier's monumental workmen there is nothing in these figures to indicate the layer of society they belong to. It must rather have been Gauguin's art that influenced her work by way of intricate and subtle transpositions. The harmony of the brilliant local colours

in the French master's works is expressed in Noémi Ferenczy's tapestries by the surfaces representing the garments and the background, woven from innumerable shades of this or that colour. The leisurely tropical paradise of Gauguin was turned by her into a happy world of strong people obsessed with a passion for work. The garments of the monumental figures, designed with sweeping yet quiet lines, and their simple, archaic heads evoke the terseness of Coptic tapestries. The elements indicating the surroundings are usually designed on a smaller scale and often, by way of association, refer to the principal figure, as do the decorations of the fringes. "The Bricklayer" (1933), in which the figure is working beside a red brick wall, also contains in the right-hand corner the completed house, while the golden yellow ears of corn, woven into the fringe remind us of bread and of the home, both ancient and indispensable to human life.

The fringe gained particular importance in the "Heads," which were mostly made in the 'twenties. These singular portraits do not express the contingencies of the individual but, in accordance with the idiom of a woven picture, set forth a status.

In the figured compositions and the artistically related "Heads" the artist investigated the possibilities of monumental representation in tapestry. For this very reason they are less "gobelin-like" in character than the earlier decorative tapestries. Harmony and softening of colour in large patches was aimed at in the later works, whose colour range also underwent a transformation, through the use of lighter blues, warm browns, yellows and reds. The change was necessitated by the themes themselves. The sweeping and concise representation of these figures turned them into symbols of extraordinary suggestivity. The laws governing the art of tapestry-weaving demand impersonality and the discarding of spontaneity. Noémi Ferenczy fully submitted herself to these laws. The choice of working man as her hero, the glorification of labour would

disclose the effect of socialist ideas on her work even if the sickle and hammer did not figure in the fringes of "Woman Carrying Faggots" (two variants, 1925 and 1946) and of "Head of a Peasant with Scythe" (1925). In her calm, massively modelled female figures a distant echo of Giotto can be perceived. The "Woman Weaving" (1932) can be regarded as a confession, as the most authentic portrait of Noémi Ferenczy. On a low stool in front of a loom, which takes up the whole surface of the picture, sits a female figure, her back to the spectator. Without revealing her face this anonymous woman creates her tapestry from an abundance of colours. To such an extent does she resist the temptations of the genre that the completed part of the tapestry on the loom gives no hint of any actual work of hers. Her ascetic namelessness raises her work to the rank of a symbol.

The "Muse" (1937), a female figure dressed in yellow garments and seated beside a grey table before a blue background, represents a significant stage of her art. Meditatively, the Muse is bending over a book; her figure, a massive block with deep outlines, fills the whole field of the picture. Set off by the vivid orange colour of her hair, the bird that is flying outwards seems to be even darker than it actually is. The fringe is enlivened by trees in spring blossom. Contours here too play an important part. The mood of this tapestry is more lyrical than that of the "Man Digging" or of the "Bricklayer" and yet it vibrates with life: the Muse is a strange goddess of plenty—spiritual and active.

The public's attention was focused on Noémi Ferenczy at an early phase of her career. People appreciated both her originality and the medium she had chosen. Exhibitions of her works were staged in Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Dresden, Paris and Amsterdam. In 1937 she was awarded the *grand prix* at the World Exhibition of Paris. A great number of her tapestries were purchased by foreign collectors.

In the figured compositions woven in the 'twenties the motifs of the previous period—though somewhat transformed—would at first still turn up as isolated elements. The human figure played a leading part and appeared in a milieu peopled by animals and plants. No longer were the trees, plants, fruits and flowers pure decorations, but as yet they did not constitute a landscape. She began making landscapes—with or without human figures—in the mid-thirties. A poetic representation of the Hungarian countryside replaced the fabulous luxuriance of the world of plants. Flowery meadows and fertile hillsides stretched across the tapestries; nature, which previously had been indicated by a shrub with large flowers or by a clump of hard grassblades, now became a landscape. Under the surface the structure of the soil, the body of the hills can be felt. It is no longer the intertwining of plants that suggests the unity of the vegetable kingdom but the identical rhythm and the identical laws of life these plants obey. These landscape tapestries clearly evince the Nagy-bánya roots of her art, her father's distant influence, which although dormant had always been present and now gushed forth irresistibly. Of course, the manner of execution is different. The external aspect of nature, which was imperative in Nagy-bánya painting, could not be decisive for the tapestry weaver. Weaving demands transposition, as a matter of course, which in Noémi Ferenczy's art was tantamount to a paraphrasing of the experience into a poetic image.

"Spring" (1935) was among her first landscapes and, with its vibrating atmosphere, one of the most moving. On a wet hillside young vineshoots, fresh but still bare, are stretching amidst a forest of grey props, while at the foot of the hill two trees are already in the full glory of their pink blossoms. A dark bird flies languidly across the gentle scenery. The bird and the two young trees in blossom were later again used to adorn the "Muse." The landscape is

a strange abstraction—a picture of awakening nature in spring, fresh but not too sweet—which is valid everywhere. However, the experience is linked with an existing countryside: the vineyards on the Lake Balaton hillsides, which hold the spectator spellbound with their Mediterranean magic. The subject of "The Little Wanderer" (1939) must have originated in the mountains of Transylvania. The lower edge of the picture cuts the figure of a boy, clad in white, at the height of the shoulder. The boy reminds us of the "Heads." The composition suggests the timelessness of monotonous wanderings among remote mountains, covered with squatting little pines and crowned with purplish-yellow rocks.

With its simple houses and spires, the church at the town limit and the undulating outlines of hills in the background before a blue sky, "The Town" (two variants, 1938/39 and 1956/57)—a naive "veduta"—conjures up the solidity of Byzantine mosaics and their taciturnity, confined to essentials.

The colour range of the landscapes is stylized as are the forms of the details, but stylizing no longer seeks out what is fantastic; it aims at simplified forms to express what is essential. Not even in the landscape does Noémi Ferenczy endeavour to create an effect of space; on the contrary, she always adheres to the two-dimensional, surface of the tapestry. Pictorial elements that arouse thoughts or associations are relegated to the background in the landscape tapestries, and the once lavish fringes have also become more modest.

Her water-colours, though they were never made in their own right but were always the preparatory stages of a tapestry, are particularly fine examples of the genre, with their large blocks of colour and their velvety surfaces. The loveliest among them is perhaps the one entitled "Crows." Heavy birds are hovering in purplish grey skies in front of dark orange hills. This particular picture was never woven into a tapestry.

Characteristic of Noémi Ferenczy's oeuvre is its harmonious and organic progression. No restless search for a suitable style raised obstacles in the path she pursued without any break or uncertainty. Time and again she reverted to an earlier idea, which she re-created in a new form. She dedicated her works to the embellishment of homes, and this fact determined the scale of her tapestries, which, apart from a few larger compositions, are generally one or two square metres in size. Every minute part of the

surface is wrought with the same care, permitting all details to stand out perfectly, without ever leaving the large surfaces empty. She elevated the medium of tapestry to the rank of grand art. Her Medieval craftsmanship lends her works a particular charm, but simultaneously they radiate the sureness to be found in the art of the great collective ages. In our own time, harassed by extreme individualism, these works are perhaps signposts pointing to the future.

ÉVA KOVÁCS

IMAGINATION AND NATURE IN THE ART OF JENŐ GADÁNYI

The Builders' Trade Union and the Art History Documentation Centre joined forces in arranging a show of the works of four modern Hungarian painters, and, for the first time in many years, the public could see the paintings of Jenő Gadányi, the master who died not long ago. This exhibition presented new confirmation of Gadányi's having been an outstanding figure in Hungarian painting of the past decade.

As with most Hungarian artists, Gadányi may not be classified with a single stylistic trend; such definitions have not arisen with regard to Hungarian art. The direction of his work was determined by two principal factors: reason, logic and order on the one hand, and intuition, memory, divination, and presentiment rising from the subconscious mind on the other. His chief inspiration was from nature. His relationship to nature was founded in the novel conception of life which came to develop only in the second quarter of this century; he admired nature not as a spectator from outside but as a part of the universal life-stream in which there are no protagonists and no subordinate characters. The tree is not of greater importance than the leaf, or the mountain than

the pebble, and man is an equal participant in the ceaseless interconnections and interchanges of organic and inorganic life.

The depiction of nature differs greatly from the panorama beheld by the traveller; it is enriched by experiences and memories, and objects are transported from casual existence into the realm of spiritual necessity. By such a change, they are stripped of the shell that encased them in their previous existences and their new conformations manifest multiple senses and meanings; concepts separated by mechanical thinking become correlated, and a tissue of references is woven that enters the consciousness of the contemplative mind. Discovered truths shown by art and absorbed by the general consciousness broaden the world picture. Gadányi, who put down in diary-like notes his observations during creative work, wrote: "My pictorial imagination is in contact with nature while I am looking. While I am conceiving a picture this connection necessarily ceases, that I may fully devote myself to making my experiences capable of expression. Thus, my pictures do not correspond to the casualness of nature, because, in my opinion, the laws that direct the formulation of a work and those that govern



JENŐ GADÁNYI: HORSES (Oil)



JENŐ GADÁNYI: LANDSCAPE (Oil)

the changes of nature are far from the same. My pictures are born of experiences and not of nature; therefore, the deeper the experience, the greater is the change of actual forms. A painter is not only a painter but also a tireless researcher and inventor." Furthermore, "The artist is mankind's sixth organ of sense. His sensitivity is cosmic, penetrating beyond the optic world."

The artist's activity is not graphic; he is a "researcher and inventor." This idea is fundamental in the contemporary view of art and also in contemplation of nature. It was expressed by Paul Klee when he declared that already the modern artist does not depict what he sees or wishes to see on earth, but has the conviction that the visible is only an isolated phenomenon in the universe and for the most part other truths lie hidden. The artist himself (according to Klee) is also a more complicated individual than were the old masters. He is a creature of the earth, but at the same time he contemplates the earth from inside the whole, he is conscious of the entire universe: the stars and invisible creatures, the past and the future, the infinite intensive and extensive space, and the variety and variability of forms in time and space. The artist, who thus does not represent the visible but renders the imperceptible visible, may take the liberty of thinking that a creative act which seemed to have been concluded has been advancing from the past, giving content to Genesis.

The experience of such an artist is an intricate, complex formation of objective and subjective elements, so much so that it plays a creative role in his activity. Intuitively he interprets the life of nature. The objective model is not present; having risen to the surface at some point in the past, it has been ground and moulded by the conscious and subconscious work of the mind and memory and has undergone changes in significance and associations. When the picture appears to be objective, it is still far from depicting the motifs of a sight, and

when abstract, it is not the fruit of construction in the spirit of pure logic: In both instances it represents a conception of an inner—visible or invisible—event of nature. Art that grows out of such a union of material and spiritual life enriches the world with new concepts. (It must be noted that in citing Klee and Gadányi side by side there was absolutely no intention of implying direct influence, the absence of which becomes obvious on comparison of their pictures. If—figuratively—the physical and mental universe is transposed to the point of incorporeality by Klee, in Gadányi's world everything becomes material. With the former the event takes place in an ethereal substance; with the latter, in a dense medium.)

This type of artist is the product of the natural science of his age, which, in terms of size, goes from microscopic to cosmic measurements and has forced the former boundaries of the world by bringing phenomena and laws previously held to be mutually incompatible into correlation with astounding new discoveries, in the same way as at the close of the last century self-assured positivism nourished the point of view of impressionist art. And while the impressionists as a rule contemplated the world from the reassuring background of a social order believed to be immutable, the contemporary artist is the child of an age full of shock, where belief in human superiority has been badly mauled and the possibility of a withdrawal to the ancient system of natural existence has become tempting.

This way of thinking, encountered all over Europe, has been termed "bioromantic" by the art historian Ernő Kállai, as opposed to the anthropocentrism of the 19th century: "In this new romanticism, man feels himself to be an insignificant particle, a nonentity amid the vivid forces that stream along not only through his organism and consciousness but also at the depth of nature and in the immense expanse of the universe. Forgetting about himself,

he plunges into this cosmic stream, longing to be submerged and annihilated."

In Gadányi's art the problems of formation do not lie in resolution of the contrast between three-dimensional objective reality and two-dimensional pictorial reality; the value of the model moves between the breaking up and the recomposition of form; as with the impressionists, from Cézanne to cubism, as well as with various other trends of style. Form, colour and line are not connected with definite objects and follow more general laws than does anatomy. "The juxtaposition of forms, their plastic modelling and the uniform application of technique have ceased to bring complete satisfaction." (This statement and subsequent quotations are from Gadányi's notes.)

