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THE 1918 OCTOBER REVOLUTION

50 YEARS AFTER

by

ZSUZSA NAGY

Antecedents

The First World War brought about changes in world history which no one, neither simple soldiers, nor those in charge of high level politics, thought of at the time of its outbreak. Thrones collapsed, and the map of Europe was redrawn. The military objectives of the Allies at first did not include liquidation of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy against which they fought. Even in the well-known Fourteen Points of President Wilson's Congressional Message, Point 10, which applied to the Hapsburg Monarchy, read: "The peoples of Austria–Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freeest opportunity of autonomous development."

This did not reflect, however, the actual situation. In the course of the war, according to the way the military situation developed, the Allies and the Central Powers both tried to get the countries willing to give up their neutrality onto their own sides and in this way to weaken their opponents. The policy of the Allies was the more successful: in the hope of victory they liberally promised territories over which they had no control at the time. For instance, the London Treaty of April 26, 1915 pledged the Tyrol to Italy as well as sections of the Adriatic region inhabited partly by Italians partly by Yugoslavs. This brought into being on August 18, 1915 the aide-mémoire which promised to Serbia the territories it desired (Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, etc.). The Treaty of Bucharest which ensured the rights of Rumania to Transylvania and the Bukovina, the Banat, and purely Hungarian-inhabited areas outside Transylvania, was signed on August 17, 1916. The Allies recognized as a provisional government the Czechoslovak National Committee (Masaryk, Beneš, Stefanik), which carried on its activities in emigration from 1915–16 on and, although they concluded

no written agreement with the Committee, it was obvious that their recognition extended also to the acceptance of the Czechoslovak national claims. The outcome implied the liquidation not only of the Monarchy, but even of historical Hungary which had existed for a thousand years in the Carpathian basin, though some were opposed to this.

The success of Allied policy stemmed from the fact that it was able to harness for Allied plans and interests the tensions growing within the Monarchy which encouraged social conflicts to find an outlet in national claims. At first the peoples and suppressed social classes of the Monarchy demanded only an improvement in their social and political position and pressed for the speedy conclusion of the war. In the second half of the war there was, however, added emphasis on independent nationhood or joining the mother country (for instance, in the case of the Rumanians). In the summer and autumn of 1918 when the military situation gave some reality to these demands, they hastened the coming explosion.

Allied military victory, the agreements concluded during the war, and the national movements determined the future course of events. Hungary's future was also shaped within the field of action of these forces.

In Hungary the politicians who were grouped around Count Mihály Károlyi—largely those desiring a democratic radical transformation—and the working-class movement led by the Social Democrats were demanding a stop to the war and urged breaking with the pro-German policy of the Monarchy. Károlyi's small group, which, however, included the élite of Hungarian political and intellectual life, were not thinking only in terms of foreign policy when they insisted on a pro-Allied course. In their eyes a Western-oriented foreign policy was synonymous with democratic social and economic changes within Hungary. They insisted on universal, secret suffrage, political freedom, a land reform, more extensive rights for national minorities, and, naturally, the immediate conclusion of the war.

October 1918

By the end of October 1918, the Monarchy was already tottering in all its parts, and its complete collapse was only a matter of days. The Emperor Charles's statement on the federal reorganization of the Empire could no longer stop this process.

On October 25, the National Council of Hungary was formed at last, considerably later than the establishment of similar organizations in other parts of the Monarchy. The National Council was headed by Mihály

Károlyi, but the monarch, despite a cabinet crisis, was still unwilling to appoint Károlyi Prime Minister, a fact which only incensed the anger of the masses.

What was not promoted from above, had to be started, and carried out, from below. Street and factory demonstrations and clashes became the order of the day in Budapest. Military Councils were formed in the Army. The Social Democratic Party tried to restrain the workers, but the radical groups which called themselves anti-militarists and revolutionary socialists, and the prisoners of war returning home from Soviet Russia, strove to organize them to overthrow the régime. Workers' Councils were soon established. No one looked on the Government as the source of power. The military units, the police, the workers, and representatives of various occupational branches all pledged support for the National Council.

The eve of October 31 then brought a radical change. The crowds demonstrating in the streets prevented the departure of a military train from the capital, the soldiers joined them, and together they occupied the public buildings, the Post Office and the telegraph agency, they tore down the Royal coat of arms from buildings, and at the same time the insignia of the Austro-Hungarian Army were replaced with asters on the uniforms of soldiers and also of many officers. The Budapest military command was impotent: neither Hungarian soldiers, nor soldiers of other nationalities stationed in the Hungarian capital, were willing to take up arms against the revolution. The revolution took place without the National Council, regarded as its leader, taking an active part in it.

After this, Charles finally appointed Mihály Károlyi Prime Minister, and a coalition government was formed, with Károlyi's Radical Party and the Social Democratic Party taking part.

The fact that the revolutionary government took the oath of allegiance to the king, throws a light on the peculiar situation which developed in Hungary in late autumn 1918 as a result of a series of conflicts and contradictions.

The basic conflict of internal policy was latent in the differing interpretations of October 31. The government parties and Károlyi himself, had thought and hoped that the revolutionary acquisition of power, now legalized, had *concluded* a process, the conservative régime responsible for the war had been overthrown, and a period of well thought out reforms could begin. The workers and landless peasants on the other hand regarded the appointment of the Károlyi Government merely as an *overture* to a new era of radical economic, political and social measures. Károlyi and the Government considered the situation and their own tasks in the light of

the conditions and demands that had existed during the period of the Dual Monarchy, and, accordingly, wanted radical democratization, but without upsetting property relations and the social structure. They expected to travel the road of the bourgeois revolutions which had taken place much earlier in the West.

The masses, however, saw the position in an entirely different light. In their eyes the Soviet revolution in Russia and its platform were the examples to be followed. This is not to say that the millions living in Hungary had by that time a clear concept of the policy of the Soviet revolution. But instinctively (with a few, consciously) they expected political power to be taken over by the working class, the immediate expropriation without compensation, and distribution of the large feudal estates, the taking into state ownership of plants and factories, improved employment opportunities and higher wages. The lack of jobs was a particularly acute problem for the soldiers returning from the line and from captivity. (To characterize the situation, it is sufficient to say that the Government was compelled to start a voluntary clothes collection campaign on November 22, 1918, for with winter just around the corner the ragged soldiers had simply nothing to wear.)

This fundamentally contradictory way of seeing things, the distance and conflict between the masses and the Government continued to increase. The foundation of the Communist Party of Hungary on November 24, 1918 also played its part. The first organizations of Hungarian Communists started to be formed already in Soviet Russia, in the prisoner of war camps, and directly after the October Revolution. After their homecoming these prisoners of war and their leaders were joined by radical groups which had for some time been dissatisfied with the moderate policy of the Social Democratic Party which looked for compromises. Béla Kun who had been a leading organizer already in Russia and had worked for a while in Lenin's immediate environment winning considerable prestige for himself, assumed the leading role in the party. The Communist Party of Hungary was able to transform the discontent—a discontent which turned people instinctively against the officials in villages, simply driving out about one third of them, which prompted many to confiscate and loot the stores of granaries, shops and military warehouses—into a political movement. Its programme proclaimed the class struggle, a second and proletarian revolution, and opposition in everyday politics to the cautious moderation of the Government and the kindred policy of the Social Democrats. It achieved great popularity and wide mass support in a short time.

The Communists had good grounds for saying that, since the revolution had been brought about by the working class, the working class should assume control. The fact was that the middle-class parties of the coalition were not supported by their extensive organization or large membership. Actually the main force and pillar of the middle-class government was the Social Democratic Party, the only organized party which could mobilize large masses. (The members of the trade unions were at the same time members of the Social Democratic Party, and the number of organized workers in Hungary reached 700,000 by the end of 1918.) But just as the conflict was growing between the Government on one side and the workers and landless peasants on the other, it was also sharpening between the leadership of the Social Democratic Party and the vast majority of its membership. Even in the Party Executive the leftist group which sympathized with the Communists and eventually joined them was acquiring greater strength and influence.

Károlyi and his associates advocated the creation of a liberal democracy, and it was with this programme that they gained control of the government. The situation in which they were trying to carry out their platform was, however, right from the beginning pregnant with the possibility of a further development of the revolution, of a second revolution—the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was an obvious result of their position and principles that they did not wish to see events take this course. that they attempted to halt this process. The Government as a whole, and Károlyi himself personally, were compelled to pursue a fence-sitting policy. But this could not be maintained for any length of time, especially not in the given circumstances. The less so as it became evident already in November 1918 that not only leftist forces were active in the political arena, but also reactionary forces which considered even what had happened until then much too much and much too radical, and hoped for a restoration. The forces opposed to Károlyi, the Government and the Left were already at this time rallying around Count István Bethlen and Gyula Gömbös—the latter then a staff captain—both of them later p ime ministe s. And even within Károlyi's own party a conservative rightist group was forming (Márton Lovászy, Count Tivadar Batthyány and others), which considered Károlyi's programme too conciliatory, looked on the ceaseless mass movements and the organizing activity of the Communists with hostile anxiety, and finally broke with Károlyi.

The Central Powers had not yet signed the armistice when the Monarchy had already actually dissolved. On October 28 the Czechs, on October 29 the Croats, and on October 30 the Slovaks declared their break with the Monarchy; the Rumanian National Council came into existence, a bourgeois democratic revolution was taking place in Austria, and in Hungary Mihály Károlyi had become prime minister.

On November 3, 1918 the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy surrendered unconditionally to the Allies in Padua. The Balkan army of the Allies all the same continued to press forward in the direction of Germany. The German capitulation followed only a few days later. Consequently, despite the fact that the armistice did not permit this, the occupation of the territory of historical Hungary began. The troops were guided not merely by Great Power interests, but also by Rumanian, South Slav and Czechoslovak claims. The Károlyi Government was compelled to fix the demarcation line in a further agreement (November 13), but not even this was observed. During November and December, as a result of the agreements concluded during the war and promises made, Transylvania, Slovakia and South Hungary were occupied.

The attitude of the Allies and the occupation had serious consequences. One of the principal reasons for Mihály Károlyi's initial popularity had been that on account of his pro-Allied policy it was generally thought that the Great Powers would treat Hungary with sympathy and would appreciate Károlyi's sincerely democratic intentions. The consequent disappointment then turned into antipathy for the Western Powers and also fed the discontent against the bourgeois democratic system. Károlyi's popularity began to wane rapidly.

Ellis Ashmed Bartlett, a British journalist who was in Hungary, wrote the following about the situation at the time: "The mass of the people were prepared to welcome them (the Allies) as liberators and to forget the past. But this feeling has slowly faded away since it has begun to dawn on the vanquished that they will have to drink the cup of humiliation and defeat to its uttermost dregs."

Within a short time a mass of several millions should have been made to understand and to accept the dissolution of historical Hungary. But until the very last moment it seemed for these people the only possible form of national existence. Even the working class which swept away the Dual Monarchy had grown up in a movement which operated within historical Hungary.

Nevertheless, Mihály Károlyi and his Government trusted the Great Powers, and in the first place had faith in the principles proclaimed by President Wilson. "We have only one principle: Wilson, Wilson, and then again Wilson... America faces the challenge of remoulding all of Europe, of exterminating the idea of *revanche* and creating a peace which would not leave the stings of bitterness in the soul of a single people," Károlyi said on December 30, 1918. Later he wrote in his memoirs: "We trusted in Wilson's power to put over his ideas and believed that even in the most unfavourable circumstances we should be able to fit into that brotherhood of nations of which he was the most ardent champion. To convince our neighbours that the Hungary of yesterday was definitely dead, we had to complete the break with feudalism." But it was not these ideas that determined the treatment of Hungary.

Tragic as this was, the bourgeois democratic system was to pay for the war and for the nationality policy of the Dualist Monarchy. The victors treated them as losers, and neither the Great Powers nor the neighbouring nations appreciated their changed policy and aims. As part of the compromises among the Great Powers, the United States and Great Britain yielded the initiative in Central and Eastern European affairs to France, for their own immediate interests lay in different areas. On the other hand, Wilson had not signed the treaties concluded during the war which fundamentally determined the dissolution of the Monarchy and of historical Hungary, and he had no intention of fully complying with them. Britain's traditional balance-of-power politics also acted as a restraining force where Hungary was concerned. These two factors had shaped Károlyi's attitude.

French policy—represented by Clémenceau, or as his contemporaries called him, "The Tiger"—strove for the thorough weakening of Germany and its allies and for building a system of future alliances, both of which he considered necessary for the safety of France. Primarily it was French politicians who had given effective support to the Czechoslovak, Rumanian, Polish and Yugoslav claims.

Efforts to prevent the spread of the revolution and to normalize the new European order within a bourgeois framework were, of course, together with the war of intervention against Soviet Russia, an essential part of this policy. Clémenceau's *cordon sanitaire*, which, as a matter of fact, already contained the idea of the later Little Entente, aimed at the isolation of Soviet Russia and the fencing off of Germany.

Under these circumstances it was little wonder that defeated Hungary was given no role to speak of in Great Power politics. In fact, in the assessment of aggressive representatives of anti-revolutionary policy (the French

General Foch, and Churchill) Hungary was judged less favourably still because of the fact that the Károlyi Government was unable to halt the shift to the left in this country. Stovall, the American Minister to Switzerland, wrote of Hungary on November 5, 1918: "...a step further to the left could mean the acceptance of Bolshevism."

The Allies did not consult Károlyi, they did not consider his position and did not observe the agreements they had concluded with him. At a meeting of the Hungarian Council of Ministers at the end of 1918, Károlyi declared on behalf of the entire Government: "...unless they settle matters and stop disregarding agreements, the Government shall yield its position and leave it to the French to govern the country by military dictatorship. What the French Government are doing is creating a hotbed for Bolshevism." The Government felt that its cup was full.

It was no wonder then that in this situation the Communist attacks against the Allied orientation of Hungarian foreign policy found just as much favour among the masses as Communist demands that the Government break with the Allies and seek an alliance with Soviet Russia. Dezső Bokányi, one of the most popular Social Democratic leaders of the time, evaluated the position as follows: "We realized that the entire manifesto was a disappointment (he was referring to Wilson's Fourteen Points. *The Author*), and big words about the English and the French were useless, by this time only the Russian star shone bright."

Integrity and Relations with the Neighbours

Before they had gained control of the Government Károlyi and his immediate associates had sharply criticized the nationality policy of the Monarchy. Oszkár Jászi elaborated a plan for extending autonomy to the nationalities in a form of coexistence for the peoples of the Danube Basin, a federation which he called "the Eastern Switzerland." A proclamation signed by such well-known Hungarian intellectuals as Endre Ady, Béla Balázs, Marcell Benedek, György Bölöni and others also favoured a free federation. The Government in fact granted autonomy to nationalities living in a single block like the Ukrainians in what was then North-Eastern Hungary.

They were, however, not prepared to allow the complete and final breakaway of the nationalities from Hungary. Even their most far-reaching concessions and plans, which they hoped the Slovaks and the Rumanians of Transylvania would accept, insisted on the integrity of historical Hungary.

As they proposed such terms, the negotiations did not lead to any results; it was impossible to keep the nationalities which were fired by the possibility of independent nationhood. Not only general Allied policy, but also the promises made to the Prague and Bucharest governments aborted any chance of talks. The fact that the territories inhabited by the various nationalities were already under Rumanian, Czechoslovak and Yugoslav military occupation had established a *fait accompli*.

Nevertheless, Károlyi attempted to establish contact and improve relations with the neighbouring countries. With Austria this was easy enough: the two countries were linked by many ties, and their territorial conflicts could not be compared to the Hungarian–Czechoslovak or Hungarian–Rumanian one. Prague, on the other hand, the establishment of relations with which Károlyi regarded as highly important, turned a deaf ear to all overtures. The Government was not even able to send a representative to Rumania to try to work out something. The talks were encouraging only with Yugoslavia, and in fact the plan of a Polish–Hungarian–Yugoslav block was raised. (Similar ideas were revived at the end of the 1930s and the beginning of the 40s in Prime Minister Pál Teleki's plans.)

At the turn of 1918 and 1919, owing to the clash of nationalities and ambitions, the various bourgeois governments were unwilling to cooperate with Károlyi's Government, although there was no essential difference in their domestic policy, particularly as far as Czechoslovakia was concerned. The political leaders of the successor states which had developed on the ruins of the Monarchy wished to find a solution for their own inner social problems—which cropped up in these countries just as they appeared in Hungary—on the national plan, by territorial expansion. The leftist working-class movement was not strong enough to put obstacles in the way of this policy which enjoyed the friendly support of the Allies.

As against the middle class, the left wing of the working-class movement would have liked to combine the satisfaction of just national claims with social revolution, they would have liked to see a socialist rather than a bourgeois reorganization of the Danube Basin. On behalf of the Russian revolution Lenin, Sverdlov, and Kamenev sent messages to the peoples of the Monarchy on November 3, 1918 when they smashed it to pieces. Their greeting said in part: "We are deeply convinced that if the German, Czech, Croatian, Hungarian and Slovenian workers take power into their own hands and complete the work of national liberation they will form a fraternal alliance of free peoples and will with united strength overcome the capitalists." They emphatically cautioned against submitting to national ruling classes after the ruling classes of the Monarchy had been swept away.

The course of events showed, however, that conditions were not yet ripe for this, and that national aims and bourgeois ideas for their solution were more effective, and these were supported by the victors, too.

Government Measures and their Repercussions

The internal pressure on the Government was so strong that in many respects it was unable to resist. This was obvious even in the question of constitutional form. Although the Government took the oath of allegiance to the king, already on November 1 it was compelled to ask to be relieved from this oath, and on November 16, satisfying universal demand, the Government proclaimed the Republic. In an article published on November 10, 1918, György Lukács explained the reasons, demanding a republican form of government in the following words: "What we demand when we ask for a republic is a land reform, a tax reform, a new welfare policy, new schools, in other words we want the internal economic and social rebirth of Hungary."

Since the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy, the union through a common monarch between Hungary and Austria, had dissolved, the bourgeois democratic régime was faced with extending the independent sovereign state into those areas which were earlier the joint concern of Austria–Hungary. Before October 31, 1918 no independent Hungarian Foreign Office or foreign missions existed, nor a Hungarian note issueing bank. Under Károlyi, the organization of the foreign office and foreign missions began as early as November 9, the reorganization of the army was started on November 11—in the new situation created by the end of the war this largely meant demobilization. Steps were taken to regulate financial affairs too.

For many years the demand for a universal secret ballot was the main issue in Hungarian politics and the main demand of working-class and left-wing movements. It was consequently of symbolic significance that People's Law I concerned suffrage and gave the vote to women. People's Law II guaranteed the freedom of the press, and generally speaking, freedom of opinion, assembly, etc.

The Government thought it had satisfied the most urgent political demands. Financially the situation was much more difficult. Serious difficulties which held out no hope of early improvement were presented by the fact that the economic unit once constituted by the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and within it historical Hungary, had suddenly fallen apart.

Trade has simply stopped between the Hungarian and the occupied regions and consequently the Government had no longer any control of the food stores in the southern regions, in the productive Bácska and Bánát areas. Reserves had been exhausted during the war years, and there was no hope of restocking for the economic blockade was still kept in force by the Allies. Economic activity, which in factories and mines had almost completely stopped, and transition from war production to peace-time operation was an unsolved problem. Shortage of goods and raw materials, lack of confidence, and even outright sabotage by the owners paralysed production. As they were expecting the redistribution of their holdings, the big landlords had not seen to it that at least the most urgent agricultural work should be performed. The soldiers returning from the war and from captivity were unemployed and many people at home too were without jobs. In December 1918 the unemployment figure was well over one million. (The population figure of the area which then made up Hungary can be estimated at about nine or ten million.)

The Government could not be expected to radically improve this situation—certainly not from one day to the next. What it was able to do was only a little mending and doctoring here and there, but it could not possibly fulfil all claims and demands.

Nationalization did not take place; only the public transport system of Budapest, the capital, was taken into state ownership. The workers were not content with this and in Budapest and in other cities began to occupy the factories and mines one after the other, replacing the owners and boards of directors with Workers' Councils. The Government was impotent against this action and was finally compelled to legalize it. The legal enforcement of the eight-hour working day—this had been one of the major demands of earlier years—had little meaning now. It hardly improved the position of the unemployed who demonstrated almost daily against the Government. Because of the extreme shortage of goods and mounting prices, even the rise in the dole was in vain.

The Government also began the reorganization and democratization of the administrative apparatus. Their aim was twofold: on one side to limit the role of the National Councils or Workers' Councils which had been formed in a revolutionary way in the provinces and on the other, to get rid of the old apparatus which opposed the new régime and sabotaged its measures. But already in January 1919 the masses refused to accept the vast majority of the new leaders who belonged to the bourgeois parties. In a number of places the workers drove away the administrative officers and themselves assumed the leadership of some municipalities and counties.

The Government could not do anything other than accept what had happened and confirm the new leaders in the positions they had "illegally" assumed.

A necessary condition for a democratic transformation of Hungary was a democratic land reform and the liquidation of the system of large estates. Without this the Károlyi system could hardly expect the sympathy of the masses. The pressure along these lines was so strong that already as early as November 1918 the large estates had been occupied by squatters, and with the beginning of the year 1919 this movement gained additional impetus. Although the land-starved peasants of the villages did not begin the redistribution of land, they took possession of many large estates as common property.

Not much later, at one of the sessions of the peace conference (March 27, 1919), Lloyd George too asserted that the land relations in Hungary were medieval, probably the worst in Europe, and consequently there were few countries so badly in need of a revolution.

The Land Reform Act was finally passed on February 16, 1919. It expropriated all large estates over 500 *hold* (710 acres) in area and also permitted the collective occupation of large estates. The liquidation of the system of large estates was an act of historical significance, in the first place not an economic but a political question; and if it had been effected, it would have decisively changed the entire structure of Hungarian society. No similar measure had been decided on by any other régime prior to the bourgeois democratic Government, and only after 1945 was a similar measure taken.

The events which occurred simultaneously with the ratification of the Act clearly showed, however, that the measure had come too late. The instructions defining the execution of the land reform, and acts of sabotage by the administration and the land distributing committees further held up the carrying out of the law. The example set by Mihály Károlyi himself who distributed his own estates was a magnificent gesture that is remembered to this day by the people of the area, but the Hungarian aristocracy and landed gentry had no wish to follow the example set by this "renegade."

The Failure of the Bourgeois Democratic System

The new year of 1919 began with a cabinet crisis in Hungary. Partly voluntarily and partly as a result of the demands of the organized workers and soldiers, several ministers who were members of Károlyi's own party resigned from the Council of Ministers because they were unwilling to give

further support to Károlyi's pro-leftist policy. Also the influence of the strongest party of the coalition, the Social Democratic Party, weakened, in direct proportion to the increase of the influence of the Communist Party. Finally, on a compromise basis, a new cabinet was formed with Dénes Berinkey, a non-party man, but a Károlyi sympathizer, as Prime Minister, and with a larger number of Social Democratic ministers in it. On January 11, 1919 Mihály Károlyi himself was provisionally elected President of the Republic.

The situation was, however, far from solved. This was the information the British generals A. C. Coolidge, A. E. Taylor, and Sir Thomas Cuninghame and others passed on to Paris. Cuninghame told Károlyi more openly than the others that they expected the Hungarian Government to take energetic action against the Communist movement. Several cabinet ministers and bourgeois politicians would have been willing to oppose the Communists. Several sessions of the Council of Ministers debated over what should be done, but no party wished to assume the responsibility.

In February 1919, however, a demonstration provided the opportunity for arresting the leaders of the Communist Party on the basis of a law for the protection of the Republic. At the same time the Government took a number of measures against openly counter-revolutionary organizations as well. These latter measures were, however, taken too late and were not consistent enough. The growing strength and influence of the Communist movement could not be curbed, even by the arrests.

The less so since Károlyi, who was personally opposed to any kind of violence, made it possible for the arrested Communist leaders to maintain contact freely with their comrades outside, and in this way they were able to organize the anti-Government movement from their prison cells. The actual background to this state of affairs was that by this time the workers were getting ready to free their leaders by arms and to declare the dictatorship of the proletariat. The leftist Social Democratic leaders were also negotiating with the Communists, partly because they realized that their party was losing its mass influence, and partly because they saw that the balance of forces which the Government tried to maintain would soon be tipped to the left by the masses.

The peace conference, and its anti-revolutionary and anti-Soviet plans, accelerated developments. On February 25, 1919 General Foch submitted his plan of armed attack for liquidating the Soviet Russian system for good and all. The Council of Foreign Ministers rejected his plan, nevertheless Foch succeeded in putting into effect part of it. This plan was to change the demarcation line to the detriment of the Hungarian Government

and to form a neutral zone between the Hungarian and Rumanian sides—in order to promote anti-Soviet intervention by the Rumanian army.

On March 20, the military representative of the Allies, the French Lieutenant-Colonel Vix, presented to Mihály Károlyi the Note dealing with the setting up of this zone. This step by the Allies caused great consternation among the members of the Government. The demand of the Great Powers for the further evacuation of areas inhabited purely by Hungarians was a step that no Hungarian minister was willing to take. But there was even less chance of open resistance to the Allies. The Government decided to resign. Then, the conferences between Communists and Social Democrats, which had been going on for a few days, were concluded with unexpected rapidity. The fact was that the Social Democrats whom the bourgeois statesmen envisaged as their successors considered their own position too shaky to undertake this responsibility on their own. Therefore they made an agreement with the Communist Party, accepted its platform, and the two parties became united. In this way the new Government which took over power consisted of Communist and Social Democratic ministers. On March 21, 1919 the Government declared that Hungary had turned from a bourgeois democratic People's Republic into a proletarian Council Republic.

Both contemporaries and posterity have discussed this turn of affairs. For a long time the view prevailed that the Great Powers were mainly responsible for what had happened in Hungary. In fact this view does not accord with the facts. It is true that the Western democracies, the victorious Allies, did not give the aid and support that Károlyi and his ministers expected from them, and that they were hostile to the new system in Hungary, but this attitude did not derive from personal emotions, but from Great Power interests and the fact that the fate of Hungary was closely interlinked with wider international problems of greater portent. Of these the Soviet revolution and the struggle against its spread was the first. The Allies were not familiar enough with the internal situation in Hungary and consequently could not have a clear enough view of the consequences of their Note. Their intention was obviously not to overthrow the bourgeois democratic system and bring into power the working class. In the same way, after the changes of March 21 they did not concern themselves with Hungary and negotiate with Béla Kun because they liked him better than Mihály Károlyi, but because a proletarian revolution in Central Europe constituted a direct danger to their plans and policy.

The overthrow of the bourgeois democratic system was accelerated by the policy pursued by the governments of the neighbouring countries, by the occupation of Hungarian territories and by national conflicts with Hun-

gary which didn't allow these governments to cooperate with Károlyi and in this way to strengthen his position.

The policy of the Great Powers, however, only accelerated the establishment of working-class power. The masses of Hungarian society who were not satisfied by the reform policy of the Government and were discouraged by the international position of the country, were already ripe for its approach. The experience of the Hungarian people was that they could not expect Hungarian bourgeois democracy to give them what they were hoping for. It was the Soviet programme that corresponded to their demands and ambitions, and they considered its realization possible.

Count Mihály Károlyi, a member of one of the richest families of the Hungarian aristocracy, travelled a long and sinuous course until he was ready to go along with the revolution and to become its leader. Sincerely and with deep conviction he wished to democratize the country, he wanted to see the realization of a land reform and political rights for all. But during the revolution he had to realize gradually that his assessment of the prospects of bourgeois democracy in Hungary had in many respects been illusory, that he had overestimated its strength, whereas at the same time he has undervalued the impact of anti-democratic social groups striving for a restoration. He was looking for the solution in the right direction, and although at the time he was not able to keep pace with the stormy events, breaking away from most of the membership of his party and his direct associates, he progressed the farthest in understanding the demands of the masses, in accepting the Communist-led left as a partner. With his voluntary resignation, and passing power into the hands of the working class, he expressed not only his recognition of the failure of the bourgeois democratic revolution, but at the same time he showed that he understood what was new and inevitable.

Gentry Hungary rejected Károlyi not only because he had headed the revolution, but especially because he did so despite the fact that he himself was an aristocrat and a big landlord.

On the other hand the adherents of progress and democracy—despite some contending opinions—regarded and still regard him as someone who belonged to their side and admire him for the fact that criticizing and outgrowing his 1918 self, he was able to advance along the same path on which he had started, becoming even in emigration one of the outstanding figures of the international anti-fascist struggle.

MICHAEL KÁROLYI IN EXILE

by

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Michael Károlyi had a simple belief that, if a man had principles, he should take them seriously. This belief shaped his life. It first led him to play a decisive part in the history of Hungary and then sent him into exile for many years. It brought him poverty, hardship, and often isolation. But he never doubted for a moment. He had acted according to his principles, and this satisfied him. Károlyi grew up among the great aristocrats of Hungary and was one ot the greatest himself. These aristocrats talked much about constitutional freedom and their national rights. Károlyi said: "If personal freedom is right for me, why not for the peasants? If national freedom is right for the Hungarians, why not for the other nationalities?" He accepted the principles of liberty and equality as the dominating forces in his life and believed that others should accept them too. He had a Utopian faith in human nature and thought that men would always follow the good course if it were shown to them.

In old Hungary Károlyi was a man of fabulous wealth. A friend has told of calling on Károlyi in April 1917. Some 80 hats and great-coats were hung round the walls of the ante-room. The friend said: "The Count has company. I will call again." The servant replied: "There is no one here. We are merely changing from our winter to our spring wardrobe." And here is another anecdote which illustrates the lavishness of his fortune. Shortly after the last war, I was in Bratislava. Károlyi happened to pass through, and we had dinner together. I asked him whether he had ever been in Bratislava before. He replied: "Once, in 1913, when it was called Pozsony. I had heard that before 1848 the Hungarian nobles had palaces here, to live in when they attended the Diet. I wondered what had happened to mine. I found a large staff of servants and horses in the stables. The beds were made. Meals were prepared every day in case the Count happened to arrive. I had a meal and left."—Such was old Hungary.

In October 1918 Károlyi led a revolution against the war and against the Hapsburgs. He believed that, if Hungary under his leadership accepted the principles of President Wilson, she would be accepted as an equal by the Allies. He recognized the rights of the nationalities. He gave all his land to the peasants—a more practical gesture than any made by the supposedly saintly Tolstoy. His hopes were disappointed. Men could not become naturally good overnight. Károlyi's Hungary was spurned by the Allies. He resigned and went into exile. He believed that his exile would be short. Surely the great principles of democracy and self-determination would triumph everywhere. Instead he remained in exile for 27 years.

Károlyi was an exile of a strange kind. He was penalised and driven out for maintaining the very principles which the victors claimed to be defending. He was, in the later American phrase, a premature anti-Fascist. In his simple view, he had only to show people abroad that the Horthy system was a tyranny, and they would turn against it. In particular, he imagined that Americans and Englishmen were sincere in their devotion to democracy. During his first years in exile, he tried to convince them that there was no democracy in Hungary. His insistence met with little response. Instead Horthy was propped up by loans which the League of Nations provided.

When Károlyi left Hungary, he lost everything. It never occurred to him to try to make his peace with the Horthy regime. He continued to protest in the name of the other, better Hungary which he had briefly led. His views matured in exile. Originally he had expected to transform Hungary into a federal state of nationalities. Now he accepted, without question, the right of every nationality to its independence. But he still believed in cooperation between the peoples of the Danube valley and looked forward to a time when rivalry and hostility between them would be at an end.

As the years passed, Károlyi found himself politically less alone. His solitary struggle against Horthy's Fascism merged into the general struggle against Fascism which gradually swept across Europe. Károlyi came to believe that Soviet Russia would lead this struggle. Though he himself remained in western Europe, he recognized that the centre of the anti-Fascist cause had moved elsewhere. For many years, he lived in France. But he never had the same faith in French loyalty to democracy that he had in British and American. After Munich, he could stand the political atmosphere of France no longer, and it was with relief that he came to England.

His life was by no means all politics. Károlyi had a wonderful capacity for enjoyment. Chess was his consuming passion, and he would sometimes forget to return home all night when absorbed in the game. He had fun in all sorts of ways. In later life, he had a pronounced limp. I imagined that

he had injured his leg in some romantic way, leading a political demonstration or escaping from his enemies. Not at all. He damaged his leg when showing his children how to ride a bicycle without hands and then forgot to have the leg properly treated.

I first met Károlyi in 1940 when he was living in a tiny flat in Oxford. The flat was on the third floor, and Károlyi with his stiff leg, had to carry up coal in a bucket. He ought to have been wretched and unhappy. On the contrary, he was irrepressibly gay. I have never laughed more than in his company. Of course we were all gay in England that summer. We believed that Great Britain, by standing alone, had signed Hitler's doom, and this cheered us very much. On the sunny afternoon of 15 September, I was sitting with Károlyi on the balcony of an English nobleman's house—much like one of his own—which had been turned into a school. We speculated how many German aeroplanes had been shot down that day. Károlyi said to me: "On this day the battle against Fascism has been won," and he was right. I pointed at the palace and asked him whether he ever regretted his own lost palaces. He replied: "No, never for one moment. I'd rather live in my Oxford flat as a supporter of freedom than possess half a dozen palaces at the price of supporting Fascism and tyranny."

During the war Károlyi was on good terms with the exiled governments in London and began to play a serious part in politics. He preached his old cause of Danubian federation, but only if it were a federation of free peoples. President Beneš said to me one day: "If all Hungarians are like Károlyi, we shall have no difficulty in agreeing with them." Károlyi was among the first to welcome General Velebit, when he came to England as Tito's representative. Károlyi also ran a club for central European democrats. He did all the work himself, arriving early in order to put out the chairs and dragging the supplies of food along with him in a huge carpet-bag.

The British Foreign Office did not approve of Károlyi. It hoped to make a deal with Horthy and did not like Károlyi's insistence that Horthy was no friend of freedom. We tried all sorts of ways to get an interview between Károlyi and the Foreign Secretary. Members of parliament, writers, foreign representatives did their best. It was no good. When the war was over, Ernest Bevin saw Károlyi and tried to enlist him in the Cold War on the anti-Soviet side. Károlyi did not accept the invitation.

As the war went on, Károlyi found Oxford inconveniently far from London. Once, returning from London, his train was late, and he arrived after midnight. By an absurd wartime regulation, there was a curfew at midnight for even friendly aliens. Károlyi roamed the streets until he met a policeman. He marched up to the policeman and said: "I am a foreigner

and it is after midnight. You must arrest me and take me to the police station." The policeman tried to send Károlyi home, but Károlyi was insistent. He had a good night in a cell and was found next morning by his friends having a large breakfast. The police said that they hoped his train would be late again.

In London Károlyi could be more active politically, but he lived in the same modest style. At the end of the war, he was tired. He hesitated to go back to Hungary. He said to me: "The young must make the future." I think also that he was not sure what line to take. He could inspire people and could lead a revolution. He was not made to be a Minister or even a President, performing routine duties every day. His sense of fun would have broken in, and he would have found himself laughing with an old friend when he ought to have been keeping up appearances.

When he finally went back, he was moved to tears at being treated like a hero. But he was not content to rest and enjoy the return home, he wanted to be doing something and travelled round Central Europe exploring the possibilities for political and economic cooperation. Then he went to Paris as Hungarian Minister. It was a strange contrast to see him in his official grandeur after the humble days of exile. But it made no difference to Károlyi. In those days, the ambassadors of the eastern European countries used to hold regular conferences—perhaps they do still. The Soviet Ambassador presided and raised the topics for discussion. At least he did so until Károlyi appeared. Károlyi proposed that the ambassadors should preside in turn. He also proposed the topics for discussion and did most of the talking himself.

Károlyi was made as unhappy as the rest of us by the onset of the Cold War. He did not want to fight on either side. He was old and talked of resigning quietly. His principles made him resign in a different way. When he read the proceedings of the Rajk trial, he found a statement in it which he knew to be untrue. Rajk was accused of trying to obtain a passport without the knowledge of the government. Károlyi had actually been present when Rákosi ordered that a passport shall be issued. Without a day's delay, Károlyi left for Budapest. He marched into Rákosi's room and said: "This statement is not true, and you know it. You must release Rajk at once." When Rákosi refused, Károlyi resigned. Back in Paris, he would not let his resignation be exploited by the anti-Soviet press. He simply withdrew from public life.

When I last saw him, he was still full of questions on every political subject. He agreed with me that the Second World War was the best time of our lives—"we knew that the good cause was going to win." Then he

laughed and said: "Here I am in exile for the second time. I never thought this would happen to me. I love Hungary and imagined that I should never leave my native land again. But I had to do what was right. In this second exile, I have no worries about the future. I know that the good cause will triumph in the end."

Károlyi's faith was never dimmed, though it became, in his own words, faith without illusions. The world turned out to be a less simple and virtuous place than he had once imagined. Men did not at once love each other and live in peace when the old order was destroyed. But Károlyi believed that liberty and equality were the only principles which mattered in life. He served them always without hesitation and without regret. Michael Károlyi was a very good man.

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

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OCTOBER, 1918

Part of an autobiography

by

LAJOS KASSÁK

Ill as I was, my head could think, my legs walk—which was enough to keep restlessness properly awake in me. I took the smallest chance to provoke a discussion with the "mummies." Sometimes I might exchange a couple of words with the doctors about the events outside. And how strange—these people grew more forbearing and indulgent with each day. As things were taking shape outside—so they changed, too, before us.

One great event was the journalists' demonstration in Parliament for freedom of the press. Prime Minister Wekerle was speaking. His speech was suddenly interrupted by a shrill voice from the gallery of the left-wing press:

"Down with censorship. Long live freedom of the press!"

At this signal, as it were, the left-wing journalists jumped from their seats and shouted in chorus:

"We demand a free press! Drive out the censors!"

The next day a government decree abolished censorship.

The National Council was formed.

Then we read the detailed report of the battle of the Lánchíd (the Chain Bridge). This was an event which thrilled even us, "mummies" exposed to the sun. Socialists or reactionaries—we were all at one now in our restlessness. We were astonished that the skirmish had cost some lives, still, we were pleased with it while our neighbours were most upset sensing the winds of approaching change. The next day *Népszava* carried a long article under the heading "Mourning and Protest":

"The workers and citizens of Budapest condemn cruel bloodshed. We shall never forget that the Hungarian government had ordered the people in the streets of Budapest to be fired on. The brutal bloodshed has demanded three lives and many injuries so far. Responding to the call of the National

Council the workers and citizens of the capital have decided to go on a 30-minute strike in each factory and workshop—as a sign of their mourning and protest."

I felt as though my legs and arms had been chained and fettered during these hours. I had been working devotedly, I had been preparing the ground and myself for these events for many years. And now here I lie helpless. Doing nothing for a few days had already softened me, I felt sicker than on arrival. The doctor tried to convince me that I'm wrong. Overall fatigue is but a transitory symptom—I'll feel better and relieved all at once soon. He may be right. But still, just lying motionless here is almost unbearable. My temperature rises noticeably, my skin itches from the rays of the sun and the thoughts in my mind buzz like a beehive. I have three neighbours, we talk over the events in detail. Comrade Mező, too, seems to have come back to life a little relieved at my side. He is in bad shape but his restlessness has made him excited too.

"We ought to go out," I told them, "you can't just rot here without doing a thing these days."

Mező sighed sadly.

"Should I go out now I'll never be well again."

"I'm well enough, it's a shame I'm still lying around in the sun like this."

Barta calms us tactfully. He, too, is full of excitement but he apparently is not too keen on leaving the sanatorium. The place had grown to be his second home. He is quite convinced that he can completely cure his lungs here. He talks, explains and he manages to silence me for a while.

Another bit of news:

The workers of the arms factory have taken up arms. Police and regular soldiers have seized the place but they cannot disarm the mutineers.

A section of the police demonstrated and declared they had joined the National Council.

A young man whom I had never seen before came to see me together with the doctor. The doctor was extremely excited while the young man handed me a letter in which László Dienes representing the revolutionary intelligentsia asked me to join them. All I had to do was to fill in a declaration-like form which I happily did.

I had a sleepless night. I felt that however much the doctor and my neighbours might try and persuade me I couldn't stand the place for much longer.