The greater contrasts in the mental life and thoughts of modern man, his spiritual dynamism actuated by powerful contradictions, present other demands. "Every breath and throb of life" has to be expressed by form. Here, as with other painters, the space in which the form appears is "a differentiated succession of planes," but not only that: in Gadányi's cosmic conception of nature space assumes particular importance, becoming the principal source of experience. Pictorial formation of space is destined to create the impression of absolute infinity by the strength of association—without any illusionist tricks. As for spatial motion, "Infinite universal motion is reduced to the slightest motion of space. This is the most suggestive power of the picture, because in most instances it gives expression to the most secret thoughts." "All life is motion," and representation of ceaselessly renewed life requires more than the delineation of "poses," in the same way that the representation of space calls for more than perspective. "Motion has to be expressed by form," and "its chief criterion is rhythm."

The vital element in Gadányi's pictures is rhythm, the composition of lines and colours—which do not adhere to natural phenomena but are mental and "arise from emo-

tion"—in a manner akin to that of music, a constructive system of innumerable variations manifesting the fruits derived from the fertile union of the inner and outer worlds. "Composition is a structure whose weight-bearing capacity is boundless; the veins and nerves starting from its core are the work's most thrilling elements. They reflect the creative artist's personality, evidencing, in the last analysis, the presence of an organizing power inherent in imagination."

Gadányi's painting is ponderous and laboured; he met unreasonable reality with the artistic order of reason, construction and mental desires—the free flight of fancy. His constructive order, heavily weighing down composition, and his associations and visions of form offended and dismayed eyes that were accustomed to the usual interpretations of reality. Like the language of a series of other Hungarian artists, his works were and remained strange to the public and the majority of critics. For a long time after the liberation, too, malevolent careerists unfortunately contrived to isolate him; the ice was broken only by his great show of 1957, shortly before his death.

The limited conception which maintains that only reality visible to man may form the subject of art, everything beyond the modernist or naturalist variations of traditional painting being "alien" to the fine arts, is disproved day after day. The microcosm and the macrocosm which for so long were held to be invisible have come to belong ever more closely to the discernible reality of man. And there is no justification for narrowing the scope of art by constraining it within a smaller area than that of disclosed and accessible reality. Gadányi belonged to those artists who, with admirable instinct, discover the tender shoots of life when they are still imperceptible to most of us. As in various other ages, art has slightly anticipated the widening of the world picture since confirmed by science; however, it has never broken away from reality. It has proceeded in concert with it.

ÉVA KÖRNER

MUSICAL LIFE

THE NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL MUSICOLOGICAL CONGRESS

Up to the 1930's, approximately, musicology counted as an essentially *European science*. Its most eminent representatives came from universities with a glorious past (Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Liège, Utrecht, Basel, Vienna, Munich, Berlin, etc.). Thus the majority of the members at the most distinguished international association of our science, the *International Musicological Society*, were recruited from among European musicologists.

The attentive observer must inevitably have noticed that the centre of musical education and musical research has shifted in the last thirty to forty years. Of the generally known reasons one of the most important is that from the year 1933 most of the musicologists of international repute who worked in Germany were driven away by Hitler's reign of terror (Einstein, Sachs, Hornbostel, Bukofzer, Schrade, Leichtenritt, etc.). Apart from a few exceptions, the persecuted found a new home at American universities, and, in co-operation with noteworthy native professors of musicology (Kinkeldey, Strunk, Grout, Reese, LaRue), brought up in the last thirty years a young generation of American musicologists possessing by now considerable forces of its own to cover for the most part the greatly increased pedagogical and scientific requirements of the USA. As regards the imposing proportions of the musicological work carried on at present in the United States,

Professor LaRue's paper on the subject ("Some Details of Musicology in the United States") has given us competent information in the 1961 volume of the international musicological journal, *Acta Musicologica* (Fasc. II to IV) showing that at the numerous universities of the USA no fewer than thirty-seven musicological faculties are working actively (i. e. about as many as in the whole of Europe).

The *American Musicological Society's* list of members has also reached imposing figures. A list comprising the names of the members is published in every issue of the association's quarterly, the "Journal of the AMS." The special number (Summer, 1961) issued on the occasion of the New York Congress contains a list of no fewer than 1,500 members, which again provides impressive evidence of the keen interest in music in the USA. It contains many times the number of musicologists in any country of Europe.

The International Musicological Society, whose secretariat have traditionally been established at Basel, Switzerland, for many decades, has, until the recent past, apparently failed to take notice of these developments. Since its reconstruction, the seven international musicological congresses held in the last thirty years were, with a certain understandable conservatism, all arranged at famous old West European university towns. The Congresses took place in

1930 at Liège, in 1933 at Cambridge, in 1936 at Barcelona, to be resumed after an interval of thirteen years because of the Second World War in 1949 at Basel, then in 1952 at Utrecht, in 1955 at Oxford, in 1958 at Cologne. The picture would be incomplete were no mention made of national musicological associations and academies of sciences, among them French, Austrian, German, Czech, Polish, Hungarian, which arranged successful international musicological congresses and conferences on special occasions in their own countries, e. g., in 1956 at Paris, Vienna and Prague, to commemorate Mozart's anniversary, in 1959 at Budapest and Bratislava on the occasion of the Haydn anniversary, in 1960 at Warsaw in memory of Chopin, in 1961 at Budapest in commemoration of Bartók and Liszt. (Since these were not held strictly within the framework of the IMS, their discussion will be omitted here.)

In 1958, at Cologne, when a decision was to be taken concerning the place and organization of the next international musicological congress, American musicology must have felt already strong enough and in a position to claim the preparation of the following congress for itself. That is how New York finally came to be chosen as the scene of the International Musicological Congress of 1961, the work of arrangement and organization devolving on the American Musicological Society and on Columbia University as host.

The writer of the present report had the privilege of attending the New York Congress of September 1961 as the representative of Hungarian musicology. In proportions and excellent organization alike, this congress was definitely superior to all previous meetings arranged by the IMS in Europe. At the last Cologne Congress of 1958, the number of participants had risen to approximately 800, while for the New York Congress almost a thousand participants could be mobilized, as a record in this field of science and an eloquent proof

of the enormously intensified interest in musicology in the United States.

The timing of the meetings and the program of the New York Congress were based on a new notion. Preceding European congresses had gradually degenerated into a veritable cavalcade of readings (reports) held from masses of papers. To avoid this, altogether three representative lectures were scheduled in New York; as for the rest, instead of having papers read and reports presented, discussions were arranged. The papers to be discussed had been submitted several months before; they were printed in a bulky volume, a copy of which was sent to every musicologist who had notified his or her attendance. Nobody read a word from this volume before meetings of the New York Congress, for everybody present was expected to be well acquainted with the contents of the papers to be discussed, thus saving much valuable time. In fact, the rather crowded program of the New York Congress was filled with debates—which assumed the character of a work-meeting. The participants were emphatically requested not to deliver prepared addresses on the pretext of debate but to concentrate all their efforts on contributing to extempore debate.

The discussions were twofold in character: themes believed to be of general interest were discussed at meetings of symposium type (with an attendance of 80 to 200), while special themes likely to draw no more than about 20 to 40 people were discussed at round-table conferences (arranged in smaller rooms). Altogether twenty-eight such discussions were held, for the most part in the various lecture-rooms and auditoriums of Columbia University. Guest sessions were exceptionally held one day each at Yale (New Haven) and Princeton Universities, respectively, to which the attending members were taken in buses. On the two closing days spent at Washington there was no debate; the program was made up of visits to museums and the music collection at the world

famous Library of Congress, sightseeing, concerts and receptions.

I think I am expressing not only my own opinion but also that of over 200 guests from various parts of Europe, Africa and Asia when I state that the elaboration of the program and the organization were exemplary. In addition to perfect accommodation of the vast number of guests, the possibility of their attendance at sessions, concerts, visits to museums, indeed at every item on the program was fully ensured. Moreover, an atmosphere of friendliness and cordiality prevailed during the whole duration of the Congress. The elasticity of administration is graphically illustrated by the example of the belated Soviet musicological delegation, whose members (Professor Martinov and Keldis, were promptly provided with an opportunity for speech at the last minute, despite the overcrowded programs of the meetings dealing with themes in the debating of which they wished to take part. The responsible members of the organizing committee, Donald J. Grout, chairman of the scientific program committee (professor at Cornell University, Ithaca), William J. Mitchell, the executive secretary of the Congress (professor at Columbia University, New York) and, last but not least, the treasurer of the Congress, Otto E. Albrecht (professor at Philadelphia University), as well as a huge number of assistant organizers were exceedingly helpful in every respect: they spared no pains in seeing to it that every item on the program was carried out to the last detail without any hitch and that the physical and mental welfare of every guest should be cared for. In our opinion, there was no one among the participants who did not feel deep gratitude for the selfless work of the above-mentioned scientists. It was a sign of utmost confidence in the organizing committee that for the next three-year period Professor Donald J. Grout, the very popular chairman of the New York program committee, who discharged his office with in-

imitable tact, was elected chairman of the IMS by the New York convention.

It is naturally outside the scope of the present report to quote every theme dealt with at the twenty-eight sessions of scientific discussion. Such an undertaking would, indeed, prove all the more impracticable as usually three or four meetings took place concurrently, making it impossible for one person to attend all the debates. Therefore I wish to touch only on a few themes and sessions where I had the opportunity to state the views of Hungarian musicology. (It is pertinent to remark here that on the part of the organizing committee I experienced the maximum of courtesy in every respect. Hungarian musicology is held in high esteem, and general interest was shown in its fruits. This involves the obligation of having as many of our works as possible published in foreign languages.)

The symposium of the second day was among those that drew the largest audience: "Liszt, Wagner, and the Relations between Music and Literature in the 19th Century." This theme was discussed before an audience of approximately 200 to 250 by a panel of ten members (including myself), with the Amsterdam professor Bernet-Kempers in the chair. The author of the paper that initiated the debate, L. Guichard, professor from Grenoble, immediately raised an interesting point: in his paper and his oral exposition he sharply contradicted Emil Haraszti's assertion that Liszt's youthful writings, published in French, were complete forgeries by the Countess d'Agoult under the name of Liszt. This theory, which I too considered as absolutely untenable, Haraszti sought to support by the argument that in his young years Liszt lacked the literary training and skill for such neatly turned writings. On the other hand, a number of others, including the author of this article, who accepted Guichard's view, pointed out that in many of his letters written in his own hand Liszt showed himself to be possessed of a ready pen and to

be well versed in literature; on the evidence of these alone he may be considered as having had no need of the Countess D'Agoult's literary tutelage, as imputed to him by Haraszti.

As a member of the discussing panel, I availed myself of the opportunity for reporting on a few important points and findings of present-day Hungarian Liszt research. With reference to Bence Szabolcsi's excellent book, "The Twilight of Ferenc Liszt," I stated that in the light of the latest Hungarian Liszt research the formulation of the theme of debate (the juxtaposition of Wagner and Liszt), as well as the two papers on the subject in the volume comprising the material of the Congress were liable to be misleading. It has by now become quite clear to us that, notwithstanding the parallel start of their careers, Wagner and Liszt, after the eighteen sixties, followed distinctly separate paths both as regards human relationships and aesthetic aspirations. Drawing on Professor Szabolcsi's valuable work, I cited various eloquent proofs of the growing ideological estrangement between Wagner and Liszt, among others, the aging Liszt's steadily deepening sympathy for and interest in the fruits of young contemporary Russian music (Borodin, Mussorgsky) and, through them, Eastern European folk music. I played a few bars from *Sursum Corda*, *Unlucky Star*, *Grey Clouds*, *Hungarian Historical Portraits*, compositions of Liszt's latter years, to demonstrate that the aged master went much further in renewing the means and spirit of musical language than did his great contemporary, Wagner. I furthermore pointed out that, according to the point of view of Hungarian musicology, Bartók's art, unfolding in the years after 1900, developed in direct linear and organic continuation of Liszt's pioneer work.

During the debates of the third day (held at New Haven in the auditorium of Yale University) I had an opportunity for stating the Hungarian point of view at

the session discussing "The Contribution of Ethnomusicology to Historical Musicology" (with Professor Paul Collaer the Belgian musicologist in the chair). It was with justifiable pride that I could here refer to the fact that Hungarian musicology, following Kodály's pioneer initiative, had for several decades been pursuing its work in the spirit of organic unity set up at the meeting as an aim to be realized—i. e., organic unity between folk-music research and historical research (Kodály's study "Ethnography and History of Music" written in 1933 and Bence Szabolcsi's volume of studies on "Folk Music and History" published in 1954, representing the most significant stages of this aim). Thanks to the kindness of Professor Paul Collaer, who allowed me much wider scope than was my due as a member of the panel, I was granted an opportunity for illustrating these declarations of principle by several concrete examples from the history of music: I presented in photocopy several groups of variants, from 15th and 16th century Hungarian music, of Latin sequences and hymn tunes; in this connection I referred to the fundamental source work of Benjamin Rajeczky: *Melodiarium Hungariae Medii Aevi*, Budapest, 1956. In addition I submitted several forms of recitative from 16th and 17th century Hungarian manuscripts of protestant graduals, in variations taken from different manuscript sources; in both cases it was striking to see the astonishing similarity of the formation of variations in these several centuries-old sources and the variations encountered today in living folk music. The material presented thus acquired particular importance in the light of the theme under discussion.