The next day, on October 31, the revolution broke out. As soon as I read the news I got up from my deck-chair and went to the doctor to ask for

my clothes and to announce that I was leaving. A little later I was joined by Barta. Heated arguments followed, the doctor still tried to hold me back. No use. My legs would start on their own. I no longer felt my temperature and—as if the doctor had been right when predicting my condition—I felt unusually alert and in an excellent mood. At first I thought I'd collect and take my belongings too but that would have required more patience than I was master of at that moment. We started out with bare hands.

The city lay several miles ahead. Things may be upside down there, while here everything sleeps in an indifferent silence. The sky is cloudy and a cool wind tries to tear our coats off. We walk along the dusty road. The trees on either side sway their saggy crowns, crows croak in the distance. We walk with hurried, quiet steps as if we had some very urgent business. We are full of expectation and we still don't say a word to each other. Some stray dogs are chasing a rabbit in the field, I stop for a moment. Childhood memories arise in me. In vain have I outgrown my teens, in vain does the revolution promise new and unknown sensations—the life-and-death game of the animals still catches my attention, I can't pass it by without looking. The circle is narrowing down around the rabbit, then one of the dogs creeps forward and snatches the prey. The rabbit wriggles, the dogs bark victoriously.

Suddenly my tongue got loose. I didn't talk about what was going to happen but about what had happened. My childhood, my love of work which never ceases in me, my wanderings and all the tormenting misery and exhilarating richness of my life. Barta, too, comes from a poor family but these things are perfectly unknown to him. While I was out taking part in life he sat in a school-desk and this difference in our lots appears to be decisive now. It was the revolution that had got us both out of the sanatorium but both of us have different ideas about it. He thinks that the revolution will solve all our troubles whereas I am getting ready—for a new kind of work. Right now I feel that all my limbs are tired. These days of involuntary rest seem to have called forth all the complaints inside me that I had not noticed before. To walk all this way in one go is a big enough task. We met a number of Swabian peasants and we eagerly asked them what's new. They hummed and hawed, they couldn't tell us anything out of the ordinary.

"Don't you people know a revolution has broken out?" I asked them.

They answered reluctantly:

"Of course we do. It's on, so everyone's in Budapest now."

They walked on with their baskets on their backs, heading straight where we came from.

"A hell of a lot they care about the world!" Barta said. "Bloody Swabians they are, they don't know a thing, just digging their land."

"We'll soon find out what we have to do. We'll really have to pull ourselves together this time."

"Perhaps you'll get get into a ministry."

"Not for me, thank you. You've been in one for years. What's so marvellous about that?"

"But it'll be different now. Now we'll be the masters!"

"Not even then. At any rate, this revolution's not going to stop with Károlyi. I'm glad it's here, but I've got a feeling that this revolution isn't the one we've been working for. I don't want to commit myself, I want to keep freedom of action."

The road passed under our feet and we met more and more people. Some of them had white asters in their buttonholes.

"Looks as though there was a May Day festival in town!" I said somewhat sarcastically. "You can't notice anything special about these people except for the white flowers in their buttonholes."

"I feel as if I was another person. But honestly, I don't know what to say if I find that everything in town is the same as it used to be."

"I still think you'll be asked to join a ministry, somewhere in the cultural department."

We got hot from walking, we took our coats off and threw them over our shoulders. We stopped talking. We started to sing a little later and walked more firmly in time to the song. It was late afternoon when we got to Buda.

So that's what a revolution is like! The streets crowded with people. Indeed, just like a carnival, no one at work. People running to and fro, loud talking. Occasional shouts piercing the overall chaos:

"Long live the revolution!"

"Down with the Kaiser!"

"Long live Count Mihály Károlyi, the leader of the people!"

"Long live the soldiers of the revolution!"

Policemen on the beat, but, miraculously, the workers turned into lambs. They carry guns but they don't interfere with anybody's business. A village cart stopped in the middle of the street, an enormous crowd around it. There is a huge barrel on it and a sailor pumps wine from it and pours portions of it into the hats the crowd lift towards him. We came across this scene all of a sudden, we found it hard to understand. But it must have seemed quite natural to the crowd. Children ran along from houses, with jugs and pots. Women talking in front of the doors both in faded working clothes and ordinary middle-class dresses.

As we walked on we met more carts and lorries crammed with soldiers. They shouted, sang and fired their guns into the air.

So that's what a revolution is, then—I reflected again and I could not make out just what goes on around me. I kept asking myself just how I'd imagined a revolution. I could not answer. I have never had an exact, definite idea about it. But it was undeniably here, a heated, boiling scene all around me. Gypsy musicians in the cafés, soldiers firing from lorries and the closer we got to the city, the louder, thicker the life of the street becomes.

We came across another huge crowd in front of the military prison on Margit körút. We saw both civilians and soldiers walking in and out of the gate in groups.

"Let the prisoners go!" people shouted. "Let's free the prisoners!"

Lorries pulled up in front of the building, the crowd dispersed only to close in again around the lorries. The soldiers fired away just as merrily as if they were best men at a country wedding. The prison guards marched out and the crowd greeted prisoners with overwhelming joy. As we found out the same thing was taking place at the barracks too.

"Freedom is here," people said again and again.

"We've had enough of the war, we're going to finish it off now!"

A few drops of rain fell. It got dark, the lights went on behind the windows, some stray floodlights appeared in the sky. After Margaret Bridge we got into Lipót körút, then we turned right on our way towards the centre. On the pavement, getting muddy the asters were trampled on. Huge paper bands across shop-windows announced:

"Under the protection of the National Council!"

We were part of a proper migration. Its waves carried us to and fro. I suddenly realized that Barta no longer walked beside me. I looked for him in vain, I saw only strange, passionate faces around me. Everyone talked in a loud voice, everyone shouted. In Gizella tér I got into a loud, chaotic crowd again. It was raining, some people stood under umbrellas, others just didn't care about the rain. I found out that the premises of the National Council were there and that the crowd was waiting for the distribution of "Under the protection of the National Council" notices. When I got closer I could see that the people waiting in the crowd were all well-dressed, mature men. Businessmen, wanting to protect their shops from the plundering mob with these notices. I had no business there but I didn't move on. It felt good to be together, to be in a crowd. It was cold, it was raining and yet I had no desire to take shelter somewhere. I was like a wanderer who arrived in a new town. I looked around curiously asking everyone for information about all sorts of things.

Against the background of the overall hum I heard a familiar voice.

"Kasi! For God's sake, how come you're here?"

Jolán, soaked through, looked at me with her big frightened eyes.

"Is it really you?" she asked. "Is it really, really you?"

"Come on, please, don't make a scene, will you, you can see it's me all right."

"Have you left the sanatorium?"

"We've both left it."

She started a whimpering lament:

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, how much trouble I have with you! Why have you come out? I got that place for you so that you'd get better. And now I must see you here in this rain!"

I was trying to withdraw out of the crowd, I was so embarrassed. She followed me with the same whimper.

"What are you doing here?" I asked her, adopting an attacking tone of voice. "What business have you got here in the street at this time?"

"I've come to place our exhibition under the protection of the National Council."

"So, that's it. And you only thought of that now? What have you all been doing until now if you couldn't arrange this before?"

I managed to get the upper hand. Luckily, I had switched over into attack and she was forced to go back into defence. After a couple of minutes we came to understand each other fairly well. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"What shall I do with you, you're so daft."

"Where're the others?"

"We arranged to meet in the Café Central."

"Let's go then."

"I haven't got the notices yet."

"It doesn't matter now, you can fetch them tomorrow."

We started out for the Café Central arm in arm.

A large group had got together in the café, which used to be the haunt of officers. They were sitting at a long table and they too, stared at me with astonishment as I entered. Jolán could do the explaining for me. I didn't talk about myself, I was eager to hear what *they* had to say. We were so crammed together as if we were about to start a military discussion of decisive importance. Like the people in the streets they were also excited, nervous and loud.

"All right, take your time, will you?" I said to them. "Let's start at the beginning. What's the atmosphere like? For or against us?"

We discussed everything calmly, in detail. I found out the situation and I knew approximately what to do the next day and the day after.

We left the café after midnight. The streets were still lively and loud. Soldiers patrolling, cars rushing in all directions. We started out in a large party towards the Western Terminal. The boys saw us home. We got into the house through a side-entrance without waking the concierge.

"This is a first-class place," I said. "Dear Mum can nag away but we're not going."

Our words fell loud in the silence, there was no one else in the room.

It took days till we saw what exactly had happened. The revolution had broken out and found its course almost without bloodshed. Those who walked around in the streets and mixed with people saw nothing except large unruly crowds. People, as if they had unexpectedly come into some money, kept buying things in a gay manner, soldiers had thrown off the usual discipline, and the workers felt as if they had been heroes, and also as if they had founded a new country.

Many people believed that between Wednesday and Thursday night the new Hungary had been born.

Népszava wrote:

"This is the people's power, this is that Christlike babe born amidst great labour pains."

One could witness the change in revolutionary slogans and the decrees of the National Council seen in the shop-windows. Notices were pasted all over the walls of houses. The poem "To My Soldier Son" by Zseni Várnai printed like a poster was also there. It was pasted on boards and it was carried around by revolutionary groups singing, demonstrating against the ruling classes of the former régime and for the new leaders. Within hours, without the least force, the police, the post office and the railways sided with the National Council. Demobilized soldiers appeared in numerous groups to get arms for the defence of the revolution.

The National Council transferred its headquarters to the Astoria Hotel.

One could easily feel: all of us are the great sons of great days.

In Nagymező utca I saw a soldier addressing a lieutenant of the hussars whose collar still showed the old stars. They started a quarrel, in a few moments there was a big crowd around them. A shot was heard, a furious, long-drawn cry and the lieutenant lay dead on the pavement.

The Astoria is like a fortress under siege. But the crowd surrounding it is not getting ready to attack, but to celebrate. Messengers run in and out, glimpses of famous politicians' faces, journalists with writing pads, officers without badges of rank. There are cars waiting in front of the

hotel, packed with people and arms. Soldiers occupying positions with machine-guns all along the street. Some of the crowd disperses, some other people swell its size again.

We hear that headed by a young Socialist, József Vrangel, a group of soldiers have marched to the court in Alkotmány utca, to free János Lékai. The soldiers managed to get what they wanted without using their guns. A trembling, small man, János Lékai arrived at the Astoria followed by a great crowd. Ilona Duczinszka and Sugár were also set free and they also reported to the National Council.

It was around Thursday evening that we heard the first news about the assassination of Tisza.* There was probably not a single follower of Tisza in the frightened city, and yet—the news astonished people very much indeed. Life came to a momentary standstill. People had blamed him, rightly or wrongly, for years, they would have loved to chase him out of the country, they had demonstrated against him, they had wanted to see him hanged and yet—his assassination struck them as something quite unexpected.

"We can realize now," I said, "what a great man Tisza had been. Millions had been hostile to him and now that someone had knocked him off his feet these very millions are astonished as if some miracle had taken place."

We discussed the event among ourselves. We didn't know just how it had happened, who the murderers had been and we thought the event might be fatal to the future of the revolution. The question was whether Tisza's friends could exploit the event cleverly or not. They could easily create disturbances amidst this heated atmosphere. The greater bulk of the crowd are always willing to rebel. Now they are marching under the banners of the revolution but a suitable person could very possibly split some of them off to demand revenge against Tisza's murderers. I have never thought people of different religions, nationalities and social classes could create a united mass. They are held together by a temporary turn of their minds. I didn't think their discontent was deep enough, or their enthusiasm warm enough for them not to let someone push them to the right or the left of the road they had started to take. This crowd had created the revolution with their cheers but I had seen the same mass greeting the declaration of war with the same cheers.

We soon found out details of the assassination. I had rightly felt shock and anxiety. Word had spread that Tisza met the soldiers entering his room

* Count István Tisza (1861–1918) a leading conservative politician before and during World War I, was killed on 31st october, 1918 in his Budapest house by revolutionary soldiers.

armed to kill him with brave determination. He knew they had come to kill him, yet he didn't try to escape or to humiliate himself. I had said it was quite possible that the event should create disturbances among the ranks that seemed united. And indeed: one hears everywhere that people speak of Tisza in an almost appreciative tone. The heroic gesture with which he met his killer did him a lot of good in the eyes of the masses. They would not, of course, attempt to revenge his death, but they have forgiven a lot of things to him and tomorrow or the day after he may very well appear to be a distinguished national hero to them. We did not take a stand either for or against him. The theory of socialism had taught us that the time for individual actions had gone, we must not blame *persons* for our lack of political rights or for our economic distress—the only way to solve these evils is through an overall change of the whole system of government. But the question arises: what is a system of government? Isn't it realized through individuals, can the system be abolished without eliminating its exponents? All this, however, is futile speculation. Events will go on without being stopped or redirected by statements of principles.

The ambulancemen who arrived at Tisza's home could only establish the death of the powerful politician.

A huge mass of Russian P.O.W.s started to gather in front of the office of the Radical Party. They greeted the revolution and sang Russian songs. Representatives of the National Council spoke to them in Russian and Hungarian. They were all ragged and run down. But their value, as it were, literally soared now. The Budapest masses saw the embodiment of the glorious Russian revolution in these people. Reminescences of Russian literature awoke in those who were in the habit of reading books, for them the Russian P.O.W.s became wonderful muzhiks, revolutionaries tormented in Siberian mines, symbols of an untiring fight and a great revolution. And indeed, it seems that they are a great people, greater than the Budapest crowd. They were captured or they voluntarily went over to the opposite side during the war, now they left their places of forced labour leaving disappointed women and nameless children behind, and here they flock together and moan, mixing with the population of the upset city, their eyes cast towards distant Russia. As they start leaving the office of the Radical Party the masses follow them and join their singing.

On November 5 the World War was over for Hungary.

Revolution after the end of the war—even though the two events are basically different they are somehow related. Soldiers were marching straight into death during the war, now they were hoisting the standards of liberation, and yet, death is still just around the corner for all of them.

The revolution has been victorious but this does not mean that people have defeated the spirit of evil in themselves.

News gets around, raising great anxiety, that the prisoners have escaped from Illava. They were approaching the capital armed, ready to plunder and kill. The authorities must take resolute measures straight away. And then some more news:

"At the railway station of Vác military police met the escaped prisoners with machine-guns. Shots were exchanged between the two parties. 50 prisoners were killed and more than 100 injured."

Several Russian P.O.W.s were to become victims of this anxiety.

A transport of about 1,000 Russian P.O.W.s were taken, under guard, to the railway station. The military police stationed there failed to notice the guards and thought the Russians were rebels determined to plunder and attack the station. The military police received the transport with rifle fire, many of the Russian were killed or injured.

All this had happened within days and then, slowly, the flaming chaos started to quieten down into everyday life.

The Emperor Charles abdicated. The President of the upper House handed the following memorandum to Mihály Károlyi:

"Ever since my ascension I have endeavoured to free my people, as soon as possible, from the disaster of war in the creating of which I had no part.

I do not wish my person to serve as an obstacle to the development of the Hungarian Nation for which I cherish an unchanged affection.

I therefore renounce all participation in the handling of state affairs and I acknowledge in advance the decision which will lay down the future system of the Hungarian state.

Eckertsau, November 13, 1918.

Charles, m.p."

The workers acknowledged the royal memorandum with satisfaction. Work resumed in most of the factories and the revolutionary bodies were transformed into administrative organs.

THE BRITISH SOCIALIST PRESS ON 1918

by

JÁNOS JEMNITZ

Before 1914 the Press of the British Labour Movement took, understandably enough, only moderate interest in the events in Central and Eastern Europe and dealt but seldom with Hungarian problems. This interest grew somewhat during the Balkan War and in the years of the First World War but was never overwhelming. In August 1914 the majority of the Trade Unions and of the Labour Party turned their attention to matters of national defence. The publications of the Independent Labour Party and various other anti-militarist organs, whenever they drew an overall picture of Europe (and they did so quite often), printed news of the Labour movement, first of all, from France and Germany or, at best, from Austria, but specially Hungarian topics are encountered but rarely in the columns of the British Labour and Radical Press. Only in the winter of 1917 did a slight, not radical, change take place in this respect. The peace of Brest Litovsk and then the strikes of January 1918 increased this interest only temporarily.

Following the general strike of January, interest faded again, and the British papers mentioned Hungary mostly only in connection with the future of the Monarchy. Of these papers *The New Statesman*, *The Clarion*, and *Justice* stressed the urgency of the liberation of the Slav peoples and took the view that the disintegration of the Monarchy was unavoidable. This judgement of *The Clarion*, *Justice* and *The New Statesman* was based on their belief that the principal determining factor of the war was the German peril. In the spring of 1918 *The Clarion* gave expression to such a conviction, and *The New Statesman* only underlined it by stressing the necessity of creating a balance of power. In the spring of 1918 *The New Statesman* still considered it the primary task to thwart German power aspirations, and since Russia in the East was no longer counted on to counterpoise Germany, new allies were sought; however, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy could not be reckoned with in this context. *The New Statesman* wrote: "For those who do not regard Balance of Power considerations as obsolete and damned, the case was put in another way. The whole changed situation—the desire of the western powers to detach Austria from Germany, the Italian retreat, the conception of a Latino-Slav union—arises from the collapse of Russia, the power on whom Europe had relied to hold in check the Germanic *Drang nach Osten*. It is ridiculous to think that Austro-Hungary can ever take the place of Russia. She is an appendix of Germany and could not, if she would, achieve her independence. The only possible solution is to be found in the creation of a strong Yugo-Slav state fortified and steadied by a solid entente with Italy, who would act as a rep-

resentative and outpost of all those powers which stand for liberty and international peace..."[1]

Considerations like those of *The New Statesman* led *The Clarion* and *Justice*, too, in their appraisal of the Monarchy, and in this context neither Hungary nor, in fact, the Hungarian Labour movement aroused their sympathy. In January 1918 *The New Statesman* devoted a long article to the events of Hungarian internal politics, again blaming the Hungarian ruling classes for their policy of oppression of the nationalities—a policy that showed its effect also in the discussion of the new Franchise Bill: "The Hungarian Press openly congratulates the Cabinet on having so manipulated the reform as to secure to the Magyars at least 3 per cent more of the votes than they were previously entitled to; and Mr. Vázsonyi himself actually assured the public that it was his intention to introduce a Redistribution Bill as would make practically impossible for the non-Magyar races... to be represented by more than a dozen or so. To the uninformed observer the whole question of the Hungarian franchise may seem of a minor importance at a moment when such vast issues are at stake. It is to be remembered, however, that it has been the pivot round which all practical questions have revolved in the Dual Monarchy for fifteen years past and the reason of this lies in the intimate connection with the unjust political hegemony exercised by the Magyar ruling caste over the subject races of Hungary—a hegemony which has been one of the main causes of the national and international unrest of which the present war has been the outcome."[2]

The pro-war trend in the British Labour Press, that which supported the Government's war efforts to crush Germany, did not change its basic position later in 1918 either, and it examined everything from the point of view of whether it promoted the defeat and the subsequent curbing of German imperialism. For this very reason the above-mentioned papers in the summer of 1918 welcomed, in relation to the Monarchy, the Italian military success, while devoting only a few lines to, for example, the June 1918 general strike in Hungary. On June 22, 1918, *The New Statesman* wrote this as a marginal note on military victory: "One must be cautious in speculating how the battle will affect the internal situation in Austro-Hungary. The Dual Monarchy during the present war has undergone and survived a great many shocks. But this, at least, must be remembered, that whereas until recently the Slavs and Germans of Austro-Hungary were united in hostility to Italy, however much divided about everything else, the Italo-Slav reconciliation now happily effected has put an end to this anomaly and completely changed the significance of an Italian victory. By the majority of the Emperor Charles' subjects the triumph of the Italians can now be regarded as that, not of their enemies, but of their liberators. The influence of this new factor, superadded to the other influences working for the dissolution of the Hapsburg fabric, is likely to be felt in a rapidly increasing degree..."

In contrast with the thorough analysis it made of the change at the Italian front, *The New Statesman* kept silent about the strike of June (and that of January, too), and *The Clarion* mentioned it in only a few lines: "The workers even in Budapest have repeatedly held up the life of the city, stopping the supply of light, cabs, water, etc...." *The Herald's* reviews of the German, Austrian and Hungarian press were written in those months by Camille Huysmans, secretary of the International Socialist Bureau. He commented as follows on the June 1918 strike in Budapest: "A few days ago the Hungarian Prime Minister said that the action of his Socialist fellow-countrymen had been and was a 'well-prepared and well-combined movement'. It seems that this opinion is correct, and that the Hungarian working-

[1] *The New Statesman*, May 18, 1918.
[2] *The New Statesman*, Jan. 26, 1918.

men do not only strike for an amelioration of their political and economic condition; they fight also in order to promote a decent peace policy. And this action must have been very important, for the Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung* states that the censor has forbidden the paper to publish reports on the events in Budapest."[3]

The repercussions of the general strike of June made it clear that in the quarters of *The Herald* and *The Labour Leader* much greater sympathy was felt for the rebellious and revolutionizing Hungarian workers than in the government-supporting British workers' Press. But the British Socialists had very scanty information, so they could only once in a while write something about Hungary.

In August 1918 *The New Statesman* again expressed an opinion on the condition of the Monarchy, but the only new element contained in its judgement was that it now espoused independence for the Czecho-Slovaks instead of the Southern Slavs: "We are now pledged to assist the Czecho-Slovaks to throw off the Austro-Hungarian yoke... The Central Empires are not going to let Bohemia go—and could not afford to let Bohemia go—until they are beaten; and when they are beaten there are other nationalities whose claims will be as irresistible as those of the Czecho-Slovaks..."

Of the same situation *The Labour Leader* held a less optimistic view. In the autumn of 1918 French Socialists, *l'Humanité* and party leaders told the Socialists of the Monarchy—the Czechs in the first place—that a federative democratic transformation of the Monarchy might hold out a much more promising future for the workers, too. A similar opinion was voiced also by Philip Snowden in *The Labour Leader:* "Austro-Hungary has been broken up into a conglomeration of warring elements. These fractions are flying at each other's throats, and out of the chaos there does not appear to be any possibility of establishing even local governments entitled to speak on behalf of the people."[4]

Thus, in a general way, the Independent Labour Party was able to rise above strictly and erroneously interpreted national considerations and sought a solution to the future of the peoples on a more universal plane. Closely related with this was also the fact that it paid much greater attention to taking stock and giving account of the initiatives and actions of Socialists in various countries than did *The New Statesman*. Camille Huysmans in his press reviews in *The Herald* reported not only on how the Hungarian "oligarchy" was persecuting the Slav, Rumanian and even German nationalities, but stated also that this heavy hand lay on the Hungarian workers as well. All he wrote about this, however, was a report on the trial of the two Hungarian Socialists, Dr. Hamburger and Schneff, who were held responsible for the strikes of January and the creation of a council of soldiers and working-men.

Until October 1918, however, press reports on Hungary were on the whole still vague and few and far between. And when in late October at last the bourgeois-democratic revolution took place, the western countries, including Great Britain, were in a fever, and the majority of the population celebrated victory and waited for the realization of the desired reforms they had been promised, so the news of remote Central and Eastern Europe were swept into the background. This time, too, an exception seems to have been *The Labour Leader*, which on October 31, that is the very day the Hungarian Revolution took place, reported that on October 26 Radicals, Social Democrats and Károlyi's followers had held a meeting presided over by Michael Károlyi, the man "who has long been an ardent advocate of peace and reform," and there they had formed the National Council. The National Council, *The Labour Leader* reported, issued a statement which declared the peace treaties

3 *The Clarion*, June 28, 1918; *The Herald*, July 13, 1918.

4 *The Labour Leader*, Nov. 7, 1918.

of Brest Litovsk and Bucharest null and void, proclaimed the acceptance of Wilson's Fourteen Points, and urged that the Hungarian fighting troops be ordered back to the 1914 frontiers of Hungary. All the editor of *The Labour Leader* had to add was this: "It is not clear what relation this National Council has to the Hungarian Government—whether the Council is really a revolutionary government or merely a strong political organisation—but it is clear that the situation throughout Hungary is very critical. We have no evidence to show the relative strength of the nationality movement and the class war movement, but both are gathering great numbers of recruits."

A week later *The Labour Leader* dealt with the news of the Hungarian revolution in more detail. This time Snowden gave an interesting analysis:

"At last the slaughter at the front has been stopped. But the armistice has come too late to mean much to the peoples of Austria and Hungary. There the workers, like the Independent Socialists in Germany, feel that no peace can be satisfactory which does not bring with it a social revolution, and the two countries are seething with revolutionary movements. As in the Russian Revolution hunger is the driving force. The large towns have practically no food supplies, and influenza is raging everywhere.

"The returning soldiers are setting up Soviets in the chief centres and the Government no longer exists. Even in Budapest, where the bourgeois political movement under Károlyi first overthrew the existing Government, it is said that the workers' and soldiers' council has taken control and is dictating to Károlyi's National Council, as the Petrograd Workers' and Soldiers' Council dictated to the Provisional Government in the early days of the Russian Revolution..."

Further on Snowden pointed out that recent news spoke of the formation of workers' councils in Vienna, too. Though Snowden was not convinced of the reliability of this information, yet he believed that the revolutionary trend would prevail. All this he formulated in these terms: "It is of course impossible to tell how much of this news is authentic. If a social revolution on a large scale has really begun in Austro-Hungary, we must expect all news to be distorted if not suppressed. But there can be no doubt that events of far greater importance than the abdication of an Emperor are now in progress."[5]

The British Socialists later on were visibly up against a "chronic lack of information," which the editors of *The Labour Leader* complained about practically from week to week. In the middle of November, after giving a review of the Vienna revolutionary newspapers, they told about a statement by the Károlyi Government that universal suffrage would be introduced and on its basis elections would be held soon. On November 28 *The Labour Leader* again lamented over the nearly complete lack of news of Hungary, except that the Károlyi Government was in power. It knew nothing of the workers' opinions. In mid-December the paper wrote again: "There is practically no news at all of what is going on in Austro-Hungary."[6]

About the achievements and problems of the Hungarian bourgeois-democratic revolution the British Socialists perceptibly knew and cared far less than did the correspondents of *l'Humanité* or *Le Populaire:* thus they failed to mention even the proclamation of the Republic. They reverted to the Hungarian events only when, in the first weeks of 1919, the internal contradictions

5 *The Labour Leader*, Nov. 7, 1918.

6 *The Labour Leader*, Dec. 18, 1918.—*The Herald* was not much better informed either. Though on November 16, 1918, it reported the formation of the new Hungarian Cabinet in somewhat greater detail, yet, characteristically, in addition to Károlyi it mentioned only Kunfi, Garami and Jászi (while misprinting the names of the latter two). Speaking of Kunfi, the paper pointed out that he was the ablest leading theoretician of the Hungarian Socialist movement.

of the bourgeois-democratic system had come to light as an inevitable result of the growing activity of Communists: "Both in Vienna and in Budapest a movement officially described as 'Bolshevik' is evidently growing in strength, and great demonstrations have taken place, as the result of which 150 prominent Bolsheviks were arrested."

The British Socialists met at the International Conference of Social Democrats in Berne in February 1919. At this meeting Buchinger and Kunfi, on behalf of the Hungarian Socialists, outlined the situation in their country, the economic difficulties and the nationality and frontier problems, warning the Social Democrats of the West that the principle of self-determination of the peoples should indeed be applied in drawing the frontiers. George Lansbury wrote this about his meeting with the Hungarians: "Buchinger from Hungary asked the Conference to accept his word that he and his comrades all through the war fought against their Government. Hundreds were flung in prison. Nevertheless, they continued to agitate and strike, and in the end were able to overthrow the Hapsburgs. He begged help for a clean peace, only a clean peace could save them. If they were let down by the Allies reaction might again triumph."[7] At the same time Mrs. Snowden in *The Labour Leader* related her experiences, pressing that the Entente blockade imposed on the countries of Central Europe should be removed in the first place, for it was paralysing the whole of economic life in Austria and Hungary.

These were probably the last lines the contemporary British Labour Press wrote about the Hungarian bourgeois-democratic republic. A few weeks later, on March 21, 1919, the Hungarian Republic of Councils was formed in Budapest. London reacted at once to the spread of Communism in Central Europe, and far more articles and notes were published on the Hungarian Soviet Republic than on the republic issued from the October Revolution—with occasional references to the causes of the fall of the Károlyi Government. Those articles, however, contained only retrospective views and originated at a later time, which ought to be analysed separately. To the 1918 reactions quoted here we can only add this as an afterthought: the material makes it incontestably clear that the British Socialists regarded Central Europe as just a secondary theatre of operations not only in the military but also in the political sense.

7 *The Herald*, Febr. 15, 1919.

WITNESS TO A REVOLUTION

by

GÉZA HEGEDÜS

Only those should tell the story of their life, whose experiences are historical documents and who are able to make the reader partner to their adventures. If the author of an autobiography—in the strict sense of the word—does not intend to write fiction or present a mass of facts for historical research, he has to keep a balance between communication and self-analysing lyricism. No doubt, one encounters significant examples of the other kind: many an autobiography may be considered a novel (there are masterpieces in this genre, e.g. the autobiography of Augustine, Rousseau, Goethe, Tolstoy, Renan, Gorki, and perhaps the oeuvre of Proust also belong here), while in other cases personal reminiscences inevitably fall into the category of historical evidence (numerous indispensable—consequently immortal—works occur among them, like that of Caesar, Joinville, Saint-Simon, Pellico or Paléologue). But if a particular discipline keeps style, self-characterization, presentation of the contemporaries, precise data and facts in harmony, the genre grows independent, it assumes the features of something between an epic and an essay, becoming a borderline-case between history and literature on the intersection of reality and a subjective point of view. If the autobiography confesses something of interest, with artistic taste, depicting through personal experience a historical period with the force of a document we obviously read an important work. We always read works like that with the joy of pleasant surprise.

The first volume of Catherine Károlyi's autobiography* evoked such a surprise in Hungarian literary life this season. It is a surprise first of all from the point of view of literature, because every intelligent reader supposed that the wife of Mihály Károlyi could enrich our common education with a lot of facts throwing light upon the recent decades of Hungarian history not sufficiently cleared up yet by research. The pleasant surprise was that Countess Károlyi proved to be a good writer. In the opinion of this reviewer her style and narrative force match those of Vera Figner or Simone de Beauvoir. The first volume of her autobiography presents a promise in itself for readers interested in or perhaps excited by the historical events of Central Europe in the first half of this century; thus Countess Károlyi's autobiography makes us curious to read the continuation. In my opinion even those, who are not especially interested in the extremely adventurous history of Hungary, full of lessons also for great nations, will be attracted by reading about a definitely bygone way of life, a dinstinguished and remarkable reminescence of the *ancien régime* of the

* Catherine Károlyi: *Együtt a forradalomban* ("Together in the Revolution"). Budapest, Gondolat Publishers, 1967.

Central European aristocracy in the confessions of an educated, clear-headed and sensitive woman, who started as the companion of a man of exceptional morality and political broad-mindedness.

Mihály Károlyi (1875–1955), an outstanding character in Hungarian history, descended from the Károlyi counts ranking among the most influential and richest aristocratic families of Hungary. From his youth on Mihály Károlyi gradually became estranged from both his family and his class and emerged as one of the leaders of Hungarian attempts at democracy. Later on—during the First World War—he proved a consistent antimilitaristic politician. In 1918 he became head of the bourgeois Revolution and President of the first Hungarian Republic. Owing to his excellent historical instinct he recognized that the democratic development of twentieth-century society cannot proceed without socialism. He cooperated with the social democrats and sympathized with the Russian Revolution. When the narrow-minded policy of the Entente Cordiale did not support the Hungarian bourgeois Republic and even ruined the young Republic's reputation, Károlyi did not resist the pressure of the proletarian masses and peacefully relinquished power to the communists united with the social democrats. The united parties declared the Hungarian Soviet Republic. Some of the communist leaders offered Károlyi the presidency of the Hungarian Republic of Councils, but he—perhaps as a result of his sense of style—refused to accept this proposal. He nevertheless served faithfully the proletarian dictatorship; several times with important missions. He left the country only when the Hungarian Soviet Republic collapsed to live in emigration for a quarter of a century and enthusiastically advocate the Hungarian people's case. As a supporter of every democratic endeavour he became an international authority of consistent antifascism. In the meantime his *Weltanschauung* gradually approached Marxism; he perceived and proclaimed that social progress in Central Europe presupposes a close alliance with the Soviet Union. After the Second World War he returned to the liberated country, celebrated by the whole nation as an outstanding democrat. Our ambassador to France, the most eminent diplomat of the new Hungary, he dared to raise his voice against unlawful acts during the evolution of Stalinism. In the name of socialist Hungary he did not identify himself with the autocracy distorting the ideas of socialism. Therefore he accepted a new and more bitter emigration. After Stalin's death he foresaw the possibility of a healthy development and was just making preparations for his homecoming when, at the age of 80, he died in France. Some years later his ashes were brought home and buried during a national memorial service. His name, figure and moral example have deserved a distinguished place in the common knowledge of the Hungarian people.

When already 40, a politician of country-wide fame, he married Countess Katinka Andrássy, just growing out of her little girl's clothes. It was a union of hearts without any political consideration. The antagonism between Károlyi and the Andrássy family was based not only on the fact that he had already put a distance between himself and the Hungarian aristocratic policy at that time: the two families had always been in opposition to each other. Hungarian aristocracy, though conservative in view and attitude, was not united. The rigidly clerical Counts Károlyi, averse even to liberalism, accepted the Hapsburg reign with reservations and opposed the alliance with Germany. The Andrássy family, on the other hand, belonged to the most important supporters of the Monarchy and the most enthusiastic advocates of the German alliance; despite these facts they were emphatically anticlerical and professed moderate, but definitely liberal views. Katinka Andrássy's grandfather, Count Gyula Andrássy, served as Minister of Foreign Affairs of the

Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in the last century; he was one of the founders of the alliance with Germany and belonged to the most influential statesmen in the Hapsburg Empire. The uncle—and later the foster-father—of the countess, Count Gyula Andrássy, jun., faithfully continued this policy; afterwards he became the last Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Monarchy. The Andrássy family and Mihály Károlyi did not agree politically even at the time of marriage. And later on the last Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, Gyula Andrássy, jun., and the first President of the Hungarian bourgeois Republic, Mihály Károlyi, opposed each other as bitter enemies.

There can be no more authentic eye-witness to this story than the woman, who—even after half a century—remembers these men as the two persons she loved most. But Countess Károlyi proved a worthy companion; together with her husband she was able to surmount the barriers of both class and personal feeling. Her attitude and judgement were controlled by history, as experienced and understood by her. She judged and disapproved of the world she had left, but did not run into extremes and never denied that she personally loved those, whom together with her husband she fought against without compromise.

The reminiscences of such a woman promise to be interesting by virtue of the facts, too; revealing historical events she witnessed she shows the figures of the historical struggle in the projection of their personal life as well, and, in addition, she shows how history turns members of the same family against each other.

The surprise follows, when the reader recognizes—already on the first pages—that Countess Károlyi is a writer and a good one, too. Her talent shows itself not only in composition, editing, and in her sense of proportion, but also in the artistic power to recall the atmosphere of periods and social circles, to present acquaintances like vivid figures. She depicts people and situations of the past as representatives of certain types of attitude and events characteristic of given historical moments.

This first volume of the autobiography consists of two parts. The first part is a chronicle of the author's childhood and adolescence up to the time, when Countess Katinka Andrássy marries Count Mihály Károlyi. This is the world of the Andrássy family, characteristic of the Hungarian aristocracy as a whole. The contemporary reader experiences the life led by the powerful lords of unbounded estates, recalled by the story as a fairy tale, or at least as an exotic one. The world described here was that of financial independence isolated from the entirety of the society, practically floating above the majority of mankind. In spite of its numerous disadvantages one could leave it with difficulty if one was born into it. The particularly sensitive author with an artistical instinct of observation and inclination to feel compassion first registered and later on consciously realized the shadows of inhumanity in the brilliance of light. The episodes leading from childish obstinacy to mature and conscious revolt present a masterly description of psychological development. This rebellion had no political aim whatsoever; it did not have any wherefores, only some against whats. To develop this mutiny into purposeful opposition and that into revolutionary attitude, an extraordinary man was required, adored and admired, who raised her to be equal to himself.

And now Mihály Károlyi entered her life, a man of "bad reputation" in the social circle she belonged to. At the same time he was respected by everybody for his intellectual qualities, broad-mindedness and courage, devoted to more and more frightening political ends. The rebellious girl fell in love with the exceptional mature man. The reminiscences do not say explicitly, but depict with delicate art that it was the girl, who decided to marry this man. One learns from representations instead of descriptions, how this mutual and everlasting love evolved.

In general, an elegant good taste dominates that whole book, feelings and sentiments of private life are presented not as a confession, but by an epic method, i.e. through describing actions.

In the first part figures of higher politics appear also as characters in the plot of private life. The reader meets the narrow-minded Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Monarchy in the guise of Uncle Duci, a very intelligent, kind humane uncle and foster-father. The future husband entered the stage as a stalwart man, predestined for the young aristocratic lady to fall in love with; he was the hero of card games, a valiant knight, equivocal in spite of his good qualities. This authenticity of private life makes the historical figures, turning against each other later on the battlefield of history, our personal acquaintances.

This first part of the autobiography forms in itself a finished, complete entity.

The second part constitutes, by contrast, actual history. The First World War broke out and the remembering person, Countess Károlyi, saw her husband through thick and thin. (From the autobiography of Mihály Károlyi it came to light, what the support of his wife meant for him from beginning to end; her common sense proved frequently more reliable than that of her husband, dwelling constantly in the upper region of ideas and considering more distant perspectives.) The subject-matter of this second part represents primarily historical evidence, coloured by private life. This part, too, can be considered complete in itself; it describes the period from the First World War till the collapse of the revolution, i.e. the course of Károlyi up to the revolution and the beginning of his emigration. Beside Mihály Károlyi, the central figure, the heroine of the first part is both companion and witness. This era has been more or less investigated by historians; precisely thanks to Károlyi's own autobiographical works. A true reproduction of nuances and atmosphere here gives documentary force to Countess Károlyi's autobiography. As probably the most interesting novelty the reader learns that some commissars would have liked to see Károlyi in the chair of the president of the Soviet Republic. This fact completes our knowledge concerning the relation of Károlyi to the proletarian dictatorship; it is something of great significance from the point of view of world history and the philosophy of history, since the bourgeois revolution turned nowhere but in Hungary *peacefully* into proletarian revolution. Owing to the attitude of Károlyi, never opposing further progress of the revolution, the Soviet Republic became the ligitimate successor of the bourgeois republic. Lenin also emphasized the great significance of this fact. In consequence of his political broad-mindedness and morality, absolutely on the side of the people, Károlyi did not become a counter-revolutionary as Kerensky in a more or less similar situation did; Károlyi withdrew, identifying himself with the policy of the Soviet Republic and served its policy. Thus he gave a world historical example for the practical possibility of a healthy—and most humane—development. From a historical point of view there are no more important passages in the second part of Countess Károlyi's autobiography than the documents concerning the above-mentioned events. But her artistic power does not get lost here either. The rendering of characters and situations remains just as vivid as in the first part, though the romance of the countess's private life turned into world history in the meantime and the writer became a revolutionary, an authentic eye-witness to history and higher policy.

In the Appendix the Author quotes copious details from her diary, the main source of her reminiscences; its publication makes the book really life-like. On the other hand, the two-dimensional reality of both history and private life widens into an extremely plastic panorama in front of the reader.

INTEGRATION, ECONOMIC UNION AND THE NATIONAL STATE

by

IMRE VAJDA

Even among the numerous contradictions and paradoxes of the modern world, the phenomenon in the Janus-faced centre of which the nation and the national state stand is conspicuous. In the course of the decomposition of the colonial system, the process of the formation of new nations and states roars over our heads like a historic tempest, and the storm-like character of this is only enhanced by the fact that we have not been prepared for it sufficiently. Neither those who had already passed through the principal stages and periods of national evolution—including us, although the process is not long behind us—nor those who initiated the process, counted with the complications and inevitable internal struggles of the birth of nations. Yet we should have foreseen that in the moments *following on* the disappearance of foreign, oppressive empires, the nations which in their conscious strata had seemed more or less united within their temporary class alliances—and often the nations that were just being born—would be visited by the fevers of being torn into classes, of struggles for the positions to be occupied in the hierarchy of power. We should have been forewarned by our own history, but also by the ample experience of peoples within and outside Europe. We have not learned from this experience, or at least not sufficiently and not adequately.