Among the sessions of the fourth day, the symposium on "The Sources of the Classical Idiom," presided over by the Copenhagen professor Jens Peter Larsen, an illustrious Haydn research worker well-known in Budapest, aroused the liveliest interest. Prof. Larsen too displayed extra-

ordinary courtesy in allotting me time to state the viewpoint of Hungarian musicology in a rather lengthy contribution, which may be summed up as follows:

Traditional history of music (particularly the material of general textbooks on the subject) as a rule tends to define the essence of classical idiom on the basis chiefly of formal features (e. g., the special use of the sonata form, supremacy of the functional harmony system, use of symmetrical periods). We consider this method of analysis as biased, relying as it does on formal aspects, the more so since it fails to offer any adequate criteria of why the music of Haydn and Mozart is declared to be truly classical, while that of various contemporaries (such as Gassmann, Hoffmann, Koze-luch, Vanhal, Pleyel) is not, although they employed exactly the same forms and the same harmonies as did the true classics.

All the members of the discussing panel agreed that the latter composers were only contemporaries of the classics but no classics themselves (the first phase of the debate was, indeed, taken up by the discussion that resulted in the above definition). As against any such formal attitude I endeavoured to emphasize in my contribution the elemental content implied by the notion of classicism. Applied to concrete music this means primarily that investigation of tunes and of classical musical expression should occupy a central position. I pointed out that even the papers of German musicologists on the subject (felt to be rather sketchy in this instance) could not avoid raising the problem of the so-called "characteristic classical theme;" however, no answer was given to the question as to the source from which a significant and meaningful melody of Mozart's or Haydn's derived this classically expressive character. In other words, where do the most characteristic and most suggestive types of tunes encountered in classical music stem from? No reassuring reply was forthcoming to the issue I thus raised, either from widely used manuals on

the history of music or from the papers submitted to the New York Congress.

Many years of experience in teaching, and long conversations with the most outstanding Hungarian musicologists, like Bence Szabolcsi, József Ujfalussy and others, have led me to the conclusion that the expressive types of tunes encountered in classical music were derived partly from contemporary song music (from operas, musical plays, partly from popular tunes, in the case of certain types of airs even straight from folk songs), even from the rhythmic and formal treasury of contemporary popular dance music (counter-dance, menuet, etc.). For detailed documentation I referred to the chapter on classical music in Bence Szabolcsi's comprehensive work dealing with the history of tunes, and to József Ujfalussy's study on Mozart supported by extensive documentation, published in the 1961 volume of *Studia Musicologica*, Budapest ("Intonation, Charakterbildung und Typengestaltung in Mozarts Werken"). The latter work traces organic unity and interaction between Mozart's instrumental compositions and his opera tunes. I also referred to the remarks of professor Heinrich Bessler from Leipzig, whose contribution had aroused keen interest at the 1959 Haydn Congress in Budapest on account of the astonishing examples he presented of the essential relationship between the finale themes of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven and typical contemporary counter-dance tunes. I then referred to the corresponding chapter of the Kiel professor, Walter Wiora's, excellent book ("Europäische Volksmusik und abendländische Tonkunst," 1957), which analyses the correlations between the evolution of folk-music types and the melody material of classical music in the spirit of Kodály.

Finally I presented several concrete examples of tunes to elucidate the fundamental relationship between classical music for singing voice and instrumental music, emphasizing that the typical formula material

of folk music or the opera buffa, in the hands of Haydn, Mozart and, at a later stage, Beethoven became truly classical, incredibly expressive and generally valid because all the three composers gave a strongly differentiated, "individual," pointed form to the popular material that fell into their hands. In this connection I alluded, for instance, to Mozart's Opus K. 488, the famous *Andante* melody of the piano concerto in A major, which as to type is still a *Siciliano* tune (hence derived from folk music), yet in its strangely brittle, staccato melodic pattern represents much more and is much more individual than any typical *Siciliano* air (of the kind to be found among the compositions of such preclassical masters as Scarlatti, Pergolesi and Vivaldi). As to the methods of the other preclassical master, Haydn, I cited from my own monograph written in collaboration with László Somfai ("Haydn als Opernkapellmeister," Budapest, 1960), a highly characteristic example (No 59, page 267), where the tune of an aria from Anfossi rendered at Eszterháza is printed side by side with the version of it transcribed and recreated by Haydn. Anfossi's melody was a perfect Italian belcanto tune; however, for want of individual traits it remained a type-tune—preclassical rather than classical. Haydn's transcribed version, on the other hand, is

differentiated to the utmost, brisk, and endowed with individual traits: a tune in the spirit of Vienna classicism; in the same differentiated musical formulation it could stand its ground even as the theme of a classical string quartet movement.

The problem of classical music presented in this light was undoubtedly felt to be topical and roused the interest of attending audiences, as evidenced by the outcome: on the last day of the Congress I was invited to speak on the same subject in separate lectures to undergraduates at the musicological faculties of several American universities. Naturally I gladly accepted this flattering invitation and found it extremely gratifying to go more thoroughly into this—in my opinion—topical theme of general interest, in the weeks that followed the Congress, before audiences at Columbia University (New York), Yale University (New Haven), Princeton University, Cornell University (Ithaca) and the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor). At every place I was received with an engaging hospitality and friendliness that, I feel, was meant not only for myself, but was extended to me as a tribute to the high level and reputation of present-day Hungarian musicology, which is beginning to earn general recognition.

DÉNES BARTHA

HUNGARIAN STRING QUARTETS

In attempting to trace the causes and origins of the world-wide recognition given to Hungarian chamber music and especially string quartets, including such ensembles as the Végh Quartet, the Hungarian String Quartet, the Tátrai String Quartet and the Weiner String Quartet, attention should be devoted to both technical and social aspects

of the question, and of course to their connection with practical musical life.

Hungarian musical life has always—but more particularly since it began to come into its own during the first part of the last century—been rich in string artists. We may even say that the audible appearance of this musical culture, as it were its sym-

bol, was the sound of strings. It would lead too far to seek its roots, but a noteworthy role was played by the gipsy orchestras, the heritage of the great gipsy band leaders, Bihari, Lavotta, Csermák, and Rózsavölgyi. However, among the conditions of its development primary importance must doubtlessly be attributed to such great violin teachers as Ede Reményi, József Joachim, Lipót Auer, and Jenő Hubay (joined in the realm of the cello by such eminent masters as Dávid Popper, Adolf Schiffer, and Jenő Kerpely), who launched hosts of Hungarian string artists on their careers.

When in the last century Hungarian musical life had in the main built up its institutions on a broad social basis, it was in every respect under German influence and entirely bourgeois in character. German musical life and bourgeois musical life in all countries relied to a large extent on music played in the household circle. In Hungary too there were many bourgeois salons during the past century in which various musical events played an organic part, including performances of duets on the piano, string chamber music, and even concerts of fairly large ensembles. When regular concerts for the public came into fashion these musical forms cultivated at home also found their way into concert halls. The first Hungarian quartet, Mihály Tábornszky's ensemble, was formed in 1827, and the major part of classical quartet literature figured on its concert programs. String quartets, founded successively during the last century, regularly appeared in drawing rooms and at concert halls. Outstanding among them was the ensemble formed by Jenő Hubay and Dávid Popper, which, among other compositions, introduced Brahms' chamber music works to the Hungarian public, at times with the participation of the composer himself, who was a frequent visitor in the Hungarian capital.

Hungarian chamber music fully unfolded in the first two decades of the present century. This was the result of divergent

musico-psychological influences. When with the emergence of Bartók and Kodály the new Hungarian music came onto the scene, it had to face difficulties not only in winning recognition but simply in making itself heard at all. Modern compositions, branded as dissonant, cacophonous, senseless, half-baked clap-trap, could not count on the support of either the orchestras or the Opera House. The composers were thus practically compelled to write chamber music instead of works for symphony orchestras or the operatic stage. A few performers and musicians who were enthusiastic about the new music, about Bartók's and Kodály's works, could always be found. As a result the first appearance of Bartók and Kodály and of the succeeding generation of composers usually took place at chamber music concerts. This fact in its turn called into existence ever newer ensembles, among them such outstanding quartets as the Waldbauer—Kerpely, the Léner, the Roth and the Budapest Quartets. When the struggle over modern music had decisively turned in favour of Bartók and his followers, they continued to write music for the Hungarian string quartets, which had achieved world fame in the meantime.

During the '20s and '30s still another factor was added to those mentioned before. At the Academy of Music Leo Weiner was appointed to head the chair of chamber music, a musician who had been training several generations of outstanding chamber music artists. Weiner gave his pupils the best possible training in every sphere of chamber music. Pianists and string and woodwind players learned from him the secrets of good style, phrasing and form, as well as the principles governing good ensemble work and ideal chamber music performance. In recent decades a number of quartets and other chamber music ensembles have come into existence, whose members were Weiner's pupils and after leaving the Academy of Music continued to

study for their concerts under his guidance and with his constant cooperation.

All these facts are sufficient to explain the high standard of Hungarian chamber music culture and, within it, that of the string quartet. But the reasons which led these outstanding Hungarian quartets to leave Hungary and continue their activities in some other country in most cases had little to do with music. In Hungary there has always been an "overproduction" of performing artists. The country's musical institutions and concert facilities were unable to support all of them or to provide them with adequate opportunities for performances. Moreover a great many of our concert artists were forced to emigrate because of political reasons and persecution. The result was a mass exodus of Hungarian musicians from their country in the period between the two world wars. A number struck fame overnight, at their first recitals abroad, and acquired a place on the list of globe-trotting concert artists. But the overwhelming majority could forge ahead to the first ranks or simply join the crowd of "troopers" in various spheres of everyday musical activity only at the cost of hard and persistent work.

Both as to importance in Hungarian musical life and chronological order the list of celebrated Hungarian string quartets is headed by the Waldbauer-Kerpely Quartet. This quartet was formed in the autumn of 1909, entirely of young men. The first violinist, Imre Waldbauer, was only 17, János Temesváry, the second violinist, was 18, Antal Molnár, the violist was 19, and the cellist, Jenő Kerpely, was in his 24th year. They held their rehearsals at Waldbauer's home. The father of the first violinist, József Waldbauer, was one of the noted violin teachers of his time and the violist of the Hubay-Popper quartet. The aim of this little ensemble was "to play only together, and to be able to play new music, be it Hungarian, French, Ger-

man or of any other origin, without any prejudice"—as Waldbauer wrote in his memoirs. They prepared themselves for their debut with fantastic thoroughness: from autumn 1908 till the spring of 1910 they held about a hundred rehearsals of the two works which were, almost symbolically, to be the chief items on the programs of their first two concerts: the first string quartets of Bartók and Kodály. These concerts at once promoted the quartet to a leading position in Hungarian musical life. At the same time they had a rather comical side-result in that two contemporary string quartets, with good names in those days, decided to give up public performances. A year and a half later the young quartet already left for its first tour in Holland. Their earliest concerts were highlighted by works of Bartók and Kodály, while in their later programs they, in addition, introduced to the Hungarian public a whole series of modern string quartets, from Debussy to Schönberg. (They played Debussy's quartet at the composer's only Budapest concert in 1910.) In the course of time there were a number of alterations in the composition of the ensemble itself. The two pillars of the quartet, after whom it was named, remained throughout, while the second violinist and the violist changed. Antal Molnár soon left the group to devote all his time to scientific work; today he is honoured as one of the finest representatives of Hungarian musicology. He was replaced by János Temesváry, later by Tivadar Országh, then by György Hannover and finally by Péter Szervánszky. The ensemble carried on until 1946, when first Jenő Kerpely, then Imre Waldbauer emigrated to America, and the quartet broke up. The Waldbauer-Kerpely Quartet was noted above all for its purity of style and its educational influence on the public. The ensemble was equally proficient in playing classical, romantic and modern works, although the emotional wealth and romantic verve that marked its style, may—when viewed by

today's standards—be said to have been at times incompatible with the purity demanded by classicism. The ensemble's educational work was of incalculable significance; at its concerts, at season ticket series, the entire quartet *oeuvre* of the great masters was played on several occasions, instilling audiences with a love for chamber music, and it will always be remembered for its popularizing of modern compositions.

The Léner Quartet was formed by four young members of the Opera House orchestra in 1918. Its members were Jenő Léner, József Smilovits, Sándor Roth and Imre Hartmann. They had their debut in 1919 and were already performing abroad in 1920. They gave a concert in Vienna attended by Maurice Ravel, who arranged to have the quartet invited to Paris, thus paving their way to international success. The Léner Quartet became perhaps the most widely known string ensemble of the 20th century. It played in every part of the world and made numerous recordings. The performance of its members was characterized by phenomenal technical skill and great sonority of tone. Its repertoire embraced the whole range of classical and romantic quartets, and to a lesser extent that of modern works. (On the occasion of a concert series in London it offered the gems of quartet literature from Stamitz to Debussy.) Later the ensemble settled down in the United States, whence it travelled all over the world, and it was there that it was reorganized during the Second World War. Only Léner remained of the original members, the rest accepted appointments as instructors at various American universities. Léner was joined by Mihály Kuttner, Miklós Harsányi and László Varga, young Hungarian musicians who had emigrated to America. It was in the reorganized setup that the quartet visited Budapest for the last time. After Léner's death in 1948, it was dissolved.