Besides these storm centres, although not quite independently of them, we are experiencing the forceful, if generally not increasing, but certainly not fading, and in certain places quite striking, appearance and presence of national consciousness in people which have long enjoyed the legitimacy of their national existence. I might call this phenomenon neo-nationalism, if this word did not have a somewhat simplifying and derogatory ring, and if I did not wish to refrain from over-simplifications even where earlier sympathies and antipathies could play a role. I might mention here the France of De Gaulle, the proclaimed and passionately represented—but

except for the praiseworthy rejection of American supremacy hardly defined—vocation of the French nation, or the beautifully sounding but as yet not clarified slogan of *l'Europe des nations*. I might mention the convulsions in Britain, one of the foci of which is the worry whether the new orientation of economic policy—which has been recognized as imperative—will melt Britain into Europe, and if so, what shall become of the British nation which used to be adjusted to the atmosphere of "splendid isolation"? We have to think of German nationalism, the rejection of which is not only justified by our antipathy for its past manifestations but by its concrete, continuously voiced objectives: the re-expansion of German frontiers (i.e. those of the Federal Republic), and by its means: intensive political and economic pressure to overcome all resistance. But in addition there are the problems of multinational countries, whether they are capitalist or socialist states; the Walloon–Flemish problem of Belgium, the suddenly rekindled clash between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, to mention only geographically distant countries, relatively far removed from our social system, out of consideration for our neighbours and in the knowledge that we too are not kept away from the aggressive features of nationalism by our virtues but rather by the sentence which history pronounced and executed earlier. We Hungarians hardly have the right to consider ourselves better or more moderate than others.

National consciousness has not weakened but got stronger; its institutional framework, sovereignty, which is a concept and a phenomenon at the same time, will be dealt with later. The nation which exists for its own sake and sees a value in its existence does not acquire a Janus face only by international political interdependence which places the newborn nation in the first moment of its life into the drift of events which inevitably decide about it but without it—at the best, with it, but even that how seldom!—while it has to decorate itself with the often misleading and yet desirable attributes of formal equality. At the same time, world-political interdependence confines the independent, self-centred actions of older, stronger nations also to narrow limits, and often makes an illusion of independence. Because, if we frankly, irrespective of our vanities, placed on the left of the balance our opportunities for really sovereign action and on the right those which are controlled by interdependence, how many cases can we imagine where the left plate would prove heavier, the independent action stronger? And how many where this would not threaten us with a catastrophe?

An especially tight network of interdependence has developed in the domain of economic activity, in the world economy, and it is no exaggera-

tion to say that—unless a thermo-nuclear catastrophe, or some other catastrophe of similar magnitude of which we do not even know the name, obliterates human culture from earth—the mutual economic interdependence of peoples and of continents will become permanent and grow even further. It is in its new forms—in integrations—that the contradiction, or at least tension, between the vitality of the national state and economic interdependence dismantling the borders of national separation and of the absoluteness of the latter, is the most immediate. This is the focus of the sometimes hidden, sometimes surfacing crises of the European Economic Community; does the Treaty of Rome lead through the Common Market, i.e. customs union to economic union, and through the latter to political union; is this in fact the feasible and realizable historic sequence? Is it economic union, the unification of economic-legal institutions and systems and of objectives of economic policy in the countries belonging to the union that lay the foundation for, and bring about as a primary stream of power, political union, which—explaining the crux of the matter with less restraint than is usual—means the merging of several, up to then independent, sovereign national states into a single, multinational state, while supranationality is only a station on the road leading to multinationality—and whence where? Or is this supposed sequence misleading, does political union not grow out of economic union, are the historic paths to the former still uncertain und unfathomable? The process of and experience with integration so far certainly bears witness that the national state is a much stronger phenomenon that cannot be easily liquidated by integrations. It is not the absence of economic union that blocks the path of political union, but the real, *essential contradiction unfolds on the plane of the social-historic unity of national state and economic union.*

I should emphasize here too that in the creation of the Common Market its political motivation cannot be neglected. The—in the new world-political constellation emphatic—endeavours to put an end to German–French rivalry, with its history of several centuries and its burden of recent unpleasant memories, played an important role. It is well-known to what an extent the creation of the European Economic Community was a result of the then political attitude of the United States, and the latter was then dominated by the cold war (centred on Europe) and by the establishment of NATO. Let me quote here the Swedish Professor Gunnar Myrdal: "...this was the period of the intense cold war, when West European economic integration appeared as a means of building up the anti-Communist front. For the United States, that gave its strong support to the establishment of EEC—in spite of the strong discrimination created against

its exports as well as the exports from other outside countries—the last political motive was the main one" (G. Myrdal: "The Effects toward Integration in Rich and Poor Countries." A lecture given in Mexico City, Oct. 3, 1966). But in the course of the ten years of its existence the Common Market, in the changed political climate and amidst the frequent disharmony of intentions and consequences, has gained an independent existence, and this is what primarily interests us in our further investigations.

Although the application of the term integration is often doubted in connection with the Comecon and the latter is considered a regional grouping or the economic gathering of the socialist countries, I believe that the obvious affinity of problems does not permit a retreat into formalism. We shall see that many of its features in fact differ from the integration of the Western European capitalist countries; most conspicuously, it is not built on the integration of the market but on the coordination of plans, further, with the exception of the short period of the concept of common planning, the institutional requirements of supra-nationality have not found a place in the Comecon—and of course, the social system of the countries united in it is socialist while that of the EEC countries is capitalist. But if we wish to define the concept of integration in its economic content and in its attainable objectives, we have to realize that the purpose of Comecon is the furthering of the economic integration of its member states and that therefore a parallel between the EEC and the Comecon is not unjustified; both here and there we are faced with the unsolved problem of national state and economic union and with the fact that neither here nor there did or could the integration take over the tasks of the national state.

Concept and economic content of integration

The clarification of the concept and the economic content of integration should be our next step. Economic literature offers us little support in this. B. Balassa called economic integration both a process and a situation. According to him, considered as a process it means the introduction of such measures which aim at the elimination of discrimination between economic units belonging to different national states, and as a situation it means the absence of discrimination between national economies.[1] The study of integration by the Swiss authors Sannwald and Stohler offers essentially the same definition,[2] while Jean Weiller, supported by other French scholars,

[1] B. Balassa: *The Theory of Integration.* R. C. Irwin Inc., Homewood, 1961.
[2] Rolf Sannwald–Jacques Stohler: *Wirtschaftliche Integration.* Kyklos Verlag, Basel, 1961.

appears to sense already the narrow confines of these definitions and tries to expand them polemically. "Integration does not mean simple addition, but in a given area the increase of the compatibility of the plans of decision-making centres with the objective of forming of them a single economic system. To study integration means accordingly to rise above the level of the market and turn our attention towards decision, anticipations and intentions."[3]

The "decision-making centres" are here obviously the authorities of the various national states, they cannot mean companies, the definition refers to Europe. The rejection of thinking on the market level refers to the necessity of differentation between integration and the free-trade zone, understandably, since we have quoted a French author.

Balassa's definition restricts integration entirely to the market level, and as such is the child of neo-classical bourgeois theory; it recognizes the facts of the modern economy, which are prying apart the limitations of this theory only inasmuch as besides the *surmised* free trade he also recognizes the *existing* protectionism. According to him, the task of integration is to extend the area protected to the external boundaries of the integrated countries—for the free competition of the economic micro-units. I call this form *market integration*, and wish to express through this name also that, with its limited competence, it does not exhaust by far all the objective functions of integration. It is still incontestable that in spite of its limitations it has contributed considerably to the expansion of world trade, the rationalization of production, the raising of the standard of living in the countries where it has been applied consistently, although the acceleration of economic growth, the elimination of cycles which earlier used to develop into crises, are by a long way the work of integration alone. But Western European capitalist integration had a positive role in the raising of the real income of the working class too by widening the boundaries of competition, by creating opportunities for the application of new technologies through mass production, i.e. assuring that competition did not only do away with the weaker and less efficient inside narrow tariff walls but had to create a wide market.

But it should be noted that market integration had unexpected consequences too. The gradual elimination of discrimination opened up earlier jealously guarded gates not for the companies of countries participating in the integration only, but for companies of "third countries" too if they had or established associated companies in one of the integrated countries.

3 Jean Weiller: *L'économie internationale depuis 1950*. Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1965. p. 97.

The theory which wishes to prove its objectivity, likes such generalizations and expects the reader to imply that the role of a "third country" may be filled by any state—India as well as the United States. (In theory this is true, but what is a theory worth which has as little to do with reality as this one?) In practice, the United States could be and have been the only third country; their companies have made ample use of the void created for them by the anti-discriminatory policy. According to Western sources American companies control in electronics in Europe (obviously in Western Europe) the following share of production:

15 per cent of consumer goods (radio and TV sets, registration equipment);

50 per cent of semi-conductors, which have replaced the electronic valves;

80 per cent of computers and control equipment;

95 per cent of integrated networks, ballistic engines and the new generation of computers.[4]

The Americans were not disturbed by the institutional weakness of European supra-nationalism; as American companies, they have enjoyed in Europe all the advantages of extra-nationality, without its disadvantages—since their headquarters are in the United States. The paradox is made graver by the fact that "fourth countries" are in fact unable to get through the common customs frontiers without losses, and thus the turnover-limiting and production-disoptimizing effects of regional protection are enhanced. While those who profit from the integration—including the American enterprises which have worked their way in—obtain all the advantages of the "economies of scale," the economic units of the excluded countries suffer in many areas of their production the "diseconomies of scale," because these markets (the integrated one and the traditionally protectionist United States) are closed to them; these are losses which arise from their inability to develop their production to an optimum scale on account of the narrowness or lack of an available market.

The conceptual looseness of integration—the above-mentioned French approach is not precise either—has recently induced the English author John Pinder to contest the attempts of his predecessors and to suggest the following definition: "I will therefore define economic integration as both the removal of discrimination as between the economic agents of the member countries, and the formation and application of coordinated and common policies on a sufficient scale to ensure that major economic and welfare objectives are fulfilled. It follows that economic union is a state in which

4 Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber: *Le défi américain*. Denoël, Paris, 1967. pp. 25–26.

discrimination has been largely removed, and coordinated and common policies have been and are being applied on a sufficient scale."[5]

This definition obviously extends and also circumscribes the conceptual limits of integration. It merges market integration, in which it sees the elimination of discriminations (Jan Tinbergen's "negative integration"), but beyond this it operates in the domain of the concepts of economic policy with the hazy perspectives of the *sans rivages*, of shorelessness, and does not attempt the sharper drawing of contours. The boundary between economic union and integration is entirely obliterated, the former is at most clothed with a small quantitative surplus.

The positive content of integration—selective integration

In my view, the criterion of integration is in spite of its etymological ring not some spontaneous process but an institutionalized system of action of economic policy by the state, which are directed in certain domains of the economy towards coordinated measures which they assert, and at the same time maintain the political and in a number of domains economic sovereignty of the states participating in the integrated unit. The basic forms of international integration, which are going to be discussed here, presume a level of economic development in which the modern forces of production have already reached a thorough integration within the domestic economy—in the capitalist system the existence of a united market, in the socialist system the existence of a united economy on the basis of the special ownership of the means of production and of the organization of productive activity by the state. International integration growing out of domestic integration is the phenomenon towards which our attention is directed; in my view the positive range of tasks of the former is as follows:

(a) Market integration; the granting of an unhampered right to sell for each others' products within the framework of measures depending on the social system of participating countries as long as this is not, as an exception, obstructed by social-political interests or excluded by common production agreements. This should include financial integration; one but decisive element of this is the creation of a transferable currency which flows unobstructed in the international sphere and has in essence the same purchasing power within the integrated area, further, credits and the transfer of capital on an international scale, of which a currency of an international value is a precondition.

5 John Pinder: "Problems of Economic Integration." Paper prepared for the Bailey Conference, 1968, London (multigraphed).

(b) Production and developmental integration; raising to an international level and programming the production of those industrial branches which in view of their technological development, many-sided verticality, the size of their investments, and the considerably above-average rhythm of their renewals cannot be developed to an optimum size within national boundaries without upsetting the internal equilibrium of the national economy. I do not hold production integration mandatory in all branches of processing activity; many sectors of industrial production have reached or may reach an optimum size within the national boundaries presented by the majority of the Western European capitalist or of the socialist countries. Experience proves that while the optimum input-output ratios improve and unit costs are substantially reduced in the industrial branches requiring much capital and research, automation, and mobility and capacity in management parallel with or exceeding the increase of production, in other industrial branches, which do not have the above criteria, the economies of scale are beyond a certain narrow limit insignificant or even negative. The former branches of industry include electronics, computers, vehicle-building, many branches of plastics and engineering, power, metallurgy; the latter include almost all branches of the light and food industry, the overhelming part of the service or tertiary industries, and last but not least agriculture.

Integration and the modernization of the structure of production—by which I mean the advance of the branches which influence decisively the character of production and create a corresponding dynamic atmosphere—are in a dialectic interrelation. The greater the ambition to modernize the structure of production, the greater the need of international integration, and the more consistent the programme of integration, the faster the process of modernization may proceed. In Western Europe, in the countries of the Common Market, but in Britain as well, the above and in my view *primary* task was mostly fulfilled by American capital; the network of European companies financed by American capital—with the developmental and producing centres at home behind them—may be considered today the most integrated sector of the Western European economy. The European Economic Community, exactly due to its almost exclusive market orientation, has practically no results to show in the domain of production integration. John Pinder, who as a protagonist for Britain's entry took account at the end of 1967 of the achievements of the European Communities, enumerated the following:

1. The establishment of the customs union.

2. The creation of the agricultural common market... Notable though the achievement was, however, its importance as a contribution to positive

integration should not be exaggerated. In effect the "policy" at present is almost entirely centred on the fixing of a common price (and an uneconomically high one at that), which is the only way of removing discrimination as between the member states.

3. The successful negotiation of the Kennedy Round.

4. The cartel policy—yet another aspect of negative integration.

5. The fifth major achievement in the Community is the agreement to adopt a uniform system of tax on value added (TVA). . . .the TVA is to remove competitive distortions and, when the rate is made uniform in each country, to enable the member countries to abolish "fiscal frontiers" between them. There is so far no element of positive integration: of the use of tax policy or tax revenue for ends other than the removal of discrimination, or of economic frontiers between the member states.

Production and developmental integration (Tinbergen's positive integration) was subordinated by the Treaty of Rome entirely to the micro-economy, the spontaneity of the market, the compulsion of competition; the first decade of the EEC is evidence that this policy based on bourgeois neo-classical ideas, the misunderstanding of the trends of industrial development, the primacy of capitalist private property and on the underestimation or outright denial of the economic role of the state has been insufficient and inadequate for modern requirements.

Jean Weiller[6] enumerates the following points of the Treaty of Rome:

(a) application of a cyclical policy in the case of "questions of common interest";

(b) determination of a common financial policy, which extends to exchange rates, in the case of difficulties or grave dangers; defensive measures to overcome balance of payments crises;

(c) determination of a common agrarian policy;

(d) search for a common trade policy;

(e) harmonization of social security legislation;

(f) establishment of a European Investment Bank;

(g) agreements of association with overseas countries which have special links (sic!) with member countries.

But can we be satisfied with baring the theoretical and practical shortcomings and omissions of integration so far, without seeking its deeper causes? Can the Marxist observer stop short at such surface phenomena as the oft-repeated opposition of General De Gaulle to the "supra-nationality" of the Common Market authorities? I see the deeper lying causes of the negative features in the following:

[6] Jean Weiller: *op. cit.*, p. 101.

1. At its present stage too, of which agreements between governmental organs are in essence characteristic, integration should demand the international utilization, for developmental purposes, of that part of national income which is to be redistributed. Today, all developmental policy is carried out with the use of substantial state means. Integration cannot be effective as long as it does not dispose of an adequate part of the financial means that are redistributed through the state budgets for its objectives and tasks. The integrated units have thus far operated without financial funds available for development; consequently, their developmental programmes were unable to unfold, or—because of the lack of financial funds—were limited to the elaboration of recommended but not of executed and controlled programmes.

2. The appropriation and redistribution of part of the incomes is one of the most important manifestations of state sovereignty, but permanently the state may exercise its sovereignty only within a democratic framework, through and under the control of democratic institutions. The internal sovereignty of the national state becomes complete only parallel to the increase of that part of incomes which is redistributed; with its increase the importance of democratic control and the participation in decision-making grows. True, the actual role of democratic control in no way corresponds to its growing importance. One of the characteristic and serious problems of our era is the preponderance of the apparatus—the state bureaucracy and the large-company hierarchy, which is closely grown together with the former—over the democratic institutions. The most telling examples of this are presented by the most advanced capitalist countries, the United States and West Germany, but this problem is present in the socialist state too, and our economic reforms, even if they do not solve this problem entirely, are directed towards its mitigation. In the organs of integrations this situation, which presents problems elsewhere too, implies even graver dangers in view of the complete absence of democratic control, i.e. the apparatus becomes completely independent.

I wish to emphasize that—on the basis of what has been said—not even the optimum coverage on integrational tasks requires the majority of the state's distribution funds. As I have been reasoning, it would be unjustified to extend integration to the entirety of the economy, since a very large part of it—considering the number of employed, an overhelming part—does not require integration, which according to our present knowledge would not bring any economic advantage; and so also within the redistributed part of national income the allocation related to the integrated unit is limited. (Within redistribution, the expenses on defence and security are very im-

portant. Although the importance of this problem cannot be ignored for a moment, it is distant from the topic of our study, and so the author will refrain from evaluating this question.)

Sovereignity and redistribution

In connection with both above-mentioned phenomena, just as in the case of integration, we consider it important to define them first of all.

The legal definition of sovereignty—"Sovereignty: in the internal aspect, the unrestricted and undivided supreme power of the state, and towards foreign powers its independence. A state may be considered sovereign if in all domains of its activity, in all aspects of its decisions it is independent." *(International Diplomatic and Legal Encyclopaedia)*—is not satisfactory for our purpose.

We do not wish to curtail sovereignty from the aspect of international law; yet, may we be permitted an interjection; is not "independence in all aspects" an unrealistic requirement? The acceptance of this definition would only prove to us that actual sovereignty—does not exist. In its internal aspect, "supreme power" does not appear satisfactory either, because it is not clear supreme power over *whom* or *what* is being meant; it is not made clear either with what means, in what way this supreme power is being exercised. Personal power, Machiavelli's *Il Principe*, the *l'état c'est moi* declaration of Louis XIV needed the symbol of sovereignty just as little as later dictators. The modern idea of sovereignty is a popular-revolutionary achievement. In its content, even though again not etymologically, it is a political-ethical concept; to me, as a requirement, it says: this state is my state, the people's state, with defined though continuously developing and changing social and humanitarian goals; it is made sovereign by my will, by the will of the people, the power with which the people had endowed it for the realization of their accepted goals through accepted means, not the power which it exercises over the people. Engels wrote in his *Anti-Dühring* about Saint-Simon who had clearly foreseen the transformation of political government over people into the administration of things and the management of production processes. The socialist state, in this interpretation and in its full development, is more sovereign because its people puts its means of production, its energies, its capacities, the results of its labour at the disposal of its state to a greater extent than capitalist society does to its state, it endows its state with greater tasks, "with the administration of things, the management of production processes." The

economic action radius of the capitalist state is continuously limited by the *demand for sovereignty by private (monopoly) capital disguised as freedom* and clothed into the mantle of neo-classical theory. Its most consistent and most doctrinaire representatives claim in the restriction or extension of the sovereignty of the state, so defined, a sort of *Ordnungspolitische Grundentscheidung*, a basic decision defining the system, in the mark of this they condemn all intervention by the state—this is falling into sin—and see the state's internal sovereignty of supreme power rather over "whom" than over "what." Yet they have been unable to prevent—and in this too lies the ideological and social attraction of socialism, the power of the idea over the masses is obvious—that in the course of the half century since the October Revolution, and especially in the last two decades, the capitalist state essentially extend its power over the "what" too. They prefer to call this "Keynesianism" rather than what the Marxists consider it, but it is the essence and not the name or disguise that counts. The national state—the capitalist state too—is more sovereign today than it was in the period between the two wars—although it is less independent in its decisions—and it has obtained this increased sovereignty, which is finding its completion under socialism, through its broadened role in the redistribution of the social product and national income.

The economic basis of the national state is the high redistribution-share of the national income. The "welfare state," i.e. social welfare, education, the development of culture and of the infra-structure, rest in the redistributed share of national income, as does the complicated network of the research and developmental programmes connected with production including regional and urbanization plans. It is from the reservoirs of redistribution that the financial funds for those investments flow back into production the aim of which is "re-structuring," the radical alteration of the structure; but it is also out of the part of income appropriated and redistributed by the state that the numerous vested interests, representing companies or social strata, want a share, with or without justification.

Economic union

I believe the most problematic part in the development of integration to be its concluding stage, i.e. economic union. It is a conspicuous fact that economic union is an organic part of the concept of the European Economic Community, its Western critics emphasize primarily the slowness of its progress towards union or its obstruction by French policy. In itself the

circumstance that the Treaty of Rome created *institutions* right at the outset of integration—within which, in their Brussels and Luxembourg centres, beside the delegation of office-holders by the national states and the representation of the interests of the latter, a new kind of internal loyalty and cohesion has developed—indicates that economic union, its future bureaucracy having been created, was considered a realistic perspective. The apparatus so created has already on numerous occasions come into conflict with the stand taken by the governments of some of the member states, thus for instance—in addition to the debate concerning the common market for agricultural products which caused the first grave crisis in the Community—in the question of the concentration of the West German metallurgical concerns within the European Coal and Steel Community, or—on a broader plane—in the question of common planning, or more recently concerning the legal status of the "European" (not national) companies. The West German government was the opponent of supra-nationalism in the question of common planning—partly from the point of view of rejecting any kind of state planning; as far as European companies are concerned, it is the French government that refuses the claim of the Brussels institution to regulate and to interpret validly this legislation. In all those cases the sovereignty of the national state was opposed to the apparatus of integration, which is not a state or an institution that stands above the states but one which should look after technical tasks and prepare resolutions. But can it be more? Is the economic union of several states imaginable through the voluntary limitation—not the abandonment—of sovereignty, without a political union? Is the divorce of the economic functions of the state from its political functions imaginable today? Or to put the question more brutally: is it possible to leave the political functions formally intact without the right of disposition over all material resources that are needed to carry them out? Or to continue this train of thought: are political functions secondary among the tasks of today's state? Even if there should be proof—of which I have seen no trace so far—that economic union, i.e. *total* integration could bring considerable additional results, which are spread evenly throughout the community, over the *selective integration* which I consider the optimum, would that in itself mean the end of the historic existence of the national state?

Without attributing decisive importance to historic examples—after all, not all events have a precedent, all phenomena occurred for the first time once—it is noteworthy that in the two most important creations of states of the modern age, that of the United States in the eighteenth century and of the German Empire a century later, political power motives were

preponderant although there were also important economic elements present. It is well-known that the revolt of the thirteen North American colonies began with the Boston tea-party as a protest against the tyranny which hurt the interests of the local merchants, but the Declaration of Independence proclaimed on the July 4, 1776 appealed to human and civil rights and declared that the attitude of the British Parliament and Government which legislated over the heads of the immigrants that had settled in America and denied their right to representation was the real cause of the rupture. And the *Reichsgründung* of 1871, although the *Zollverein* preceded it by half a century, was brought about by Prussian supremacy, and the integration of Prussian Germany, which had grown so much, was not yet completed by the end of the Weimar period. At the same time, the extensive and multinational monarchies, although they formed a single customs area, were not at all integrated economically; their unity was supported until their fall by their class structure and power apparatus.

I shall only risk a tentative answer to the questions raised above, in order to start a discussion that might help to clarify them.

My tentative answer concerning the problem of economic union are as follows:

1. Economic union is not a stage on the path leading towards political union, but a possible and desirable *consequence* of the latter. An economic union, i.e. the merger into a united economy of national (or multinational) states which were earlier independent and had developed historically, may be brought about by an already achieved political union, on a level of internationalism from which the existing national societies appear to be still a long way. The two Germanies present a special problem, but in this case too political union appears to be closer in perspective than an economic union.

2. A political union is the creation of a new state, with all the imponderables well known from history. It requires further research in a domain still hardly explored to discover what *transitional forms* may be feasible between the national state and the political union which represents the creation of a new state; forms of integration on the basis of more and more extensive common interests, with institutions in which the participating states, corresponding to tasks undertaken in common, limit their sovereignty voluntarily and trasnfer it to organs controlled in common, while maintaining their independence in all other areas.

3. The political institutions as such are determined by the mode of production, by the forces of production and social conditions; it is historical experience that the economic interest is *in itself* not a state-creating force.

4. On account of the above, I maintain that the concept of economic union is unrealistic.

Integration as a model of a closed economy

The concepts of integration were born in conditions that differed from today's world-economic situation. In the decades preceding the Second World War, several attempts were made at a general settlement of the economic relations of some European and extra-European countries; all these attempts, including the League of Nations conferences, failed. The great crisis of 1929 to 1933 and the period following on it, which ended in the war prepared and unleashed by fascism, saw the intensification of mutual isolation and raised the spectre of the disintegration of the world economy. Yet, in that period the colonial empires were still more or less unscathed and it even seemed—remember the predatory campaign of fascist Italy against Ethiopia, and the shameful complicity of the majority of the League of Nations—that the world faced a redistribution of colonies rather than the complete liquidation of colonialism.

After the shock of disintegration, the idea of regional integration represented considerable progress on the path of the development of the new structure of the world economy. But from the Marshall Plan to the Treaty of Rome, and this was most clearly expressed in NATO, the idea of integration was accompained by the attitude of *Western exclusivity*, and this attitude also found expression in the institutions of the integrated unit. True, it was not possible to realize Western exclusivity fully in one unit; the schism which occurred between the Common Market and the European Free Trade Area (EFTA) in 1957 could not be bridged in 1967 either, which proved the force of resistance of social constructions once they had developed. We have already spoken of the political motives of the United States; economically it has such a great advantage over Western Europe that it had not to fear "exclusion" as a serious obstruction to trade, and with a few insignificant exceptions this was borne out by experience. And the "exclusion" of its capital exports resulted in immeasurable advantages, one could say, "privileges."

Regional integration bears the marks of a peculiar contradiction. Tinbergen, in his otherwise outstanding book, calls on the "welfare" version of the classical theory of free trade, in its defence, in writing that . . . the situation of maximum welfare is characterized by uniform prices for all commodities coinciding with the prices resulting from free competition.

Trade impediments are incompatible with this optimum requirement and *their elimination will lead to a better division of labour between the producers of the area and hence to increased well-being in the area as a whole.* Each country will specialize in the products in which it has the greatest comparative advantages.[7]

This theory, in addition to the vague generalities it contains and its lack of historicity, neglects the expanse and limits of the region (i.e. of the countries belonging to the integrated unit) and leaves it unclarified that *regional free trade* means also regional *protectionism.* It pays no heed to the connections between integrated regions and groups of states, and to those in general who are left outside the integration, it disregards completely that the fast progress and cheapening of transport and communication including telecommunication, would increase the optimal size of economic regions year after year, as well as the optimal location of certain productive branches —if this were not impeded by regional protectionism. Evidence that regionalism appears outdated in Europe on the basis of the structural development of trade is to be found in the endeavour of the majority of EFTA countries to merge with the Common Market and in gathering political storm over Western European regional protection, the latter being most conspicuous at the United Nations Conferences on Trade and Development.

From a political point of view the unhistoric abstractness of the theory is obvious, since—as I have shown in an earlier study—in industrial society the bulk of comparative advantages no longer rest on natural resources and have a *static* character, but are *dynamic* as they depend on the differences of levels determined by technological and organizational development and the standard of applied science. On the basis of static comparative advantages a "better division of labour which leads to the increased welfare of the whole region" could still be imagined. Dynamic comparative advantages develop in the course of history, as the results of progress, just as earlier comparative advantages are eliminated. Through their dynamism they carry in themselves the whole inheritance of unequal development, oppression and oppressedness, falling behind, colonization and a colonial past. Today's comparative advantages are the results of a developmental, organizational, in the last resort *power hierarchy* and express that the actual—not apologetic—mechanism of free trade turns specialization into an insurmountable and continuously growing separating wall between rich and poor—as long as this mechanism is not replaced by a newer and better one.

If we see the two decisive tasks of the decades which are before us in the elimination of the possibility of nuclear war—which means peaceful coexistence and cooperation between socialism and capitalism—and in the

7 Jan Tinbergen: *International Economic Integration.* Elsevier, Amsterdam, 1965. p. 77.

radical improvement of the living conditions of the developing countries and of those which want to develop, then we have to recognize that the closed model character of the integration of industrial countries does not serve well the accomplishing of these tasks. The economic association of the developing countries will be compelled to apply the regional model, with its trends towards closedness, through a longer period of their development, and it will only be through our example that we may prove to them that this is not the *sole* way to integration.

The socialist international division of labour

The description and evaluation of the European historic development of the socialist division of labour would go beyond the tasks set by this study. The fact in itself that within a relatively short time it has been possible to more or less unite, in many respects integrate, an area of such a heterogeneous composition and development as that of the community of the socialist countries, on the basis of the correct recognition of the socialist system, an international approach, the common tasks and of the direction of the development of the forces of production, figures as a huge accomplishment in contemporary history. It is also a fact that the result of this process has been in the majority of socialist countries the preponderance of industrial production, a process through which it has been possible to overcome fundamentally the centuries-old backwardness inherited from the vanquished capitalist-feudal system. We do not wish to engage here in a critical evaluation of this process, this has partly been done elsewhere, but in a large part it still requires further research into economic history. Let us now concentrate on the conclusions which may be drawn from our earlier discussion. I don't hide it—why should I—that in investigating the problems of integration, even when analysing the institutions of the Common Market, I continuously had the development of Comecon in mind, since—*tua res agitur*. I believe that the main conclusions may be summarized roughly in the following points:

1. In the socialist international division of labour too both basic forms of integration have to be applied: market integration and production developmental integration in its selective framework; at present neither basic form can be considered to be achieved to a sufficient extent.

2. The socialist international division of labour has not got to be oriented towards a total integration either; it is more important that in the industrial branches which determine technical progress and have a decisive importance

in increasing the productivity of human labour a planned and institutionalized cooperation should be achieved which far exceeds the extent attained so far, to a measure and in a framework seeking optimums.

3. The realization of integrated developmental concepts requires in Comecon or within the framework of bilateral or multilateral agreements too the internationalization of part of the national funds that are to be restributed.

4. The authority, capacity for action and competence of Comecon would be greatly enhanced if an organ endowed with representative, consultative, controlling and initiating powers were constituted besides the executive committee; through this Comecon would be fitted into the democratic system of the socialist countries and could also represent the economic interests of the socialist countries with more authority in international organizations.

5. Comecon too should gradually loosen its closed economic model character, both towards the advanced industrial and the developing countries. It is the more important to stress this, since it is possible that the endeavours directed towards the improvement of the functioning of Comecon and the development of its institutions, in view of the deficiences within the closed model, could lead to the strengthening of the "closedness"; yet autarchy has not been found and could not be found to be a successful way for the development of the economy on the level of the socialist camp either. The abandonment of the trends directed towards "closedness" and their replacement by a wider, continental and later global attitude does not mean the elimination of regional advantages, but excludes the exclusivity and self-centredness of the latter. It is not through protection that these should be asserted but through development.

The closed model—or its less emphatic but in many places still haunting version—cannot be maintained from a political point of view either. "Closedness" may lead to contradictory interests and even bring about an intensified nationalism, in which the in many ways differing characteristics of the various countries are hidden or expressed openly. Among the moments and arguments working against "closedness," the strongly differing degree and content of interestedness in foreign trade play an important role. At the same time it is necessary—but not in a spirit of "closedness"—to coordinate the activities directed towards the other spheres of the world market.

Being shut-off is contrary to the international policy of socialism, it strengthens imperialism, and weakens the social and national forces opposed to imperialism, it is contrary to the endeavours directed towards peaceful coexistence, the assurance of peace. Finally,

6. I hold that today the development of Comecon into an economic union would be a no less unrealistic concept than in the case of the European Economic Community.

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I began my investigations by showing the paradox of international independence and mutual international interdependence, the Janus face of the national state. Now, in conclusion, I have to confess that I have got to a slightly different position than where I would have liked to arrive earlier. I confess without embarrassment that I did not grow up in the respect for nationalism, national sentiment, the national state and national traditions. Socialists and Communists rejected all these as alien to their creed, they condemned them in the name of the general solidarity of workers, in the name of international revolution. I had ample opportunity to experience the reactionary character of nationalism both in Hungary and in the neighbouring countries. I lived in the belief that the days, or at least the years, of the national state were numbered, and that I myself would be able to live the better years of my life as the member of a society which rejected this unloved and unrespected adjective. The confrontation of the two world systems, socialism and capitalism (or imperialism), also directed my attitude towards the denial, or at least underestimation, of national separateness. It was through an agonizing reappraisal that I arrived at the rejection of this fatal over-simplification. I had to see in spite of my wishes, expectations and theories that the nations, the national states were living, continued to live, were productive, their culture was flourishing, they had not yet reached the end of their historic course and the latter was not even in view. Having arrived this far, I could not be satisfied with taking note only of the psychological and sociological, historic and linguistic elements of the further existence and even the strengthening of the various nations; I considered it to be the task of the Marxist economist to explore the social-economic basis of the national state-superstructure, the structure which holds the national state together in spite of all contrary trends. I saw at the head of the contrary, state-destroying trends the endeavours towards integration, and my task was again made more difficult by my recognizing in integration an effective, even indispensable means for the assertion of the modern forces of production, given socialist principles of distribution effective means for assuring general material welfare.

I have presented two results of my research: one is the separate economic basis of the national state, its increasing role conquered in the redistribution of national income, which becomes complete in the socialist state,

while neither capitalist nor socialist integration has yet arrived at this level; the other is that integration as the international organization of the productive processes necessarily does not encompass the whole of economic activity, does not require the liquidation of the national state, it is not the motive force of the latter. Integration is not the antinomy of the national state; integration and the national state go well together, the former may be built into the latter and this is even desirable, the latter does not lose its identity in the integration.

And yet, the national state is a historic formation, a stage in the development of the forces of production and of social consciousness. Its rigidity and isolation will melt in the melting-pot of socialist humanism, of internationalism; when, and in what circumstances, and under the influence of what forces—will be decided by the future.

February 1968

PLANNED ECONOMY AND FINANCIAL POLICY

by

PÉTER VÁLYI

I

Centralized and Decentralized Planning Model

In Hungary 1947 is kept on record as the year in which the planned economy began. We have covered a long way and gathered a lot of experience in the past twenty years. We have lived through huge changes, a historic evolution in property relations, in economic policy and in the entire system of economic guidance.

The changes in property relations followed from the socialist character of the country's development and basically took place in two steps: the first was the process of nationalizations at the end of the forties, the second the socialist reorganization of agriculture in the recent past. The small petty-bourgeois producing and trading sector which has remained looks after a limited and economically justified task, its present role cannot cast doubt on the finality and unequivocalness of the great process of socialization which has occurred.

In the initial stage, in the period of reconstruction, the economic policy of the party was the principal element of conscious guidance and of social progress. It led the country out of post-war difficulties; it assured the rapid attaining of the pre-war level in the forces of production; and through showing foresight in financial planning it stabilized our currency.

After the completion of reconstruction, at the beginning of the fifties, a new direction had to be taken. This new economic direction brought with it a number of problems, which were connected with the generally rigid, sectarian line of domestic policy, and which led within three or four years to bottlenecks in the expansion process of the economic potential, to exhaustion and to a political dead-end. The reasons were attempts at autarchy, the forcing of quantitative growth, the disregarding of technical perspectives and of local conditions and resources, and last but not least the underestima-

tion of the political and economy-stimulating importance of increasing consumption by the population. This political practice was of course accompanied by the relegation into the background of the means of exchange, by the assigning of a passive, second or third rate role to monetary processes and to financial management.

For eleven years now a new orientation in economic policy has been established; this orientation is characterized by actively fitting the Hungarian economy into the international division of labour, by an emphasis on qualitative and technological development, by a sober policy of growth which has kept the stability of the economy in mind, by adherence to a reasonable ratio between accumulation and consumption. This policy of growth has considered the constant and continuous improvement of the living conditions of the people and of their material position an indispensable corollary of economic expansion. This proves that the necessary conclusions have been drawn from the mistakes in the economic policy of the early fifties. It helped to draw the correct conclusions that we continued to approach and four or five years ago reached a stage where we could switch from extensive to intensive economic and social development. This change is characterized by the slowing down of the regrouping of labour outside agriculture, and strong differentiation of requirements both in the sphere of production and in consumption by the population.

This policy, which is now more than a decade old, has brought great and recognized successes, which can be expressed in the figures of economic growth.

The correct interpretation of "planned economy" is very important in this context. The history of Hungarian economic planning knows not only the centralized model. At its beginning, after the stabilization of the currency, during the First Three Year Plan (1947–1950), the plan was not broken down and so was not the instrument of direct guidance, concrete management, relationships of buying and selling, credit policy and finances in general were not subordinated to the plan but functioned in a more or less independent way.

One cannot assert that for this reason the First Three Year Plan was somehow deficient. One can even venture to say that the degree of achievement of economic objectives was much higher than of that of the First Five Year Plan. (The complete "ejection" of the market factors started at the beginning of the fifties.)

The high degree of centralization which was developed in the First Five Year Plan was accompanied by the official "fight" against market categories, but did not result in the achievement of the economic objectives which had

been announced—in spite of the system of plan precepts. In the last ten to twelve years the rigidity of centralized planning was mitigated by several far-reaching measures, but without replacing the method of plan precepts by some fundamentally new system which would have moved the energies of the economy into the direction of intensive progress. But now, after preparations lasting three years, the reform of guidance has been introduced, which promises a more efficient planned economy, and which is a turning point in the realization of the objectives of our economic policy. The management of the economy will at the same time be truer to plan, because the planners may concentrate on the elaboration of five-year and longer range perspectives, and enterprise-management will operate in the medium and range of economic and financial levers which are many times more effective than allocations, instructions and the setting of limits.

II

Expansion and Equilibrium in the Economy

The objective of economic development is the raising of the standard of living, and indirectly the lifting of the cultural level, both in the short and in the long run. The condition of this is the maximum increase of national income; and the criterion of a "healthy proportion" between the short and the long run is the ratio of distribution within national income, especially the ratio of accumulation to consumption. The search for an optimum leads to the question of the structure of production and of employment. This is still the principal topic in considering and examining economic policy—and quite deservedly so. However enticing it is to present today's problems from this side, another approach might perhaps be more complete and illustrate the situation better.

Every economic programme has two corner-stones, around which the partial problems involved in the solution are grouped. These are economic growth and economic equilibrium. The planned economy and financial policy also turn around these two corner-stones, which sometimes clash. This is why equilibrium and growth are very often considered requirements opposed to each other. From a *purely* practical point of view this also appears to be so, because an overemphasis on equilibrium (especially with a static attitude) may put a brake on economic growth, and exaggerated ambitions of expansion may result in the upsetting of the equilibrium. In life, in the practice of some countries such extremes have in fact occurred.

A more thorough-going analysis, however, should make it clear that the correct measure, the avoidance of the two dangerous extremes is a criterion of the foresight of economic leadership, of its solidity and sobriety. This pair of concepts was all the time kept in mind during the elaboration of the reform of the economic mechanism, and it also arises day after day in the course of its practical application.

The earlier system of plan precepts and breaking down of the plans considered equilibrium and quantitative growth divorced from each other. A curious division of roles was brought about between plans of differing duration. There was the opposition of annual planning "with an equilibrium aspect" to perspective planning "with a growth aspect." In the making of practical decisions once the one and then the other aspect gained the upper hand. Among other things this also contributed to the pulsations which were shown by the principal indices of development—especially by the changes that occurred in the volume and structure of investments.

The creators of the reform of the economic mechanism intended to formulate a system which considered both the dynamism of the equilibrium and balanced growth the objectives and norms of economic management. It is easy to declare this principle, but it can be realized only through the creation of the organic unity and harmony of perspectivic economic planning (growth) and correct financial policy (equilibrium).

It is necessary in this connection to explore thoroughly the dialectical connection between maximum development and relative equilibrium. Maximum development, which disregards equilibrium, turns necessarily into its opposite: the slowing down of development. But the same situation arises if equilibrium is considered an absolute requirement, if sufficient account is not taken of the internal resources of natural development, of opportunities for external credits and for a better international division of labour: then the equilibrium may turn into its opposite, into an insufficiency of employment and demand. This is the situation in numerous developing countries which strive only for a monetary equilibrium.

Mention should be made here of three domains of financial policy:

—the rate and internal proportions of investments;

—the shaping of personal incomes and material incentives;

—foreign exchange policy and international economic cooperation.

Another general comment: we hear a lot about the consideration of topical economic problems from different aspects—mostly in the pejorative sense. We hear of industrial-technocratic, agrarian, financial-budgetary, micro-economic-enterprise aspects. These differing and often diametrically opposed aspects undeniably have a certain *limited* justification. The author does not

pass judgement over any of these aspects, but as opposed to the exaggerations and one-sidedness of these he emphasizes in the evaluation of economic questions the principle of universality, which sets out from the unity of politics and economics on the one hand, and from the hegemony of the principal and general line of development over sectional development and of the equilibrium of the total over equilibrium of the parts, on the other.

III

The Role of Investments

The planning and realization of investments is a decisive factor in the formation of the future structure of the economy. The expansion and modernization of the forces of production largely depends on this. Therefore it is in the planning of investments that one can least set out from a projection of the past. The correct direction of investments is in every modern industrialized society the question of questions; it is an essential question, very much in the foreground economically and politically in Hungary too.

The active utilization of financial instruments in the formation of investments is one of the fundamental principles of the reform. The active role of financial guidance is a suitable instrument for assuring proportionality and the elasticity demanded by the economy in this difficult area. One of the main shortcomings of the old system (perhaps to a larger extent in the market for investment goods rather than consumer goods) was the chronic imbalance brought about by disproportionately high demand, and a consequence of this was the extreme and uneconomical extension of the realization cycle of investments. The extraordinary centralization of the investment decisions together with their being "free of charge" allowed the assertion of a single interest, that the enterprise and institutions should obtain permission for the starting of as many investment projects as possible. It was a logical consequence of all this that neither the economic efficiency of new projects nor the costs of production turned out in accordance with the ideas of the planners.

Several lessons have to be drawn concerning the planning of the total volume of investments, and the change-over to the new is a good opportunity for drawing these conclusions. The most general lesson is that strict account should be taken of the equilibrium of the market of investment goods, and this knowledge should be made effective.

The assertion of the requirement of an equilibrium has to be approached from two sides. One is the regulation of effective demand (this is somewhat complicated by the uncertainty in forecasting the development funds which are formed at the enterprise and which the latter may utilize freely), the other is the increase—proportionate to the considered investment requirements—of the supply of the principal investment goods (construction industry, machinery, planning capacity, building materials, etc.). Proceeding from the present preponderance of demand towards an equilibrium does not result in slower and weaker but in faster and more intensive investment activity. It will be faster because the volume of simultaneous projects will be reduced and the number of projects entering production will be increased, and also because the shortening of the investment cycle will reduce the costs of establishment and of interest and will thus make various projects cheaper. In this way, the achieving of an equilibrium will be accompanied by an intenstification of growth.

For the present and for the near future, the existing investment rate should be considered adequate and correct in our circumstances. It is not timely to raise the question of increasing this rate as long as the efficiency of investment activity has not been improved considerably at the present investment ratio and until the concrete effect of a further increase of the rate on growth has been shown. One should never ignore the incentive effect—which is also politically assumed—that the increase of consumption by the population has on the general growth of the economy.

At the present stage, the aspects of both growth and equilibrium of the economy demand as far as investments are concerned

—a definite priority for investments that are completed fast and which have a good rate of return,

—priority for the completion of investment projects in process against the starting of new projects,

—a preference for the modernization of existing productive establishments through the reconstruction of machinery.

The practice of the financing of investments is deduced from these principles, considering also that parallel to the elaboration of long-range plans the step by step introduction of the investment structure corresponding to perspective development has also to be kept in mind. The investment and financial system which has been introduced assures the means for this practice.

The equilibrium of the investment market is served by preference for the development of the construction and the building materials industry. A better harmony between the disposition of investment goods and require-

ments is helped by a more elastic and freer import policy. It is at the same time an indispensable condition of the equilibrium that central economic management holds the total volume of investments tightly and firmly in hand and temporarily permits only a modest increase in volume.

The increase of the ratio of investments that may be realized in the decision sphere of the enterprises, aims at a faster rate of return. The credit system wants to assure the same objective through selection according to the rate of return. The banks grant credits to applicant enterprises in the sequence of rentability and return of the credit. The rate of return of investment in external markets in foreign exchange commands special attention. More favourable credit terms are also justified if investment enables the production of goods that may be sold profitably in a number of markets and which hold promise for the future also.

The system of investment credits by the state serves the purpose that the decision to finance large investments which shape the economic structure should be made centrally, to be more precise, by the government. The financing of such investments should not be made dependent on the monetary productivity of enterprises producing a similar range of goods. But a certain rate of return should be a requirement for these projects too. However, this does not depend simply on momentary profitability but on complex interconnections of the structure-transforming effect. It is now easier to demand that the investigations by the central financial organs should be thorough, since their competence extends only to a few—but the most important—investment projects.

The central direction of investment activity offers a wide field for long-range planning, the credit system, the regulation of the income of the enterprises, budgetary policy and foreign exchange policy. They may assure a greater efficiency and also a greater trueness to plan. Development and investment structure may thus proceed in harmony with the tasks set by economic policy. (As far as investment structure is concerned, in future this concept should not be narrowed down to the proportion of investments among different sections. The relation of investments in new project to investments in modernization, the relation of investments by enterprises to centrally decided investments, the relation of investments with a different rate of return to each other, the relation of large investment objectives to small-scale investments all become very important. The question of proportion is also important. Spontaneous development is not desirable concerning these proportions either. The available economic instruments may effectively influence these ratios too.)

IV

Income Policy

At the present stage in the construction of socialism, the increase in personal incomes is the principal instrument for increasing the standard of living. And the latter is the immutable basis and objective of the economic policy of the socialist state both in the short and in the long range. The growth ratio of the incomes of the population is in harmony with the growth of national income. In the past three years national income increased by 17 per cent and real income by 11 per cent. Thus a higher rate of growth than planned could be realized in the raising of the standard of living on the basis of a higher national income. Financial instruments have to continue to further the realization of a realistic link between the growth of national income and the rise in the standard of living, since this link is the real limit which absolutely has to be adhered to for the sake of an equilibrium between the purchasing power of the population on the one hand and available goods and services on the other, and also for the sake of stimulating economic development.

But we also know that the dynamic growth of personal incomes is also in a certain sense a condition and a stimulant of the growth of national income. It is for this reason too that material incentives are one of the corner-stones of the reform.

In the regulation of personal incomes too we have had to face the contradictory concept of the requirements of equilibrium and of expansion. It appears that in the system of the regulation of the income of the enterprises we have succeeded in finding a solution which assures the equilibrium of the national input-output balances (the method of forming the profit-sharing fund, and progressive taxation) and assures also adequate differentiation, thereby making possible a strong incentive scheme depending on the relative profitability of various enterprises, and on their influence on the results of the relative efficiency of employees within an enterprise. The differentiation needed for greater stimulation means that in the system of regulation we definitely assert that the present grey equality of incomes should gradually be replaced by discernible and even striking differences between incomes according to social utility. But since the principal means of differentiation can only be the raising of the standard of wages of workers and collectives with outstanding accomplishments, this also requires a certain dynamism in the increase of incomes. The levers function therefore in the formation of the standard of living, and within this primarily of personal

incomes, so as to assure in the consumer market the continuous maintenance of equilibrium, and to assure also such a constant mobility of incomes which grants the workers and collectives which are successful in production incentives which appreciably exceed the average. This mobility will at first be limited. In 1968 the enterprises may not increase their average level of wages by more than a set maximum (4 per cent), however good the results they achieve. Later these limitations will be abolished.

Within the financial system, the warranty for the realization of a correct income policy may be found in the enterprise (company) tax system, in price policy, in a resolute budgetary and credit policy. Beyond these there are of course such important external means of the regulation of incomes as the wages system, the order of distribution within cooperatives, collective agreements, etc.

A careful watch has to be kept on the formation of prices—especially of consumer prices—so that they should be in harmony with the desired increase of incomes. This is a question which today disturbs some people. It would have been easy to solve in the old rigid price system, but it is more difficult in today's elastic price system which actively serves the market equilibrium and development. If the principal conditions exist and are maintained for the equilibrium, the play of prices cannot cause serious trouble in the standard of living. On the contrary, the movement of prices in both directions may—through favourably influencing the market—be one of the principal instruments for further development, for the bringing about of a more favourable structure of consumption. But the equilibrium —especially the harmony between purchasing power and the available quantity of consumer goods and services—is the medium without which all this is not able to operate. In an indirect way, of course, the upsetting of any other economic partial equilibrium may react on consumption too. The creation and maintenance of this indispensable medium of the equilibrium demands in the present circumstances a resolute anti-inflationary policy. The three prongs of this policy are: stimulation of the increase of supply, suppleness of the price policy, and strict but elastic regulation of purchasing power.

V

The International Division of Labour and Foreign Exchange Policy

The size, structure and economic geographical environment of the Hungarian economy are such that foreign trade relations and international co-operation in the broad sense exercise a great influence on both the efficiency of economic activity and the rate of development. They have a great effect on efficiency first of all, because an extraordinarily large part of production —about one-third of industrial production—passes through the "eye of the needle" of external markets, it has to compete with goods the economic efficiency, quality and the selling methods of which are up to international standards, and it is from this competition that the amount of foreign currency which can be received for domestic labour, depends.

The direct influence on the rate of growth is proven by the fact that in Hungary the growth by one unit of national income has as its precondition the increase of exports by 2 to 2.5 units. This is no particular scourge. In many countries similar to Hungary the proportions are the same, but we have not always succeeded in creating this precondition. It is still going to demand great efforts from us. This task may be projected separately for industrial exports, and then the matter becomes even more vivid. This is justified, because secondary industry has to be the most dynamic source of the increase of exports. If we calculate on the basis of recent trends, then we may assert that in the growth of national income by one unit industrial exports have to be increased by 3 to 3.5 units. This equilibrium too is a precondition of growth.

We have to consider economic growth always together with the growth of the international division of labour, and we have to link the internal financial policy with foreign exchange policy. The old system separated the external market from the internal market almost hermetically (foreign trade enterprises in a monopolistic position, separate domestic and external prices).

In the new conditions the interaction is clear and obvious: the connection between external and internal prices becomes close, external prices appear directly in the costs of producing and trading enterprises. The natural consequence of this is that to a certain extent and through certain regulators (customs duty, reimbursement, etc.) the internal and external market operate as communicating vessels. The trouble-free operation of the internal market is a necessary condition of the equilibrium in trade, and the other way round,

the dynamic equilibrium of the domestic market requires intensively developing foreign trade.

The levers which have been introduced in our foreign exchange system were preceded by long debates; it was especially questioned whether exports would be sufficiently stimulated by the rates of conversion, by the customs, tax, and reimbursement system. Only experience will provide the final answer to this question. But there is no doubt that the more we stimulate exports or the more expensive we make imports, the easier the situation could arise where a spiral of rising domestic prices would begin from the side of foreign trade, or if we did not want this, we would have to return to the artificial, administrative separation of foreign trade and domestic distribution. We know the disadvantages of that method only too well.

Therefore, in preferences for exports the financial instruments of the regulation of foreign trade do not go further than is necessary to make the enterprises interested in shouldering the higher risks and—where this applies—higher production, packaging, etc. costs required by exports, and to give a certain moderate stimulant for the protection of domestic production against imports.

We do not wish to further the expansion of sales in foreign markets primarily through a kind of strong emphasis on interestedness in price but through pressure towards changes in the structure of foreign trade—especially exports—and by making the latter more economical.

Experience so far—especially with preparations made by the cotton-textile industry and with some engineering enterprises—indicate that the realization of large-scale projects is under way, which—with unified foreign exchange conditions—will assure higher profit and higher receipts of foreign exchange through a more economical structure of exports. In some cases this is only a question of a better knowledge of the markets and of elasticity in production while in other cases new processes, technological alterations taking a longer period, are required, which should be supported financially by the extension of adequate credits, in some cases by credits in foreign exchange.

The above preconditions are satisfied by the foreign exchange policy now introduced, from which the further strengthening of socialist international cooperation may be expected. Simultaneously, this should also have the effect of strengthening our position in the markets of the Western and the developing countries. The economic cooperation of socialist countries within Comecon may in future play an important role in the progress of the Hungarian economy. In this respect, the gradual but resolute solution of the problems of multilateralism and convertibility should be important.

VI

Summary

A couple of important principles of financial policy to which we have to adhere in the years of the introduction of the reform follow from planned growth and dynamic equilibrium. These principles set out from the fact that financial policy is an organic part of general economic policy and is an important instrument for the attainment of a socialist planned economy based on economic foresight.

The management of the country's finances demands unity of purpose and coordination in the entire sphere of finances. Price policy, the means and methods of the budget, credit policy, the tax system and foreign exchange policy have to be applied side by side in such a coordinated way that they should mutually strengthen each other.

The anti-inflationary effect of financial regulation has to be expressed forcefully. This is an important condition of the external and internal stability of the entire economy, of its purposeful and undisturbed further development.

Correspondingly, the new circumstances demand rigour and far-reaching economy in certain domains. Our entire financial policy has to have a selective character in that the achievement of the most important objectives of the national economy are supported through financing first of all. In certain cases it is advisable to apply also restrictions, the denial of monetary means. This should be resorted to if the granting of credits or financial support would result in the freezing of means, in the formation of unsalable stocks, in the continuation of uneconomical production or in the fragmentation of accumulated means.

At the beginning of 1968 the country set to work amidst good portents. The results thus far achieved in the realization of the objectives of the Third Five Year Plan are promising. We shall strive to make use of the opportunities offered by the better economic mechanism for the good of our people.

TWO MORE DAYS IN DALLAS

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

(Part V of an American diary)

by

IVÁN BOLDIZSÁR

Dallas, May 22

(Texan fundamentals.) We got back from the ranch at about six o'clock. Fred had told us earlier that even before our arrival he had arranged for us to be invited to dinner by one of the professors of literature at South-Western University. I was tired, I would have preferred to spend the evening with Fred and Judy. Calling it off was out of the question but I should have liked to be able to lie down for at least a half hour's nap. Nothing much came of it. I found Arthur M. Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days* in the guest room on a small reading table by the window. I had ogled the book on several occasions in New York, for the first time in that bookshop in 23rd Street where I had, on the afternoon I arrived, seen the proprietor take the law into his own hands and beat up a Negro petty thief. At that time in Dallas I didn't know yet how many people would misinterpret this story as told in the first pages of my diary, which were published in *Élet és Irodalom* in Hungarian and in *The New Hungarian Quarterly* in English. Some people in Budapest said I was colour prejudiced because I had written that the beaten up thief was a Negro. Some of my American readers, on the other hand, accused me of anti-American prejudice because I had written that the beaten up thief was a Negro. The hardly irrelevant fact that I had described what I had seen, and that was how it had happened, did not seem to worry my critics, neither one lot nor the other. On the contrary, both slightly leftist Hungarians and slightly rightist Americans, paying an undeserved compliment to my imagination, maintained that I had invented the incident because of my colour or anti-American prejudice *(not required to be deleted).*

These thoughts of course only occur to me now, while writing. In Dallas I only thought of the bookshop near the Chelsea Hotel and of my putting

off getting a copy of Schlesinger's book. It costs nine dollars, contains more pages than days in the title and weighs three pounds. I thought I'd buy it on my last day in America. By then, who knows, it might have come out in a 95c paperback edition.

Did Fred perhaps put the book on the table because I had told him that it was Kennedy who had brought me to Dallas? I turned to the last pages about Kennedy's trip to Texas. I had the feeling that I had read this serialized in a magazine still back in Budapest. Sitting in the comfortable armchair, resting my feet on an upholstered stool, with a glass of iced orange juice within reach, with palm trees and semi-tropical shrubs whose names I didn't know, lawns and flowers outside my window, with new warm-hearted friends, in peace and quiet it was hard even to imagine that Texas had the highest murder rate in all America and this peaceful, fragrant garden city had the highest in Texas. In the year of 1963 when John F. Kennedy was assassinated and with that the progress of peaceful coexistence that had started so well was halted or at least slowed down, as I now see it, ninety-eight murders took place in Dallas before that November day.

Under Texan law, I was reminded by Schlesinger, murder as such does not carry the death penalty, but armed robbery (with or without murder) does. Only about one in five of the murderers are apprehended. I now reread the passage about the bad omens preceding Kennedy's trip to Texas. I knew already that in late October Adlai Stevenson, one of the noblest figures in American political life, had been knocked over the head and spat in the face in Dallas. I remembered that on that same day posters had appeared on walls and in shopwindows and handbills had been distributed in the streets, calling for the arrest of the President just as in the old, or not so old, days of frontier lawlessness and gangland warfare. They showed the President, front and profile like a criminal. "Wanted for treason" the leaflets said and went on in the official language of such warrants but I was recalling for myself in the inexpected calm and hospitality in Dallas the too well-known details which nobody can have forgotten who read the reports of the Kennedy murder. What I did not know was that during the 1960 electioneering campaign Lyndon B. Johnson, the then Vice-Presidential candidate, and his wife had also been spat at here in Dallas, in the Adolphus Hotel.

Schlesinger thinks that this high rate of lawlessness and violence has two principal causes. One is the Texas myth, ostentatious manliness, the tradition of the pistol-packing, trigger-happy man on horseback. How this fits in with spitting at people remains unclear to me. The other is the oil rush. Dallas grew large and rich very quickly. All manner of people came flocking

to this place as they did during the gold rush in California and Colorado. There are many newly rich whose standards of culture and manners do not accord with their wealth. They think they can do as they like. They know only one standard: big money.

(Montaigne in Texas.) Finally I did doze off and Fred did not wake me. We were expected at eight for dinner, but I only got there after half past. My wife's bad leg gave her trouble, so she didn't go. Being so late I didn't have the moral strength to refuse a drink before dinner; and it went straight to my head. Perhaps that's why I told them that I had been afraid when my plane approached Dallas. Two young couples had also been invited. All three men taught at the University, they were literary historians, their wives were graduates, two of them worked on post-graduate projects.

Our host replied to my feelings in the plane by quoting Montaigne. "As you know, Montaigne wrote about all kinds of things, including America, the title of that bit is not exactly friendly, 'On Cannibals'. Have you read it?" I said no and added straight away as a sort of sequel to my earlier misgivings that I should never have thought that I'd be talking about Montaigne in Texas.

"Is it possible that you thought of all Texas as on horseback with drawn pistols?" the lady of the house asked me while passing the olives round. No, no, of course not... The trouble is that our notions about national characteristics and particularly the unfavourable ones immediately come to mind at the mention of a country or a town and we are too lazy to brush them aside and examine the question further. I did not ask in return what they associated with the word Hungary because I knew anyway. (I was proved right later on.) But why did Montaigne call the Americans cannibals? In his century he could only have meant the Indians who were not. It would have made more sense if one of Montaigne's Gallic successors, Duhamel three and a half centuries later (if we're playing the literary game, let's raise our brows high) had given that title to one of his chapters—say the one about Wall Street—in his *Scènes de la vie future.*

I came a cropper. I ought not to have one upped Montaigne by Duhamel since I could not remember Montaigne's essay. The professor, without as much as a smile, told me, as if he were speaking to a schoolboy who hadn't done his homework, that Montaigne was writing about the Brazilian Indians, some of whom were cannibals.

(Now, while writing I took down Montaigne from the shelves. It's easy to find Chapter XXXI, *"Des Cannibales."* It's not really about America but about the care we should exercise before we accept other people's opinions, especially "commonly held opinions" like the one about the Greeks having

called all foreigners including the Romans barbarians—and Montaigne begins with this and not with the cannibals. It is only after this that he goes on to speak about his visitor who spent ten or twelve years "in that new world which was discovered in our century." The whole essay is meant to extol the pure, unspoilt, shall we say natural, way of living and to contrast it implicitly with the pampered world of the Courts. It turns out that the very title is meant to suggest this: the men of the "other world" are not what most people think of as cannibals, they only publicly stab to death the leaders of their defeated enemies and then they roast their flesh and distribute it among their friends, not as food, however, but as a sign of supreme retribution. In a way he praises and defends this custom and contrasts it favourably with those current in Europe: torture, inquisition, burning at the stake, burying and eating people alive.)

(As I was reading on in this *essai*, one of the ancestors of all essays, I suddenly came across an unlooked for treasure: the word Hungarians. We are—in Montaigne's spelling: *les Hongres*—the opposite and good example. The Hungarians are merciful to their enemies. "*Les Hongres très belliqueux combatants, ne poursuivoient jadis leur pointe, outre avoir rendu l'ennemy à leur mercy. Car, en ayant arraché cette confession, ils le laissoyent aller sans offense, sans rancon, sauf pour le plus, d'en tirer parole de ne s'armer des lors en avant contre eux.*" The Hungarians, these bellicose fighters, had once been satisfied when their enemies surrendered themselves to their mercy. For as soon as they had wrung from them the admission of defeat—Montaigne had earlier on spoken of real victory as consisting in making the enemy admit defeat—they set them free without harm or ransom, at most taking their word that they will never again take up arms against them.)

The professor had brought up Montaigne because he had wanted to use him as a proof that ever since its discovery America had continuously fascinated the European mind and challenged it to agree or disagree. "Or to do both," I interposed.

"And you?" the lady of the house asked. She had big dark eyes, a high, pale forehead, wearing her hair also done up high. Mexico being next door, I guessed her to be of Spanish descent. "It's closer to your own country." My second guess, Italian, was also wrong. I should have said Rumanian straight away. But she was already a third generation American.

"Yes, take me," I said. The professor was well up in his Montaigne, because his reply came pat: "Then it was you about whom Montaigne might have written the introduction to his essay. He is speaking about a visitor of his who had recently come back from America and the author believed him because he recounted everything as he had seen it, the good and the

bad, without seasoning his account with his opinions because he had arrived in the new world without any preconceived ideas."

I considered myself honoured by the comparison but I could accept the first part only. I try to tell everything as I saw and heard it, but I had arrived in the new world neither from a vacuum nor with the virgin mind of a newborn child.

"What will you tell about Texas, for example?" the other young woman asked me. We had meanwhile gone in to dinner.

"Whatever you tell me," I answered.

In the end I owed one of my most enjoyable dinners in the United States to this peculiar pairing of Montaigne and Texas. The six Texans competed with each other alternately praising and disparaging Texas, adding each time that a real Texan would do nothing but praise. Why, weren't they born here? Yes, they all were with the exception of one woman. However, they were all intellectuals and that wasn't the real Texan stuff. True, all of them thought Texas the centre of the universe, the richest, strongest and most beautiful State in all the Union, but they were ready to admit that the world had many other centres.

(The sown iron nails.) The most interesting thing for me was their relationship to greatness and talking big. All Americans are aware, and therefore willy-nilly make you feel, that their country's dimensions are out of the ordinary, but distances and size of territory are not what they have in mind. What first strikes a European is that the great distances in space appear natural to native Americans. I mentioned this when I wrote about New York. Monumentality—the tallest building, the greatest number of millionaires and cars, the many superlatives are thrown out as visiting cards rather than as things to boast about. The Texan is obsessed by bigness. Texas is the largest state of the USA. The highest viaduct of the world is in Texas. The biggest hats are worn by men in Texas. More film stars have come from Texas than from any other part of the world. Here are the world's largest vegetable farms, it is the centre of tomato and spinach production. (Popeye the sailor-man?... Of course he too was a Texan.) Port Aransas is the world's biggest oil port.

The hosts and the other four guests were outbidding each other in telling tall stories and Texan jokes in which the laugh was at their own expense. Grapefruits grow so large that nine of them made up a dozen. And did I hear that the mosquitoes in Texas were caught with mousetraps? And that Texas canaries sing bass? And that the soil was so fertile that if you sowed iron nails you could reap a crop of machine tools?

That last one was not far removed from reality. Indeed, reality went one

better. Naturally oil was meant. To get oil you didn't have to sow anything, the earth just pours and pours the harvest. Texas at present produces one quarter of the world's total output of oil. They are also in the lead in natural gas production. I remained unexcited while the professors were plying me with all this information. Gradually, however, I began to sense the appropriateness of the adjective great. In Texas there are no fewer than one hundred and twenty-three thousand oil wells. This, I was told, meant twelve thousand millionaires, at the least. But supposing that there is a dash of Texan exaggeration in the ten to one ratio, it makes little difference. Taking the ratio to be a hundred to one would still leave twelve hundred dollar millionaires.

Official figures show that at least one hundred Texan citizens are worth more than one hundred million dollars. And had I ever heard of Mr. Hunt? He was the richest man in the world. I had heard that name before or rather I had read it. His name had cropped up in connection with the Kennedy murder. How much was he worth?

"One hundred million dollars," one of the professors said.

"No. At least two hundred," another said.

"Two hundred and fifty."

"I seem to have read somewhere," a third lady said, "that his income was one million dollars a week."

"Then his wealth must be well over two hundred and fifty."

I told them that as far as I was concerned they could stop argueing about his financial status, because I could no more imagine one million than two hundred million dollars. But I would gladly get to know this Mr. Hunt.

They couldn't understand this. What for? He was an extreme right-wing personality who was said to be financially supporting the John Birch Society. "Anyway the point is not him but your example about the sown iron nails and the oil which doesn't even need sowing," the liveliest young professor said. "All this reminds me of something. Have you heard about the chemical revolution in Texas?"

As a good European, "revolution" meant political change to me, the French Revolution or the Russian Revolution, or our own, in Hungary. This made me forget that Americans were so fond of change, as long as it was merely technological change, that the nation which spared neither money nor effort to prevent what I called revolutions, loved the word when it was applied to bathrooms, or fashions, or in this case chemistry, which was of course more real.

More than a hundred and fifty huge chemical plants were established in Texas over the last two decades. "This doesn't need as much as oil does,"

the professor said. "For an oil well the earth needs to be bored... Do you know that the deepest hole in the world is in Texas?"

We all laughed at this. I didn't get the joke at once, I thought of our jokes at home and was looking for the *double entendre*. There wasn't any. They have a fifteen thousand feet deep oil well and that is the world's deepest hole. The Professor resumed where he left off. The earth doesn't have to contribute anything to the chemical industry. The nitrogen content of the atmosphere was enough. The world's biggest chemical industry has been built since the Second World War. And that didn't need iron nails to be sown either. He added that of course all this must sound quite new to me as Hungary didn't possess either oil or natural gas or a chemical industry.

I had had hopes that we'd get round to literature. I had in fact brought three numbers of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* with me containing some poems by Attila József, Miklós Radnóti and Gyula Illyés. When would I have the chance to get them read? I couldn't leave them there; one copy of the *Quarterly* weighs more than one pound, if I had taken more copies around with me, I should have groaned all the more at airports, and not only carrying them you can practically never get a porter but also because of the excess fare I would have had to pay. (As it happened it was during my stay in the States that the airline companies decided to abolish weighing luggage for inland traffic. It wasn't worth it, personnel cost more than the income from excess weight.)

(Budapest jokes in Dallas.) Now, however, instead of talking about poetry, I found myself trying in a subdued way and just about incompetently to explain that Hungary produces more than half of the oil it needs, that natural gas is brought to Budapest through pipelines, that our pharmaceutical industry was already well known in South America, that we too were turning the nitrogen content of the air to good account... The three dots here stand for an intervening thought that came to my mind at this point. I hesitated for a while to tell them. I wondered whether they could appreciate it. It happened after Stalin's death, when the forced pace in the development of heavy industry was slackened in Hungary too. A meeting of intellectuals was convened. One of the speakers said that Hungary was a country deficient in coal, we had no mineral deposits except for bauxite, but all the same he kept up the same old tune that nonetheless coal and steel were the basis of our industry. Later another expert told the audience about modern chemical industry and said that one of the basic materials for this was nitrogen. That prompted me to take part in the discussion. All I said was: let's develop our chemical industry then, we cer-

tainly have plenty of air. That was true, and in fact the development of the chemical industry soon followed, though I wouldn't go so far as to suggest that my witticism was responsible. All the same I received quite a few embarrassing rebukes for my remark in 1954 and 55 from the men then in power for having joked about such a subject.

"Wouldn't you today?"

"Today the then situation is unthinkable, but after a joke like that, everyone would join in the laughter."

"Then tell us a few Budapest anecdotes which have a telling point but where the communists would join in the laughter with you," the lady of the house asked me.

"We too have told you Texan stories," her husband said a little apologetically.

I don't deny that I like telling jokes and I even admit to having fathered one or two, but when called upon or pressed like a button I dry up. It does help if a joke can grow out of a situation or mood. I was trying to think hard, they, I'm sure, were thinking that I was trying to pick a clean and harmless one out of the many that went around in my head. The truth of it was that I know a thousand and one jokes but then I just couldn't think of a single one. The silence was becoming embarrassing. I thought of what my playwright friend Miklós Hubay always said—he claims to be quoting Molière but I've not been able to find it in his works—: If you get stuck in writing, turn the obstacle into inspiration. I did that: I told them that I couldn't think of a joke without something to prompt me.

They didn't believe a word of it, why should they have, I wouldn't have believed it myself. All right, let's change the subject let's talk about the situation in Hungary. What's the economic situation like?

"Thank you," I said. "Do you know why Hungarian workers don't strike?" I didn't wait for an answer, goodness knows where that would have led, I told them straight away: "Because no one would notice the difference."

Hardly a laugh, it served me right: it's not a very good joke and I found out later that in one form or another it was not as new as I had thought. Luckily jokes too have a chain reaction tendency and the first joke reminded me right away of the second: "And why don't they work? Because of a national tradition. The ruling class in Hungary never worked."

They understood this a little better; they laughed with slightly delayed reaction, first just a snigger then an explosion. The chain reaction was working well. "Why is it impossible to build socialism in Switzerland? It's a small country, they can't afford it."

Following on these three jokes—good-bye to conversation about literature!—I told them why they planned an economic reform in Hungary. To do this, I had to start with Hungary's history since 1945. To make them understand 1945 I had to go back further into the near and the remote past. I had been in America two months and a week. Sixty-seven days. How many times had I told the same story without the introductory chain of anecdotes? Could it be that I was celebrating the jubilee of my twenty-fifth talk on the subject, that night? Around midnight, not unlike Frigyes Karinthy's acrobatic clown who at the end of his act takes out his violin, I produced my magazine and read one poem each by the three Hungarian poets.

"You have got such treasures? Why didn't you begin with them?" the lady of the house asked.

May 23

(Nieman-Marcus, of course.) In the morning I was hoping that we could retrace Kennedy's road to Calvary before the heat started, but by the time I got down to the breakfast table, Fred was ready to go out. He had some business in Fort Worth but promised to be back in the early afternoon when he would take us there. I didn't have to tell him, he knew what I wanted to do. In the meantime we could go with Judy and have a look round the Nieman-Marcus department store. I'd heard about it in New York. Something like this: it's not really worth going to see Macy's because though it is the biggest in the world, Nieman-Marcus is the real thing. Or like this: Have you been to Saks on Fifth Avenue? Did you like it? Then imagine a department store that is just as nice, elegant, and spacious but it happens to be ten times as big. That's Nieman-Marcus in Dallas.

I love roaming in department stores. One of my grievances whenever I return from abroad is that the Budapest department stores are still no more than a series of small shops strung together. They haven't yet hit upon the formula which makes a department store more than the sum of its parts. The Paris Lafayette and the Printemps are next door to each other and still you always know in which of them you are. They have different styles. In London too you can't mistake Harrods for Selfridge's, and not merely because the prices are higher in Harrods. In the Budapest department stores everything is still too much jumbled together and not enough attention is given to presentation and design. I was intrigued to see Nieman-Marcus. I was pleased not to be disappointed. It is really tops as far as choice, presentation, completeness and luxury are concerned.

My wife only pointed to the most attractive things: "This, and this, and that, and that one here too." I only nodded. We bought everything in thought. If I had lived in Dallas I wouldn't have had to carry a cent, only my credit-card. Then it would have been enough just to point out the articles and sign my name at the end. By the time we'd have got home what we bought would have been delivered. Now our only trouble was how to cope with Judy's generosity. When she saw that we fancied anything or Josette happened to point at it, she whipped out her credit-card and wanted to get the thing wrapped at once.

After we finished choosing everything we'd have liked to buy, Judy suggested that we should lunch there. We had a choice of four or five restaurants. We didn't know any of them, so we left it to Judy. We got into the lounge of a spacious restaurant, a number of people were sitting there in easy chairs and on settees along the walls. They were waiting. The restaurant—larger than that of the Grand Hotel on Margaret Island in Budapest—was full up. Judy smiled when I suggested that we try another one, also of course on the premises. There wouldn't be fewer people waiting at any of them. Judy entered into diplomatic contact with a very elegant lady, the Chief Shepherdess of the customers. She shook her head a little, why hadn't we telephoned in advance, it wouldn't be easy now to find a place for three. Two or four would be better. Didn't we want to look at the pictures meanwhile?

Yes, yes, Judy said. Not far from the waiting room were *the* pictures, the idea of the proprietor of Nieman-Marcus. He had had some of the great men of our age painted, Judy explained. She was watching us to see if we suspected anything. She was glad that we were walking at her side, showing only polite expectation. A small room. There you are, the pictures. All of them children. That was the great idea of Mr. Nieman or Mr. Marcus or perhaps one of their successors. The great men of our age in their childhood. Churchill, De Gaulle, Einstein, Eisenhower, Cocteau and not quite fitting in with the rest in this gallery, Elizabeth Taylor and Bernard Baruch. The ten-year-old Einstein in a grey pullover, green knickerbockers, with a violin in one hand and the bow in the other. He has a round head, a thick dark shock of hair, dreamy eyes and a soft, slightly sad mouth. It is a good picture. Next to him Cocteau, at six rather than ten, in a cream dress with a wide, white lace collar, the figure could be a small girl. He holds a ball and a hoop, his lips tightly shut and determined. Eisenhower is younger still. He is on all fours and has a rattle in one hand. De Gaulle in a sailor suit is so tall at ten that the top of his head reaches up to the frame and there's no room for his legs below.

They are all very good pictures. I went closer and discovered... It's difficult to explain now why I felt embarrassment beside joy. The pictures were painted by Vértes Marcel, that is Marcel Vertès. The embarrassment was caused by Judy's disbelief when I told her about my discovery. She looked at me in the same way as her husband had done the previous day in the car when I had mentioned my meeting Earl Warren the day before. As soon as I had uttered that Vértes was Hungarian I realized that I couldn't prove it, any more than I could that I had met Chief Justice Warren. Judy's only comment was her characteristic Oa-oh! untranslatable without a score into any language, and then we went to have lunch. Looking at the menu reminded me of a Vértes anecdote. He was already a painter of some fame in Paris but still no prophet in his own country. I didn't remember exactly whether it was his mother or some female relative or possibly a young woman friend of his who travelled from Hungary to meet him in Paris. In any event she seemed to find it hard to believe that Vértes had made his mark among the French. The painter, putting on an act to some extent straining his resources as everybody tends to do abroad when entertaining a compatriot, took her to Prunier's. "Let's say to an expensive and fashionable place like the best of the five restaurants in Nieman-Marcus," I tried to explain to Judy but I stopped myself just in time and added: "Like the one where we're sitting right now, thanks to you." The Hungarian lady, however, was not really impressed. She failed to appreciate who and what Prunier's was and thought Vértes was a regular there. At that point Vértes discovered from the menu that they had green almonds. *Amandes Vertes* in French. "You see," the painter modestly pointed at the menu card, "how kind these Frenchmen are. They've named this dish after me, just like roast beef is named after Prince Esterházy in Hungary."

I don't know what success Vértes had in Paris and Budapest when telling this anecdote before his sudden and untimely death, but my success in Dallas was complete. Judy laughed and no longer doubted that the paintings had been done by a Hungarian. She went even further when at home that night she told her husband with an amiable Texan exaggeration mixed with Budapest hoaxing: "Mr. Boldizsár's found out that Mr. Nieman and Mr. Marcus are Hungarians." (Who can tell...)

(Underground supermarket.) On the way home we drove past a long, wide and low building. Cars right around. A typical American view, I'd seen it in many places—supermarkets. In Hungary they are called ABC stores. What struck me here was that there were no neon lights at the top proclaiming that the store belonged to this or that chain, but there was a row of signboards instead. I asked what sort of supermarket this one was. Judy said

it was the only one of its kind in the whole world. It turned out presently that this statement was no Texan boast. Judy braked, turned about, we got out and went in through a glass door which, needless to say, opened and shut automatically. We went down a few steps and found ourselves in an underground Váci utca. And I explained to Judy that in the very centre of Budapest there is an old and by our standards luxurious little shopping street closed to traffic. When I say Váci utca I am exaggerating the way they do at home with the sign reversed as far as the choice and display of goods and the modernity of the shops are concerned. What I'd like to express by referring to Váci utca is that we found ourselves not in a usual supermarket, but a real shopping street which was not much shorter and hardly narrower than that Budapest street.

One walks on a polished, though not slippery floor among flowerbeds, shrubs and fountains. Naturally the air was pleasantly cooled and there was silence. Fortunately having already done our shopping in Nieman-Marcus on the basis of "do not touch the exhibits," we were now really walking past the shopwindows as if we had been in a museum of my childhood. I was not troubled by our own penury, nor did it worry me that I easily transferred my anger to the affluence of the Americans, the abundance in the shops and the waste everywhere in evidence. I knew that this was unjust and I struggled to stifle this feeling but not always successfully. The same feeling must be shared by a Harlem Negro who travels sixty streets downtown on the subway and comes up somewhere around 50th Street. It is striking how little attention has been paid in analysing the conflict between black and white to the role of the anger felt by poor, subproletarian Negroes at the sight of white luxury. I think the four months I spent in the States, but even four years, would not be enough to find out what hurts a Negro more when faced with opulence: his colour or his poverty?

In the big department store I had seen one or two Negroes among the customers and none among the sales staff, down here everyone was white. Judy didn't seem to understand my question. "Why should there be Negroes here? And why does that question bother you? The blacks have their own supermarkets in their own neighbourhoods. Why should they come here? It's a long way from their place and the prices too are higher here."

I admit that the question was a very European one. It would never occur to an American in this beautiful and pleasant place to ask himself why there were no Negroes here. And when it did occur to me and I told Judy and my wife what I thought, I myself was behaving like a white man. "To an American," I said, as if a Negro were not an American.

The jewelry, the fine women's wear, the furs (a great need there must be for them in the Texas climate!), furniture, office equipment, radios, television sets left me cold. I had seen the same things at Nieman-Marcus. What need was there then for this underground street? Judy had never thought about that, but in contrast with the previous question she gladly joined us in trying to solve the puzzle. Possibly because here there were fewer people than at the other place. Perhaps because the rich were willing to pay a little more for privacy. Or maybe because the French "boutique" had come into vogue here too, the small, intimate shop with a more limited choice but a greater individuality.

I stopped. A bookshop, the well-known Doubleday. I welcomed it as an old acquaintance, as if it had been a part of my country or Europe. There had been hardly a day without my going into one of the Doubleday shops in New York. I had been postponing a visit to the largest, most beautiful and famous one, the one in Fifth Avenue near the Rockefeller Center till I'd have a day or at least an afternoon to do nothing but lose myself among the books. So I had missed it thus far. Now I went into this underground, brilliantly lit, alien Texas Doubleday and I felt a little as if going home. Home, to Budapest, the bookshops on Múzeum körút, and home, to the New York Doubledays and other bookshops.

I really did not intend to *épater les Blancs*, but as it was right there at the entrance on a shelf, at the beginning on account of the alphabetical order, I bought three paperbacks by James Baldwin: *Nobody Knows My Name*, *Go Tell it on the Mountain*, and *The Fire Next Time*. They cost two dollars forty-five cents. By the way I owe the Dallas bookseller fifty cents because unpacking my book chest on arrival in Budapest I discovered that they had packed two copies of *Nobody Knows My Name*.