The Budapest String Quartet was founded about the same time as the Léner Quar-

tet. Its fate is a curious one. Its first four members were Hungarian: Emil Hauser, Imre Pogány, István Ipolyi and Harry Son; they too soon went abroad and were active mainly in the northern countries. But after the original members of the quartet had left or died, their places were taken by foreign artists. Although there still exists a world-famous string quartet going by the old name and regarding itself as the legal successor of the original ensemble, it no longer contains a single Hungarian.

About ten years later the Roth Quartet was formed (1928). Its members were Ferenc Roth, Jenő Antal, Ferenc Molnár, and the Dutch cellist van Doorn. These musicians too came from the Hungarian Opera House orchestra and like the two other ensembles soon went abroad. For some time they resided in Paris, but later went to the United States. The quartet broke up in 1940. (All four members became instructors at different American universities.) In the style of this quartet the most noteworthy feature was its remarkable precision. Like the Léner ensemble these artists performed the most difficult compositions with exceptional technical skill without any loss to the beauty and warmth of their tone; no less than the earlier quartets, they above all cherished the music of the classical and romantic masters.

The Hungarian String Quartet came into existence in 1935; its members were Zoltán Székely, Sándor Végh, Dénes Koromzay and Vilmos Palotai. (When the quartet was founded Végh was the first and Péter Szervánszky the second violinist; later Végh left the ensemble and formed his own quartet.) Székely, a pupil of Hubay's was one of Bartók's intimate circle of friends. Bartók dedicated his Second Violin Concerto to him, and it was Székely who transcribed several of Bartók's piano works for violin. Koromzay, the famous Hungarian violin teacher, had been one of Károly Flesch's foremost pupils. This ensemble of European fame became particularly renowned for its

playing of modern music, as reflected in the dedications with which illustrious present-day composers have honoured the quartet. Among others, Pijper and Castelnuovo-Tedesco have composed quartets for the Hungarian String Quartet. At present the members of the quartet live in Holland, but their concert engagements take them to all parts of the world; this is one of the few string quartets which support themselves solely by giving concerts. The distances covered by the ensemble on its tours is shown by the fact that on one occasion it crossed three continents in 24 hours. The present members of the quartet—who played in Budapest recently after an absence of several decades—are Zoltán Székely, Mihály Kuttner, Dénes Koromzay, and Gábor Magyar.

In the early 1940's another Hungarian chamber music ensemble of young artists was formed and achieved world renown after the Second World War—the Végh String Quartet, consisting of Sándor Végh, Sándor Zöldy, György Janzer and Pál Szabó. At present the quartet resides in Switzerland and tours the world from there. Its members, especially Végh, go in extensively for teaching in Switzerland. Their performance is again marked by outstanding technical brilliance and modern style. They often present complete cycles of Beethoven's and Bartók's string quartets, and they have made gramophone recordings of Bartók's works.

Finally let us turn to the string quartets that have been formed in Hungary since the war and that have been performing mainly in their native land. The first to be mentioned is the Tátrai String Quartet, founded in 1945 by the principals of the then Budapest Municipal Orchestra, Vilmos Tátrai, Albert Rényi, József Iványi and Vera Dénes. After its early successes this ensemble became Hungary's representative string quartet and was granted a state subvention. In the last six to eight years it began to make tours abroad, in the course

of which a number of recordings were made of its recitals. For example, the quartet recorded all of Beethoven's string quartets for the Deutsche Gramophon Gesellschaft. The Tátrai String Quartet has carried on the heritage of the Waldbauer-Kerpely Quartet. Like the latter, it has been prominent in educating the public and in popularizing new Hungarian music. Almost every living Hungarian composer has written one or several works for the quartet, and it hardly ever gives a concert without interpreting a Hungarian work. At the same time, the ensemble's repertoire embraces practically the whole string quartet literature from Vivaldi to Stravinsky. The quartet, which has been reorganized a number of times, is at present composed of Vilmos Tátrai, Mihály Szücs, György Konrád and Ede Banda. Three years after its foundation the quartet won the first prize at the 1948 Bartók competition, and besides obtaining support from the Hungarian People's Republic it has received the Kossuth Prize, the highest Hungarian State award.

Among the young Hungarian quartets, one of the most prominent is the Weiner Quartet, named after the late Leo Weiner, who taught each of the members and coached them for all their concerts until his death. This excellent ensemble, which has achieved technical and musical perfection as well as reliability of style and beauty of tone during its short existence, has already been awarded several first prizes in competitions abroad and wins gratifying appreciation on each of its concert tours. The members of the Weiner String Quartet are József Szász, István Várkonyi, János Székács and Árpád Szász.

New string quartets formed one after another of young musicians, are taking over the heritage of their great predecessors. Today they are still at the beginning of their careers, but soon audiences abroad will be able to witness the successes of new Léners and Waldbauers.

PÉTER VÁRNAI

THEATRE AND FILM

CONFLICT AND REALITY

Present Situation and Problems of the Hungarian Film

In the past year or two films have become quite the vogue in the Hungarian press. They are the star targets of criticism in both the dailies and the periodicals. Discussions, debates, round-table conferences and opinion surveys follow close on one another and treat with the most varied problems, ranging from the long-settled and indeed almost commonplace theoretical questions of film aesthetics to the new and topical, practical problems of Hungarian film art.

What has happened? What has caused the sudden effervescence of interest? Unfortunately this succession of critical duels is not the natural din that accompanies the appearance of new and promising trends, works, styles and endeavours. At least that is not what it is mainly about. Rather, the issue is that the dissatisfaction of public opinion, of the audiences, including both the mass of casual movie-goers and the critics, has spilled over and precipitated a spontaneous press campaign. The public claim their everyday entertainment, and the critics cannot and will not acquiesce in the provincial position of the Hungarian film. In recent times a peculiar polarization has taken place in the Hungarian film industry, and the kind of steadfastly drab and routine mediocrity that was characteristic of the films for many years has been disrupted. Pervading the film studios is a kind of exuberance which it is perhaps not unfounded optimism to compare to that of pu-

berty. However, even the positive and promising traits of this trend have not been fully suited to satisfy the requirements of the public and the critics, while the negative aspects have aroused justified antipathy—especially with respect to some of those films (such as "Sunshine on Ice," "Not Worth a Name," and "Mirages in All Quantities") which have applied artistically shoddy methods to resuscitate the cheap mentality of the petty-bourgeois entertainments industry, outdated 30 years ago.

Even the more ambitious films with higher artistic aims have for some years now, with very few exceptions, fallen into one of two typical categories. The one considers that its main task—in compliance with a long-standing and justified requirement of the critics—lies in seeking out and presenting the real problems of life and society. At the same time, however, these films have been content merely to indicate and outline the problems; their artistic sharpening, and thus the exploitation of their full implications, has only been undertaken in a somehow subdued, blunted and insipid form. The second category has as its main aim the presentation of harsh and sharpened conflicts on the screen, but it is at the same time less thorough and exacting about authenticity of the historical, social and psychological aspects, and in this sense it represents a romantically inclined trend, as

against the more realistic strivings of films in the first category.

The films of the first category have in common (though at different levels and to differing degrees) the presentation of a valid human drama, perceived with a good eye and presented authentically, which then falls flat or is lost altogether. The reason may be that the conflict itself was, at the outset, an insipid variant of the social problem treated or that the film artificially toned down or eliminated the more tragic aspects of the plot. An example of this type has been "Shower" (directed by András Kovács), which is a modern peasant version of Ibsen's "Nora": the problem of a woman in revolt against the servitude of an old-fashioned, soulless marriage. The anguished struggle of the heroine, a peasant woman who has achieved human dignity in the life of the cooperative community and is now torn between century-old prejudices and the demands of a true love for its rights, contains the seeds of a drama that could well marshal great feelings and passions—especially with the conflict taking place in such an environment as is used in this film, where the woman's revolt divides public opinion in the village and even threatens the internal peace of the recently formed cooperative. One of the two contending men is the chairman of the cooperative, and his passionate love for the married woman clashes with his sense of political responsibility; the other, the husband, is a universally respected middle-peasant member of the cooperative who is forced late in life to realize, with a shock, that he made a fatal mistake when he became the lord and master of his wife instead of her life's companion. It may thus be seen that the conflict has a strong, high-voltage electric charge at every pole. This, however, leads not to an explosion but, at the most, to an occasional spark or two. The opportunities remain only opportunities, while the film arranges the fates of the characters at the level of mediocrity, avoiding the more profound and moving com-

plexities and allowing the dramas of none of the main characters to glow at a temperature that would have the effect of a great experience, of a purifying catharsis.

Another example of mollifying the tragic aspects has been in "Trial Run" (directed by Félix Máriássy), which shows the disintegration of a present-day working-class family. In the course of its treatment the film raises such large and important problems as responsibility towards the child, drunkenness, and the acquisitive mentality. The film therefore sets out from a real and life-like fundamental conflict. Nevertheless, it finally stops short either of analysing the reasons why this marriage, based on love, ran aground or of authentically showing the consequence in the tragedy of the child, ultimately taken to a state home. In this film the social and psychological problems drift into an account of how destitute children are cared for in state homes.

In the films of the second category the conflict is certainly powerful and exciting, but if the reality content is considered there are frequently unrealistic, debatable features, in both social and psychological respects. The most characteristic examples of this type of film in recent years have been "The Beast" (Zoltán Fábri), "Military Music" (Endre Marton) and "Alba Regia" (Mihály Szemes). The subject of "The Beast" has been aptly put by one of its critics. It is the story, he says, of how a sanguine and unlucky hero of the Hungarian bourgeois-peasant era that never was would behave if he were now living on a cooperative farm. Indeed, the film is strongly influenced by Zsigmond Móricz, the great Hungarian novelist of the first decades of this century, who in his novel *Sárárany* ("Muddy Gold"), based to some extent on the literary traditions of Hungarian squiredom, first created this character: the sanguine, rich peasant hero with unbridled passions, recognizing the authority of neither God nor man in his pride and desires. The type portrayed in this figure was, however, of ephemeral exist-

ence even at the beginning of the century; Móricz himself experimented with it only in this one novel, while today it is a blatant anachronism. To galvanize it into life and make such a character play a part in a present-day cooperative farm and to find contemporary partners for his spectacular, domineering ways, for the extravagances of his amorous tyrannies, was a hopeless undertaking from the outset. And once the hero himself cannot be made acceptably real to the viewer, his conflicts and clashes of necessity become nothing more than romantic adventures, which seem exotic even to the Hungarian public.

In the film "Military Music," again the psychological realism of the principal hero is the problem, though this time from a different aspect. The plot of the film, whose events take place at the end of the last century in the era of the "Hungarian millenary,"* is taken from the short story *Kadl Samu* by Sándor Bródy, an outstanding author of the period. A peasant lad who has become a batman in the army is persuaded by means of false promises to plead guilty to a murder committed by his master, a senior lieutenant; it is only as he faces the rifles of the execution squad that he realizes how basely he has been tricked—in place of the escape and the reward which he has been promised, he is to die. The fundamental fault of the film lies in its failure to provide sufficient psychological substantiation for the extraordinary credulity of the principal hero, which led him unsuspectingly to accept his role through all his interrogations and court hearings, right up to his death. Since this is the basic problem of the story, the events are, as in the previous film, able to be effective only through their external trappings, the spectacular mobility and the more grandiose features of its direction—in other words, through the values of its constituent parts.

In the case of the third film, "Alba Re-

gia," we have something that is in effect—despite its new environment, the different uniforms of its heroes, and the truth of its ideological message—no more than a stereotyped love and spy story, with all the exciting adventures and at the same time all the skimmed psychological and social portraiture and logical inconsistencies that this type of film usually possesses. The noted French film critic Sadoul was fully justified in remarking, "Although this adventure story takes place in 1944-45, it is in many ways reminiscent of those Central European films made in 1930, whose plot was laid in 1914-18."

It may thus be seen that this second category of films is characterized by a species of emphatic romanticism, contrivance and artifice. This corresponds to a popularly held tradition among Budapest film writers who consider it permissible, for the sake of rendering the action more exciting or lively or of didactically pointing up the message, to treat both psychological and social reality in a superficial manner, glossing over arbitrary interpretations of varying import.