(November 22, 1963, in Budapest.) By the time we'd got home Fred was already waiting for us. "We can start." We changed to his car. "I'm ready to take you on this ride, you can see that," Fred said, "but why are you so interested in it?"

Ever since I had first known that I had a chance of going to America I had been determined to make the pilgrimage to Dallas and to see the town where the assassination could take place and the spot where it actually took place. And yet it was no easy task to explain now. While our car was winding along the streets between gardens and finally reached one of the expressways resting on pillars, I told Fred about the day and the hour when the news of the tragedy reached Budapest. I had been at one of my friends' place that afternoon, because at 12.29 when the murderous bullet was fired—from whose gun, Fred? Are you satisfied by the official version?—it was half

past six in Budapest. We were talking, discussing politics. I remember well: we had been full of hopes, making plans. Since the mutual and wise solution of the Cuban crisis and chiefly since the Moscow Nuclear Test Ban Treaty we had been taking a brighter view of the world. "We too," Fred interposed.

We had all been feeling in Hungary, I resumed my account to Fred, that a new life was about to start. The cold war had seemed to have come to an end then. A 1945 kind of good feeling had taken possession of everybody. We had again felt that spring had come. That all would be possible. There would be no more wars. We would be able to realize the dreams of our youth. We would discover the world for ourselves again. And that had hardly been merely day-dreaming. That year a new kind of passport had been introduced to which foreign currency had also been allocated: not since 1938 had so many people from Hungary gone on trips to France, Italy, Austria, England and Germany as in those months. I and my friend had also been planning a trip together for that summer.

Then the telephone had rung. An excited, tearful voice, my daughter's had said that she had been listening to dance music on the radio when the transmission had been interrupted by an announcement that an attempt had been made on the life of the President of the United States. I had refused to believe the child and had even scolded her saying she was a big girl—fifteen, but reluctant to read the papers, that's why she must have misunderstood the broadcast. She had really broken into tears then, but a minute later we hadn't been very far from them either. We had switched on the radio, tuned in to Budapest, then to Vienna, then the BBC: the same news from everywhere. There we sat or rather stood around the radio and television set, like all the world did, encouraging each other by saying that he was still living, he might pull through, we stood there as if by the bedside of one critically ill, knowing that there was no hope and yet trusting in the impossible. Then the official news of his death arrived.

How was it possible? My daughter asked me that night when we were sitting around the table at home and no one had any appetite. I had come home from town where we had gone together with my friend, down into the street, to be among people and to share with them the feeling of shock, outrage, bereavement and despair. As in all cases of mourning we felt sorry for ourselves too: what was to happen to us now? What was going to happen to the world? People in the streets crowded around the newsagents' booths and waited for a special edition to come out. Radio shops set up loudspeakers at their doors and passers-by gathered there. Many women wept. Everybody felt that something had come to an end, abruptly, violently, sinisterly, senselessly. But how was it possible?

So far we haven't had an answer. I could not answer my daughter's question. You know, Fred, I told him, the very first question I will be asked on my return from the United States will be just this. My family, my friends, acquaintances, readers in the libraries, young people in secondary schools and university clubs and elsewhere, where I'll be invited to give talks: their first question will not be: what are the skyscrapers like; not even, what's going to happen in the Vietnam war, but who killed Kennedy? And why? And how was it possible in the richest country of the world, the country whose name is still associated with the notion of liberty? I don't want to hurt or dishearten you, I told Fred, but you ought to know that Ruby's bullet, which he fired at Oswald then in the custody of the police, waiting to be tried, injured your country's prestige almost as much as that other bullet, the firing of which Oswald was accused of.

(Main Street, Houston Street, Elm Street.) As we were approaching from town I recognized a few places we had passed coming from the airport the day before. Fred reminded me that the President too had driven in from Love Field Municipal Airport. We made slow progress and his motorcade could not have proceeded much faster. We were in Main Street which is like every other American street. Very tall buildings alternated with very low ones, many had their fire-escapes outside. Now that I looked at the street as I did in the first days when everything was new, I missed the trees along the curb. If I were the American President I should issue a decree ordering that trees be planted in every street. But of course even the President of the United States hasn't the authority to do this. It was refreshing to the eye that at the end of the street green trees came into view. Above them a railroad overpass. Could that already be the place?

"Now watch carefully," Fred said. Yes, that's it. To the right I could recognize, thanks to the many pictures I'd seen of the scene of the assassination, that turreted, romantic building at the intersection of Main Street and Houston Street, which had been copied from England. Its sham Gothic style looked like the London Law Courts. But we were already turning right. It looks not unlike the Budapest Corvin department store used to look before it was covered in with aluminium sheets. It serves a different purpose, it's the county jail. Another building in Houston Street and when we turned left next we were in Elm Street. Fortunately the traffic was light in the baking hot early afternoon hour. Fred could drive slowly along a six-storey red-brick building, the Texas School Book Depository. "We'll come back and park," Fred suggested. I stretched my neck out of the window of the car. There was the last window on the fifth floor—the American papers and books always write the sixth because for them the ground floor is the

first—from there the assassin fired his rifle. "One of the assassins," I said to Fred. He didn't argue, all he said was that he didn't know and I couldn't know. But that was quite a lot considering my conversations in New York in March. Epstein's and Sauvage's books had begun to have an effect.

How much American public opinion had changed by the end of my four months' visit as regards their acceptance or non-acceptance of the Warren Report became apparent to me only in July when I went to say good-bye to my New York friends. I shall write about that in detail towards the end of my journal. Now I'd only like to add or rather anticipate that the real change was to occur during the following months, in no small measure thanks to the influence of Mark Lane's book, so much so that the November 28, 1966 issue of *Life*, which I received when I was already back in Budapest, appeared on the third anniversary of the murder with one of the stills from the famous Zapruder film on its cover with the caption: "Did Oswald Act Alone? A Matter of Reasonable Doubt." Inside the magazine again carried every frame of Mr. Abraham Zapruder's amateur colour film as well as Governor Connally's statement. This material called into doubt the trustworthiness of the Warren Report, more than that, it shook it to its very foundations.

The divided public mind in America is even better characterized by the fact that *Time*, *Life*'s sister magazine, had only a few weeks before on September 16 printed the very opposite in the paper's most prominent position, the so-called Time Essay, in an article headed "Autopsy of the Warren Commission." One by one it took the books by Sauvage, Epstein, Lane and others recapitulating their main arguments but nevertheless vindicating the Warren Report's final conclusion, that Oswald was the assassin and he acted alone.

(In front of the School Book Depository.) We slowly drove past the warehouse. I suddenly felt for the back of my neck and I only realized it when my wife called my attention to my reflex-like gesture. What has always touched me most in the many descriptions of the murder is the moment when Mrs. Kennedy's hand, stroking her husband's reclining head, bumped against a piece of his skull. Josette held my hand. That too was an involuntary gesture. In the evening when we were discussing that day's experiences, Judy said that when they drove past there she also always grasped her husband's hand. The Kennedy murder moved people more than other attempts on the life of politicians because many men and women imagined themselves in the place of that young married couple. Every woman re-lived Jacqueline Kennedy's excruciating moments and every man thought of the feelings his wife or love might have if he were to die young in her arms.

Slowly we reached the overpass and as soon as the one-way traffic allowed we turned back and Fred parked the car outside the entrance to the School Book Depository. Parking on the site of the tragedy gave me an uncanny feeling. I looked around, I thought we might draw people's attention but nobody took any notice of us. I took photos of the entrance of the Depository, the window on the fifth floor, and the building itself. After each click of the shutter I turned round cautiously to see if there was a cop or Texan-hatted passer-by around to ask me what I was photographing there. Perhaps it had something to do, deep down in my subconscious, with the statement of the Texas School Book Depository's director which I had read somewhere after the assassination. He said that the "boys" in his institution would hardly have gone down to watch the motorcade pass by had it not been their lunch-break, for, as he put it, except for the "niggers" they were all for segregation like most Texans. The thought occurred to me now that the eminent director or one of his "boys" might come out of the building and ask for an explanation. I was of course perfectly aware, then just as now, that there was no cause for my alarm and I was properly ashamed but I couldn't help it: I had lived through fascism and war, both hot and cold, and my nerves did not always obey common sense. Frequently the Pavlovian reflexes of bad conditioning took over.

Taking the snapshots and looking around I found out a few things which I had not been able to visualize from my reading until then, nor from looking at pictures. All the photos and the drawings based on them had shown the distance from the Depository window to the road to be greater than I estimated myself, on the spot. The cause of the illusion was clearly to be looked for in the well-known optical properties of the camera objective; drawings and sketches of the scene were based on the photographs and thus the distances grew larger. If one stands in the middle of the road, a little further away from the entrance to the Depository, it does not seem to be all that far away. I had till then doubted that it was possible to shoot at a car in the road from the height of a fifth floor window. "Yes, here, where you're standing now, the first bullet hit him," Fred said. We went on a few steps. This is where Governor Connally was wounded. I looked back at the window. Fred led me on. He stopped. "He was hit by the third bullet here. You know, in the back of the head."

I looked back at the window again. It was a long way from here. In the photos the distance to this point appeared relatively shorter, again due to the distorting effect of the optical properties of the lense. From here it seemed impossible even for a crack shot to hit a moving vehicle and a man's head in it. This is the other side of what I found out. The first seemed to

confirm the official story. The second weakened it, but—at least in my eyes—very much supported the theory that there was more than one killer.

My wife had remained on the pavement in the shade of a tree. The heat was oppressive. The leaves of the tree partly hid the view from the windows of the Book Depository. But of course in November the trees would be bare. I didn't mention that fact to Fred. But as I'm writing this now I see from the Zapruder film in *Life*, for instance in frame No. 223, that the trees were still in leaf. That made taking aim even more difficult.

But all these things are only details. The Dallas visit, what I saw in Elm Street and around the Texas School Book Depository, all confirmed me in a feeling which I share with everybody in Hungary, and, I don't think I'm exaggerating, very likely in the whole of Europe. This feeling started in the days following the murder and the books and analyses that appeared since and to a far from minor extent the ham-fisted Warren Report, corroborated it and raised it to the conviction that President Kennedy was murdered as a result of a conspiracy.

In that context it is beside the point that one of the shots was fired by the miserable, half-witted Oswald from here, from the fifth floor window, under which I was standing.

(In memoriam.) There is nothing in the street to indicate the spot where the President of the United States was murdered. It was only a few yards further away, at the end of Dealey Plaza, that we discovered a few tokens of pious remembrance in a semi-circular colonnade. A tripod-like contraption stood against the wall, an easel, if I remember right. A pine branch on top of it, and a wreath of artificial flowers encircling Kennedy's photograph that had been cut out from a magazine and pasted on cardboard. A rosary dangled from it. At the feet of the easel there was a larger portrait of Kennedy, obviously the work of an amateur. The person who painted it or who brought it here had covered it with polyethylene foil which was torn in several places. Below, touching the edge of the picture, there was a vase full of wilting flowers and beside it a basket of violets and between this and the portrait an album, bound in pink silk, which may once have belonged to a little girl.

These scanty and improvised tokens of respect, the incidental character and shyness and at the same time the love and tenderness which emanated from these objects, deeply touched me. It made me reflect again how strange and many-faceted, how unknowable and impenetrable this huge country was. "If I had known I'd have brought some flowers with me from the garden," Josette said. She looked round for a flower shop in Main Street, but we couldn't see one and Fred didn't remember where the nearest one

was. Josette bent down and wrote our names in the unknown girl's album, then she put it back where she had picked it up, on the bare ground near the grate of a sewer outlet.

May 24

(Fred springs a surprise.) Our itinerary originally envisaged only two days for Dallas. From there we were to fly to Iowa City chiefly in order to meet Professor Paul Engel, the literary historian. Fred and Judy didn't want to hear about our leaving so soon. "Why don't you telephone to Iowa City and fix another date with Professor Engel?"

I called Iowa City and contacted the university there. I was told that Professor Engel was travelling in Europe. "Grand, then you can stay for another couple of days!" We too were glad and only became a little depressed when we learnt that there was no direct air link between Iowa City and Sioux City, the next stage of our journey. And no matter how early in the day we would start we could not get to Sioux City that day by changing planes. Fred only waved his hand. "We'll solve that problem somehow. Don't you worry." Right then he had a surprise for us. Would we guess what it was. Josette thought it was that he'd fixed another chance for me to get up on a horse. I was moderately enthusiastic about that. We were not very keen on guessing in case Fred and his wife took our guesses to be covert requests and dropped hints. For this reason I chose the Texan way of suggesting the correct answers. He would take us down to the bottom of the deepest hole of the whole world? No, but it was near enough. We would go to sow iron nails and reap a million this very night? No, but it was still nearer the mark. We would eat that Texan grape after dinner which is bigger than a melon elsewhere? That wasn't very far out but the previous one was better. We would catch a Texan gnat with a mousetrap? No? Then I give it up.

"It's a pity," Fred said, "you almost hit upon it. We'll go and see H. L. Hunt, the richest man in the world." I just about leapt for joy. How did he do it? Did he know him? No, but he called up his secretary and told her he had a guest staying at his home, (sorry, I'm quoting) "a famous writer and his wife from Europe" and they had come to Dallas specially to meet the world's richest and most famous millionaire. When the secretary regretted that Mr. Hunt was a very busy man, Fred appealed to the good name of Dallas and to Texan hospitality known all over the world. "I can't let my guests be disappointed in that!" he shouted into the telephone. "Doesn't that matter to you, Miss?" Texan patriotism stirred in her and

as the result indicated Mr. Hunt too thought he'd better not violate the rules of Texan hospitality.

(I buy a pair of shoes.) He was expecting us before lunch, at half past eleven. Until then we went shopping for a pair of shoes for me. I had listened to the advice of my friends who had been to America and had taken only one pair. I had had that one re-soled and re-heeled on the third or fourth day after my arrival in New York at the great Eight Avenue Bus Terminal while waiting a quarter of an hour in slippers. The sole was still all right but the uppers began to show cracks. I couldn't possibly go and see the world's richest person in a pair of seedy shoes, he might think I had come to beg.

First we went into a big shoe shop in Main Street. I was asked the size of my shoes. I said 44 European, more precisely continental European, measurement, but they looked at me uncomprehendingly. Never mind, they'd measure them in a moment. They took my stockinged feet and placed them in a shoe-formed aluminium contraption, they pulled and pushed it to and fro and in the end announced the result which was No. 10 and treble E. Treble E was the width. In the same breath they told me that they hadn't got that size. They regretted it and didn't understand why I was so happy. Josette even scolded me for it. How could I have been not happy when at last I met with that familiar notion, which I loathed back home, an article out of stock?

The meeting of worlds was only temporary. In the next shoe shop, one block away, I was told that they had four times E too if I wanted them. "That's almost wider than long," I said. They looked at my feet and I could read from their look what polite salesmanship kept them from saying: You certainly can't complain about narrow feet. I tried on a few pairs; they were all too tight. Finally they produced that four timer. On first pulling it on I felt I had never before had such comfortable shoes on my feet. I was on the point of buying them when Fred interposed and said they should let me have a very nice pair because we were going to see the world's richest man.

(The first meeting with the Hunt myth.) The salesman's eyes twinkled. "Mr. Hunt? H. L. Hunt?" Yes, yes. He stood up from his stool and called to his colleague: "Did you hear that? This gentleman is going to see Mr. Hunt."

I asked him whether he knew him. Knew him, oh no. But of course everybody had heard his name. "We're very proud of him in Texas," the proprietor said. Fred looked at him laughing. "Are you? But you're a Jew." One other thing you have to get used to in America. This too differs from

European notions. It is hardly thinkable that in Europe anyone should refer so directly to somebody else's religion, especially if it happens to be Jewish. After the persecution of the Jews that religion is considered more of a private matter. Everybody suffers a little from a bad conscience, everybody remembers, or if he is younger, has read or heard from his father, what it meant when anybody was described as the proprietor was by Fred just now: but you're a Jew. For this to have no unpleasant overtones American history must be remembered in the first place. That history had no Dark Ages, no ghettos, the Jews didn't have to be emancipated, therefore citizens belonging to the Jewish religion have never felt themselves or their fathers to be second rate citizens. It is the irony of history that now other ghettos, other prejudices and hatreds, other types of second class citizens exist. The owner of the shoe shop did not answer what I'd thought with my European mind he would: what business is it of yours what my religion is, but something quite different.

"O.K. he is an anti-semite," he said, "but I don't care. Here's a guy who sets out from his small town with fifty dollars of borrowed money in his pocket, buys an oil well and is now making one million a week."

I had been in America for more than two months then, I was beginning to know my way around. So: "One million before or after tax?"

"You'd better ask Mr. Hunt that," the shopkeeper replied. "And come back tomorrow and tell me, because I too would like to know."

New pairs of shoes appeared. The assistant went on enthusing about Hunt. "A wonderful man. Drives his own car. He often parks it several blocks away from his office to save a dollar on parking. At night he goes round and switches off the lights in his house. I know because his cook comes here to get shoes for her children."

"And going round the house can't be an easy job either. It's five times as big as George Washington's," the owner added. I didn't at first get that. Fred was ready with the explanation. Hunt had Washington's Mount Vernon residence copied for himself, only five times as big. The owner sensed the lurking mockery in Fred's voice.

"Why shouldn't he have? It was his money, he didn't take it from anybody."

It was better to agree and get back to the shoes. I chose the pair I had just tried on. I paid twenty-one dollars 95 cents for it. It wasn't a good shoe, I ought to have bought a more expensive one. It soon got knocked out of shape and the uppers cracked. In July, two months later, I got another pair on Lexington Avenue for $29.95. I'm still wearing them.

(Mr. H. L. Hunt.) We dashed home for my wife, then back downtown

again, to the building of the First National Bank. There Mr. Hunt has his official residence. He owns the bank too. It is a slender skyscraper but not very tall, only twenty-one storeys. The lift (excuse me, the elevator) took us up to the last but one floor. We went into a small anteroom where an athlete supported his broad back on the door leading to the next room. There was nobody else in the anteroom. The athlete was immobile except for his jaws. He was chewing gum rhythmically as if he had posed for his own caricature in some anti-American film. He was eyeing us. I looked back for a while, then at Fred inquiringly. "O.K.," Fred said, and I tried to make the best of it, although there didn't seem to be much point in it at the moment. My wife intimated her desire to sit down. The athlete looked over once more from top to toe, then back again, and then stepped aside.

In the next room we were received with impeccable politeness by the secretary, "Mr. Hunt will see you in a moment." From the window one could see the three tallest buildings in Dallas in one direction, in the other a seven-storey, open-walled car park building. The cars seemed to be hovering in midair.

The secretary opened the door. We entered a semicircular room. Its main decoration was the window occupying the whole of the opposite wall and the three skyscrapers in the background. Seated behind the desk was a silver-haired, jovially smiling old man, wearing a white blue striped shirt and a bow tie. He looked like an old time family doctor. I wouldn't have said he was seventy-seven. He stood up, came over to shake hands and expressed his pleasure that we could find the time to come and see him. "Are you a writer?" he asked. I said yes. "Is your wife a writer too?" No, she's not. "Very good," he said. He repeated the same question two or three times, but very much against what I expected he did not once ask me where I came from, what kind of a country it is and if I am a communist or not. I guess he was not quite sure what a Hungarian is.

(Who is the world's richest man?) We sat down facing the desk. I began by saying that it was we who had to thank him, we were taking up his time. "I'm very grateful for the opportunity to make the acquaintance of the world's richest man."

"So in your opinion it isn't Paul Getty?" His look had now become less that of an old benevolent doctor.

I confessed that till then I hadn't much gone in for compiling championship tables of the world's millionaires.

"Many people have lately said that Mr. Getty has got ahead of you," Fred joined the conversation.

"It's the Jews who say so," Mr. Hunt said in a raised voice.

Fred replied to this by saying that as far as he knew Getty was not a Jew. Hunt laughed. "You see," he turned to me, "this is how all that rubbish originates about H. L. Hunt. I am not saying that Mr. Getty is a Jew. All I said was that the Jews sometimes say I'm No. 1, at other times that it's Getty. And with that they want to divert attention from the fact that they are the richest."

"Who do you mean?" Fred queried. "Rothschild?" I didn't at once get the name right because Fred pronounced it in the English way and not in the form familiar to my ears. I thought for a moment he was referring to another American multimillionaire. Hunt was cross. Not by a long chalk! We still didn't begin to understand his meaning. The Jews were generally the richest people and they didn't want this fact to be realized by other people.

"So it's true what people say that you're an anti-semite?" I asked.

"This is a free country, sir. Here nobody interferes with your opinions. By the way, a very good friend of mine was Jewish. In the old days. You will have heard that I started with fifty dollars and that I borrowed that too."

I said I had just heard it in a shoe shop.

"Never before that? In the papers? It's been written up many times over though. Back in 1920 the banks were difficult about loans. They required three co-signers. One of them was called Sam Epstein. So I understand you came to me to ask if I was an anti-semite?"

I was all protests. "I shouldn't have thought of that if I hadn't heard it in a shoe shop a little while ago. I came because I'm on a study tour of America and you are a part of America. If I don't know you I don't really know all of America."

"Are you a writer?" he asked once again.

I repeated my affirmative answer.

"Are you going to write about America too?" I said I hoped to.

"About me too?" the richest man in the world asked. I promised that I would.

"Do you write your own books?" I assured him that I did.

"You have no help?"

"There are certain things which are more fun if two people do them but writing books wasn't one." Fred couldn't help laughing out loud, my wife gave me a nudge. Mr. Hunt's mind seemed to be on something else.

"Are you going to write about me in a book, not in a paper?" he asked. "And what will you write?" "Well, for instance, that your Mount Vernon is five times as big as George Washington's was," I said.

(The two Mount Vernons.) The clean-shaven baby face was now flushed. "And who told you that? The world is full of enemies. It's the communists who spread that about me." (I cocked one eye at Fred, that prototype of a communist. He winked back.) "The truth of the matter is that my Mount Vernon is one-fifth bigger than the original. Please tell your readers that."

I promised to do so, but I'd much rather write about how he got his fortune.

"I worked hard."

It is possible, but millions and millions of people work hard and they don't become millionaires. He liked my coupling the millions with the millionaire. He laughed. I used this opportunity to come back to the first question about being the richest. How many millions had he? He shook his head. He would not answer that question. Fred came in by saying that one paper gave it as 400 million, another two thousand million. Fred thought a thousand million, as the Americans say one billion might be near to the right figure. What did Mr. Hunt say to that?

Mr. Hunt dealt with my first question now. He said that it was not enough to work hard, it was also necessary to work well. "In this country everybody who works hard and well can get rich."

(The first fifty dollars and the first million.) I ventured to say that all the same everybody wasn't H. L. Hunt. I asked him to tell us how he got his first million. (What a pity that the English language lacks a convenient diminutive suffix, for I'd have liked to say, as I could have in Hungarian, a "millionlet.") He was pleased to speak about it. Turning to Fred he said: "Many people know that in the States. You too I guess." Fred knew only about the first borrowed fifty dollars. That seemed to irk the richest man in the world. It wasn't that at all. With that sum he went to Arkansas, to El Dorado. There he bought his first acre of land from a farmer. That was back in 1920. "My really big operations were all wildcat ones." Now of course that is Americanese and so I didn't catch on at once. Operation was all right, but what was a wildcatter? I had to be told that it meant a rash investor, a person engaging in risky business. Now Hunt has been a wildcatter on the grand scale all his life, but he got his biggest prey in 1930. I heard about it from him for the first time, but later on, whenever I told anybody that I had been to see H. L. Hunt, they first turned up their nose, then they told the tale of the borrowed fifty dollars and the wildcat in 1930. These Huntiads are part and parcel of American folklore.

Once upon a time a long time ago there lived in Texas in the eastern part of the state an oil man whose honest name was C. M. Joiner but everybody called him "Dad." It was he who discovered oil in East Texas, but he

never suspected, poor man, that he had sunk his wells in the richest oil fields in North America. All he knew was that these were very good oil fields. When his discovery was well enough publicized he decided to sell out. H. L. Hunt was on scene before you could say Jack Robinson, paid down thirty thousand dollars without asking a question and promised to pay four times fifteen within a year, and... and then what followed dumbfounded "Dad" and the Texas press. He also promised one million and two hundred thousand dollars from later production. Joiner signed at once, H. L. Hunt got the first wells and four thousand acres. He didn't then know himself what he had bought, he had a hunch, that's all. He had made one of the biggest business deals in American history. That is exactly what is meant by wildcatting. This was the basis of the Hunt Operation. At the time of the Second World War Hunt's oil fields were producing more oil than the whole of Germany, including all the occupied territories.

(How does a multi-millionaire live?) And what does he do with all that money? How does a multimillionaire live? I did not get a good answer. "Like everyone else. I do not spend unnecessarily. I fly tourist class. Money makes it possible for me to do whatever interests me." He said things like that. But what are you most interested in?

"The future of mankind. The way people are governed. Making people happy. Being a writer this is your main interest too, isn't it?"

At this "too" I must have jerked my head. His answer pounced as quickly as a wildcat. "Now you say you're an author. Are you? Or aren't you? How many copies of your latest book were printed?"

I told him. He knitted his brows in unbelief. But he took no further interest in the question. He got a black covered book out of a drawer of his desk. *Alpaca* was its title. "This is my latest book," he said. He put it down on the desk in front of him, opened it at the first page, I took it for granted that he was going to autograph it for me. But he kept me waiting.

"You see, I have books too," he said. Then he said at some length that in his opinion books were no longer an adequate means for informing and indoctrinating people. For this reason he kept a feature called "Lifelines" going on fifty radio stations. "Listen to it once while you're here in the South." (That evening I listened to a broadcast at Fred's. A pulpit voice was holding forth unctuously on the subject of an American citizen's right to choose his own neighbours. The word "Negro" was never mentioned, but no one was left in any doubt about the import of the text. Judy recalled that not long before "Lifelines" included among the rights of an American citizen that of kicking out a health officer, even when there was a case of infectious disease in the house.)

I tried to touch on the Kennedy assassination. Very cautiously naturally, after all Hunt knew better than me why he was trying to evade this question. I had read in the papers right after the event that the ignominious press campaign which preceded Kennedy's assassination was financed by Texas millionaires, and H. L. Hunt was mentioned as one of Kennedy's well-known opponents. As soon as I uttered the name the sort of glint appeared in Hunt's eyes which I'm sure is there when he makes his deals. "And why do you speak to me about him?"

"This is what I speak to everybody about here in America."

He looked out of the window and merely said: "He was a bad president."

(Unscience fiction.) I should have liked to ask him whether it was true that he was the chief patron of the John Birch Society, but there was no opportunity to do so.

(Later I read in Mark Lane that the notorious advertisement which appeared in the Dallas *Morning News* on the day of Kennedy's arrival in Dallas was put into the paper by Joseph P. Grinnan, the Dallas coordinator of the John Birch Society. It cost a lot of money, almost fifteen hundred dollars. Mark Lane, who had worked his way through all the twenty-six volumes of the Warren Report, discovered that Nelson B. Hunt, H. L. Hunt's son, also contributed to the cost of the advertisement.)

Hunt now took up the small black book and asked for a visiting card of mine so that he should be able to spell my name correctly, placed his spectacles on his nose and slowly in big, old-fashioned letters inscribed his book for me.

(I read *Alpaca* that night. Well, that's not quite the truth, I dipped into it. It is a novel, its subject might be described as a utopia or rather as unscience fiction. Alpaca is the name of an imaginary state where people live according to H. L. Hunt's doctrines. Government in Alpaca boils down to a system of voting in which the richest are entitled to seven votes, the next richest to six and so on down the scale according to the tax they pay down to people who pay no tax at all. The author grants one vote each to those people too with the proviso that they may relinquish their right to vote to such people as have a broader view of affairs on account of their greater income.)

We were getting ready to take our leave when I thought of asking yet another question. What did it feel like to be as rich as he was? He seemed hesitant and therefore I hastened to add that this was a topic I should like to write about in the first place.

"I can buy myself anything I fancy. But I don't buy unnecessary things." Of a sudden, as if reminded by this, he came closer and buttonholed me:

"Don't you want anything else from me?" I said thank you, really nothing. "Wouldn't you have liked to ask for something?"

(I let my chance go by.) "No, nothing, thank you," I answered at once. But since then I've often wondered what H. L. Hunt would have said to a tentative proposition, let's say, that I should like to write a full length book about him, to popularize in my country—and not just my country, in all Europe, the ideas of a true-born, genuine American? What would have happened if he had stated a sum and asked whether it would be enough? I can't go on from this point. I cannot imagine how large a sum the world's richest man would have named. One thousand dollars? Or ten? Or one million?

As soon as we were out of the room and in the anteroom, now empty, where a little while before the athlete had leant with his back against the door, Fred was already teasing me: "Now you missed the bus! Why didn't you ask him for something? Why didn't you suggest that you'd like to found the John Birch Society in Hungary?"

The secretary came after us and handed me a brochure containing information about Mr. Hunt and his enterprises. Still in the lift I looked at it and discovered two interesting trifles. The first was that the first H in H. L. Hunt's name stands for Haroldson, which is uninteresting, but the L, the initial of the second name chosen by his parents, his father was a big landowner and produce merchant, stands for Lafayette, the name of a man who fought for liberty. During the conversation I had mused on the curious fact that he had tried his luck with the borrowed fifty dollars in El Dorado of all places, now I reflected on the no less curious coincidence that Haroldson Lafayette Hunt was born in Vandalia, Illinois.

In one of the articles which his secretary gave me together with the brochure Hunt told reporters that a strong man had to be put into the White House and he thought Senator Lyndon B. Johnson the most suitable man. The article had appeared in 1960, Hunt had had it mimeographed and had added a note which he initialled to the effect that he still agreed with what he had written.

I spent almost an hour with Mr. Hunt. I should not have liked to be in his place for a minute, but as far as I could see the richest man in the world envied me because I am a writer.

(P.S. to that day) When editing my diary I asked Fred to provide me with some more information about Mr. Hunt. He answered that he will certainly scare up the H. L. H. material but that he could not understand why I was so interested in Hunt. Hunt is an old man, well past his prime, and he is not taken seriously, except by very few, Fred wrote. This is certainly so but the typical is often clearest when it appears as something extreme.

ELEKTRA, MY LOVE

Three Scenes from a play

by

LÁSZLÓ GYURKÓ

Fifteen years have passed since the death of Agamemnon. The town has got used to the tyrant's power, and only Elektra, the murdered king's daughter still cherises his memory and longs for revenge.

This is the starting point of László Gyurkó's Elektra, *and for some time he faithfully follows the classical plot. Orestes arrives in disguise. He tells Aegisthos that King Agamemnon's son, who had led a scandalous life, had died. The King allows the bringer of such glad tidings to stay in the town. Elektra is terribly downcast and Orestes tells her, without revealing his identity, that he had come to revenge Agamemnon's death and kill Aegisthos. On the Day of Truth when Aegisthos expects all his subjects to do homage to him, Orestes kills the ruler. This is the end of revenge, as far as Gyurkó's Orestes is concerned. He does not touch Klytemnaestra though he feels no filial love for her. But he knows that he has completed his task, he did not come to do justice but to bring peace. And as far as this is concerned the obstacle is not Klytemnaestra but Elektra.*

Orestes had used Elektra's passion for purity as a standard for his own person, but now that he has completed his task, and he no longer wants to change, but to preserve, he has no need for what she offered him, and he kills her.

Elektra *was first produced at the Budapest National Theatre in 1968.*

The first, the middle and the closing scene are printed below.

Characters:

ELEKTRA
ORESTES
AEGISTHOS
KLYTAEMNESTRA
CHRYSOTHEMIS
CHORUS (ONE MAN)
THE DUMB
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS
CITIZENS, SOLDIERS

All the characters wear stylized white dress, except for Elektra who is in black. The Chorus is in modern street clothes; he sits in a rocking chair. The stage is divided up by platforms.

SCENE 1

(Elektra, Chrysothemis, Chorus)

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You aren't sane.

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Are you listening at all?

ELEKTRA: When I go out into the square, I can see it in their eyes. I can see it on the faces of the place guard as they salute me like wooden puppets. Our mother keeps repeating it from dawn to dusk. Perhaps even in my cradle my nurse rocked me with the words: Elektra, you aren't sane.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: And has it never occurred to you that they may be right?

ELEKTRA: But what if they aren't right?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Everyone is stupid and a liar, you alone are good and pure, aren't you?

ELEKTRA: And if everyone *is* stupid and a liar, and in truth I alone am pure?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: There is no real man. Not one. Only Elektra, the wonderful Elektra.

ELEKTRA: They say I am different from the others. But then, either they are straight or me. But what if it is me?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You know what. I would rather be a villain among villains than pure alone.

CHORUS: Do you hear, Elektra? Man is not born to be different. The most important commandment: be as others.

ELEKTRA: You are a goose, dear sister. What the others honk, you honk.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: It's impossible to talk to you.

ELEKTRA: Really? Everybody says just that. When I say something, there is horror in their eyes, and they cut in: it's impossible to talk to you.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You will be left alone like my thumb.

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Come to your senses at last. Do you know what it is to be left alone?

ELEKTRA: Sometimes at dusk I look out of the window—carefully, lest they say Elektra is watching. I see the children playing with marbles in the dust, again: this is the last.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You know Aegisthos.

ELEKTRA *(stays quiet).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You know Aegisthos. You know that he doesn't joke.

ELEKTRA: He'd better not joke with me.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: May the day never come when you wish he were joking.

ELEKTRA: Aegisthos can kill me. He can put his spear through me as he did with our father. He can have me tied to horses and order me to be torn apart. But he cannot joke with me.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Be careful, Elektra!

ELEKTRA: He can dispose over my body: he is the king. But Elektra tortured is still Elektra. Elektra dead is still Elektra.

CHORUS: Elektra dead is still Elektra.

ELEKTRA: He brought me sweets while I was small. I bit his hand. He picked the most beautiful slave girls for me from his loot: I spit into his face. He sent me silk and velvet: I tore it into shreds. It would be better if he kept out of my way. Young couples walk arm in arm. An old woman comes, her grandchild supports her. And I am upstairs in my room, hiding behind the curtain alone in the palace, all alone in the world.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You see, you poor thing.

ELEKTRA: So what? You don't need me? And who misses you?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Can't you understand that this isn't a game?

ELEKTRA: I found a rag-doll in the

drawer. I had no idea how it got there, all my drawers are empty. Its dress was red, and its kerchief was also red. I took it in my arms. I kept rocking it. I sang to it. I took off its clothes and put it to bed. Is that what you call play? I threw out the doll; what was I to do with it?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Elektra, for God's sake, can't you understand? This is your last chance.

ELEKTRA: That's what our mother has been saying for years: this is my last year, and then I shall be old. Then a year passes, and she looks in the glass, and says the same.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Listen, you smart one. Aegisthos decided that if tomorrow at the celebration you refuse to speak when the others do, he will marry you off that same night.

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You know Lothos, the swineherd? He who every morning takes the city's pigs out into the meadows?

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: His pay is three pieces of gold a year. He lives on bread and onions and on greens he finds in the fields. The city buys him new clothes every five years. But only for him, not for his wife.

ELEKTRA: Look at my clothes: I wear them till they drop from me. I have no sandals except for the pair on my feet. I eat only enough to keep me alive.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: It's easy for you to speak like this now: a wave of your hand, and you're dressed in purple, your bed will be made of rose petals and messengers bring you delicacies.

ELEKTRA: But I need nothing, don't you understand? Don't you understand, Chrysothemis? I want no dresses, no soft bed, and no jewels. All I want is freedom, Chrysothemis.

CHORUS: But what is freedom, beautiful princess?

ELEKTRA: I am Elektra. I tear the clothes off my back. I get rid of jewels. I food. I want nothing that is not myself.

CHORUS: But who are you, beautiful princess?

ELEKTRA: I am Elektra. Well-being binds my hands. Comfort shackles my feet. I am a human being, I cannot wear chains.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: And what if Lothos throws you on his litter and rips off your clothes? When his smelly mouth seeks yours, and his coated tongue plays with yours? If with his hairy hands that geld the boar, he forces your thighs apart and plunges into you?

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: If the executioner rakes your body with red-hot pincers, you only hate the executioner. But in Lothos' arms you will get to hate yourself too. Not his smell will disgust you, but your own body.

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You are silent now, aren't you? You don't say now: what can the King do to me?

ELEKTRA: Though they tread me, though they defile me, I must still live. Even in filth and agony. And I will live until I have carried out what I must.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Come to your senses, Elektra. Our father was killed fifteen years ago.

ELEKTRA: What if it happened a hundred and fifty years ago? Time does not wash away crime, only punishment can do that.

CHORUS: Time does not wash away crime, only punishment can do that.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Agamemnon is dead, the worms have eaten up his body. You are alive, your flesh is pink. What law commands that the living shall sacrifice herself for the dead?

CHORUS: What law demands, oh, Elektra, that you sacrifice your pink flesh to a decaying skeleton?

ELEKTRA: I did not wake when our mother threw the net over him in the bathhouse. I did not hear his screams when Aegisthos plunged his spear into him. But

since then I do not sleep at night because I do not want to rest. I do not rest during the day because I do not want to rest.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Forget it all, Elektra.

ELEKTRA: The worms may have devoured his eyes, but not the way he looked. The worms may have chewed up his throat, but not his shout.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Go to bed without thinking of him just once. Wake up just once knowing that the day belongs to you and not to Agamemnon.

ELEKTRA: I won't be like you all. I won't forget. I won't wear white until I have done what I must.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: But life will pass, Elektra.

ELEKTRA: Then I will have no lover to caress me, no child I can kiss. The flesh will shrivel up on my arms, my face will shrink and grow wrinkled, my breasts will be like empty bags, but I will not cast off mourning until I have done what I must.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: What must one do other than be happy?

CHORUS: A ticklish question this, girls, what do you have to do until you die?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Do you know how different the morning is when you wake up to the sound of your child laughing in his cradle? If at night in bed your husband looks at you, and you look at him, and you both want the same thing?

ELEKTRA: And when you begged our mother to lie that you spent the night with us? Was your husband a joy then? When you tore your hair saying you did not want any more children, that you wanted to stay slim and lovely?

CHRYSOTHEMIS: You don't understand this. One raves, and then one gives birth and is happy to have the child. One loves someone and is glad. And when love is past one is glad to have a decent husband.

ELEKTRA: If I loved someone, I would love only him and never anyone else. Joy, always stays joy. And what is bad, would always stay bad for me, I would never want it.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Where do you live? In what kind of dream world?

ELEKTRA: And where do you live? In a world of lies.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Do you imagine there are people who don't lie? Show me only a single man who doesn't.

CHORUS: Yes, Elektra, just one.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: While you are young you think you can live as you want to. Later you find out that one must live the best way one can.

CHORUS: Do you hear, princess? You can't fit life to laws, the law has to fit life.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Do you think it does not hurt me that a stranger usurps the throne? That Klytaemnestra loves her bloody handed husband better than her own children? And yet, Elektra: let the dead rest, and the living live. Crime should be forgotten, not avenged. What we have forgotten does not exist and does not upset anyone's life.

ELEKTRA: If we forget that Agamemnon has been murdered, anything can happen. Even that the sun will not rise tomorrow. That man changes into a big black beatle. That millions will be burnt like logs of wood. Can't you understand, Chrysothemis? If crime is not followed by punishment, there will be no law only lies. And if there is no law, the world is not the world, and man is not man.

CHORUS: If crime is not followed by punishment, there will be no law. And if there is no law, the world is not the world, and man is not man.

ELEKTRA: The whole city is infected with lies as with the plague. You live as if our father had not been killed by his own wife. As if you did not know that the hands of your monarch are blood-stained. Oh, Chrysothemis, you begin to lie, and you lie in the morning and in the evening, you lie to your children and to your mother, you lie to your lover, you lie to the walls and to the

beasts, you say the grass is red, the sky is green, that joy is evil, that the beautiful is a crime. Oh, Chrysothemis, you all lie even when there is no need for it, because lies run in your veins.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Well, destroy all lies then, you smart one. Punish the offender, and cleanse the world, tear off the clouds that hide the sun.

ELEKTRA: I am keeping the sun in the sky. I care that men should not walk on all fours. I give birth to all the innocent babes. I, Elektra, who will not forget. As long as there is a single human being alive who has not forgotten, the others cannot forget either. As long as a single human being knows the law, the law has strength.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Well, then, avenge our father if you can.

ELEKTRA: Sin has to be avenged not our father, the sin that infects the city. Sin that gives birth to new sins forever, because if there is no law, anything can happen.

CHORUS: Hear ye, citizens? If there is no law, anything can be done to you.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Go ahead, Elektra, destroy crime. Go ahead, you are strong, aren't you?

ELEKTRA: If I were strong, Aegisthos would not be alive.

CHRYSOTHEMIS: Then shut up. Why do you jaw if you cannot do anything?

ELEKTRA: I cannot wield the sword, nor draw a bow. But I am waiting. I am waiting for Orestes to come and avenge the crimes. I am waiting for Orestes to come and destroy all the lies. I am waiting and I am not forgetting.

SCENE 15

(Elektra, Orestes, Aegisthos, Klytaemnestra, Chrysothemis, Chorus, The Dumb, Captain of the Guards, Citizens, Soldiers)

AEGISTHOS: Is everyone here?

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS: At your command, everyone is present, Sir.

AEGISTHOS: Then for the last time I call on the citizen who has not yet paid homage to speak as the law commands.

(Silence.)

AEGISTHOS: Elektra. Can't you hear? I am speaking to you, you bitch.

ELEKTRA *(Silent).*

AEGISTHOS: The measure is full: Listen to me, citizens. There is only one person in our city who stubbornly breaks the law. One person who disturbs the peace. One person who says of all our deeds: they are bad, of all of our joys: they are sins. Who would dress the city in mourning; who, if I allowed it, would ruin our lives. What does this person deserve, citizens?

CHORUS: What does the evil-doer deserve whose forfeit I hold?

AEGISTHOS: Listen to my judgement: Who ever excommunicates herself from among us, shall be excommunicated. You want to be different, you wretch? Well, I will see to it that you are different.

ELEKTRA: Enough. I kept quiet for fifteen years. Today I will speak. You say, King, that I want to be different from you? You are right. If you are men, I want to be a tree, stone or wind. If you are happy, I want suffering. If you are the world, I will be hell, heaven or the moon. I am Elektra, you mud-dwellers, Elektra, not a pig as you all are. Look at me. Look at me and think. Do you think it is better to lie than to speak the truth? Is it better to rot in filth and tremble throughout a lifetime than look death in the face just once? Do you think crime will go unpunished?

CHORUS: Do you think crime will go unpunished?

ELEKTRA: You kissed the murderer's feet: what was the good of that? You even sold your children to him, what was the good of it? You lied the stars off the sky, what was the good of that? Have you bought happiness? You have bought terror. Did you get peace of mind? You have only had fear. Are you defending your heads? The lash strikes your backs. Was it worthwhile for this? Say it to my face: was it worthwhile?

CHORUS: Was it worthwhile, citizens?

ELEKTRA: And what will happen to you when the murderer meets his punishment? What will then justify your lives? What lies will you tell then and to whom will you lie then? What will happen to you then, you who helped the hangman?

CHORUS: What will justify your lives then?

ELEKTRA: You lied, I did not speak. You dressed yourself in white, I did not take off mourning. You sang hosanna to a murderer. I spat into his eyes. Who was right? Who will be right? For fifteen years you acted as if you did not know that you were crooks. For fifteen years you called sin virtue; evil, good, just so that you would escape. The time is past: now we shall see who is right.

AEGISTHOS: Smart Elektra who is interested in what you say? Mad Elektra, who listens to your words? Laugh into her face, citizens: does this little whore want to teach you?

CHORUS: Why don't you laugh into her face, citizens?

AEGISTHOS: Listen to the royal command: Lothos, the swineherd will wed Elektra tonight.

ORESTES: No.

AEGISTHOS: What do you want?

ORESTES: You said, citizens, that you are proud of yourselves. That is a fine virtue. Here is your chance to show that you are justly proud.

AEGISTHOS: Hold your tongue.

ORESTES: No, King. Proud citizens, virtuous citizens, why do you let this hangman give you orders?

AEGISTHOS: Sentry!

ORESTES: You know the law. On the Day of Justice everyone can speak unpunished.

AEGISTHOS: Every citizen of this city. But not a scruffy foreigner.

ORESTES: I a foreigner? Here in this city? In this palace? Look at me, citizens: Orestes stands here. Agamemnon's son.

ELEKTRA: No!

AEGISTHOS: Orestes?

ORESTES: I am Orestes, son of the murdered Agamemnon. And your death, tyrant!

KLYTAEMNESTRA: No!

AEGISTHOS: Hey, men, put him in irons!

ELEKTRA: Do not move! You know the law.

AEGISTHOS: Haven't you heard me?!

ELEKTRA: You know the law: let wheels break his bones, let his body be roasted over hot embers, let thorns be driven under his nails, let him be flayed alive, who dares to raise a finger against him who speaks on the Day of Justice. Let the earth not receive him, the sea cast him out, the river not carry him: that is the law.

AEGISTHOS: You fool. I made the law. I, the King. Do as I said, men.

ELEKTRA: Don't make a move. I command you. I, Elektra.

(Silence.)

AEGISTHOS: How do you know that he is really Orestes? That he is not a stranger who wants to destroy the city?

ELEKTRA: Because I say that he is Orestes. I say it, Elektra, who has never lied.

(Silence.)

AEGISTHOS: Are you traitors? Do you deny me? Out! All of you out. I want to be left alone with this gentleman.

SCENE 20

(Elektra, Orestes, Chorus, The Dumb)

ELEKTRA: Have you done what you had to, Orestes?

ORESTES: The tyrant is dead, the city is free.

ELEKTRA: The tyrant is dead. And the dagger is there in your hand. But what will you do with the dagger now?

ORESTES: I have guarded this dagger for fifteen years to liberate the city. Now I can throw it away.

ELEKTRA: Is that what you think? Do you really think so? The tyrant is dead—but what of the guilty?

ORESTES: I will punish the guilty.

ELEKTRA: Then raise your dagger again. Do you see that woman there? Do you see my mother, Orestes? Kill her. Kill my mother if you want to punish sin.

ORESTES *(Silent)*.

ELEKTRA: Why don't you say that I am a monster? Why dare you not say it to my face?

ORESTES *(Silent)*.

ELEKTRA: Am I a monster? But then the world is monstrous. The world is that if only a monster can be right. For I am right, Orestes. I am right, King: if crime goes unpunished, there is no more justice.

ORESTES: A dagger is not needed for punishment any more.

ELEKTRA: Who should punish if not you?

ORESTES: I have killed Aegisthos: I know blood. Let no one bid his servant to kill if blood has not splashed his face.

CHORUS: Considering the present distribution of labour, this can hardly be put into effect.

ORESTES: No, Elektra, I haven't come to punish. Where freedom rules, there the law punishes.

ELEKTRA: But who will be the judges, Orestes? Where in this city will you find a man or woman who has the right to sit in judgement over his fellows?

ORESTES: I will have a yardstick by which to choose.

ELEKTRA: Just start screening them, and all will turn out to be innocent.

ORESTES: Unless you separate them out, you brand them all.

ELEKTRA: But who is not guilty, King? Who is not guilty in this city where all served the tyrant?

ORESTES: Careful, princess: if they are all guilty only the hangman can rule over us. Once the executioner's sword is the sceptre, a tyrant will sit on the throne again.

ELEKTRA: Don't you understand, if a single person who is guilty, goes unpunished, justice has no strength.

ORESTES: Don't you understand, if I come to judge and not to liberate, I train slaves.

ELEKTRA: It was all in vain. I lived only so that there should be one person in the city who does not forget. One person who waits for you. It was in vain.

ORESTES: Elektra, my dear, it was not in vain.

ELEKTRA: Oh, Orestes. Oh, my love, let's go from here. The world is wide, let's go from here, my love.

ORESTES: You know that's not possible.

ELEKTRA: We get into a boat and you hoist the sails. We shall live on a small island with only gulls and fishermen. I'll fetch fresh hay for our cave, I shall fetch water from the spring, and shall wash the dust off your feet. Let us go from here, my love.

ORESTES: You know that we can't.

ELEKTRA: We shall go to the market where the crowds mill about and fresh fish is sold, we shall walk around the stalls with their mountains of dates, at night we shall sit down in the square and watch the people. We shall visit the bazaars where potters turn jugs on their wheels, we shall buy almonds and I shall bring you flowers every morning. Let's go from here, my love.

ORESTES: Elektra, my dear, I cannot go.

ELEKTRA: Don't you want me?

ORESTES: I cannot cut off one hand, and I cannot put out one eye. I cannot replace you with anything.

CHORUS: You are irreplacable, princess. But he will not go with you.

ORESTES: I am a cripple without you. Half a man. A wretch.

CHORUS: He is half a man without you. All the same he won't go with you.

ELEKTRA: Aegisthos is dead, the city is free. What else have you to do here?

ORESTES: Centuries will pass before men will learn to live in freedom.

ELEKTRA: I haven't gone through the gates of the city since I was born. Every evening I went out on to the walls to look into the distance. To look at the mountains and the rivers. Every night I told myself, I cannot go before you come. The gates were open, but I did not leave.

ORESTES: Oh, Elektra, if we could but follow the river together! Oh, Elektra, if I could but walk in the fields with you. If I had nothing else to do except to love you.

ELEKTRA: What am I to you?

ORESTES: You know that very well.

ELEKTRA: Are you asking me to be your lover?

ORESTES: I am asking you to be my companion.

ELEKTRA: Are you asking me to be your wife?

ORESTES: You know the law: a sister must not become the wife of her brother.

ELEKTRA: You say this is the law?

ORESTES: You know the law, Elektra.

ELEKTRA: What law forbids lovers to love each other?

ORESTES: What is a commandment for men, is a commandment for me.

ELEKTRA: You preach a lying law, King. You fear a lying law, Orestes.

ORESTES: Everyone can break the law. Every slave, and every beggar who stands on the street corner. But not the King.

CHORUS: Hear ye, makers of the law? Even the lowest beggar may break the law, but not the law-maker.

ELEKTRA: We could share the throne, but not a bed. I could see you in the daytime but never at night. I could kiss your brows but never your lips.

ORESTES: I shall walk about bent until my death: I shall never find release from love. This is my fate: to love you and not be able to love you.

ELEKTRA: Are you choosing lies to be your fate?

ORESTES: I am choosing suffering because there is no other way.

ELEKTRA: Suffering shall not be your fate, don't you fear. You will forget Elektra. For Elektra is Elektra, and Orestes is Orestes. Now for always.

CHORUS: Elektra is Elektra, and Orestes is Orestes. Now for always.

ORESTES: Elektra, my dear, your name will be inscribed on the temple column.

ELEKTRA: My name will be inscribed on the temple column.

ORESTES: So that it be known thousands of years from now that there is no one worthy of Elektra.

ELEKTRA: To proclaim forever: there is no one like Elektra.

CHORUS: There is no one like Elektra.

ELEKTRA: I waited for this day for fifteen years. No one saw me in a white dress. No one saw me laugh. No one saw me happy. And not Lothos' couch shall be my reward: but the temple column.

CHORUS: Which is better, princess?

ELEKTRA: Orestes has come to teach men new lies. Orestes has come to teach even Elektra to lie. And Elektra's name shall be inscribed on the temple column. The name will be gilded to shine brightly, and no name will be written next to it, for there is no one like Elektra.

CHORUS: There is no one like Elektra.

ELEKTRA: Mothers will come with their babes in their arms, sweethearts will come holding hands, old men and women will come supported by their grandchildren. Sausages will be fried in the market-place, the grapes will ripen in autumn, the whole city will be scented by the fragrance of ripe grapes, boys will ask girls to dance, and nothing will be left of Elektra—except her name on the temple column. Her name alone. And even her name will stand alone.

CHORUS: Her name alone. And even her name will stand alone.

ELEKTRA: You can go, Elektra: the gates are open, there is nothing to hold you. You can follow the river and you can pretend that you are not in love. Or you can stay and pretend that you are not in love.

CHORUS: You stay or go: you will still lie.

ELEKTRA: Aegisthos wanted to buy me, Orestes wants to buy me. Aegisthos offered me mercy, Orestes offers me power. And they all want me to lie.

CHORUS: You stay or go, princess, you will still lie.

ELEKTRA: Orestes does not want Elektra, only a lie. Everybody wants a lie instead of Elektra. There is no man who wants Elektra.

ORESTES: Elektra, my dear: Orestes is Orestes and Elektra is Elektra, but neither of us can be without the other.

ELEKTRA: Then your way is not my way. Then my way will not be your way. If Elektra is Elektra and Orestes is Orestes, we cannot travel along the same road.

ORESTES: I give of myself as much as I get of you in exchange. Give up as much of you as you accept of me.

ELEKTRA: I am Elektra, I cannot change.

ORESTES: Elektra, my love: the world needs us together.

ELEKTRA: No, King. No, Orestes, because you are a coward. You love and dare not love. You have won and dare not love. You have won and dare not punish.

ORESTES: Careful, Elektra: you want justice and you make a judge of the hangman.

ELEKTRA: Careful, Orestes. Take very good care. Be merciful, and lies will rule this city again.

ORESTES: Life has to be lived, Elektra. What will become of this city if I point my finger at everyone: you are guilty, and so are you, and you and you?

ELEKTRA: What do you think, then? From today on everybody may go to sleep with his conscience soothed, for Orestes has made a new law: the past must be forgotten?

ORESTES: Life has to be lived, Elektra. What will become of people if I brand them all? How can they stand up straight if the executioner stands behind them?

ELEKTRA: Can they stand up straight then if they live pretending that nothing has happened? If you release them from sin?

ORESTES: Do not condemn him who has had a knife at his throat.

ELEKTRA: Would you have done it? Would you also have joined the bootlickers if things had worked out that way? Are you joining the chorus which echoed lies from morning until night, and dreamt lies from bedtime until rising?

ORESTES: I have not been tried by fate. And he who has escaped the ordeal must take care when he sits in judgement over those who had to walk over glowing embers in bare feet.

ELEKTRA: Well, look at me. Look at me, King, and behold humble Elektra who walked over glowing embers in her bare feet, but did not break the law. If a single human being is left in the city who did not become a wolf among wolves, if there is only one, you can condemn the others.

CHORUS: Hear ye, citizens: if there is but one human being who has not become a vulture among vultures, judgement can be held over you.

ORESTES: You are Elektra: do not measure their deeds against yours.

ELEKTRA: So I don't even have the right to judge.

ORESTES: If you are tortured, a country listens to your screams. If the executioner chops off your head, the whole country will know your tomb. But they would have had to die nameless. Only the hangman would have known what happened to their carcasses. Take care, Elektra; one whose name is known to the city cannot judge the nameless by her standards.

ELEKTRA: So I don't even have the right to judge.

ORESTES: If you cry for vengeance no one will say of himself that he is guilty. Each will say it of his neighbour.

ELEKTRA: I am not crying for vengeance; I am crying for justice.

ORESTES: What is bad for man is not justice.

CHORUS: What is bad for man, is not justice.

ELEKTRA: Have the market-place dug up: the skulls of the executed will grin at you. Go down into the torture chambers and the walls will weep. Ask the headless corpses if they want to be forgotten.

CHORUS: Dear corpses, do you wish to be forgotten?

ORESTES: Have the market-place dug up, Elektra. Go down to the torture chambers. Ask the headless corpses why they died. Ask them, Elektra, whether they died to have their deaths avenged or for the deposition of the tyrant.

ELEKTRA: For you it is easy to forget: you have nothing to forget. You can exonerate the guilty: the victims did not scream into your ears. What does this city concern you, Orestes? Did you breath the same air with us? Did you drink water from the same well with us? Which whore of yours did you amuse yourself with when they built the scaffold for us?

ORESTES: As long as I am king, no executioner will sit on the throne. As long as I am king no tyrant will sit on the throne. As long as I rule, freedom will rule this city.

ELEKTRA: But you shall not be king. As long as I live, you shall not rule.

ORESTES: Are you in your right mind?

ELEKTRA: I shall stand out in the market-place and scream into the face of the city who you are. I will call on the women whose husbands were murdered; I will go to the lovers whose lovers were murdered; I will go to the children whose fathers were murdered. And the tormented will come with me, the tortured will come with me, Orestes.

ORESTES: Son will kill his father, father his child, lover her lover; you will not be able to put a stop to vengeance.

ELEKTRA: I will scratch out the corpses from the earth. I will resurrect the tortured. Those whose heads were cut off by the executioner's sword will shout with me that crime must be punished.

ORESTES: You shall not let loose hell over this city again. You shall not put it into people's head that they are vile criminals who are all equally in dread of punishment. Careful, Elektra: The city will be destroyed if all its citizens live in terror.

ELEKTRA: If it takes hell to purge them, I will let hell loose. If it takes suffering to purge them, I will bring them suffering.

ORESTES: As long as I am king, the city shall not be turned into hell. As long as I am king, terror shall not be law.

ELEKTRA *(she begins to circle around Orestes as she circled around Aegisthos's body)*: But you are not king. You shall not be king. You aren't king because you aren't Orestes. I only know now that you are not Orestes.

ORESTES: Have you gone mad?

ELEKTRA: You are not Orestes. You have not come to destroy lies. You are a lie yourself.

ORESTES: Elektra, stop.

ELEKTRA: You are not Orestes. I will shout it to the world: you are not Orestes.

ORESTES: Stop, you fool!

ELEKTRA: You shall not be king. You are not Orestes. You are not Orestes!

ORESTES: No! *(He stabs her.)*

(Silence.)

You mad woman. Oh, you mad woman: what did you do to me?

(Silence.)

You wanted what I wanted: to liberate the city. I wanted what you wanted: to liberate the city. Yet you left me, and I must live; now I must live without you. Oh, my love: Elektra is Elektra and Orestes is Orestes, now and for always.

CHORUS: Elektra is Elektra, and Orestes is Orestes. Now and for always.

STANDING UP TO THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE

by

GYÖRGY ÁDÁM

> *"The American Expeditionary Corps will leave Vietnam, where it has nothing to win and everything to lose. But American industry will not leave Europe, where it is continuously gaining ground and increasing its control."*
> Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber in *Le défi américain, p. 292.*

There are many signs that the rising tide of American direct investments[1] became an important subject causing concern in Western Europe. The fact that Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's book, *Le défi américain*[2] became a best-seller in France and is being translated into a number of foreign languages is but one of the symptoms. In September 1967 the well-known French *Club Jean Moulin* and the Belgian Group *La Relève* held a colloquium on the subject: Europe and American investments. One of the key papers bore the title: "American investments: a portent of the waning vitality of Europe." In October 1967 the Centre of European Studies of the Department of Law and Economics of the University of Paris organized another colloquium on cooperation, concentration and mergers in the EEC which, as *Le Monde* put it, endeavoured to answer the question how to resist American colonization.

This mood is by no means confined to France. In the German Federal Republic Kurt Blauhorn's book: *Ausverkauf in Germany?*[3] was originally published in 1966. In October 1967 already its fourth, revised and enlarged edition appeared, to be joined by another book with the suggestive title:

1 By "direct investments" foreign branches or foreign-incorporated affiliates of U.S. companies are meant in which the parent company has a managerial interest of at least 10 percent but usually 25 percent or more.

2 Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber: *Le défi américain*. Éditions Denoël, Paris, 1967.

3 Kurt Blauhorn: *Ausverkauf in Germany?* Ein Bericht über die weitgreifenden Besitzumschichtungen in der Bundesrepublik. 4. aktualisierte Auflage. Moderne Verlags GmbH, München, 1967.

Perspektive 1980—Deutschland: Industriestaat ohne Zukunft?[4] Prime Minister Wilson in a by now famous statement spoke about the threatening "industrial helotry" of Western Europe.

Some facts and figures

It seems appropriate to present some facts and figures which indicate on what the conviction about the decline of Western Europe, which is deeply felt and widespread in the West, is based.

One of the reasons frequently adduced appears to be the steep rise in American direct investments. Their jump in quantitative terms is shown in Table 1.

Table 1

Value of U.S. Direct Investments in Western Europe (1950–1966)
($1,000 million)

	1950	1957	1964	1965	1966
Western Europe	1,733	4,151	12,109	13,985	16,200
Common Market	637	1,680	5,426	6,304	7,587
United Kingdom	847	1,974	4,547	5,123	5,652

Source: "Survey of Current Business." U.S. Department of Commerce.

It is noteworthy that the increase in direct investments from 1965 to 1966 for the first time since 1950 exceeded $2,000 million per annum.

These figures, however, do not faithfully reflect the extent of America's advance in Europe. Direct investments are listed at their book value, taking into account only the capital outflow from the U.S. and profits ploughed back, but not the funds obtained outside the U.S. to finance the expansion of American companies. Building sites and other real estate figures are shown at the price they were originally acquired at, nor are shifts in the value of investment goods taken sufficiently into consideration. At least a part of current expenditure for the maintenance of plant and equipment, the costs of developing new and improved products, from research to expensive introductory advertising, etc. are also held to be quasi-capital in character. The real value of U.S. direct investments in the EEC (European

4 Diether Stolze (ed.): *Perspektive 1980—Deutschland: Industriestaat ohne Zukunft?* Die Zeit Bücher, Christian Wegner Verlag, Hamburg, 1967.

Economic Community) has been estimated at the end of 1965 at $8,000–9,000 million, while the book value at that time was indicated at $6,300 million. An increase of the book value by 30–50 per cent in order to arrive at their market value appears to be quite realistic.[5]

Substantial direct investments are effected by holdings established in third countries (Switzerland, Luxembourg, etc.). All these should also be taken into account in order to encompass the whole scope of American interests.

The nature of American investments

But a quantitative assessment alone will not suffice; to grasp the prevailing mood of Western Europe, a qualitative analysis is also required. Only thus will it be possible to size up whether Americans own a "disproportionate" share of European industry, whether the concern so frequently expressed about them is justified.

American investment in Europe is biggest in the growth industries, where markets are expanding rapidly, profits are large and American technology has often pioneered the way. Secondly, a surprisingly large proportion of it is undertaken by the "giants" that have been established there for many years. Forty per cent of American direct investments in France, West Germany and Britain is accounted for by three (!) firms (Esso-Standard Oil, General Motors, Ford) and two-thirds in all Western Europe by 20 firms.[6]

In the middle sixties, however, a growing number of medium-sized firms also began to settle in Western Europe. Some of them appear in the wake of the "giants" ("accompanying investments"—"*Folgeinvestitionen*," as Rainer Hellmann calls them), American subsidiaries prefer to work in Western Europe with the same banks, management consultants and public relations firms as their parent companies in the U.S. For these service industries it is a vital matter of competitiveness to be represented at the centre of gravity of U.S. foreign investments; if the subsidiaries start to transact their operations abroad through other firms, the home business may be jeopardized too. The subcontractors and suppliers of the "giants," such as the Big Three of the American automobile industry, are also establishing themselves in Europe; Ford's, GM's and Chrysler's 30–40 per cent share

5 See Howe Martyn: *International Business*. The Free Press of Glencoe. 1964. pp. 101–102; Rainer Hellmann: *Amerika auf dem Europamarkt*. Nomos Verlagsgesellschaft, Baden-Baden, 1966. p. 46; also "The Great American Purchase." *Newsweek*, February 27, 1967. pp. 18–20.

6 Christopher Layton: *Trans-Atlantic Investments*. The Atlantic Institute. Second edition. January 1968. p. 18.

of the West European car market offers them a chance to do business. Such services as hotels and distribution should also be mentioned here.

These "accompanying" investments extend far beyond their originally stated field of activities (i.e. servicing the American bridgeheads). They are very up-to-date, apply novel methods (leasing, factoring) and frequently manage to have more European than American clients.[7] The influence of management consultant firms is expanding particularly swiftly.[8]

But by far the most important thing about American industrial penetration is its strategic nature. U.S. companies are predominant in the new advanced industries (electronics, computers, aircraft, space industries, satellite telecommunications, nuclear power, sophisticated engineering equipment and chemical products, etc.), i.e. precisely in those which would offer to Europe the main opportunity to grow and prosper. Now the lag of Western Europe in relation to the U.S. is biggest just in these industries.

The spin-off from space research is held of particular importance; its requirements demand recurring technological breakthroughs and make themselves felt throughout the whole of industry. Even greater relevance is being attached to electronics and specifically to computers: "The computer is comparable in its significance for the age of automation to steam-power in the nineteenth century, a force that changes the whole way economic life is being run."[9] According to Servan-Schreiber, the computer industry is bound to become, between 1970 and 1980, the third biggest industry in the world, behind the oil and automobile industries. It is here that the danger of not being able to catch up with the U.S. is biggest. Already 50 per cent of the output of semi-conductors, 80 per cent of that of computers, 95 per cent of integrated circuits in Western Europe is controlled by American companies.[10] The costliness of LSI (large-scale integration), the most recent development in electronics, leading probably to "fourth generation" computers, will increase American superiority even further.

Western Europe's lag in R&D, the "technological gap," the "management gap," the "education gap," etc. help to explain European fears that excessive dependence on American technology will lead to a permanently "second-rate" economy: "The advanced, pure research, it is argued, will stay in the United States. Europe will buy products and developments, and will always be two or three years behind. Its balance of payments, as well

7 *Ibid.*, p. 18; Hellmann: *Amerika...* p. 65; Dimitri Weiss (ed.): *Les investissements étrangers en Europe*. Dunod, Paris, 1968. p. 75.

8 "French chemical-textile giant (Rhone-Poulenc) retains McKinsey & Co. to make a reorganization study and recommendations." *Business Week*, January 20, 1968. p. 132.

9 Layton: *Trans-Atlantic Investments...* p. 102.

10 Servan-Schreiber: *Le défi américain*, pp. 151 and 25.

as growth, will suffer. Its best brains will go to the United States where the key decisions are made and the major centres of discovery located."[11] Or, in other words, the perspective for Western Europe is to become within a decade or so a subcontractor of U.S. industry with the inevitable economic, political and cultural implications threatening European autonomy.

This is not merely a European obsession; some American businessmen too are able to understand this anxiety, admitting that "no country wants to see its basic industries controlled by foreigners—even by efficient and friendly foreigners... The greater the extent to which U.S. companies dominate the economy of foreign countries, the greater will be the fear and resentment to which they give rise."[12]

Similar views have been voiced by one of the top executives of IBM: "It is easy to see why an Englishman or a Frenchman or a German would not want absolute foreign control of an industry crucial to his security and survival or even to his country's economic future; why he would not want all its shots called by men of another country thousands of miles away, *whatever the advantages American management and technology can bring to him and his fellow countrymen.*"[13] (Our italics.)

Indeed, space research affects so many industries that its neglect by Western Europe would mean "decline, under-development and eventually industrial serfdom." The Western European space programme is at best modest in relation to the U.S.; even disregarding manned space flights, U.S. expenditures are at least 7–8 times bigger than those of all Western Europe. The control of electronics, the very heart of communications and modern productive equipment is not simply a matter of industrial profits but of national power. One of the consequences of American penetration is that some vital centres for decision are becoming extra-European, thereby depriving some decisive areas of Western European national economics of their autonomy.

This preponderance of American control in most of the advanced industries makes relatively irrelevant all computations as to the share of American direct investments related to fixed capital formation, global private and public, or industrial investments in the EEC or Western Europe. The control of key sectors is entirely sufficient to undermine Western Europe's scientific and industrial independence, even if the rest of the economy continued to be dominated by the host countries.[14]

[11] Layton: *Trans-Atlantic Investments*... p. 96.

[12] Leo Model: "The Politics of Private Foreign Investments." *Foreign Affairs*, July 1967. pp. 639–651. The author is an international economist and director of several international corporations.

[13] Thomas J. Watson Jr., chairman of IBM, in *U.S. News & World Report*, November 13, 1967. p. 60.

[14] Jean Meynaud–Dusan Sidjanski: *L'Europe des Affaires*. Payot, Paris, 1967. p. 96.

Some further reasons for uneasiness

In the same context some further points should be emphasized.

In order to lessen the deficit of the U.S. balance of payment, the American government, through its "voluntary restriction programme," imposed some restraint on direct investments in Western Europe. Thereupon the U.S. companies invaded the European capital market; according to American sources they floated about $800 million only in dollar bonds in 1965 and 1966: "U.S. companies have an astonishing facility for raising money abroad... American firms are very good risks, and when their foreign bonds are denominated in dollars, guaranteed by the parent company and in some instances convertible into stock, *very few enterprises can compete with them in the European capital markets.*" (Our italics.)[15]

Thus American subsidiaries absorb a substantial share of relatively scarce European resources for investment.

This elicited the bitter comment that *Western Europe finances with her own resources the expansion of the American companies.* Euro-emissions, other credit facilities, subventions in one or another form and self-financing account for 80–90 per cent of American investments. The latter are rendered easier also by the fact that "while European firms have difficulty in raising funds in the European capital market, New York acts as a middleman for European investors who put their money into American concerns, many of which are directly investing in Europe."[16]

Another consequence of the massive American presence on the West European capital market is the rising tendency of the rate of interest which is bound to hit hard the entire economy of Western Europe. Moreover, in the wake of the difficulties to lessen the deficit of the U.S. balance of payment, the weakening of the dollar's position and the ensuing hoarding of gold resulted in the withdrawal of capital from the European market of an order of magnitude at least as—and possibly even more—substantial than the amount of American Euro-emissions.

Now the inner logic of the American economic-social system acts as a tremendous driving force for converting Western Europe into the most preferred area for U.S. direct investments: "As the Common Market took shape... Europe became the world's most swiftly growing market, the one market outside America which would be sufficiently rich to buy on a large scale the kind of products America produced: *High-income products for the consumer,* from cars to washing machines and sophisticated machinery and

15 Model: "The Politics of Private Foreign Investments..." p. 645.
16 Layton: *Trans-Atlantic Investments*... p. 143.

plant. *In many of these products the American market appeared to be nearing saturation*... For the first time outside America, the large-scale techniques developed in the U.S.—in marketing as well as in production—could be applied on a comparable continental scale."[17]

Under such conditions, the conviction is gaining ground that the main beneficiaries of the Common Market are not the European economies, but the American corporations. "The Europe of the Common Market became for American businessmen a new Far West"—Servan-Schreiber writes.[18] One after another the American corporations are establishing headquarters aimed to manage all their operations on a European scale. The process reached an extent which goes far beyond what the economic experts of the Common Market imagined: American expansion proceeds at a quicker rate than European industrial cooperation and mergers on a continental or EEC scale. The only "binational" merger that took place is the oft-quoted one between Agfa and Gevaert; concentration is still going on mostly within national frontiers.

American corporations operating on an EEC or continental scale were frequently proclaimed to be the chief promoters of European integration. This belief is by now far from being unanimously shared by Western European experts. Many of the American giants became or are becoming multinational (cosmopolitan, global, etc.) corporations pursuing a kind of integration which has very little in common with the aims originally set by the EEC.[19] The opinion is even voiced that American capital exports may lead to the breaking-up of the "free world" rather than to its integration.[20]

New restrictions

On January 1, 1968 President Johnson announced new regulations providing that new capital transfers for direct investment, together with reinvested earnings, may not in Great Britain exceed 65 per cent and in continental Europe 35 per cent of the average investment in 1965 and 1966. This naturally raises the question: can these guide-lines be expected to affect substantially U.S. positions in Europe, do they mean a solution of the afore-mentioned vexed problems?

17 *Ibid.*, p. 143.

18 Servan-Schreiber: *Le défi américain*... p. 23.

19 Alessandro Silj: "Les investissements américains en Europe sont-ils un facteur d'integration de la C.E.E.?" *Le Monde*, March 26–27, 1967, pp. 7 and 10.

20 J. Dumontier: "L'exportation américaine de capitaux aboutira à l'integration politique du 'monde libre' ... ou à son éclatement." *Le Monde*, November 12–13, 1967. pp. 9 and 11.

At the time of writing (Spring 1968) it is too early yet to venture a definitive judgement on the implications of the spending curbs. There are, however, some signs and reactions which render possible at least a more or less informed guess.

In the U.S., Big Business is of course not particularly happy about the new programme, but it hardly means "much pain" for most of the established multinational companies with interests spread over the whole West European market; they are confident that they can find ways to keep their overseas operations going.[21] The recent arrivals or those who are just in process of seeking a toehold feel much more handicapped.

The European response is far from being quite unambiguous. Before January 1968 ways and means were sought not so much to ban, but rather to limit American direct investments, or to find a workable criterion for differentiating between advantageous and unwelcome investments and admitting only those deemed to be beneficial. Thus the measures now enforced were not at all considered a godsend. On the one hand they do not guarantee "selective" investment; on the other, European dependence on advanced U.S. technology and new management methods became—or at least was believed to have become—so obvious that in some quarters anxiety was expressed as to the potentially unfavourable implications (e.g. as regards economic growth) of any slow-down in U.S. business operations; drastic and sudden reductions in direct U.S. investment were not held *in se* to be a factor making for equilibrium.

Some of these fears appear to be vindicated: *a new American invasion of the Euro-bond market can be observed.* According to the figures issued by the Banking Federation of the EEC, American companies already in 1967 took about a fifth of the total sum of $3,000 million-odd raised through the international bond market. In the first six weeks of 1968 American companies floated or announced a total of more than $600 million worth of new Euro-bond issues. A sizeable part of the flow comes from the advanced countries of continental Europe, thus making it much more difficult for other users of the Euro-bond market to secure a reasonable share of the money becoming available there.[22]

This is tantamount to solving the difficulties ensuing from the recent curb largely at the expense of European industry.

Moreover the dynamism and irradiating force of the investments already effected is so large, their entrenchment so deep, that no evidently temporary

21 "Not much pain for Big Business." *Business Week*, January 6, 1968. pp. 16—17.

22 C. Gordon Tether: "American invasion of the Euro-bond market." *The Financial Times*, February 21, 1968. p. 15; "U.S. demand threatens German capital market." *Ibid.* February 22, 1968. p. 5.

measures of restraint are likely to modify essentially the status quo and to absolve Western Europe from having to make the same hard choices as before January 1968.

This is then the background to be taken into consideration when assessing the efficiency and chances of Western Europe's attempts to stand up successfully to the American challenge.

Trends and Ideas

> "...*Much of the attention being given [to* Le défi américain*]... stems from a misunderstanding of Mr. Servan-Schreiber's views. This is not an anti-American book. On the contrary, it is full of admiration for U.S. businessmen and how they have been able to achieve a high rate of technological advance.*" World Business. *The Chase Manhattan Bank N.A. No. 10, January 1968. p. 17.*

The present state of affairs in the Common Market is not believed to be helpful in the prevention of a further deterioration of its position in relation to the U.S. It is the exchange of goods which is developing satisfactorily within the EEC, this cannot, however, be said about the implementation of other moves such as a European science and industrial policy, concentration and mergers beyond national boundaries, etc. As far as "European companies" are concerned, in the view of U.S. business circles "even according to the most optimistic estimates, agreement is still several years away."[23] Supra-nationality—whatever its merits and demerits—for the time being meets with determined resistance.

Yet there is a general consensus that some way of pooling the resources of the whole of Western Europe must be found.

Which are then the main concepts current in Western Europe?

The partisans of Atlantic integration (i.e. the pooling of resources with the U.S.) were apparently unable so far to submit convincing arguments to the effect that the economic independence of Western Europe can be preserved through an Atlantic Partnership cemented ever tighter by American direct investments. The "Europeanization" of the American subsidiaries, the setting up of European holding companies for American concerns which would integrate all their European operations and issue shares on the European markets for the integrated enterprise, joint ventures, the promotion of European direct investments in the U.S. as means of counteracting the present imbalance are deemed by large sections of West

[23] *Business Week*, February 17, 1968. p. 112.

European public opinion partly to be pious wishes and partly to be inefficient and insufficient.[24]

The Gaullist concept of a rather loose confederation of the Six is put on hard trial by Britain's insistent efforts to join the Common Market and/or establish some sort of a European Technological Community, this being more or less explicitly supported by the bulk of EEC countries, although the exact time of its realization cannot be foretold.

For these reasons it is perhaps worth while to subject to closer examination the ideas developed by J.-J. Servan-Schreiber in *Le défi américain* which are fairly characteristic of a certain kind of attempt to find a way out from the West European dilemma.

The gist of his idea of a European "counter-offensive" can be summed up as follows: A European industrial policy should be implemented by selecting 50–100 big enterprises which, after having attained the required dimensions, are able to apply the most advanced technologies and secure for themselves a position in the front rank of their respective sectors. "A minimum of federal power"—whatever it means—should promote and underwrite the operations of these big units which are to carry out big projects destined to preserve the autonomy of Europe. A new and close partnership should be established between the big enterprises, the universities and the political power by coordinating their aims and activities. Servan-Schreiber is also opposed to nationalization of key industries or enterprises.

All this in many aspects bears the unmistakable imprint of the American model; it looks very much like a West European version of the "corporate society": the fundamental stimuli should be imparted "*au niveau des entreprises,*" i.e. to a few dozen big enterprises. There is no lack of explicitness in this respect: "The only policy to render possible the escape from underdevelopment consists in underpinning 'the strong points'," not failing to add that it is these "strong points" which "demagogy used to condemn under the global and vague term of 'monopoly'."[25] This sounds very much like championing the cause of *l'Europe des trusts*. This impression is being reinforced by another statement of his: "The modern type of partnership between industry–university–government has not yet been developed nor

24 J. Meynaud and D. Sidjanski e.g. criticize sharply the statement of the Atlantic Institute (one of the principal advocates of the Atlantic integration) adopted in Geneva at a conference organized by the same: "...There is no question about Europe exercising some proper influence or having special interests. It is a concept of world business, within the framework of which the strong ones have every chance to develop and expand at their discretion... The cult of Atlantism is pushed so far that there is no trace any more of the ideas of Jean Monnet about the necessity to establish a *partnership* between America and Europe as parts of a whole. The implementation of the programme outlined in this statement would mean *objectively* the end of the EEC..." See *L'Europe des Affaires*... pp. 98–99.

25 Servan-Schreiber: *Le défi américain*... p. 177.

successfully implemented anywhere in Europe. *But this is the main secret of America's* upsurge."[26] (Our italics.)

It cannot be and is not the aim of this paper to provide the only workable solution for Western Europe's economic problems. All we wish to do is to point to some critical comments and to elucidate a number of ideas which are not quite in accordance with those exposed by the author of *Le défi américain.*

This all the more as the seemingly irresistible advance of American industry in Western Europe created there a propensity in some quarters to idealize the "American way" as the best shortcut to the highest level of industrial development in the age of the scientific-technical revolution. Armaments + space + enormous R&D expenditures, the bulk of them for military research + the human resources of the universities at the beck and call of Big Business + generous government contracts and subventions are held a sure and near-exclusive recipe for technical progress and industrial aggrandizement.

The incontestable technological achievements of the U.S. cannot obscure, however, the seamy side of the economic and social landscape. The dynamic expansion of the American corporations in Western Europe is by no means incompatible with serious distortions inflicted upon the industrial structure and the engendering of grave social tension.

The predominance of the big corporations on which Professor Galbraith so strongly insists, or "corporate giantism," as Professor H. L. Nieburg terms it, has quite a lot to do "with a deepening inequality of income and the growing alienation between the affluent majority and the 34 million citizens who are chronically underemployed, who are denied the means of social mobility, who lack the kind of motivation that enabled earlier generations of the poor to claim a place and share of American wealth and responsibility—*this is contemporary reality.*"[27] (Our italics.)

There is no need to expatiate here upon the fact that certain well-known social evils cannot be separated as things apart from the "corporate society"; there are many occurrences (to quote but a few: the trends to transform the university—in terms of the cooperation of industry with Academia!—into multiversity and the part this practice played in the student revolts of the sixties, the recurring riots of the Negro ghettos and all it implies, etc.) which testify to the accumulation of unsolved social problems. Corporate bigness in America is also inseparable from the role of armaments as one of the main props of the system.

[26] *Ibid.*, p. 186.
[27] H. L. Nieburg: *In the Name of Science.* Quadrangle Books. Chicago, 1966. p. 66.

We wish to restrict ourselves only to underlining a few aspects closely connected with the pattern of technical progress, as American achievements in this area are the main motivation of the enthusiasm of those who wish to transplant the American model rather uncritically to the European soil. These aspects happen to be relatively unknown and of course the least popularized.[28]

Automation is the hub of modern technology. Now in the U.S. it is growing fastest in sectors where administered prices predominate. Much of industrial automation has little or no price-reduction effect; it may reduce labour cost but augment capital and management costs, or may in fact raise prices. Where cost savings are realized, they may not be passed on in lower prices but instead used to increase earnings, unless strong internal or external competition asserts itself. Some portion of automation is merely "gold-plating" the productive process.