*

Naturally the mere fact that a film belongs to one or the other of these categories does not in itself imply an assessment of its merit, for the over-all value of a film is determined by a number of other artistic factors as well. Nevertheless, as much as we might admire the artistic skill manifested in the visual conception of the best works in the second category (for instance, the films of Zoltán Fábry), those of the first must be given preference for their aims and intentions. It is not fortuitous that these films endeavour to grapple with present-day life, though, as has been shown by the realism of the early "Private's Uniform" and the more recent "Murder of a Girl," both with action taking place in the past, this is not merely a matter of treating contemporary subjects but rather an attempt to achieve some

* See Short Encyclopedia, p. 247.

sort of realism in the approach itself. This is apparent also from the fact that, while the effort may as yet be halting, inconsistent and primitive, these films are striving to tackle modern problems in a modern idiom. The films of the other category, which may sometimes appear more brilliant, polished and sophisticated, are done with illustrative methods, strain after the desired effect, and use all the time-tested tricks for arousing excitement. To examine the difference from the point of view of style, the films of the first category have been attracted to the traditional mode of expression of neo-realism, while those of the second are based on the more expressive and spectacular style, making fuller use of montage and of symbols, which preceded the neo-realists.

It has been on this almost petrified, traditional configuration of the Hungarian film that there have lately burst in the *nouvelle vague*, Chukhrai, Antonioni, modern Polish cinema and the problems of the "director's film" and the "literary film," bringing about the polarization which was mentioned above. Viewers of such films as Károly Makk's much-discussed "The Possessed," Pál Zolnay's first film "April Alarm" (whose artistic merits are highly debatable), or András Kovács' "Roofs of Pest" (also composed of heterogeneous, eclectic elements) have witnessed a common endeavour, expressed at different levels and with different degrees of success: the deliberate striving for modernity in means of expression and for up-to-date methods of visual conception. This is manifested in the newly intense exploitation of settings, swift transitions, bold cutting and a "tough" unfolding of the plot, and in a mobility of the camera which has so far very rarely been seen in Hungarian films. Indeed, Makk's "The Possessed," the first Hungarian film to be produced with a hand camera, could well be used to teach those characteristics of film direction which we are wont to praise in the latest Italian and French films.

These films, however, seem to reveal a substantial misunderstanding. The essence of this mistaken belief is, in brief, that Hungarian film art can be renewed by means of purely stylistic modernism, by a revolution in form, and that a modern artistic style can be a substitute for a modern artistic approach or that the formulation of the pictures can take the place of an up-to-date view of reality and of the experiences of life. As Mikhail Romm put it, "The new wave is not worth much if it beats against the old shores." Modern endeavours can only be successful if, concurrently and parallel with the renovation of style and mode of presentation, the structure, the dramatic construction and the entire method of unfolding the story are also renewed and if the new and greater realism of the director's work develops from and is based on the reality of the experiences of life which are revealed. It is only for superficial spectators and formalistic aesthetes that the significance of the new psychological realism lies merely in the novelty of the camera's movement or of the mode of visual conception.

There is more than this to the important works of these trends. In their positive content is a break with the commercial, sentimental, romantically contrived exposition of the story, and with the corresponding mentality, on behalf of a more realistic, more closely human, life-like approach to reality. In their negative aspects is the peculiar stylistic expression of the isolation of man, of his subjection to the whims of chance. The features of interest which we might follow in this mode of presentation are the analytical character of its style, in place of the former interpretative character; its merciless authenticity, as against the earlier style's symbolism; and, further, a puritanism that will deny excitement exterior to the action almost to the detriment of the justified requirements of the story, in contrast to the overcrowded baroque that used to prevail.

In Makk's film, this modern pictorial presentation, based on a visual analysis that truly reflects the traits and inner conceptions of a forceful and dynamic personality, is matched with a script of the old type, built up on the fireworks of verbalized emotions. A young hydro-engineer, who has for insufficiently specified reasons become fed up with life and been sent to the provinces, decides that beneath the arid soil of his new place of work is an abandoned course of the Danube. The trial borings prove that he is right. He now joins forces with the manager of the local state farm, and together they begin a struggle to get the store of water utilized and have wells sunk by the State. The plans which were previously adopted had sought to solve the irrigation problems of the entire region through the building of a canal as part of a general scheme, but this would yield results only after a few years. According to the film, the proposed wells would not cut across this project but supplement it, so that the heroes of the story do not even clash fundamentally with the official view. In order, then, to produce a conflict, the script artificially sets obstacles in the way of the plan drawn up by the two friends, the engineer and the manager, by magnifying the leading officials' anxiety to retain their posts and their prestige and exaggerating the evils of bureaucratic meddling to unjustified and unrealistic proportions. In addition, the friends, instead of being sensible and rational proponents of a sensible and rational plan, are from the very first shown as fanatical cranks tilting at windmills and provoking resistance through their own impatient and arbitrary behaviour and their circumvention of the "due processes." The script has thus made both the heroism of the possessed and the resistance and conservatism of the director general—who goes to fantastic lengths of wickedness and even sabotage, not stopping short of actually sealing the wells that have already been built—seem stylized and quite improbably polarized. This corresponds to the

frequent stereotype in the so-called production films, where an attempt is made to render the struggle waged for the introduction of a technical innovation or for the introduction of a new method more exciting by means of an extreme, almost diabolical exacerbation of personal passions.

Director Makk, however, wanted to make something more of this than a stereotyped production film. He attempted in this film to portray what might be called the "metaphysical" essence of the possessed, as reflected in the friendship of the two men. Their fanaticism is a spiritual condition, independent of space and time, an abstract, isolated principle of pioneering progress. And this could not be crammed into a story whose psychological aspect was so poorly motivated. The director's approach and the script were therefore—to put it mildly—not in consonance with each other. Makk, as a colourful and exciting personality, asserted himself almost independently of his film, directing "over his film's head" and, somewhat in the manner of squaring the circle, created a "director's film," which is at the same time, in the pejorative sense of the expression, also very much of a literary film. These two mutually independent "strata," the components of "The Possessed," exist tangibly and almost side by side. They are the real, internally motivated "possession" of the director and the external fireworks of the script.

It is this that caused the conflict between the critics, not only in their appraisal of the film—a fairly usual state of affairs with respect to films—but also in its interpretation. Those who saw mainly Makk, the director in search of new paths, applauded heartily. Those who looked primarily at the film as a whole set about making a disturbed and wry analysis of the inconsistencies and clichés of the story. Those who were captivated by the passion and suggestive power of the director fêted his film as an attack on bureaucracy and the bureaucratic approach to life, as a work with a

topical message, representing the spirit of the post-Stalin era. Finally, those for whom the director's message did not suffice wholly to conceal the other features of the film drew attention to the schematic, simplifying tendencies of the story and the occasionally anarchistic overtones of its message. These controversies themselves show that the "positional" value of this work in the development of the Hungarian film should not be underestimated.

The other two films of which mention has been made are more modest endeavours and have less significance. In them, the striving for a modern style is less consistent and rather formal, while the resistance of the dramaturgic raw material is, if possible, even more consistent and crude. "Roofs of Pest" tells the story of the vicissitudes and problems of an adolescent lad who had served a period in a reformatory after having a false sense of gang solidarity and is now torn between the two worlds of decent people and hooligans; this film eclectically crowds together various incompatible styles and approaches in its presentation. It has something of Victor Hugo's romanticism—the problem of the temptation and the concealment of a criminal past, reminiscent of Jean Valjean; a touch of Ibsen's symbolism—the conflict of the young man who finds an outlet for his suppressed desires in his imagination and in exaggeration and lying, as he comes up against sober and uncomprehending reality; the sentimentalism of Courts-Mahler—the stereotyped story of the rivalry between a self-sacrificing, comprehending "true" love, which recognizes spiritual nobility at first sight, and a selfish false love; and, finally, some real, unadulterated detective-story excitement, complete with a pursuit over the roof-tops and the "nerve-racking" suspense of a fall. It was these elements, so divergent in their approach, style, presentation and artistry, that the film sought somehow to bring together—an attempt that could not but fail. In contrast to Makk, whose style is close to

the hard simplicity of the *nouvelle vague* and Antonioni, András Kovács, the director of "Roofs of Pest," tried to make the "grand opera" style of Visconti's "Rocco" his model for this undertaking. But since, in place of the true drama of Rocco, the script of this film could offer no more than a superficial story of arguable psychology with a cheap plot assembled of clichés, and since director András Kovács failed to devote anything like as much care as his Italian model to so important an element of Visconti's style as the actors' playing, the film finally managed to convey the peculiar magic of modernity only for an occasional instant, and only to the eye.

Similar problems have also been raised by Pál Zolnay's "April Alarm." This young director, whose work suggests promising qualities, wanted at all costs to appear as a virtuoso in moving the camera—indeed he has at times succeeded in this. In the meantime, however, he forgot, or perhaps he did not consider it a subject worthy of concern for a "modern" director, to clarify the message itself. While in the case of the film by Kovács the visions of reality entertained at the various levels of artistic presentation finally fuse in a single, eclectic melodrama of the kind so frequent in mass-produced films, but in which the sentiments of the director towards his heroes are nevertheless clear, with Zolnay there is complete chaos. The story, set in the period of the land reform (1945), switches minute by minute from satire to epic and from parody to realistic drama, so that the viewer is at a loss to understand how the hero could at one point arouse enthusiastic sympathy, and a few moments later become an object of satire. This method of blowing hot and cold is applied to more than one of the film's parts. Yet even a piece of creative art must have its own "conditional reflexes," following from its very nature, and it is these that "April Alarm" fails to honour. This deficiency cannot be made up by any amount of expert skill, nor even by the

indisputably artistic composition of the various pictures and scenes, for the latter do not appear in isolation in the consciousness of the spectator.

Nevertheless, it is these films that represent the "innovating" trend towards modernity in the Hungarian film industry. The point of departure of this trend (though it did not attain the artistic standards of Makk and was not at the time given a favourable reception by the critics) was "Land of Promise," directed by Gyula Mészáros. It was in this film, treating the era of the fifties and reviving the atmosphere of the construction of a new, socialist town, with all its contradictions, difficulties and problems, that the first attempt was made to permit real life to produce its own effect. The aim of doing without the constant interpreting and travellers-guide activities of the director may have been primitive, even frequently rendering the story less intelligible, but it aroused a feeling of spontaneity, of seeing things happen before one's eye.

Although these films possess different degrees of merit, a single, over-all conclusion may be deduced. It is an old truth that content and form are a unity, and the "new wave" for which we yearn and hope (and which, while pointing out basic ideological differences, must obviously take account of the new and lasting achievements of the realist presentation of life) can only become a true artistic rebirth if it is based on the presentation of contemporary Hungarian realities, if the striving in script writing and style fuse into an organic and unified approach.

*

Let us also glance at the "traditional" line of the Hungarian film, for it would be unfair not to speak of what is going on in this quarter. In any case, always open to debate and only answerable in historic retrospect is the question of how much of a given period's idea of modernity is fashion

and how much is progress, i. e., to what extent the "spirit of the age" may be claimed for one or a few styles and schools. Here, too, some noteworthy results have been achieved. László Nádasy's film, "Murder of a Girl," treats a movingly beautiful episode in Hungarian working-class folklore, with a warm lyricism issuing from within that is in some parts reminiscent of Chukhrai's "Ballad of a Soldier." The scene of the film, whose action takes place during the third year of the First World War, is a small industrial town in Hungary, whose two most important groups of workers, the miners and the steelworkers, have for generations entertained a hatred for each other. It is against the obstinate hostility of the miner Capulet and the steelworker Montague that the beautiful and pure love of a miner's daughter and a steelworker's son rises in revolt. Their love comes to a tragic end just as did the passion of their great forebears on the stage. A stray bullet, from a volley fired over the people's heads by soldiers sent to break up the steelworker's strike, kills Ilonka, just as she is, in defiance of her mining folk, distributing bread off a cart to the steelworkers' wives. The tragic death of the girl puts an end to the unreasoning feud and brings together the two working-class groups who had been artificially set against one another. One fault—though not important, and not one to determine the over-all value of the film—is that the director attempts to create a kind of archaic ballad style, overburdened with symbols, instead of permitting the story (which is sufficiently ballad-like as it is) to speak for itself in its natural simplicity.

The other important film of 1961 to achieve prominence through its direction and suggestive power was Zoltán Fábry's "Two Half-times in Hell." At the centre of this film is a tragically heroic football match between a team of deported Hungarian labour-service men and a German military eleven, to celebrate Hitler's birthday. The labour-service team face execution after the

match because of a thwarted attempt at escape. One faint chance of survival is offered them on condition that they let their opponents win. However, during the second half of the match they are overwhelmed by all the bitterness and hatred for their task-masters and murderers that has accumulated in them, and amid the equal conditions of the game—the only situation where they can stand up against the Germans as equals—they wreak their vengeance for the wrongs they have suffered. In a paroxysm of ardent enthusiasm, they fight and win. And this victory costs them their lives. The Germans, incensed by the demonstrative cheering of the labour service men among the spectators, fire a machine gun volley at them and kill the whole labour-service team.

Both the interest and the problems of the film lie in this improbably bizarre situation, in whether we can accept as heroism the casting away of lives for the sake of goals however far-reachingly the film endeavours to lend it psychological authenticity—and whether we are not led rather to feel that it is an irresponsible mockery of heroism, a mad piece of recklessness. This was the question that divided the Hungarian critics. They were all agreed, however, that in its details, and especially in its types and its characters, the film is an authentic and powerful exposure of the de-humanized world of fascism.