The emphasis on "the search for new products" underlines the need for industry to renew an existing market by technological obsolescence, rather than expanding it by lowering prices and thus enhancing effective demand. The effect of "gold-plating" tends to distort production more and more in the direction of higher income groups, forcing into obsolescence technologies whose lower prices might have tapped a larger, but now excluded market. *"Gold-plating" tends to cost more, serve the same needs, and render obsolete cheaper products.* Things become more expensive and more convenient for those who can afford them and command the market. The resulting obsolescence of older forms of technology denies low-income groups the logical culmination of the process of increasing productive efficiency, a process aborted by the narrowing of effective demand. "Gold-plating" in the consumer market also widens the disparities of consumption and production among geographical regions.

The suggestion that similar trends may emerge also in a "corporate Europe," cannot be altogether rejected not to speak of the danger visualized with great perspicacity by Yale's Stephen Hymer, i.e. if a few giant firms, American and European, dominate an industry, they eventually settle into some oligopolistic collusion, tacit or overt.[29]

28 In the subsequent two paragraphs we draw heavily upon Chapter IV. ("Innovation and Economic Growth") of Professor Nieburg's book.

29 See the paper of Stephen H. Hymer: "The Impact of the Multinational Firm," prepared for the EEC Colloquium on The Industrial Policy of Integrated Europe and the Contribution of Foreign Capital, held in Paris, May 23–29, 1966.

There are, however, also other currents in Western European economic thought, which, while deeming the pooling of resources as necessary as Servan-Schreiber, expound other concepts, or contradict some of his ideas.

The more or less uncritical acceptance of the American way as a model to be followed, the presumption that the U.S., in a somewhat mysterious and miraculous manner, became adept at inherently superior techniques of production and methods of management to be copied with some local adaptation, is far from being universally shared. American performance is attributed to a large extent to external factors which have very little to do with the "régime" itself.[30] The two world wars are seen to have meant essentially that all important rivals of the U.S. mutually wiped out each other. This process culminated in 1945 when Germany, Britain and Japan lost practically all their military and economic power.[31]

The opportunities offered to U.S. capital during the two world wars and the periods subsequent to them, coupled with the world's biggest homogeneous internal market contributed decisively to the dimensions of U.S. enterprises, as well as bigger profits both in absolute and relative terms, this again implying a higher rate of self-financing. Thus U.S. corporations could afford much bigger expenditures for R&D than their West European rivals already out of their own means, but they were also the recipients of much more substantial government subsidies.

The real roots, however, of the present technological imbalance between the U.S. and Western Europe are to be looked for in the specific conditions in which the war economy of the U.S.—practically permanent since 1940—developed. The military, technological and scientific competition with a non-capitalistic rival, the U.S.S.R., which got a tremendous impetus from the launching of the first sputnik—an event whose full significance was only subsequently appreciated—induced the U.S. war economy to keep pace with this rate of technical progress by paying less regard than ever previously to economic considerations. This meant *inter alia* the increase of the R&D budget of the federal government from an annual $6,000 million in 1957 to some $16,000 million in 1967. The by-products of military research plus the purchases of highly advanced weapon systems resulted in a spin-off for the civilian sector which speeded up commercial applications, particularly in electronics and the chemical industry.[32]

30 Jean Meynaud–Dusan Sidjanski: *L'Europe des Affaires*... p. 150.

31 Ernest Mandel: *Die EWG und die Konkurrenz Europa–Amerika.* Eine Antwort of Servan-Schreibers "Amerikanische Herausforderung." Europäische Verlagsanstalt, Frankfurt am Main, 1968. p. 7.

32 *Ibid.*, pp. 24–25 and 31.

Bigger profits and superior financial resources then secured to American corporations the advantage of having much more "risk capital" at their disposal, thus being enabled to take bigger risks, which technical progress requires today to a larger extent than perhaps in any previous period of the history of industry.

It should be added that in the U.S., where large amounts of surplus capital have been accumulated and are waiting for profitable employment in a market which showed signs of saturation, the opportunity was quickly seized by vested interests to make a virtue of what was considered—or feigned to be considered—a necessity in order to skyrocket military expenditure, converting "overkill capacity" into one of the main means to keep up the level of employment and production.[33]

The "American way" of technological development impracticable in Western Europe

It follows from this that the "American way" to foster technical progress principally through the development and government purchase of products and weapons systems of a high technological content, involving a tremendous waste of resources owing to the quick rate of obsolescence, is not practicable for Western Europe, certainly not on a U.S. scale.[33a] European financial resources—to take but one factor—are so much scarcer, the present political climate is so different not only from that of the U.S. but also from that of the fifties, not to speak of internal dissension and discord, that such an attempt appears—at least for the time being—quite out of the question.

Therefore it is perfectly comprehensible that some Europeans emphasize that instead of copying the American model a specific Western European model should be constructed, taking into account that technical progress does not imply necessarily social and cultural progress, that the efforts needed to meet the requirements of the scientific-technical revolution must not lead necessarily to "Americanization." The basis of the new Western Europe, it is held, should be explored in many directions, such an openness being one of the most important assets of the old continent.[34]

33 "Adding to overkill capability has no military meaning. Neither people nor communities can be killed more than once." See Seymour Melman: *Our Depleted Society*. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York–Chicago–San Francisco, 1966. p. 25.

33a This conclusion appears to be borne out by a recent statement of Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Britain's Minister of Technology: "We are not going to attempt to match American expansion in the science-based industries by comparable heavy government-spending... We cannot afford to do this on this scale..." Quoted from *New Scientist*, March 14, 1968. p. 571.

34 Jean Meynaud–Dusan Sidjanski: *L'Europe des Affaires*... p. 211.

Indeed, whenever analysing the pros and cons of "the American way" of technical progress, it is hard to avoid not to become aware of the grave implications inherent in it, the devious and frequently socially wasteful ways in which it is being implemented, its excessive reliance upon predominance in some advanced industries such as electronics, its dependence upon the artificial creation of pretexts for government military spending, its permanent pregnancy with explosions of violence at home and abroad. The imitation of the American model would not only put Western Europe at the mercy of the shifts in the economic and power structure of the U.S., but is also fraught with the danger of the reproduction and exacerbation of the same sorts of conflict which gnaw at the heart of the American social fabric, not to speak of the inevitable complication of Western Europe's relations with Eastern Europe. It is thus in the interest of both that a European model should be developed.

But the propensity to copy the American model is not the only objection to be raised against the concepts exposed in *Le défi américain*. Servan-Schreiber is vehemently opposed to nationalization. Now the experiences obtained by several West European states in this area cannot be considered by any means as negative as to warrant such a categorical rejection. The nationalization of key industries, including the most advanced ones such as computers, would not occur—as one of his critics points out[35]—in a political vacuum, but under determined conditions, carried by a wave of popular support, and it may encompass all the dominant firms of a given sector, be they domestic or foreign. Even the relatively small size of the internal market—as e.g. in the case of France—could very well be balanced by broad European cooperation both in research and production, Europe standing here not only for the Western part of the continent. The suggestion has also been submitted[36] that some state-owned enterprises, such as ENI and IRI in Italy, Renault and le Groupe Public de Pétrole in France, could be converted—owing both to their status and diversification—into "poles of resistance."

Warnings are also uttered against excessive concentration in industry: the setting up of monopolistic enterprises on the European market being considered dangerous for consumers and unfavourable to technical progress. According e.g. to Agnelli of Fiat[37] the aim should be to bring about relations of interdependence and sustain several autonomous units in each branch. Optimalization is not seen to consist either in classical cartel agreements,

35 Henri Claude: "Quand J.-J. Servan-Schreiber découvre l'Amérique." *Économie et Politique*, December 1967. pp. 105–111.

36 By Paul Percie du Sert, Assistant financial Director of *Renault*, in: *Les investissements étrangers en Europe*. Dunod, 1968. p. 77.

37 Quoted by Jean Meynaud–Dusan Sidjanski: *L'Europe des Affaires*... p. 62.

nor mergers striving for monopoly, but in *original* forms of cooperation which safeguard independence, at the same time leaving the way open for collaboration. This concept requires of course further elaboration.

Servan-Schreiber's programme includes a high degree of "social integration" of the labour unions, as an indispensable prerequisite to stand up to the American challenge. It is difficult to conceive how this could be interpreted in any other way but that the Left and the labour unions should meekly submit to any demands put up by the 50–100 big enterprises, including the erosion of social services, incomes policy, the "levelling" of wages, etc., that is to give up their autonomy.

Substantial sectors of European labour do not appear to be in the mood to do that. In March of 1968 the West German trade unions put co-determination *(Mitbestimmung)* again upon the order of the day; its implementation in the German Federal Republic would possibly require its extension to the EEC—certainly no easy task, but a platform which is not devoid of interest. In Britain too the movement for workers' control is gathering momentum. There are some trade-union initiatives to conduct collective bargaining and other negotiations about the introduction of technical innovations, their impact on wages and employment, etc. in some industries (as e.g. the metal-working and chemical industries) on a "European scale," attempts to build up cooperation with the trade unions of the U.S. parent companies of American subsidiaries, as e.g. in the automobile industry. The internationalization of production is pressing inexorably toward greater unity in labour's ranks. The necessity to deal efficiently with multinational Euro-companies and/or American giants calls new patterns of organization and struggle into being. Nor can the European balance of forces, which—even apart from the trade unions—is much more favourable to the political Left than in the U.S., be left out of account.

In this context a very important observation by Meynaud and Sidjanski should be stressed: the lack or shortcomings of West European collaboration cannot be explained by, and attributed exclusively to, American manoeuvres and pressure. Intra-European antagonisms and distrust are deeply rooted. American intervention time after time increases, aggravates and consolidates tensions between the EEC partners. But a divergence of interests and ideas would exist even if there were no third countries to foment them.[38] *There are problems which only Europeans can solve in a European way.*

[38] *Ibid.*, p. 98.

> "...*Many Europeans, Communists and non-Communists alike, are beginning to look forward to the day when all Europe will function as a single trading unit, permitting a new and more rational division of labor between East and West.*" *Arnaud de Borchgrave, Senior Editor.* Newsweek, *December 25, 1967. p. 19.*

Any reference to closer economic cooperation between Eastern and Western Europe in order to stand up more efficiently to the American challenge is conspicuous by its absence in Servan-Schreiber's book. This is all the more amazing as it was precisely France which did remarkable pioneering work in this area.

In view of the specific conditions governing East-West trade only a few years ago, its surge, as evidenced by the increase of Western Europe's exports in round figures from $2,000 million to $3,000 million between 1961–1966, and the fact that their two-way trade is about $8,000 million a year commands attention in itself.

But by far the most significant development is that foreign trade is being supplemented by a sort of industrial-technological and scientific cooperation.[39] The large-scale exchange of technological and scientific information, the commercial licensing of specific patents, trade-marks and know-how, and co-production ventures are some of the landmarks of this new trend. These cooperation agreements were in February 1967 seen as constituting "the most rapidly expanding area of international business,"[40] and in December of the same year the Senior Editor of *Newsweek* wrote: "The past eighteen months have seen a veritable cascade of 'turnkey' operations for the delivery of complete plants, joint East-West ventures, partnerships and licensing agreements... All told, West-European companies have completed or are now building some 150 plants throughout East Europe and Russia—and *more contracts are on the way.*"[41] (Our italics.)

One of the important features of this cooperation consists in its extension to large scientific and technological projects. In the Franco-Soviet space talks of February 1968 an agreement was reached on the launching at the end of this year of a Soviet circum-lunar satellite carrying French equipment and another joint experiment is under consideration for 1971–72: the launching of a French scientific satellite by a Soviet rocket. The decision to implement such projects is due, according to official French sources, to

39 See: György Ádám: "New Features in East-West Economic Relations." *(Új vonások a kelet-nyugati gazdasági kapcsolatokban.)* Gazdaság, Vol. 1, No. 1. November 1967.

40 Émile Benoit: "East-West Business Cooperation. A New Approach to Communist Europe." *The New Republic*, February 18, 1967. p. 21.

41 Arnaud de Borchgrave: "Capitalizing on Communism." *Newsweek*, December 25, 1967. p. 19.

a strategy, taking into account aspects both of a political and industrial nature, and based upon the sentiment of a community of interests.[42]

Another feature to be emphasized is that cooperation agreements take on an ever broadening and long-term character.

The signing of the Technological Cooperation Agreement between Britain and the U.S.S.R., in January of 1968, the formation by the CBI (Confederation of British Industries) and the U.S.S.R. of Joint Working Groups to identify areas of common interest is but another of the recent milestones of the *rapprochement* between East and West. Possibilities of collaboration in the following specific areas have been so far agreed: (a) technological R&D *in the longer term;* (b) industrial technology; (c) *long-term* industrial development and production.

Long-term cooperation between France and the U.S.S.R. is to be more actively promoted at the economic, scientific and technical level, according to an agreement arrived at in recent Franco-Soviet talks held in February 1968. Specialized working groups have already begun practical work in 12 leading branches of industry, in order to foster the development of trade and ensure the implementation of *long-term* economic and industrial cooperation.

Similar agreements were concluded between France, resp. Britain and other Eastern European countries such as Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, etc. Other West European countries, particularly Italy, and to a lesser extent Sweden, Holland and West Germany, are following suit.

These are not chance occurrences but facts deeply rooted in the prevailing conditions of the world economy and the development of the forces of production:

—The soaring of American direct investments created a trend in Western Europe intent to find at least to some extent a counterweight to U.S. domination in a growing number of industries and to ward off what is variably termed "technological colonization" or "U.S. take-over of European industry," etc. It is positively disquietening for Eastern Europe if "Business Roman Empires" are becoming established in the EEC and the EFTA, controlled by extra-European centres of decision which proved so far inimical to the intensification of East–West economic relations and are in any case bound to obey, and carry out government injunctions tending to undercut or ban trade with the Socialist countries.

—The growing awareness of the fact that while R&D is becoming a "key-industry," scientific-technological breakthroughs are becoming more

42 "Le coopération scientifique et technique entre l'Union Soviétique et la France." *Le Progrès Scientifique*, November 1966. p. 46.

and more costly: "In terms of social utility, R&D costs more and produces less. *The very fact of diminishing returns makes increased investment necessary and inevitable.*"[43] (Our italics.) To cover such expenses may prove to be beyond the means not only of single states, but also of integrations. To catch up or even to keep pace with the U.S. may claim not only the pooling of the resources of the EEC and EFTA, but also cooperation with Eastern Europe with particular regard to the huge scientific-technological potential of the U.S.S.R., the order of magnitude of its research expenditures, last not least its achievements in space.

—The internationalization of the forces of production renders imperative for Western Europe to find new outlets beyond her own frontiers, to place an increasing portion of her industrial products in foreign markets, including the establishment of production units abroad. The West European market is not large enough, the production runs made possible by its dimension not sufficiently big to ensure adequate scope for development. Now Eastern Europe happens to be one of the fastest growing markets for industrial products in the world, including the more sophisticated ones. In the form of industrial-technological cooperation agreements and co-production ventures a pattern appears to have been found which takes due account of differences in the socio-economic systems.

One may even talk of "a happy coincidence": the plight of Western Europe concurs with the changeover in Socialist countries to the intensive (instead of extensive) type of industrialization and the reform of economic management, which requires a thorough-going modernization of industry and daring experimentation with new methods.

—It is desirable in a world context that as many centres of industrial-technological-scientific growth should be created as possible. Cooperation between Eastern and Western Europe may efficiently counteract the concentration of the material and human resources (brain drain!) of the Western world in the U.S.

—East-West cooperation in Europe is bound to strengthen considerably peaceful coexistence: "...the decisions made in executive suites from Manchester to Novosibirsk are beginning to have a profound impact on the political life of the Continent."[44]

The question may be raised: does all this mean that Eastern and Western Europe are teaming up against America? The only possible answer is: by no means. When Western Europe is attempting to avail herself of the untapped new opportunities open to her in the East, she is acting—in view of what

43 H. L. Nieburg: *In the Name of Science*... p. 65.
44 Arnaud de Borchgrave: "Capitalizing on Communism." *Newsweek*, December 25, 1967. p. 19.

came to be known as "the second American invasion"—in a sort of a legitimate self-defence, just as Eastern Europe. After all, no cases are known when projects and offers, suggested and submitted by American companies untied to political conditions, on identical or more favourable terms than those offered by Western European firms, have been rejected. Just on the contrary: many cases are known when approaches based on a more realistic appraisal were blocked by those "extra-European centres of decision." Thus a situation could come about when not a few American companies are anxiously watching the process of "building bridges" between Eastern and Western Europe from the sidelines, without concealing how very much they would like to be present on the ground floor, occupied by Western Europeans. The logical inference, of course, would be "the removal of outmoded discriminatory barriers against non-strategic trade" with the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies of Eastern Europe, as urged in September 1967 by Theodore Sorensen, former White House aid.

Be it as it may, the dynamics of the new forms of cooperation between Eastern and Western Europe is impressive. Although, of course, subject to many variables of economic and political character, it is held by many people in the West—despite its omission by the author of *Le défi américain*—to correspond to their enlightened self-interest and to be one of the prerequisites to meet the American challenge successfully.

REPORT ON FIVE MICE

(Short story)

by

MIKLÓS MÉSZÖLY

The mice moved into the pantry on December 20th. There were the five of them, two female and three male. They climbed up to the second floor along the bare tendrils of a wild vine that reached right up to the window of the pantry. The wall looked just like a preparation of muscle-tissue, the network of the vine was the only safe way from the cellar to the pantry-window.

There was no special reason to their migration except for the usual one. Lack of food, the daily roar of coal-shovelling and the fact that there was not a single hole for them to take shelter in. Their instincts told them that being in a secure hole meant enough food as well.

The cellar was built in cement. No flaws. Some wooden boxes stood in one of the corners during the summer but by autumn they were gone. Only the coal remained. When people were shovelling from it the light was on which made them start a nervous run. It was only among the pieces of coal that they could hide. The coal, however, fell into dust—the only thing in the cellar that disintegrated—and the black avalanche crumbled upon them at most unexpected moments. Many of them died this way. They never sensed how many of them had died, the only thing they could sense was that they were still alive. Most of them had died of hunger. But the live ones saw no difference between the two kinds of death, although those who had died of hunger were not covered with coal, their bodies remained in the open to smell. The live ones nevertheless ran past the bodies indifferently.

One day the cold took on strength and some icy snow made its way into the cellar, it intruded into the flaws of the coal-stack. The white powder sank when trodden on, if it melted from the heat of their bodies they felt that the damp on their abdomen was awful. This made not only running but hiding a tiresome business. And the light gained sharpness from the snow. As if coal and snow had wanted to complement each other.

On the night of December 20th one of the males ran to the plank and started shuffling restlessly between the window facing the courtyard and the inside of the cellar. Before long he was joined by the others. They kept covering the same distance for minutes, stopping at the same place as if performing some compulsory sacrificial task. And no noise was to be heard from them. Then they appeared on the plank again. They climbed on the iron lattice-work of the draught-hole and started upwards on what seemed to them an infinite wall. All this happened at a few moments' notice. They felt an irresistible urge to climb although they felt no smell, nay, the wall was a more miserable place than the cellar. The withered, black berries fell down with a clatter at the least touch—they never knew if they had caused the noise or if it had come from something else. Their drive forward was all the more stubborn. New circumstances had doubled their determination to escape from these new circumstances.

Then a misleading moment followed. After the first floor along a bulge of mortar they found themselves facing a narrow flaw. They felt it around with their tiny feet at once. It was a real cavity. They pushed into the dust that had assembled in it and they spent the night in a relaxed mood. In possession of such a secure shelter they sensed the wall covered with wild vine in a different way the next morning. They collected a heap of black berries in their hole and they crumbled it into fine morsels with their teeth which were sharp as needles. They ate some of the stuff but their hunger was relieved by the gnawing movements rather than by what they ate. They padded the hole they had dug with their bodies with pieces of leaves. The job kept them busy until late that morning. Towards noon the continuous digging had loosened the wall of the cavity and a large piece of mortar fell down upon the courtyard together with two mice. Both of them were hanging on to a large piece of mortar, first for security's sake but then more in fright, since that was the only thing involving a fresh memory of security. They were buried deep in the snow underneath and this is how only five of them survived.

They blinked blindly, the sun makes you blind in winter. The wall of wild vine seemed terrible again without the hole. They sat motionless for a long time. Later, along what remained of the hole they continued gnawing leaves but they soon realized there no longer was anything to cover it with, so they once again felt the urge to move on. Forward, never backwards.

This was when they reached the pantry-window. They sensed that it was open from 4–5 yards away and this gave them renewed strength. They felt they had to hold out until they reached it—and then something basically different begins.

Basically different.

The pantry was small. Its walls held shelves right up to the ceiling. There was an iron bar between two shelves across the pantry and some sausages, hams, bacons veined with fine crystals of salt hung on it. Remnants of food on a small table. A box of corrugated cardboard paper underneath, full of potatoes covered with rags. The glass of the window-pane was blue just like the glass of the door. The twilight was especially relaxing for them.

A box of unusual shape stood next to one of the shelves. It was kept there probably to stand upon. At any rate it held a separate compartment, a drawer-like affair, which the mice discovered only a few days later. Up till then they had spent the nights in the corners of shelves. They could make no choice between the countless recesses for the time being, they kept changing their night-places, they felt they were all equally suitable. Abundant food went together not only with a sense of constancy but also with a negligent, cosy homeliness. They literally revelled in the security that they could sleep in the recess of their own choice. Their independence increased at the same time. Down in the cellar they had watched each other very closely—now each of them had a separate route, nay, a separate noise too. They mixed dumb or sharp whistles into their squeak which was like a soft quaver. At other times they combined their squeak with quiet clicks and snores but each in an idiosyncratic way. The blue twilight suggested a total absence of danger. The door opened at rare intervals and this was preceded by admonitory noises anyway. And no white or black dust crumbled upon them.

Their presence was betrayed by a moved jar of preserves—some dried droppings fell off its top with a rattle.

On discovering the mice the married couple swang the door of the pantry shut. The cracks of the floor suggested, however, that they did not go far, they would soon open the door again and they were expecting with a motionless silence the doubtless certainty, the minute noises that had justified the precaution. And counter-action too. But they could not hear a noise. They knocked at all the bottles with a knife-blade. They kicked at the bottom of every shelf. They rustled the paper-linings of the shelves. To no avail. On the other hand it turned out that they were facing not just one mouse but more, perhaps an entire family. A family of mice, beyond its being a menace, is also a disgusting affair. Disgusted, they continued the knocking and they further opened the window: if they escaped the danger would be temporarily averted—and they would see about some more steps to be taken later.

But they could not see any mice. All five of them hid in different places although they would have much rather crouched together protecting their

heads under each other's bellies. Then two slams were heard: both the door and the window were shut on them.

After a little while they gave the same peeping signals to each other and they crushed together on the top shelf, the whole lot not larger than two match-boxes. They did not stir until the door opened again. They ran into another corner then with baffling haste and the paper rustled under their feet. This noise was marked enough to be heard. The couple resumed the possibility of driving them out again but they gave that up soon. They decided on a trap. They propped up a flower-pot with half a nut and they covered all eatables with glass. Instead of the string they hung everything on the iron-bar on thin wire.

Then silence pervaded the pantry until next day. It made the mice confident again. They resumed their separate routes, whistling, indeed, they even felt better now: with the window shut it was not so cold in the pantry. Being well fed they did not notice at once that there was glass over everything that could be eaten. They were content just to gnaw paper, it relieved their thirst. One of them touched the nut but the pot fell slowly. The pregnant female just could not understand where the nut had got.

The knocking was resumed the next day and a wire-net was put on the window.

But first they examined the flower-pot. They slid a cardboard paper under it and they took the whole thing out into the W.C. They were disappointed. But even the empty pot looked suspicious. As if some mouse had been in it all the same. How did it escape? Ridiculous. But they could not really laugh. They placed the pot back on the table carefully, like an infected cup which had been washed—but you never can tell.

The wire-net took a long time to fix. It was tight in there and they had to keep the door shut lest the mice escape into the hall. The nails kept on dropping on the floor. Elbow and wrist kept on knocking against the framework of the window. The edge of the net was sharp as a needle, it cut deep under the nails and one had to suck at the bleeding fingertip. But the thought that the net would be a perfect solution was a compensation. The pantry would get plenty of air but not even a beetle would be able to come inside. And no mice could go that way. Once the chase is over no such things again. Quick and definite it should be. For humanitarian reasons. No use cleaning the pantry until afterwards. Then the place would be tidy and clean. It's awful, one can see their droppings everywhere, one imagines mouse-droppings even where there are none. And the smell. The smell of cleaning is like a clean conscience.

The mice were exhausted after the hour-long bother was over. They did

not come into the open until after dark. The recesses where they had been hiding seemed much less secure now. They hesitantly went round the window. The net was a surprise. They could sense the sharp air and still they could not get across the net. Not that they had any intention of leaving but they had to learn that no exit led through there. Perhaps somewhere else.

It was the two pregnant females who got hungry first but all they could find was morsels. They had the same luck with the flower-pot as the day before: the nut disappeared before they could eat some of it. They longed for a hole, however small, and they began to quit their individual running around.

It was now that one of the males discovered the recess in the unusually shaped box. This set them into feverish action. It was beyond the inventiveness of their instincts why this should be more attractive than any other cavity. It was better. And a system of curving passages led to it from the outside world. They started padding and lining it at once. They tore up paper and pieces of rag which they had found over the potatoes and they carried the stuff inside. It took three days until their home was ready and hardly anything disturbed them during that time. But then they hardly ever heard noises deep inside the drawer. It was a secure shelter, cut out for long, winter sleeps.

The two females moved into the very inside of the cavity. They found it harder and harder to move around. They would sleep, they would ramble about for a while and sleep again. They were comfortably warm, even a crumb of food satisfied them. Still, they visited the flower-pot each day stubbornly hoping they would sooner or later get at the nut. Since they never succeeded it had soon grown into the sole object of their interest, they thought it was a most sizable and inexhaustible source. Should they succeed in carrying it into the nest they would not come forth until spring. The old male chose the comfortable way to approach it: from the leg of the table, however, he slipped down from fatigue. Then suddenly an unexpected rage came over him. He started to squeak so vehemently his fellows joined him in staggering to the window-sill and they fell at the net. Forgetting about their nest they fanatically wanted to escape. Quite as suddenly they fell silent again and withdrew. Except the small one. The urge to keep on running would not abate in him, he rushed right up to the pot and caught at the nut. The nut flew aside and he found himself under the pot. The nut lay on the table all through the night, his fellows could have eaten it up without danger but none of them stirred until morning. Then it was too late, the pot and the nut were taken out into the W.C. The young mouse dropped out of it

dead. They flushed the W.C. The mouse was smaller than a spool of thread.

The astonishing smallness of the mouse gave them a new idea. Who knows, after all, how many of them are around? What if all of them are so small? Are they to wait till every one of them got under the pot? Had the caught mouse been bigger they would never have thought of the sulphur-stick. A big body is a more real prey. A prey killed in a fight. But it's nothing but fly-chasing like this, no end to it. The smallness of the body all of a sudden turned into a menace, a spectre of invasion. And the rest may very well be even smaller!

Poison's unreliable, the beasts hardly ever go as far as touching it. A sulphur-stick on the other hand does a quick and thorough job. Pity they hadn't thought of it before. To secure a certain effect they lit two sticks and put them upon the flower-pot. They removed all food and shut out draught.

The mice did not notice anything for a long time, the smoke could not easily penetrate their nest. When they did sense the biting smell they instinctively put their heads together. They waited. After a few minutes they blindly rushed out through the barricades of the passage—one of the females did not move. Not that she was more frightened or more artful—she was only more fatigued than the rest. She was approaching her twenty-first day while the other female had been pregnant for only fifteen days.

The three mice outside underwent a curious change. First they started to rush around the box. Then they climbed up on the table, on each shelf, even the top one and keeping up their running they were looking for the entrance of the nest. Making these rounds became their only knowledge. And they sensed an undaunted strength. If they collided they bit at once not letting the other out of their teeth, and they did the rounds holding on to each other. Then almost at the same time they drooped. They fell with trembling heads wherever the faint came over them and they fell flatter and flatter. Lying on the floor they were of an improbable length. With quick shivers all three of them fell off the shelf then.

The door soon opened. Impatience to find out about the result of the purge pressed them, as it would have done in any similar situation. Amidst the thinning smoke they caught sight of the three corpses at once. They picked up two lying next to the door but the third was lying inside, unless they had knelt they could not have reached that one. That'll do at the next go—they thought and slammed the door shut lest the smoke invaded the flat.

They came next only after hours had passed holding a small candle from the Christmas-tree—the coffee-machine had blown the fuse.

To their astonishment they found the third corpse on the table, mutilated, half of its head missing. That is: it lived when they looked into the pantry a few hours ago and it's only since then that it had climbed up to the top of the table. That means there must be some of the lot who survived the smoke. This twist changed the whole fight. It poisoned the reluctant regret that had gone together with the whole fight so far, from the flower-pot right up to the sulphur-stick. Regret turned into anger all of a sudden. But they left it all until next morning. It was late. We'll see tomorrow.

On this night for the first time the last female realized what loneliness was. So far her fellows had become fewer which didn't matter very much. But now she was the only mouse on Earth. She did not crawl back to the nest. She sat besides the wire-net on the window-sill and stayed there all through the night. She was found on that very spot in the morning, frozen.

The only thing that remained to be ascertained was whether there were any more of them left. A fresh piece of cheese was placed on the table. If they found traces of teeth on it they'll have to light another stick, if not—on with the kettle, and the washing soda.

The cleaning took place on the day after New Year's Day. This was when they discovered the nest. They hardly believed their eyes: they removed two shovelfuls of rags and papers out of the recess in the box. They even showed the garbage to a friend. Horrible. The beasts had prepared for their winter sleep! They wanted to breed here. And three, at least three of the five had been females!

The topic stayed with them for days. They imagined what could have happened. They even made some calculations. 20–24 days after mating the female breeds 6–8 youngs. She breeds 5–6 times a year. So the number of descendants from one female is near 30. At least half of the descendants are females—and it all goes on and on like this... You can't really follow it up, you can only make a design of it, like a family-tree. Then you have to stop drawing a design and you have to resort to abstract formulae and figures, each of the figures living and dividing further. Geometrical progression.

Yes, that's it. Geometrical progression. Suddenly, like a newly-found treasure, they began relishing the phrase. With it the balance of a clear conscience was restored, it was all refined into indisputable mathematics.

(1958.)

FROM BED TO BED TO BED

(Short story)

by

ERVIN RADVÁNYI

What's the time? Nearly 7. What day is it? Wednesday.

Slippers. Where on earth are my slippers? At the sixth stroke it will be seven o'clock precisely. Here is the News. Crisis in Rhodesia. Explosion in Jordan. Serious crisis. Killed, executed, shot. Wrecked, sunk, burnt. Struck by lightning. Fell off a moving tram. Hit-and-run driver. The temperature is two degrees below freezing point.

Get on with it. Mirror. Brush. Another line around the mouth. Blade. Damn it. Made in Hungary. No wonder.

Twenty-five to eight. The Radio cook. Should be on my way. Be careful, dear. You're in my way, dear. Hurry up, darling. Speak to the boy, dear. Leave me alone. What are you doing. Please bring it. Put it over there please. Not there. Not here. I should have got there by now. Can't you understand? Where is it. *You* put it away. Be quiet. Say something.

Too hot. Can't drink that. I've asked you on my bended knees for twenty years. It's come off. Don't know where it got to. *Kossuth.* Twenty-five. No filter. 3.50 forints. Where's the lighter? Down the stairs. Sprint. Bus. Stuff it. Bastard.

Good morning. Hello there. Coffee on? Make it strong, please. What's the news? Transferred. Kicked upstairs. They got him. Can't get one. The price is going up. Defected. Bun in the oven. Joined the Party. Changed his for two rooms plus kitchenette. He's losing his hair. Climbed out through the window. Good at his job, but mean. Reads Kafka, but his feet smell. Gives money to the Church, but sleeps around.

Mrs. A with B. Mrs. C with D. Mrs. E with F. Mrs. A also with D. D used to with Mrs. E. Mrs. C used to with B and G. Mrs. W with LMNOPRSTUVWXY. As well as with Z, now you mention it.

"W said about you. Forget it. I hate W. Gossip, back-stabber, liar".

"Yes... what did he say?"

"Nothing, nothing to speak of really. We all know W. One shouldn't pay any attention to him. All he said about you was... Well, let's drop the subject."

"I beg you..."

"Look, I stopped him at once. I told him he shouldn't say things like that about you, how dare he, I've known you for years and I'd put my right hand in the fire for you... and anyway how could he in front of twenty-two people and the boss... Oh, forget it. Don't bother. Tell you I spoke up for you. I gave him a piece of my mind... Excuse me now. I have to finish this blueprint urgently."

Kossuth. 2nd, 3rd. Let's get a move on. Let's get something done.

Real eccentricity equals small e one equals cap em over pee. Load coefficient gamma is peetimesay. What could this W have said about me. Pee is effindex bee-entimes sigma index bee-eitch plus effcomma. What the hell could he have said? Effcomma index veetimes sigma comma index vee-eitch minus effindex. Or did this man Somos make up the whole thing? Veetimes sigma index vee-eitch. I don't care a damn. They can do me a favour. Excentricity equals. Who cares for damn silly gossip. Inclined excentric pressure. Veeindex null equals ksi index nulltimes eitch. What could that beast have said about me? Ay squared minus ex over two-ay. In front of the boss, the rotter. The bloody swine. Cosinus alpha. Cube root cee squared plusminus gammaindex. He knows where to shoot off his big mouth. Sinus. Cosinus. It's almost half past nine. At a quarter to I've to go. Pee is equal to effindex bee-entimes sigma index bee-eitch plus effcomma index veetimes sigma comma index vee-eitch minus effindex veetimes sigma index.

"Rezső, old man. Got to be at the Head Office by ten. After that the Ministry in a rush."

Taxi! Taxi! Number seven Salétrom Street.

"Hello, darling. Managed to get away for just an hour. Look what I got you, you're my oasis, my clear stream in the mountain, a ray of light in the fog, a secure haven in the whirl of life, come on, let's go into the room, you can start pulling down the blinds, got to be at the Ministry by twelve, how lovely you still are..."

"The same story for three years, three years now I've sneaked away from the office for odd half hours, three years now you've been promising to get a divorce, but not once have you taken me to a film because you're a coward, because you sit at home every night keeping the home fires going, you use me like a tooth-brush and then for two weeks not a word from you, take your hands off me, stop unbuttoning, now get this straight, you're not coming here anymore..."

"Don't be silly now, every minute counts, we'll talk everything over next time, come on take off this thing. Oh your beautiful eyes, hair, throat, shoulders, knees, you're my oasis, my clear stream in the mountain. . ."

". . .ray of light in the fog. You're a dirty bastard, this is the last time you'll catch me in bed with you, I won't even know you in the street tomorrow, I might as well tell you that. . ."

"All right, all right, go on, I adore your voice, your arm, your appendix scar, we've still got thirty-five minutes to go, that's happiness enough, you're my. . ."

"Cut out the oasis, because I'll kick you out, a bunch of snowdrops, half a pint of gin and bring your own bottle that's all I'm worth to you, but not even a piece of rag to make a dress out of in three years, all you can do is talk, you mean beggar, he's raping me now, the beast. . ."

"It's so good to lie in your arms, you were marvellous, but I must rush now, I've asked you lots of times to get me a shoehorn, pull up the blinds, I'll ring you, it's better if we leave separately, they saw me coming up. . ."

"Go on, go on, I'm not joking, you'll never darken my doorstep again, I despise you and I'm fed up with you, I'll ring your wife, do you get me? I'll tell her all about the oasis, the stream in the mountain, the snowdrops and the rest of it, if you see me in the street you needn't say hello, good-bye."

Ministry. A quarter past twelve.

Excuse me, comrades. I'll just sit down here in the back.

New mechanism. Investments. Budget. As a matter of fact. How shall I put it. On our part. In respect of the enterprises. Raw material economy. Boxing. Roofing. Flooring. Attitudinal work patterns. Hidden resources. On the theoretical level. Following the previous speaker's remarks.

Coffees 2, 3. *Kossuth*, 8, 9, 10. Sedative 1.

Planning period. Amortization. Investment funds. Capacity. I'd like to underline this. On a firm basis. Documentation. Bridging. Allowing for it. Counterchecking it. All wrong if you ask me. As a matter of fact. As far as I'm concerned. Joint enterprise. Selection. Discrimination. Must be brought home. Must be sorted out. Must be pointed out. All wrong if you ask me. All wrong if you ask me.

Coffee 4. *Kossuth* 14, 15.

Investment, budget, actual output. Raw material economy, exchange of experts. Skilled manpower economy, exchange of resources. Boxed roof flooring. Floored box roofing. Roofed floorboxing. AsamatteroffacthowshallIputitonmypart. Nowofcourseneverthelesshowever. Allwrongifyouaskmeallwrongifyouaskme.

Kossuth 19. Sedative 2.

The conference is adjourned. Thank you, comrades, good-bye.

Self-service restaurant in side-street. Onion soup, spaghetti and cabbage, rough cider. Pain in the guts.

Tobacconist's. Two packets of *Kossuth* please.

Evening News. Another air-raid. The sentence carried out. Plunged over the precipice. Won by K.O. 24 dead, 80 wounded.

Office. Dee-over sigma index eitch squared over peetimesay. Gamma is equal to effindex veetimes sigma comma bee-entimes geeindex. She's quite capable of calling the wife up. Null is ksi index nulltimeseitch. Damned if she isn't. The damn mean so and so she is. Alpha index bee–ay squared. A dress she'd like. Fixed salary, monthly payment for the flat, the child, liverish mother-in-law and on top of it a dress. Alpha index. She wouldn't dare call her up anyway.

Sinus delta.

Call her up.

Cosinus gamma.

It's all hot air.

Cotangent omega.

Calls her up.

Half past four. Thank God.

Family home.

Isn't supper ready? Why isn't supper ready? One slaves all day. One is like a squeezed orange. All for the sake of the family.

Salty. Saltless. Tasteless like dishwater. You know how I hate it. I've asked you on my bended knees for twenty years. But let's drop it.

She hasn't called her up. She might tomorrow. Or the day after tomorrow or the day after that.

What's Frici doing? Cramming. A child needs attention. Parent-teacher meeting: Parents should concern themselves with their children patiently, methodically.

Let's concern ourselves. Methodically. Patiently.

Frici, Frici, come here. What's for homework?

Alyosha id'tov kino. Alyosha's father was formerly a stoker *(kochegar)*. *Ot'ets Alyoshi ran'she bil kochegarom*. Today they live in a nice and sunny flat. Under capitalism stokers could not *(moch* + Inf.) go to a cinema. Alyosha's father is a member of the shock brigade, a shop steward. Alyosha is going to the pictures with his father (prep. + Instrumental). They're going to see the film *The Gay Kolkhoz Chairman*. Oh, how pleased I am that we're going to the cinema, Alyosha says with starlit eyes.

Daddy, what does "starlit eyes" mean?

Starlit eyes. That's really simple. What with? With starlit eyes. Instrumental case. Look it up in the dictionary. Leave me alone, Alyosha. I mean, don't bother me. Your father is tired. How can I be expected to do his homework for him? Who does my work for me?

Putting your feet up. A bit of a rest. Relaxation. Armchair. Relaxing the nervous system. Slippers. Soothing half-light. TV.

Ladies and gentlemen, the programme that follows is for adults only.

London-Glasgow express. Ugly male mug. Beautiful bosom. Ugly mug goes out. Beautiful bosom lights up, yawns. Beautiful bosom reads. Black shadow from right. Beautiful bosom in the luggage-rack with glassy eyes.

Eight-cylinder Austin. Inspector Birmingham. *Hm. Well.*

Black shadow in filthy staircase. Porter's wife lying there on her belly near broom.

Black shadow in Smith and Son Men's Wear. Mr. Smith lying on his back in the warm underwear department.

Black shadow in the National Gallery. Bald attendant lying on his side under *Flemish Lady with Fan.*

Black shadow at the Epsom Derby. Race winning jockey sidewise in the oat bin.