These two films have had to be mentioned because they appear to have founded a tradition in Hungarian film which is now being continued. Though their methods and mode of expression have reflected a kind of summary of the historic achievements of the art of filming, they have done so at a high standard and in an interesting manner, in pursuit of a tradition which can play a definite part in the art and whose existence is justified. The ballad style of "Murder of a Girl" and the grave, denuding realism of "Two Half-times in Hell" have been continued in "Land of Angels," a film by

György Révész set in pre-1914 times, in the concentrated atmosphere, pent with maturing passions, of *Angyalföld* (Angel-land), the working-class district of Budapest.

(A detailed review of the film will be published in the following issue of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

A brief reference should also be made to a comedy which is outstanding of its kind, the peasant comedy "I'll Go and See the Minister," by Frigyes Bán, which is amusing in its ribaldry. The principal hero of the film is the last individual farmer of a village who does not want to join the cooperative and uses the most cunning tricks to evade all persuasion and agitation that he should follow the others. The humour of the film and its peculiar comic situations arise, however, from the fact that the viewer is led to feel throughout how the hero, as he tricks everyone, is really tricking himself most of all—how his apparent cleverness is really the greatest stupidity. An especially happy feature of this film is that we are now able to laugh at a problem—the inner struggles of an individual farmer giving up his private property—which could so far only be treated with sympathetic tact in our works of art, that we have come to the stage where we can take a light farewell of the obsolete form of petty commodity-producing private farming.

At the beginning of this article mention was made of the duality of those films which set out from real problems but have weak conflicts, and those with powerful conflicts but less authentic realism. Later this classification was supplemented by the stylistic grouping of films according to whether they strive for a modern style and approach or are based on the traditional methods. The task now lying ahead of the Hungarian film is finally to achieve a synthesis, on the one hand, between reality and conflict and, on the other, between modern form and a content that corresponds to it in its very approach.

ERVIN GYERTYÁN

ECONOMIC LIFE

COMPARISON OF NATIONAL INCOME

DEZSŐ SÓKY: International Comparison of National Income. Akadémiai Kiadó (Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences), Budapest 1962, 123 pp.

Most branches of learning have in the course of their history given rise to various concepts that serve to systematize in more or less tangible form the results of the individual stages in their development. To illustrate this, it will suffice to refer to the most ancient and the most recent disciplines. In geography and astronomy the road has led from the Ptolemaic system through the Copernican to our present-day conception of the universe, while in nuclear physics the model of the Bohr atom has for some time served as a fruitful method of presentation. The latter provides at the same time a good example of the epistemological function of this type of "concept" or "model": the shortcomings of the picture presented by the model will be an incentive to further research which in turn may lead to quite novel methods of presentation, to a still more truthful portrayal of reality.

As far as economics are concerned, the concept of *national income* has in the past decade increasingly come to assume the role of an "epistemological model" of this kind. Like the models of other disciplines

it has been able to present an interconnected series of complicated relationships, fitting as it does the various economic phenomena into the flow of cause and effect in such manner as both to explain their respective functions and suggest their dynamism.

As D. Sóky points out in his book, the concept of national income (and with it the idea of its international comparability) appeared in economic thought considerably earlier than would be generally believed. In the 17th century already economists came to regard the volume of national income as the most suitable index of the economic and political importance of the different countries and of the productive capacity, the economic "potential" of the various methods of production. The first experiments in this field are linked with the names of William Petty, who compared per capita income in England and Holland in the 17th century, and of Gregory King, who made calculations regarding national income in England, Holland and France in 1695.

The representation of economic phenomena as a process appeared later on in Quesnay's well-known "Tableau économique." But apart from this isolated instance, economic research in the 18th and early 19th centuries largely ignored the concept of national income and dispensed with its application as a means of observa-

tion. It is the more remarkable that national income data should appear in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1928, and in a comparative form at that.

For an explanation of this break in the development of what was to become a fruitful concept at a later period, D. Sóky cites Colin Clark, who ascribed it to the growing recognition on the part of contemporary economists of the difficulties which must be overcome in the measurement of national income and to their primary interest in economic theory rather than in empirical research. It may be added that their restricted possibilities also led them to prefer the speculative road, since the macro-economic data required for the calculation of national income and constituting the heuristic prerequisite to such work were not at their disposal and only became available at a later stage with the progress of statistical science.

Karl Marx, in his model of reproduction, was the first in the history of economic thought to give a modern form to the representation of economic phenomena as a process, and the method has been gaining ground ever since. Its spread was particularly rapid in the inter-war years. Here too—as in the case of similar concepts in other disciplines—development was accelerated by the dual influence of increased research possibilities on the one hand and the pressure of practical requirements on the other.

In the period following the First World War the field of statistical compilation of economic data broadened considerably and ultimately came to cover the entire national economy. Novel and refined techniques were introduced into statistical analysis. War-time economy forcibly brought elements of planning into economic management. The U. S. S. R. was the first country ever to base its economy on planning. Decisions regarding economic policy increasingly had to rely on national income data. On the other hand, national income, as a means of dynamic

representation of economic phenomena and a method of observation apt to present a coherent picture of the economy, more and more provided the framework for theoretical investigations and the basis not only of research but of instruction as well. Samuelson's well-known book is an example of the latter. The traditional treatment of economic subjects in earlier textbooks gave place to novel concepts based on national income analysis, which were instrumental in establishing a closer relationship between theory and praxis.

It may be pointed out at this juncture that Hungarian economic science too kept abreast of inter-war developments in the field of national income research. Following calculations of a tentative character, carried out by various economists, the first comprehensive study on Hungary's national income in the years between 1924/25 and 1934/35, based on objective methods, was published in 1936 by István Varga (now a professor at Karl Marx University of Economics, Budapest, and member of the International Association for Research in Income and Wealth). Enlarged to cover an additional period, this work was two years later published also abroad.*

Post-war developments in the structure of world economy have placed national income research before new tasks. With economic cooperation steadily growing between the countries of both West and East, new international organizations have come into existence. As a consequence—to quote the author under review—"present-day political and economic cooperation between the nations has acquired many forms that make international comparisons of an economic character indispensable." A new phase in the development of national income research has thus arisen. "In the course of the past decade the interest of

* I. Varga, "The National Income of Hungary 1924/25—1936/37," P. S. King and Son Ltd., London, 1938, 116 pp.

economists has—especially in the countries belonging to the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance and in the advanced capitalist countries—increasingly turned towards the principles, the methodology and the practical problems of the international comparison of national income.”

The various aspects of comparison are determined by the actual structure of world economy. The author distinguishes four types of international comparison of national income, namely those between socialist countries, between advanced capitalist countries, between socialist and capitalist countries and, finally, between advanced and underdeveloped capitalist countries. The difficulties will, of course, vary according to the groups of countries concerned, but questions of methodology can also be treated independently of these relationships. However, the author points out the divergencies in and the peculiarities of the problems arising in each case. Thus Sóky's book not only presents a complete general survey of the problems of international income comparisons but also gives a detailed analysis of special questions pertaining to the relations of certain groups of countries. This is true especially of the peculiar problems of methodology growing out of comparisons between the national incomes of socialist and capitalist countries.

It is primarily in this connection that the *first group* of general methodological problems arises. According to D. Sóky this group includes the question of differences in the conceptual definition of national income between the countries to be compared as well as that of securing a uniform grouping of the constituent items and an identity of their contents.

The difficulties in comparing the data of capitalist and socialist countries are primarily due to differences in the definition of the concept of national income. In Sóky's formulation of the Marxist interpretation national income as the most significant synthetic index of the economy's value

has a strictly definable material content; the concept of national income thus expresses a physical reality, and national income is closely related to productive labour.

Bourgeois economists, on the other hand, though differing in their definition of national income, all concur in the view that the concept is not of purely physical character and that every type of individual income must be included, irrespective of its origin.

In the author's opinion the following questions must be answered before the two interpretations of the concept can be brought to a common denominator: How should the boundaries of physical production be defined? What types of income should be regarded as original income? Which items and factors should be taken into consideration in the sum of prices of the products that make up national income?

Economists in western countries themselves disagree on such issues as the boundaries of physical production—a fact that further complicates the problem. This has clearly emerged, for instance, at the meeting of the Conference of European Statisticians (operating within the framework of the Economic Commission for Europe), held in Geneva from May 19 to 22, 1959, where the comparability of the most important synthetic value indices used in the practice of socialist and capitalist countries was discussed.

To illustrate the differences which may result from divergent interpretations of the concept, D. Sóky refers to the calculations carried out by Branko Horvát* on the basis of Yugoslav national income data for 1953, with a view to computing the value of Yugoslavia's national product by three different methods. Taking the value calculated by the method employed in the

* B. Horvát, "Drei Definitionen des Sozialprodukts," *Konjunkturpolitik* 1960, No. 1, p. 40.

U. S. S. R. as 100, the American method resulted in the figure 114, whereas if the services of housewives and the replacement of durable consumer goods was included in the national product the figure increased to 139.

The uniform demarcation of the major sectors of production is not so much a question of principle as of practice. A similar problem is that of uniform delineation of the categories of distribution. Research work aimed at the uniform interpretation of these totals has been carried out in the framework of both the C. M. E. A.* and the O. E. E. C. At the meetings of C. M. E. A. experts in Prague (1958) and Berlin (1959), uniform classification standards and conceptual definitions were worked out for the various sectors participating in producing the national income as well as for the categories of distribution. The O. E. E. C. countries, on the other hand, rely in their endeavours to achieve uniformity in classification and in concepts on the results of earlier research work aimed at establishing a Standardized System of National Accounts. At the initiative of the Conference of European Statisticians, an effort is also being made to concretize and to reconcile the methodological differences between socialist and advanced capitalist countries.

The *second group* of general methodological problems is connected with difficulties arising from structural differences in the countries to be compared. When comparing the national income structure in different countries it must first be decided how to treat the items which figure only in the production or consumption of one of the countries concerned. Moreover, the divergencies in the structures of production and consumption may be due not only to differences in the relative importance of various products but also to differences in pricing.

Still unresolved remains the contradiction that whereas the national incomes of two

countries are strictly comparable only on the basis of their physical contents, i. e. as two aggregates of commodities, the comparison can be carried out only in terms of value, through the intermediary of prices. Comparison based on exchange parity has only served to conceal the problem, while more recent methods have—in the author's view—done little more than reveal this contradiction.

The *third problem* arises from the necessity of a common price basis suitable for international comparisons. Both the value of national income in the different countries and the results of comparison will necessarily depend on the prices at which the various components of the indices have been calculated. One of the questions that arises is whether and to what extent to make adjustments for differences in the price structure of the individual countries. Indirect taxation, subsidies, profits, depreciation allowances, etc., may vary from country to country, and this fact may influence to a varying degree the value of their national income.

The *fourth problem* consists in finding a common unit of measurement for identically defined, numerically determined and uniformly arranged national incomes—the very core of the methodological solution of comparability. Earlier methods used for the international comparison of value indices were generally based on exchange parity: recent research, however, has come to prefer the so-called basket method based on parity of purchasing power.

As regards its essential features, the latter is very similar to another method of long standing in statistical practice, used in the construction of volume indices of production with a view to eliminating the influence of price changes between two given points of time. The actual procedure of comparison itself may thus be formally considered as a price-index problem, the most important novel feature of which would consist in the application of a method of temporal comparisons to territorial, i. e., international com-

* Official abbreviation for Council of Mutual Economic Assistance

parisons. D. Sóky regards the practicability of this treatment as still debatable. The question of whether methods of temporal comparison may be applied to comparisons between territorial units must in his view be decided on the strength of the qualitative and quantitative evaluation of comparisons carried out in practice.

The U. N. System of National Accounts and its main interrelations, as well as a short historical survey on international comparisons of national income, are given in an appendix to the book, which also includes brief summaries in English and Russian.

D. Sóky's work is an expert and at the same time concise study of the problems connected with the international comparison

of national income. These problems are widely discussed all over the world, but the discussions still center about the methods rather than the results of comparison. We must not forget, however, the important role methodological debates have always played in scientific progress. Research itself may be regarded as a logically systematized form of curiosity, one of the principal factors in the advancement of mankind. And the selection of appropriate methods constitutes an important step from curiosity to erudition. D. Sóky's book may be counted among the works written in the spirit of the maxim attributed to Galilei: "It is the duty of science to measure all that is measurable and to render measurable that which has hitherto been unmeasurable."

EGON KEMENES

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

BÓKA, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1910). Literary historian, novelist and poet, professor at the Loránd Eötvös University in Budapest. Has contributed monographs about János Vajda, an important poet of the latter part of the 19th century, and Endre Ady, the most original personality of 20th century Hungarian poetry. Other publications include a volume of essays entitled *Tegnaptól máig* ("From Yesterday to Today"): two volumes of poetry *Jégvirág, Szébb az új* ("Frost Flower", "New Beauties"); and more recently the novels *Alázatosan jelentem, A Karoling trón* ("Have the Honour to Report," "The Carolingian Throne"). *Karfiol Tamás* (Tamás, the Cauliflower). He is a member of the editorial board of our review. (See also his articles in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. I, No 1 and Vol. III, No 5).

LAMBILLIOTTE, MAURICE. Journalist, writer, founder and editor-in-chief of the international review *Syntheses*. As rapporteur of the 1958 International Exposition of Brussels, he was the initiator of a number of its subject-matters. The Exposition furnished him with the opportunity of organizing an East-West Discussion (Coloque Orient-Occident) called: "Mutual Appreciation of the Cultural Values of East and West," in which there participated some thirty prominent personalities from both East and West, outstanding in such diversified subjects as natural and technical sciences, philosophy, religion, history, the arts, and education. This Discussion was one of those priceless and none too frequent occasions when, in an atmosphere of truth and goodwill, profound, intimate and durable relations develop. As a result, those who attended asked Maurice Lambilliotte to arrange for the establishment at Brussels of a "Centre International de Dialogue" (International Debating Centre). The idea is about to be realized. Since 1946, Maurice

Lambilliotte has used *Syntheses* as a platform for voicing what is best and most profound in his thoughts. With due attention to history in the making, he strives to discern the political, economic and social outlines of mankind's development. Fully conscious of the benefits derived from scientific and technical progress, which to an extent make it possible for man to satisfy his material needs, Maurice Lambilliotte strives to alert our conscience against permitting man to slide down the natural slope of automatism. He wishes man constantly to commit himself to participation in movements of communication, of fellowship and love, in movements striving towards the highest goals. Maurice Lambilliotte, a member of the Belgian Socialist Party, is General Director in the Ministry of Labour and, at present, Councillor of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Author of *Grand Problème* (an essay), *Sens du Divin* (a play performed in Brussels and Liège in 1947 and 1949), *Marie du Peuple* (a play performed in Brussels in 1949), and of hitherto unpublished poems, novels and plays.

KERESZTURY, DEZSŐ (b. 1904). Literary historian and aesthetician, our regular theatre reviewer (see our previous issues).

CUKOR, GYÖRGY (b. 1917). Economist, mechanical engineer, assistant director of the Institute of Economics of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and director of the Institute's industrial section. His writings deal principally with the measurement of labour productivity, the organization of industry by branches, the methods of measuring the connections between industrial branches, and problems of economicness.

BÁRCZI, GÉZA (b. 1894). Linguist, university professor, member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, winner of the Kossuth

Prize. Formerly his activities were confined to the study of the Romance languages, but recently they came to embrace practically the entire domain of Hungarian linguistics. *Ófrancia hang- és alaktan* ("Old French Phonetics and Accidence"), 1933; *A magyar nyelv francia jövevényszavai* ("French Loan-words in the Hungarian Language"), 1938; *Magyar Széfejtő Szótár* ("Etymological Dictionary of the Hungarian Language"), 1941; *A tihanyi apátság alapítólevele mint nyelvi emlék* ("The Foundation Deed of Tihany Monastery as a Linguistic Record"), 1951.

ORTUTAY, GYULA (b. 1910). Ethnologist. Rector of and Professor at the Loránd Eötvös University in Budapest. One of the founders of the Association of Young Artists and Writers of Szeged, which did pioneering work in exploring village life. Conducted extensive ethnographic research in the thirties. Between 1947 and 1950 was Minister of Education. Since 1957, General secretary of the People's Patriotic Front. Main works: *Székel népballadák* (Transylvanian Folk Ballads), Budapest, 1935; *Nyíri és rétközi parasztmesék* (Peasant Tales of Nyír and Rétköz), Budapest, 1935; *Fedics Mihály meséi* (Mihály Fedics Tells Stories), Budapest, 1941; *Magyar népművészet* (Hungarian Folk Art), Vol. 1—2 Budapest, 1942; *Parasztágunk élete* (Life of Our Peasantry, also in English), Budapest 1947; *Magyar Népmesék* (Hungarian Folk Tales, in German: Ungarische Volksmärchen, Berlin, 1957, English edition under preparation). See also his essays in Vol. I, No. 1, and Vol. II, No. 4, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

BALOGH, JOLÁN. Head of the Department of Old Sculptures at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts. Her research work is devoted mainly to this important collection and the classification of its treasures. Her numerous studies in this field have been published in various periodicals (*Wiener Jahrbuch für Kunstgeschichte*, 1927, *Az*

Országos Magyar Szépművészeti Múzeum Évkönyvei (Annuals of the Hungarian Museum of Fine Arts), V, 1929.; VI, 1931.; IX, 1940.; *Acta Historiae Artium*, I, 1953.; VIII, 1962.; *Bulletin du Musée Hongrois des Beaux Arts*, No. 3, 1949; No. 4, 1954; No. 18, 1961; No. 22, 1962). Another field of research of hers is the Hungarian Renaissance, including the investigation of archives and art relics. Her principal works—along with a number of smaller and larger essays—are the following: *Contributi alla storia delle relazioni d'arte e di cultura tra Milano e l'Ungheria* (Contributions to the History of Relations in the Field of Art and Culture between Milan and Hungary) (1928), *Márton és György kolozsvári szobrászok* (Márton and György, Sculptors of Kolozsvár) (1934), *Erdélyi Reneszansz* (Transylvanian Renaissance) Vol. I (1934); *The Architecture of the Hungarian Renaissance* (1952); *La cappella Bakócz di Esztergom* (The Bakócz-chapel of Esztergom—*Acta Historiae Artium*, 1956). In 1963, a new work of hers will be published in several volumes, under the title *A művészet Mátyás király udvarában* (Art at the Court of King Mathias).

GÁSPÁR, MARGIT (b. 1905). Writer and translator. For several years was the manager of the *Fővárosi Operettszínház* ("Metropolitan Operetta Theatre"). Plays: *Rendkívüli kiadás* ("Special Edition"), *Új isten Thebában* ("A New God in Thebes"), *Égi háború* ("War in Heaven"). Theoretical work: *Az operett* ("The Operetta").

TABI, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1910). Humorist and playwright, winner of the József Attila literary prize. Editor of the satirical weekly "Ludas Matyi" since 1945; editor-in-chief since 1956. His satirical sketches *Pardon egy percre* ("Just a Moment, Please") ridiculing the absurdities of everyday life, and his comedies dealing with timely topics have earned him great popularity (Plays: *Végállomás, kiszállni*—"All Change." 1949; *Kártyavár*—"House of Cards," 1954; *A kalóz*—

The Pirate," 1956; *Különleges világnap*—"A Peculiar Day," 1960; *Esküvő*—"The Wedding," 1961, etc. Satirical sketches: *Humorban pácolva*—"Pickled in Humour," 1955; *Mesterségem címere*—"The Sign of My Craft," 1958; *A négy kisértés*—"Four Temptations," 1959; *Érott malaszt*—"Dead Letter," 1960, etc.).

MARX, GYÖRGY (b. 1927). Physicist, since 1961 professor of Theoretical Physics at Loránd Eötvös University, Budapest. From 1957 to 1960 member of the Scientific Board of the Theoretical Laboratories at the Joint Institute for Nuclear Research at Dubna, USSR. Guest lecturer at several universities in Europe. Was one of those who introduced the hypothesis of lepton-charge, an important development in nuclear science. His publications include the volume *A kvantum-mechanika* ("Quantum Mechanics"), 1957 (also in Russian).

SZABÓ, GYÖRGY (b. 1932). Literary historian and critic. Studied at the University of Budapest, his chief field of research being 20th century Hungarian and Italian literature. His book "Futurism" appeared in 1962. He has written studies to Hungarian editions of works by Pirandello, Quasimodo and Pavese.

SURÁNYI, IMRE (b. 1913). Took a doctor's degree in Arts at the Budapest University. A longtime history teacher in a secondary school, he is at present a member of the staff of the Institute for Cultural Relations. Author of essays on cultural history. (See also his articles in Vol. I, No. 1, and Vol. II, No. 2, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.)

WEINSTEIN, PÁL M. D. D. Sc. University professor, chief of the Eye Department of the Postgraduate Medical School at Budapest. Member of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom, delegate member of the French ophthalmic society. His principal field of research is glaucoma,

on which he has delivered addresses at several international congresses (Brussels, Athens, etc.) and also in London, Rome and Oslo. At present he is engaged in studies concerned with the correlations between the eye and the vascular system. He also deals with visual psychological problems, including the interrelations between vision and painting.

SOMLYÓ, GYÖRGY (b. 1920), Poet, translator and critic. Son of the poet Zoltán Somlyó, who wrote during the first decades of this century. The first volume of the younger Somlyó's poems came out in 1939, and since that time he has published ten volumes of poetry, and three volumes of essays. The first volume of his collected poems was issued in 1962. After World War II, he spent a year and a half at the Sorbonne on a French State scholarship and subsequently travelled a lot in Europe and Asia. His activity as translator embraces first of all modern French poetry, but he has also translated Shakespeare, Keats and modern English poetry. At present he is secretary of the Poetry Section of the Association of Hungarian Writers.

ABODY, BÉLA (b. 1931). Son of the late Professor Előd Abody, the aerodynamics expert who was for a long time engaged in research work in Great Britain. A graduate of the University of Arts, Béla Abody has been writing since his school days. A number of his dramas and radio plays have been produced and several volumes of his short stories, essays, literary and music reviews published. Known also for his translations of novels and essays from English. Teacher of literature.

BARTOS, TIBOR (b. 1933). Writes of himself: "I would explain my grasping at the world of objects by saying that during my school days I had little opportunity to enjoy that sort of thing—I was a jazz pianist, in charge of swing-boats in the Amusement Park, and at times a grave dig-

ger, coalman and blood donor—but also that as a writer I am a beginner.” His *Sosemvolt Cigányország* (“Never-never Gypsy Land”) has appeared in both Hungarian and Russian. Works as a reader at the Europe Publishing House, writes essays about his favourites—Dickens, Benjamin Franklin and Edgar Lee Masters—and translates English and American novels and short stories.

NAGY, PÉTER (b. 1920). Literary historian and critic, literary manager of Corvina Press, Budapest. Has published a number of works on modern Hungarian literature, and especially on the question of the Hungarian novel. (See also his essays in several previous issues of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

KOVÁCS, ÉVA (b. 1932). Art historian. Graduated at Loránd Eötvös University in Budapest. Works at the Museum of Fine Arts in Budapest. Deals with textiles and goldsmiths' works of the period of the Árpád Dynasty and with modern painting. Her papers have been published in the *Acta Historiae Artium*, the periodical of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and in the *Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts*.

KÖRNER, ÉVA. Art historian. Graduated in 1952 at the Budapest Loránd Eötvös University. Worked at the Hungarian Museum of Fine Arts and subsequently was a member of the editorial staff of the periodical *Műterem* (Studio). At present reader at the Art Publishing House, Budapest. Published essays on the Venice Biennale of 1958, on Picasso, further on constructivism, on the modern Western trends of art, etc. Her book *Magyar művészet a két világháború között* (“Hungarian Art

Between the Two World Wars”) is being prepared for publication.

BARTHA, DÉNES (b. 1908). Musicologist, studied musicology at Berlin University under Abert, Blume, Wolf, Sachs and Hornbostel. From 1930 acted as assistant librarian at the National Széchényi Library. In 1935 became an honorary lecturer at Budapest University and professor at the Academy of Music, Budapest. His principal works are monographs on the theoretical compendium of László Szalkai (1490, Latin text), on the Aver double-shawm of the 7th or 8th century found near Jánoshida; on the folk-song collection of Ádám Horváth (1813); on Bach and Beethoven. Since 1960 has been on the editorial board of the new complete edition of J. Haydn's works (Cologne).

VÁRNAI, PÉTER (b. 1922). Musicologist; reader at *Zeneműkiadó* (Editio Musica). Studied composition and conducting under Endre Szervánszky and János Ferencsik. Most important writings: “Gábor Mátray,” a monograph containing the material of the earliest Hungarian opera, discovered by him; *Az unisono szerepe Mozart vokális műveiben* (“The Role of the Unison in Mozart's Vocal Works”); “Schütz”, “Goldmark” and other educational books, articles and studies. Also translated into Hungarian and edited the publication of E. T. A. Hoffmann's writings on music.

GYERTYÁN, ERVIN (b. 1925). Film aesthetician; member of the editorial staff of *Filmvilág* (Film World). See his “New Trends in Hungarian Film Comedy” in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1.

KEMENES, EGON (b. 1924). Economist. Author of essays on market-research.

A SHORT ENCYCLOPEDIA

of some places, historical events personalities and institutions mentioned in this number

BIHARI, JÁNOS(1764—1827). Hungarian composer and violinist of gipsy lineage. The most significant Hungarian musician of the first decades of the Nineteenth Century. In Vienna Beethoven listened to his playing several times and even used one of his melodies in the *König Stephan Overture* (1812). Liszt too often enjoyed Bihari's art and mentioned it in his writings in terms of the highest praise. It was in Bihari's rendering that the so-called *verbunkos* music—a form of Hungarian dance music which appeared in the last third of the Eighteenth Century—became a music that was genuinely Hungarian. Although Bihari himself was not conversant with musical notations and his works were written down by trained musicians, he laid the foundations of nineteenth century Hungarian music. The original Rákóczi March is also attributed to him.

CSÁRDÁS, Hungarian popular couple dance. It is in two-fourth time, with slow and quick sections, free in its structure. Its characteristic basic motif is one or two steps sideways with the other foot closing up after each step, and then one or two steps to the other side. From the middle of the nineteenth century onwards it became not only a folk dance, but, in stylized form, a ball-room dance as well, attracting all classes of society. Even today it is a popular dance included in the ball programs in towns and villages alike.

CSEPEL. One of the most important industrial settlements of Hungary was established south of Budapest on Csepel, an island of the Danube. Today it is District XXI of the Hungarian capital. In addition to numerous other plants the Csepel Iron and Metal Works—biggest of Hungary's complex industrial establishments with a production program ranging from metallurgy

to engineering—is situated here. The average number of workers employed at Csepel is over twenty-thousand. The traditional revolutionary spirit of the workmen made the name of "Red Csepel" famous throughout the country. For nearly a quarter of a century, from the turn of the century onwards, when Csepel workmen first formed trade unions, until the liberation of the country in 1945, they were always in the vanguard both of political movements and of wage fights. In 1944 they prevented the fascists from dismantling the plant and conveying it westwards. After the liberation they took a gigantic share in the reconstruction of the country and in the building of socialism. Side by side with the development of the industrial works, the town of Csepel has also greatly advanced, particularly since the mid-'fifties; thus new housing estates and cultural and public health establishments have sprung up.

ESZTERHÁZA (now *Fertőd*). A village of 3,000 inhabitants in North-West Hungary. It used to be the residence of the Eszterházy family, made famous through its patronage of Haydn. Hungary's most beautiful baroque mansion, built by Miklós Eszterházy in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, is to be found here. Apart from a museum the building now houses one of the most significant experimental stations for agriculture as well as an agricultural technical school.

ÉLET ÉS IRODALOM (Life and Literature). Literary weekly, founded in 1957, of the Federation of Hungarian Writers.

HONORÁCIOR. A term derived from the Latin word *honoratior* (respected). Before 1848, in feudal Hungary, this term served to denote those intellectuals who did not belong to the gentry (physicians, lawyers, engineers, professors, etc.). In the 19th

century intellectuals were in general referred to as *honorácior*.

HUNGARIAN MILLENNARY. The festivities of 1896 commemorating the occupation of the country by the Hungarians in A. D. 896, which were held with great pomp in Hapsburg-dominated Hungary during the reign of Franz Joseph I.

KARCAG. Hungarian market town in Szolnok County in the eastern part of the country. It has a population of 26,100 (1960). Karcag is one of the centres of Hungary's agricultural production. It was among the first to become a so-called collective farm town, meaning that the peasants among its population were among the first to join cooperative farms, while private farming ceased within the town-limits.

KARINTHY, FRIGYES (1887—1938). The greatest satirist and humorist of Hungarian literature. (See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 6, Miklós Vajda's article, pp. 42—67.)

KARL MARX UNIVERSITY OF ECONOMICS. This University for the training of economists was founded in Budapest in 1948. It has three faculties: Industrial, Commercial and Economic. The number of students attending the University is about 2,500 a year.

KRÚDY, GYULA (1878—1933). A master of Hungarian prose-writing, the most individual with respect to style. In his early stories he depicted the material and moral downfall of the Hungarian gentry. His first works bear the mark of Turgenev's and Dickens' influence. The passionate tone of his later works became imbued with more and more nostalgic lyricism. The past is revealed in his writings by way of a sort of self-avowal. His books are peopled with sad and funny eccentrics, with highwaymen, romantic young gentlewomen and grey-haired beaux. His world is that of the *nouveau riche* of Pest at the end of the last century, of the snow-covered countryside of Northern Hungary and of the quaint streets of Buda—a singular dream-world of

his own. But his style too had quite novel features: he often did without the sequence of events and dissolved moods into poetic images. His language was rich in free similes and metaphors, it was musical and poetic. His most important works are *A Szindbád regények* ("The Sindbad Novels"), *A vörös postakocsi* ("The Red Stage Coach") and *Boldogult úrfi koromban* ("When I Was a Young Gentleman").

MUSICAL GENERAL SCHOOL. A new Hungarian type of school in which there are six singing lessons a week in the first class; pipe-playing and music-making in groups is compulsory in the second, whereas in the third class the optional teaching of an instrument begins. The first General School of Music and Singing was inaugurated in 1950 in Kecskemét, a town in the Great Hungarian Plain and the birthplace of Zoltán Kodály, whose energetic participation greatly contributed to the establishment of the school. Within a decade the number of such schools rose to over a hundred. The schools are not meant to train musicians but to provide the people with a general musical culture. Nevertheless, a great number of the pupils prepare for careers in the field of music. As a continuation of the education in the musical general schools some secondary schools of music have recently been tentatively established.

NAGYVILÁG (Wide World). Monthly of world literature, published in Hungarian. Founded in 1956, it aims at introducing foreign literature, particularly contemporary literature, to Hungarian readers. *Nagyvilág* also reports on outstanding literary and artistic events abroad. (See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1, pp. 174—178.)

NATIONAL PLANNING BOARD. An organization at the highest level of State administration, with the same status as a ministry. It is in charge of elaborating the plans of the country's economy, of coordinating the work of the several ministries, each of which is responsible for a certain

sphere of Hungary's economic life, and of supervising the realization of the plans. The president of the National Planning Board is a member of the Council of Ministers.

NÉPSZABADSÁG (People's Freedom). Central organ of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party. It is the Hungarian daily with the greatest circulation (700,000 copies).

NÉPSZAVA (People's Voice). Founded in 1877, it became the central organ of the Social Democratic Party in 1880. Since 1949 it has been the daily paper of the Central Council of Hungarian Trade Unions. It has a circulation of over 200,000 copies.

REFORM AGE. In Hungarian history the period between 1825 and 1848, when the liberal-minded aristocracy strove to solve the most acute social and political problems by way of reforms in an endeavour to prevent revolutionary changes.

RÓZSAVÖLGYI, MÁRK (1779—1848). Noted Hungarian composer of the first half of the nineteenth century; the last representative of *verbunkos*-music, who pursued the artistic traditions of *Bihari* (see above). His efforts to popularize and develop Hungarian national music earned him *Sándor Petőfi's* friendship, who commemorated Rózsavölgyi's death with a poem.

VILLAGE COUNCIL. The basic unit of the political and social system of the Hungarian People's Republic, which rests on the principle of local autonomy. Almost 90 per cent of Hungarian villages have autonomous councils of their own, while only a few small villages (with a population of 300 to 500) have no autonomous councils. Today 2,857 village councils are operating in Hungary. The village council is responsible for the political, economic and cultural guidance of the village. It is an organ both of State power and of popular representation. The council is led by its president, vice president and secretary. According to the prescriptions of the constitution the members of village, district, county and town councils are elected by secret ballot. The latest council elections in Hungary were held

in November 1958. On that occasion 600,686 voters (i. e. 98.4 per cent of those entitled to vote) went to the polls and elected altogether 106,737 council members. (See János Beér's article in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 6, pp. 156—167.)

WORKERS' SCHOOLS. According to official statistics 90 per cent of the total population of Hungary did not finish their elementary schooling prior to the liberation. The new democratic educational policy not only had to realize the general and compulsory education of children but also had to provide for the schooling of adults who, by no fault of their own, were unable to attend schools in their childhood. With a view to this the Workers' Schools, both general and secondary, have been established. These schools have developed rapidly, especially in the past few years. In the first school year, 1945/46, about 1,500 grown-ups enrolled in the Workers' Schools. While in the school year 1958/59 the number of students in the Workers' General Schools was 24,195 and in the Workers' Secondary Schools 40,581, by the school year 1961/62 this number rose to 86,200 and 112,000, respectively. Consequently in 1961/62 nearly 200,000 adults were studying at the evening and correspondence courses of the Workers' Schools. By way of comparison it may be worth pointing out that in the same school year the number of children attending secondary school was 171,000, compared to 112,000 grown-ups at the Workers' Secondary Schools. The number of children attending the first class of the secondary school was 55,135 and that of adults 50,400. Thus, on a secondary school level the number of adults attending classes is almost as high as that of children of the appropriate age group.

*

We regret to have to state that the translation of the poem, "A Legend of Saint Margaret," published in Vol. III, No. 5 of The New Hungarian Quarterly was erroneously attributed to Mr. J. C. W. Horne.

PUBLISHING HOUSE
OF THE HUNGARIAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

STUDIES IN JURISPRUDENCE
FOR THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS
OF COMPARATIVE LAW

ÉTUDES JURIDIQUES
POUR LE SIXIÈME CONGRÈS INTERNATIONAL
DE DROIT COMPARÉ

1962 — 148 pages — \$ 2.80

CONTENTS:

I. SZABÓ: Les problèmes de la codification à la lumière des expériences acquises dans les conditions actuelles — Z. PÉTERI: The Nature of the General Principles of Law — GY. EÖRSI: The Problem of Cumulation of Contractual and Delictual Liability — L. NÉVAI: The Authority of the Court in Conducting Proceedings under the Hungarian Law of Civil Procedure — A. WELTNER: Legal Guarantees of the Right to Work — J. BEÉR—O. BIHARI: The Representative System in the Hungarian People's Republic — A. FONYÓ—M. KÁDÁR: Les règles de fond et de procédure relatives à la répression des actes provoquant un danger dans le domaine de la circulation

Distributors:

KULTURA

*Hungarian Trading Company for Books and Newspapers
Budapest, 62. P. O. Box 149*

THE NEW HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY

may be obtained from the following distributors:

- AUSTRALIA: A. Keesing, G. P. O. Box 4886, Sydney, N. S. W.
AUSTRIA: Globus Buchvertrieb, Salzgies 16, Wien I.
Rudolf Nowak, Buchhandlung und Verlag, Köllnerhofgasse 4, Wien I.
BELGIUM: Agence Messagerie de la Presse, Rue de Persil 14—22, Brussels
BRAZIL: Livraria Bródy Ltda, Rua Cous Crispiniano 404, Sao Paulo
CANADA: Pannonia Books, 412A College Street, Toronto 2B, Ontario
DENMARK: Knud Karstern International Booksellers, 15 Aaboulevard, Copenhagen
Ejnar Munksgaard Ltd., 6, Nørregade, Copenhagen K.
FINLAND: Akateeminen Kirjakauppa, Keskuskatu 2, Helsinki
FRANCE: Agence Littéraire et Artistique Parisienne, 7 rue Debelleyrne, Paris 8
GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC: Kubon & Sagner, Schließfach 68, München 34.
W. E. Saabach G.M.B.H. Schließfach 1510, Köln 1.
Kunst & Wissen, Erich Bieber, Postfach 46, Stuttgart S.
GREAT BRITAIN: Collet's Holdings Limited, Import Subscription Dept.
44-45, Museum Street, London, W. C. 1.
Dawson & Sons Ltd., Cannon House, Macklin Street, London W. C. 2.
W. H. Smith and Son Ltd., Strand House, Portugal Street, London W. C. 2.
INDIA: National Book Agency Private Ltd., 12, Bankim Chatterjee Street, Calcutta
Magazine Subscription Agency, 2/23 Nanik Nivas, 91 Warden Road, Bombay 26.
ITALY: Libreria Rinascita, Via delle Botteghe Oscure 2, Roma
Libreria Commissionaria Sansoni, Via Gino Capponi 26, Firenze
ISRAEL: "Haifepac" Ltd., P.O.B. 1794, Haifa
Library A. Gondos, Herzl 16 Beth Hakranot, Haifa
JAPAN: Maruzen Company Ltd., Booksellers, 6 Tori Nihonbashi, Tokyo
Nauka Ltd., 2, Kanda Zinbocho 2 Chome, Chyoda-ku, Tokyo
NETHERLANDS: Swets & Zeitlinger Booksellers, Keizersgracht 487, Amsterdam C.
Meulenhof & Co. N. V., Beulingstraat 2, Amsterdam C.
NORWAY: A/S Narvesens Litteratur Tjeneste, Box 115, Oslo
SOUTH AFRICAN UNION: Globus Industrial Corporation, 61 Loveday Street,
Johannesburg
SWEDEN: A. B. Nordiska Bokhandeln, Drottninggatan 709, Stockholm
SWITZERLAND: Azed AG Zeitungsagentur, Großbuchhandlung, Postfach, Basel 2.
Pinkus & Co, Froschaugasse 7, Zürich 1.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Stechert-Hafner Inc., 31 East 10th Street,
New York 3, N. Y.
Joseph Brownfield, 15 Park Row, New York 38, N. Y.
VENEZUELA: Luis Tarcsay, Calle Iglesia, Edif. Vittoria Apto 21,
Sabana Grande, Caracas

or

Kultura Hungarian Trading Company
for Books and Newspapers
Budapest 62, P. O. B. 149.