Inspector Birmingham. *Hm. Well. Well. Hm.*

Mask. Police whistle. Siren. Pistol muzzle in close-up. Twisted arm. Glassy eyes. Dropped dentures. Footprints. Smell of blood. Blood stains. Smelly feet. Black shadow with bare dagger triumphantly laughs in crypt.

Next episode Friday 8 p.m. Next episode Sunday 8 p.m. Next episode Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday 8 p.m.

A peaceful good night to you all. Don't forget to switch off your set.

Please turn off the light. Good night, darling. Sleep well.

Darkness. Muffled buzzing in the head. Quick pulse. Ought to fall asleep. What could W have said about me? Ought to sleep. That woman will ring the wife tomorrow. Ought to sleep. Investment, budget. Ought to sleep.

Sedative 3.

Getting numb. Got to go in early tomorrow. Preequals effindex beeentimes sigma-index. As a matter of fact. All wrong if you ask me. You use me like a tooth-brush and then for two weeks not a word from you. Alyosha's father said. Birmingham used to be a *kochegar*. Today he lives in a nice and sunny flat. He's off to the pictures with the bald attendant. I've brought you this dress material, Alyosha. You can start pulling down the blinds. Got to be at the Epsom Derby by twelve.

That's better. Darkness. That's better. That's fine...

POETRY AND TRANSLATION

MODERN HUNGARIAN POETRY*

by
EDWIN MORGAN

Poetry in Hungary in the twentieth century has been as striking and varied as it has anywhere else in Europe, but with the barrier of the Hungarian language and the difficulties of translation, it has taken a long time for a knowledge of this achievement to filter through to the West. The Hungarians themselves are all the more acutely aware of the neglected values of their poetry because these values, although they're national and irreplaceable in the sense of being rooted in Hungarian language and Hungarian history and culture, are far from parochial: the very isolation of their non-Indoeuropean tongue forces the Hungarians to become linguists and translators and to study and assimilate the range of European poetic achievement on a scale that is quite unfamiliar to poets in the English-speaking world. Symbolism and expressionism, futurism and surrealism and several sorts of imagism have all left their formal mark on Hungarian poetry, to say nothing of the Central and Eastern European traditions of political and historical involvement, yet the final result is not a hotch-potch of extraneous fashions. Something strong and distinctive inheres natively and transforms the foreign influences into its own articulations. In fact it would be surprising if this failed to happen, since poetry is a great instrument of national identity, and the history of Hungary under its invaders and oppressors from east and west is the dogged persistence of an entity, small, unique, islanded, self-aware.

The lyrical, epic, patriotic, or prophetic poetry of the nineteenth century established a national tradition in the works of Petőfi, Vörösmarty and Arany. In the modern period, Hungarian interest in the symbolist and post-symbolist poetry of the West, as well as in the folk-resources of their own poetry and language, has produced a rich and often complex and difficult

* Slightly abridged text of a talk given on the Third Programme of the BBC on March 14, 1968.—Editor.

poetic art. I have picked out four poets to represent something of the scope of this twentieth-century poetry. Many other names would be required for a complete picture, but I think the chosen writers will suggest some of the main preoccupations and qualities of the period. The selection of poems depended on the translations that were available, and in each case I've used versions made by contemporary English poets—fairly free versions by Peter Redgrove and George MacBeth.

One of the best Hungarian poets, of any period, is Attila József, who was born into a poor family in 1905, and died at his own hand in 1937. After a number of temporary jobs such as ship's boy on a Danube steamer, railway porter, street peddler, he had a spell at the University of Szeged, but was expelled for subversive writing. He went abroad for a while, to Vienna and Paris, became interested in the poetry of Apollinaire, in German expressionism, in the ideas of Freud and Marx. He came back to devote his energy to the development and revitalization of his native poetic traditions. His greatest poetry belongs to the disturbed years of the 1930s, it reflects oppression and poverty, and foreboding, and also social hope and prophecy. Its imagery is very striking, and it gives a strong sense of personal involvement.

The first of the poems I'd like you to hear is very typical of the urban theme that József made so much of. The city and its outskirts, the alienated industrial landscape, were focal points both for his wonderful sense of atmosphere and for his feeling that *here* society itself shows the face of its time, the horror of economic or political servitude, and yet it is also the place of protest and brotherhood and hope. Here then is "Night in the Suburbs"; the translations of József are my own.

The light smoothly withdraws
its net from the yard, and as water
gathers in the hollow of the ditch,
darkness has filled our kitchen.

Silence.—The scrubbing-brush sluggishly
rises and drags itself about;
above it, a small piece of wall is in
two minds to fall or not.

The greasy rags of the sky
have caught the night; it sighs;

it settles down on the outskirts;
it sets off through the square, going where?
It kindles a dim moon for a fire.

The workshops stand
like a ruin;
within
the thickest gloom
a plinth for silence to assume.

On the windows of the textile factory
the bright moon now climbs
in a cluster of light,
the moon's soft light
is a thread at the boards of the looms,
and all through the idle night
the darkened machines weave the dreams
of the weaver-girls—the unravelled dreams.

Farther on, iron-works, nut-and-bolt-works
and cement-works, bounded by a graveyard.
Family vaults alive with echoes.
The factories sleep with their arms over
the sombre secret of their resurrection.
A cat comes poking a paw through the railings.
The superstitious watchman catches
a will-o-the-wisp—flash of
brilliance—the cold
glitter of beetle-backed dynamos.

A train-whistle.

The damp explores the greyness,
probes the leaves of splintered trees,
lays the dust more heavily
along the streets.

On the street a policeman, a muttering workman.
A comrade rushes down
with leaflets in his hand:
sniffs ahead like a dog,

looks over his shoulder like a cat,
the lamp-posts watch him pass.

The tavern mouth ejects a sour glare;
puddles vomit from the window-sill;
the lamp inside shakes, gasping for air.
A solitary labourer stares.
The host is asleep, he snores.
The other one grinds his teeth by the wall,
his wretchedness gushes and weeps down the stair.
He hymns the revolution still.

The water cracks, goes stiff
like chilled metal, the wind
wanders about like a dog,
its huge tongue dangles
as it slobbers up the water.

Swimming like rafts on the stream
of the voiceless night, paillasses—

The warehouse is a grounded boat,
the foundry an iron barge
while the foundryman sees a pink baby
taking shape in the iron mould.

Everything wet, everything heavy.
A musty hand maps the countries
of misery. There, on the barren fields,
on ragged grass—paper, and rags.
If only the paper could fly up! It stirs
slightly, weakly. See it try
to get on its way...

Filthy sheets are fluttering round
in your slapping wind, your wetting wind,
O night!
You cling to the sky as unthreaded
cambric clings to the rope, as sadness
clings to life, O night!

Night of the poor! Be my coal,
and the smoke at my heart's core,
cast in me your ore,
make me a seamless forge,
and make me a hammer that labours and rings,
and make my blade strike till it sings,
O night!

Grave night, heavy night.
My brothers, I too must turn out the light.
May misery be a brief lodger in our soul.
May the lice leave our body whole.

Attila József also wrote more intimate, personal poetry, and the following short poem called "Mother" is a famous example of it.

All this last week I have been thinking
of my mother, thinking of her taking
up in her arms the creaking basket
of clothes, without pausing, up to the attic.

Oh I was full of myself in those days—
shouting and stamping, crying to her to leave
her washing to others, to take me in place
of the basket, play with me under the eaves—

But calmly she went on, lifting out the clothes,
hanging them to dry, she had no time to scold
or even to glance at me, and soon the line
was flying in the wind, white and clean.

I cannot shout now—how could she hear?
I see her, great, vast, yet somehow she is near.
The wet sky shines washed with her blue,
her grey hair streams where the clouds scud through.

In some poems, József made use of ballad forms in a way rather reminiscent of Brecht. Here is an ironic example, with repeated lines within the

stanza and also a refrain-line linking one stanza to the next. It's called "Keep Going!"

Mandarins hanged in Peking,
the dead man liked his cocaine.
—Go to sleep, you're rustling the straw.
The dead man liked his cocaine.

What does the poor man watch
through the window? Till and cash.
—Go to sleep, you're rustling the straw.
Through the window? Till and cash.

Buy yourself a sausage and bread,
keep hardy, keep your head.
—Go to sleep, you're rustling the straw.
Keep hardy, keep your head.

You'll find the woman of gold,
she'll cook and never scold.
—Go to sleep, you're rustling the straw.
She'll cook and never scold.

One of József's last poems attempts to combine historical and personal themes. The menacing world-war preludes of the thirties in Spain and China throw huge shadows over a human love-affair, and the poem finally tips the balance against pessimism by a visionary glance into a more distant future. Here is "March 1937":

Soft rain is drifting like a smoke
across the tender fuzz of wheat.
As soon as the first stork appears
winter shrivels in retreat.

Spring comes, tunnelling a path
mined with exploding spikes of green.
The hut, wide open to the sun,
breathes hope and wood-dust sharp and clean.

The papers say that mercenaries
are ravaging the face of Spain.
A brainless general in China
chases peasants from hill to plain.
The cloth we use to wipe our boots
comes laundered back in blood again.
All round, big words bemuse and smooth
the voiceless miseries in men.

My heart is happy as a child's.
Flora loves me. But oh what arms
the beauty of love? For us, for all,
war stirs its withering alarms.
The bayonet contends in zeal
with the assaulting tank. Alone
I draw to us the force I need
against the fear I can't disown.

Men—women—all have sold themselves.
A heart? They keep it close as sin.
Hearts torn by hate—I pity you,
I shudder to see hatred win.
A little life on earth I have,
yet here I watch all life unfold—
O Flora, in this blaze of love
nothing surrenders to the cold!

May our daughter be beautiful
and good, our son be fearless, keen.
May they transmit some sparks beyond
star-clusters you and I have seen.
When this sun loses its great fire,
the children of our illumination
will launch towards infinity
their own galactic exploration.

Probably the most original, most individual poet now writing in Hungary is Sándor Weöres, who was born into a family of small landowners in Western Hungary in 1913. He studied law, history, geography, and

philosophy at the universities of Pécs and Budapest, and has worked as librarian, literary editor, and translator. He is a virtuoso in every technical aspect of poetry, and his verse translations, which aim at reproducing even world-play and sound-effects, must be among the more remarkable ever made. His own poetry ranges from solitary, brooding meditations through a wide range of mythological fantasy to nursery rhymes and "concrete" poems which make use of both typographical and phonetic effects. Humour and playfulness and childlike wonder alternate with deep metaphysical analysis and an ingrained, Blakeian sense of alienation from material reality. His chief collections are *The Tower of Silence* (1956) and *Well of Flames* (1964).

Of the three poems I want to use to illustrate Weöres's work, the first is a characteristically oblique short poem called "Landscape with Mountain." The disarmingly conventional title conceals an almost sinister awe. The translations of Weöres are by Peter Redgrove.

In the valley: ever-rumple of brook,
And the ever-rustle of bird-voices.

Above: silence hangs
Where the rocks reign. Rock-face;
God-face.

Higher still and very high, assuredly nobody sings.
At the very top: grindstone-screech,
Icy crackling headpiece.

Next, an extract from a long poem called "Queen Tatavane." Weöres has always been interested in myth and legend and particularly in pantheistic, transnational conceptions of nature. As far as possible from the intense social reality and social indignation of József, his intimations of a larger and non-human life seen through primitive eyes link him back towards "The Golden Bough" and forward to structuralist anthropology. In this poem the ambiguous quality of myth, at once lifegiving and inhibiting, emerges through a profusion of sensuous symbols.

Queen Tatavane
Oh, you were winged, you ancestors!
You gave me green bough springing
And dry twig splintering
So that I could plant, beat two empires.

I am neat as a weasel,
Virgin as Diana's bow,
My ankle is the gazelle's though I do not flee,
My heart drumming watches for your silent advice.

My fifteenth year went into the maw of the Elephantstar,
The Dragonstar conceived this sixteenth.
My ancestors permit my three husbands,
My seven lovers under the jasmin-boughs.

I am not a girl like the others
That love to glide through the meadows,
Laugh into their sleeves,
Milk goats and drink the sweet milk.
Instead I am enthroned
In your light year after year,
And the burden of the world is on my head.
It is an ebony idol.

Negro caravans and Arabian ships; I buy and sell.
They are all polecats, stinking, or stinking monkeys,
But I reward well.
I am the sky that is not troubled
Where its showers fall
Or what will spring
From the simmering earth,
Only that it is simmering.

There is the naked herd of the condemned.
I am their father and their mother.
I chastise them with rods,
And if needful, the sword.
I watch the heads bounding
And if I bleed in my heart
These tearducts are ignorant. . . . .

. . . . . .
Mother, Aruvatene, I call you,
Don't you love me?
Where is your lap?

I am your dew,
And my heart of light is drumming into my skin,
My breats are full.
It is you I dance for, pine-needles thick with stars.

Those reeds must shrill, those drums storm harder.
Here is the breeze of my dance,
I will make it a storm.
There is lightning in my anklets,
And silver of thunder, your anklets.
My shawl is a fire,
Your fire of cashmir.
Here! do you want blood?
Here is my blood and your face is pale.
I will turn away while you drink.
Eat! and drink!

Grand-dam, then you come.
You are old as the wind, but come.
Puff on these embers.
I cannot be old, I am a fire-flower.
Andede, wrinkled as the mountain,
You drop stones.
That is not my way.
My flower gushes from stones.

Andede, your yellow grin, yellow as deserts,
Toothless as sand-torrents:
Rattle the bones!
Sea of sand, it pours over the edge of the world.
That is not my smile.
I smile and weep over my lap.
In it, two empires; I am sword and bread.

Green dragon flowing over the earth,
That's you, Andede; I am not voracious.
Two nations eat from my hand.
And after bread, the sword comes.
Puny and strong, puny and strong,
Like the root in the earth, great grand-dam.

Mouldering always, never dead.
But I am the mother, all in my lap,
All fed at my breast, outside this hall I die.
Eat, oh, eat, man-spirit, woman-spirit.
But the drum-beat is empty.

Ancients with cupola breasts, you should eat.
You who are the lightning and the sun.
Good comes from you, my good and the world's.
Bad is my blame, for you orphan me.
Give me the blame, but come!

Now I have stones under my body.
They should be eggs.
They are red-hot.
I am fire. My wings spread over them, singe.
The smoke is crooked, oh, come if it pleases,
Come! If you do not, I step out of this hall, and I die.
It is pain of two nations, but these stones cannot hatch.

And finally, here is Sándor Weöres in lighter vein, slightly surreal; a variation on Caesar's dislike of Cassius. It's called "Antithin":

At last it has leaked out—thin men are the cause of everything. They wait in ambush on streetcorners and if an old woman comes by, they don't even greet her. They are more concerned with exchanging their straw hats for lottery tickets, and with naturalising crocodiles in the waters of Europe, so that even there there should be no safety. They always begin their fishy deals in their beds at dawn, and afterwards go to the street. Some work in offices, others ostensibly are waiters or locksmiths—they all disguise themselves. But their true trade is thinness. At last it has leaked out—thin men are, etc.

(Translated by Richard Lourie)

László Nagy, my third poet, was born into a peasant family in 1925 and brought out his first volume in 1949. Since then he has been a prolific poet, as well as an artist and editor, and has translated and illustrated Dylan

Thomas and been influenced by him. The rich, sometimes over-rich imagery of modern Hungarian poetry helped to make Dylan Thomas a sympathetic figure, and Nagy is not the only poet on whom he made an impact. Nagy combined, with his fondness for near-surrealist effects, an interest in folk poetry and folk music which emphasized the magical powers of art and allowed him to defend a more sophisticated and complex but still "magical" artistic activity, relevant even in a socialist community. In the following poem, freely translated as "The Ferryman," a varied sequence of images is brought to bear on the mystery of loss and disappearing life. "The Ferryman," in an adaptation by George MacBeth.

After the blaze out of the darkness
has died, who will hear the cricket
singing? Who will light the ice on

the tree? Who will divide his body
into the spectrum? Who will kiss the
buds into life with his tears? Who

will absolve the insanity in the cracks
of the sky? O, after the blaze
out of the darkness has died, who

will annihilate the buzzard circling? And who
will carry the little white cat of
your body, Love, across the black river,

ever flowing, safely into the fresh kingdom.

One other poem by László Nagy, this time a more straightforward political poem in the tradition of Central European comment and concern. It's called "Squared by Walls," and is translated by Tony Connor.

Couldn't you have died,
or at least bled,
instead of pacing the floor
stunned with despair?
You kept clear of trouble;
bullets, armoured track, emblazoned

girls' screams. Nor for you broken
wheels, scattering rooftiles,
grim gangs of working lads,
and soot-brindled petals
You did not spill one drop
of blood, and when it stopped,
you had only gone grey and mad.

In usual winter weather
you stand here; no other
but yourself, and wide awake,
squared by walls that echo
a cough like raking
gunfire. It's not merely
your flesh that's cold;
mind and heart are frozen—crowned
by knives of ice.
You are ashamed of your melting phrases;
as if you had lost the right
to think of spring
and lilacs—the lung-like trees blossoming.
What agony for a Lord of Life!
Yet, deep in the secret places
of your being, furtive with guilt,
you are breathing on the frosted pane,
that you may look out at the world again.

My last poet, Ferenc Juhász, is the son of a stonemason and was born in a village near Budapest in 1928. He is the most explosive and unpredictable talent of his generation, who has written both badly and brilliantly since his first book in 1949, and who has fought his way experimentally through a bewildering variety of influences from Petőfi to Attila József and Dylan Thomas. His work is characterized by an extraordinary fecundity of images reflecting a deep sense of ancient and pullulating biological process. Although he does write about actual contemporary, personal, and historical situations, his most forceful work drives us out into a world of half-understood myth and symbol and prehistory, where lumbering gigantosauruses tangle with apocalyptic battles of Huns and Magyars and crucified gods in fields of outlasting honeysuckle and peony, and man

struggles up from a welter of cruelty and self-assertion to learn the hard trade of being human. Here is an extract from one of his many long poems, which has a long title too, "The Boy Changed into a Stag Clamours at the Gate of Secrets." It is a dialogue between the metamorphosed boy and his anguished mother, and it conveys very strongly Juhász's sense of the mingled menace and analogical fertility of nature and all the cyclical processes of decay and renewal. The versions of Juhász are by David Wevill.

The mother called to her own son,
from far off cried,
the mother called to her own son,
from far off cried,
went to the front of the house: from there she cried,
unwound her heavy knot of hair
dusk wove to a shimmering, thick bride's veil
a priceless pall that flowed down to her ankles
a flag, tasseled, black, for the wind
the firedamp dusk that smelled of blood.
She knotted her fingers to tendrils of stars,
the moon-froth covered her face,
and like this she cried to her dear son
as once she'd cried to her child—
stood in front of the house and spoke to the wind
spoke to the song-birds
to the love-cries of the wild geese
shouted across to the wind-fingered reeds
to the luminous sprawled potato-flower
to the stocky, cluster-balled bulls
to the sumach tree, shade of the well,
she called to the jumping fish
to the welding rings of water
    Hush! you birds and branches
hush, because I'm calling
    be still, fishes and flowers
be still, I want to speak
    be quiet, glands of the soil
    fins a-quiver, leafy parasols
be still, deep humming of sap
rumours that seep from the atoms' depth
    bronze-chaste virgins, wool-breasted flock

be quiet, because I'm calling,
I'm crying out to my own son!. . . .
. . . .
Come back, my son, I'm always knocking against things,
I have bruise-stains under my eyes, on the skin of my brow,
my calves, my thighs—
objects charge and butt me like angry rams,
the garden stake, chairs, the fence, gore me terribly,
doors thump me like Saturday drunkards,
the light's broken, the switch gives me shocks,
blood crawls in this skin of veins as through the beak
of a stone-bruised bird,
the scissors swim off like metal crabs,
matchsticks hop like sparrows' legs, the bucket handle
hits back,
come back, my dear son, come back
I can no longer run like the young mother doe,
my legs are ripe with dropsy—bines
knotty, purplish roots grow in my thighs,
my toes swell with calcium-mounds,
my fingers stiffen, with flesh tough as shell,
like snail's horn, scaly, like old shale-rock,
my branches are sickly, dry and ready to snap—
come back, my son, come back
for I'm spell-bound,
haggard, and full of visions—
they flicker from my decaying glands
as the winter morning cock-crow
pings off the frozen shirts hung on a fence,
I call you, your own mother
come back, my son, come back—
give meaning to all these things,
control them again: tame the knife,
make the stubborn comb show itself,
for I'm just two green gritty eyes,
bubbles of light: like a dragonfly,
which as you know
carries between its nape and jaw
two crystal apples that fill its whole skull,
I am two huge eyes without a face,

and their vision is not of this world.
Come back, my son, come back—
breathe life into things again.

The boy listened,
he tossed his head,
with nostrils like pails he
sniffed, his dewlap quivering—
his veined ears pricked at the sound
of that crying voice, his body tensed
as if sensing the hunter's footstep
or a whiff of smoke in the forest
when the smoke-blue forest
mourns its own burning, whimpering.
He swung his head that way
hearing the familiar voice cry,
suddenly stiffened with fear—
on his rump he noticed the fur,
discovered the split hooves,
stared at his cudweed shanks,
at his furry buck-apples
hidden there, where the lily shines.
He galloped across to a pool,
his chest ploughed through ferns,
body a muck of foam,
gouts of lather smacking the ground;
his four black hooves
stamp life from the flowers,
a tiny lizard is squashed, its
crushed neck-bib and tail grow cold.
He stops over the pool,
stares into the moonlit water—
a beech-tree with the moon in its hair
shudders—the pool reflects a stag!
Then he sees that the thick fur
covers his body all over—
fur covers his knees and thighs,
his tassel-lipped penis sheath,
and antlers grow from his head
where the bone-branches have budded,

his face is furred to the chin,
the cut of his nostrils slanting in.
He whacks his antlers against a tree,
his neck waled with ropes of veins,
paws the ground, his nerves astrain
choking to bellow a cry—
but it's only the voice of a stag
his mother hears echoing back—
he'd weep the tears of a son,
and blows till the watery monster is gone,
blows, and in his breath's whirlpool
in the liquid midnight sparkle
little fishes with petal fins
scatter, their eyes like diamond-bubbles.
When the water's feathers settle again
it is a stag that stands in the moon-foam.

Now the boy shouted back
    bellowing, stretching his neck
    the boy shouted back
    a stag's voice wildering through the fog—
mother, mother
I can't go back
mother, my mother
don't call me back
my nurse, my nurture
mother, mother
marvellous foaming spring
roof I grew up under
breasts with swollen buds
tent sheltering me from the frost
mother, my mother
don't ask me to come
mother, my mother
my one silky flower
my bird of gold
mother, mother
don't call me back!

If I were to go back
my antlers would get you,
my horns: tip to tip
I'd toss your old body—...
...Mother, mother
if I found you
I'd scorch you to
a blackened stump,
I'd burn you to a lump
of greasy clay,
I'd roast you to chunks
of charred black meat.
Mother, mother
don't call to me —
if I went back
I'd eat you up
I'd wreck the house
with my thousand-tipped horns
I'd slash
the flowerbeds to pieces
I'd rip up the trees
with my stag's teeth
I'd swallow the well
in one gulp—
if I went back
I'd set fire to the house
then I'd gallop off
to the burial plot
and with delicate nose
and all four hooves
I'd dig up my father—
I'd tear off the lid
of his coffin with my teeth—
I'd scatter his bones!
Mother, mother
don't call me back,
I can't go back,
If I did go back,
I'd kill you.

To end with, here are a pair of short poems which show Ferenc Juhász in a more simple and homely mood: a cold and a warm symbolic scene, called respectively "Silver" and "Gold":

The traveller stands in the freezing cold
surrounded by drowsy old men.
His moustache is ice, his eyelashes
inhuman half-moons of silver.
He stands watching the horses,
the snow dusting under their hooves
like a cloud of millions of comets
misting the milky star-roads.
His ears are silver, the hair is silver.
The horses twitch their manes and tails.
Silver the velvet nostrils, the steaming flanks.

Gold

The woman touches her bun
of thinning hair. She laughs,
and drops a spoon and a hunk of bread
in their reaching, grubby hands.
Like roses divining water
the circle of thin red necks
leans over the steaming plates;
red noses bloom in the savoury mist.

The stars of their eyes shine
like ten worlds lost in their own light.
In the soup, slowly circling
swim golden onion rings.

IN PRAISE OF WINE

In the winter of 1965/66 W. D. Snodgrass, the American poet, spent a number of days in Budapest. He met writers, he gave a poetry reading at the Hungarian PEN Club, he went to the theatre, and he bought a number of records. Now he writes:

"Here, at long last, is a translation of one of the songs of Sebestyén Tinódi... This is a splendid rollicking song—it starts out like a sermon against drunkenness, and ends up shouting for more wine or else. *There's a good performance of it in the recorded anthology,* Musica Hungarica, *a sort of companion piece to the poetry anthology* A Magyar Líra Gyöngyszemei...

"My version of the song, of course, is meant to sing to Tinódi's music, which means that the date must be pronounced 'Fifteen-Forty-Eight' or it won't sing right. I translated this song with the help of László Boehme, the musicologist. Unfortunately, he's died since."

Sebestyén Tinódi (1505 or '10 to 1556) sometimes called Lantos, "the Lutenist," was a travelling minstrel, a late medieval figure, at the same time a Renaissance man, reflecting a peculiar combination not untypical of Hungarian society at the time. He took part in campaigns against the Turks, a number of great lords and warriors were his patrons. Tinódi was the child of well-to-do peasants. He was taught Latin which was the normal language of instruction in Hungarian grammar schools then and for some centuries to come. He wrote both text and music, and performed his works, accompanying himself on the lute. His subjects were usually a record of the events of his time. His purpose was to inform, and to encourage those who heard him to fight against the Turks. His chronicle songs are valuable as sources for the life and political circumstances of his time. Some parts of them can still be read with interest today. He arranged for his Cronica *to be printed in 1554. The verses printed below in W. D. Snodgrass' translation were written in 1548 and are the first three stanzas of a long poem in which Tinódi summarised his experiences and observations.*

SEBESTYÉN TINÓDI

HARKEN, ALL YOU DRUNKARDS

Harken, all you drunkards, while I sing your wickedness —
All the sins committed in your godless drunkennes;
Time and time again forgetting all God's righteousness.

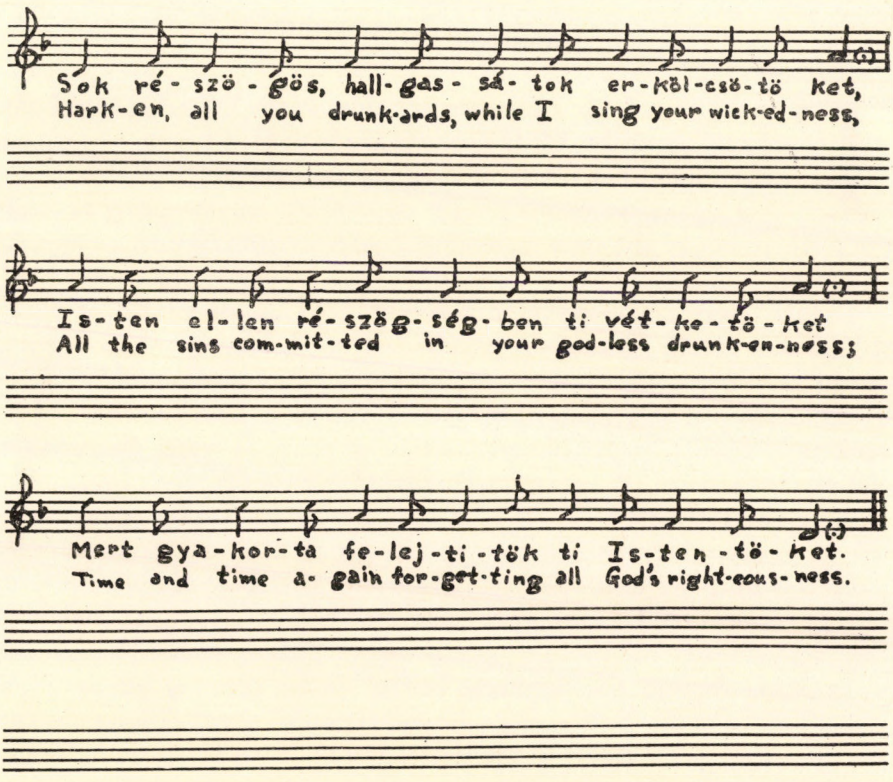
God the Lord created wine to serve a noble aim;
Temp'rately he lets us drink it down and that's no shame;
Thus the whole wide world could see a cause to praise His name.

One they call Sebastian wrote this song in bitter thirst,
In Nyirbator, 1548, he sang it first:
Stewards of the court, now give us wine or stand accurst!

Translated by W. D. Snodgrass

"Sokféle Részögösről...."

"Harken, all you drunkards...."



(The first stanza in W. D. Snodgrass' handwriting.)

MILÁN FÜST, POET
(1888–1967)

by

GYÖRGY SOMLYÓ

The writing of a few introductory lines to the following translation of two poems by Milán Füst for the benefit of people who cannot read Hungarian can be undertaken only in the hope that in the near future we might get the opportunity of presenting in detail the work of one of the most individual figures in 20th century Hungarian literature.

Though every single poem of his is marked by the stamp of Füst's strange and lonely personality, which does not belong to any movement in Hungary or abroad, a fragmentary and even false picture would be given by the reading of only a few of his poems without at least some idea of his work as a novelist, writer of short stories, of plays, of works on aesthetics and psychology.

From the very first moment of his appearance on the literary scene he was an extraordinary phenomenon in Hungarian literature, and continued to be this until his death in 1967. He would have been the same also on an international level if, simultaneously with his appearance, he could have been part of that: and perhaps once he might become such a phenomenon if, breaking through the linguistic barrier always shutting off the Hungarian poet from the world outside, he will appear on the all-European scene. For even sixty years after his first poems were written he represents something new, undiscovered by others, something irreplacable.

In one of his enchantingly self-ironical confessions he recounts how he called, in 1908, at the age of twenty, on Ernő Osvát, the editor of *Nyugat* ("West," a literary periodical then starting, which was to be of outstanding importance for more than thirty years); he told Osvát that he did not want to become a poet, not for anything, nor could he be one even if he wished.

"Now then, what can you do?" the then already highly respected editor asked impatiently.

"I can think, I will think, and I like to think" was the answer, the "definite" answer as he added later.

Very likely the pockets of this youth who so "definitely" and so passionately objected against poetry, at the very place which was least suitable for this, may have contained already quite a number of those poems which, not so much later, he made public creating a quite special surprise even among the new talents then appearing in droves with new and newer voices. For in the spectacular outburst of this young poet against poetry that peculiar situation was expressed that was to become the environment of his work. He did not revolt against "poetry" but against those forms of poetry which were dominant in the Hungary of that time, and moreover, and this was the very cause of his paradoxal situation (a cause which remained), even against those which were only in the process of developing. In him ideas and emotions looked for expression which could not find their adequate form either in the populistic-national poetry, whose epigones filled the Hungarian turn of the century, nor in that marvellous aftersound of European symbolism and impressionism which at that very time arose as a revolutionary novelty on the Hungarian literary scene, precisely connected with *Nyugat*. Milán Füst divined already those new tectonic catastrophes still in the developmental process that actually were to turn the entire geography of poetry upside down, and do that throughout the world. Though young Milán Füst, in person, belonged among the other great talents starting together with him: Ady, Babits, Árpád Tóth, he differed from them in that he was to bring into Hungarian literature a revolutionary new thing not only as compared with the "Hungarian Victorian" conservatism dominant then but even in the context of that new and revolutionary wave represented by the great first generation of *Nyugat*. His poems, including the very first ones, show such a singular formation, similar to nothing existing previously, that even within contemporary world literature they have but few and remote relatives. The endless length of the lines of his poems, with their biblical aspect and melody, recall the flooding of Saint John Perse; the anti-subjectivity always hiding behind the tragic or grotesque masks of remote cultures coincide with the aims of a T. S. Eliot or a Constantinos Cavafis.

Every single poem of Füst's is if it meant to recall a never-seen land, a never-known world, a never-lived moment, and yet this has existed within us, it is the story of our times. They are non-recurring, non-repeatable, they grap our entire sensitivity. He was justified in saying later on: "There was a time when, after a poem, I felt as if every single cell of mine was satiated, had said its part... Here, this is my body, this is my blood." And ever since then these poems carry in them this elementary force of their birth; this is the reason for their bizarre and at the same time regular,

robust and yet seemingly non-graspable existence due to which they now and then resemble wavering phantoms, and now and again enormous petrified lava formations.

His entire work as a poet includes all in all some seventy poems. But in a way this thin volume plays the same part in Hungarian poetry as does that of Mallarmé in French, and that of Gerald Manley Hopkins in English poetry: both produced a similar slim volume, that could not have successors and yet of vast significance. For a long time Milán Füst was given the distinguished but lonely distinction of being a "poets' poet." His poetry neither had a wide echo nor did it create a school. The deeper and more ramified was, and is, his effect on every new generation of Hungarian poets.

By the way: anybody who cultivates poetry in such an eruptive fashion as he did must obviously cool as suddenly, too, just as a volcano. And Milán Füst, writer of strange poems, after a brief poetic phase in his youth changed into a composer of just as peculiar prose works, and this, as he so frequently remarked, by purposeful and conscious endeavour. After some brilliant novellas and short stories seven years of strenuous work resulted in his novel *A feleségem története* "The Story of My Wife" (1942), written with a demand for perfection recalling that of Flaubert; Füst calls it somewhere the "crown of all my endeavours." It was first published in the middle of the Second World War; due to that and also due to its peculiar, extraordinary character (similar to his poems) within Hungarian literature the critics scarcely paid any attention to it. But twenty years later it attained considerable success by its publications in West Germany, the Netherlands, Yugoslavia, and, above all, in France; in 1964 the author was recommanded as one of the candidates for the Nobel Prize. On this occasion, in an interview given to the Swedish Radio, he said of the peculiar character of his epic art: "My form is such that I must not get well acquainted with what I choose as the object of my art because the knowledge of reality restricts my imagination, impedes its free movement thus I can write only of things which I do not know well enough because what is far away from me stimulates me, and moves my imagination... The French critics found my descriptions of Paris faithful and exact though, due to the peculiar whim of my fate, until this very day I have never been in Paris, nor in London, neither on the East Indian islands, and yet some travellers praise even my writings on the Malayans."

In this brief survey his plays can just be mentioned; their fate, if possible, is even stranger than that of his other works. *Boldogtalanok* ("Unhappy Ones") (1914), *Catullus* (1928), and *Negyedik Henrik király* ("King Henry IV") (1931) explore three separate possibilities of modern drama, with a poetic

and renewing force unique in Hungarian dramatic literature, in some aspects anticipating certain fundamental experiments of European drama: by discovering some elements of the dramatic structure of Eliot's, the existentialists, and of Osborne's. But these dramas remained unperformed for decades, they came out only in print, whereas in recent years the Hungarian public was able to witness, one after the other, their highly successful performance on the stage. It is some consolation that the aged poet could live to see at least the first nights, and the success, of two of his three plays.

In the preface to his Collected Works Milán Füst, with deep bitterness, recognized as his very own fate and way of life that of those whom "everything arrives late, and when it does arrive it already becomes impossible." His bitterness was not unjustified. And yet, on the rare peaks of old age it might have been some justification and consolation to him, that, even if rather late, in the end everything or nearly everything did arrive.

Poetry too which this man so obsessed with loyalty to his own true self had once left, apparently disloyal, so as not to become unfaithful to the elementary inspiration of his youth. It seems that in life merit, too, has its rewards. Inspiration which once, long ago, had left him, visited him a new toward the end of his life, and this with its old magic force; as if out of gratitude to one who even at the price of silence had stayed faithful to it. It presented him, among others, with one of the most beautiful pieces of his poetry, "Old Age," printed below, of which the French poet Guillevic rightly remarked: "Here you can see that a cathedral can be built even out of words."

"IF MY BONES MUST BE HANDED OVER"

This wild carriage hurtles at a wild canter.
And as if it aimed at safe shelter, leaving me under a good roof-tree:
It runs upon the zones of old age, sickness, toothlessness
And then it stops among the happy natives of non-existence.
I am not troubled, I am not crying.—Oh, run, wild horses
And gallop with me till the forest of men is like thunder,
Let me see nothing, hear nothing. Let my heart be all wild like the hunter's
When he goes out to kill without fear,—he has no thought for any
heavenly Maker,

And why should he watch his Maker's face for frowning clouds, to be
judged for the flight of that bullet?...
But says: here is reality!—I am sacrificed, I am a man dying,
I was starving like the serpent,
Torpid like the crocodile
And deadly-tempered like the yellow Apocalypse horseman,
With wild spots of greed in my eyes flickering.
Why grieve over your own bad fortune?
Look at the bird in the air, when she shrieks whoever comes to help her?
Think of the giant oak when it snaps in the hurricane, shuddering,
Consider the calf that would suck at the very slaughterhouse doorstep
And everything else which goes down in unhappy last reluctance...
And then write out your hymn in this world about the screaming vultures
And how a shattered eye was preferred in beauty to a shining one.

(1933)

Translated by
Edwin Morgan

OLD AGE

O my eyes where are you, you that found a face so wonderful?
And O my marvellous ears where are you, you that grew sharp as a
donkey's from some bitter-sweet laughter?
And where are you my teeth, ferocious teeth that drew blood not just
from strawberries but from richer and redder lips also?
And where are you, dreadful song in my breastbone?

And where is the pain and where is the delight I go after emptily in
my distraction, clutching a crooked stick as I wander?
Mad helter-skelter? Chasing the deer, the deer-footed, lying down
somewhere to whisper to her, not her but the moonlight...
About the enigmas no one unravels beyond their changeless name—
anguished happiness...
Where are you swirlings, sooty oaths? Everlasting scuttlings?
Where is the ravening mouth and where is my laughter?
God, where is my laughter, where too is the great motiveless sobbing:
When again and again—O blood-drained webs of reverberating
daybreaks!—
I grovelled in the darkness before you!

Listen to me O youth. Remember the old Greek who lifted
Both hands like a statue and calling for his youth to return to him
Cast that Aeschylean curse on the one who gave old age to the living.
Half blind he stood on the hill, wrapped round with radiant light,
his hair blown back with the wind and
The tears coming down from his stammering eyes at the steep feet of
the Deity.

And still his voice roared, his words transfixed the mill-wheel,
shook the hill-side
And even made the five-year ram lift up its head.—But the Deity
Did not look at him, said nothing to the old man, nothing.
The Deity wept. For it was like drums beating in his ears, a dull
drumming,
And the drumming answered by the landslide and the landslide answered
by the sea-surge...
The immemorial wretchedness of old age had swept up so huge before
him, and so sacred.
For he was standing there by his own grave and arguing with the wind
incessantly
And aching to declare his truth once again before he crumbled...

And then of course he moved on,—silence at last took that territory.
But by then everything in his heart was also silent, we should not
forget, and another still vaster attention...

And round his head the wan half-daylight.

(1947)

Translated by
Edwin Morgan

GÁBOR DEVECSERI

THREE POEMS

Translated by

ROBERT GRAVES

Robert Graves spent a fortnight in Hungary in May 1968. His numerous encounters with writers, poets and intellectuals resulted in a number of translations: Hungarian poets payed their homage to Graves by translating some of his poems into Hungarian, and Robert Graves, who is widely read and extremely popular in Hungary, gallantly responded with the three translations printed below, in which the poet, who speaks English, collaborated. Gábor Devecseri is not only a poet, but, like Mr. Graves himself, also a Greek scholar and translator. He is responsible for a brilliant translation of the Complete Homer in addition to many other works of classical scholarship and translations from Greek and Latin authors. — Editor.

THE WORLD AWOKE ME

The world awoke me; its flood freeing
My wits from dream, starting up memory,
Puffing my past into a globe of being:
"I shall be myself soon; soon I shall be me."

THE BATH IN PYLOS

Sweet Polycaste, Nestor's youngest daughter
Here washed Telemachus, as was most fit.
Well oiled and scraped, she drew him from the water
To don bright garments—custom called for it.

Heroic youths invited to this hall
Knew that the youngest daughter of its king

Would soon dart forward—what more natural?—
And give them, within reason, anything.

The grime that from his limbs she scoured for us
Has gone, by diligent procumbent women
Long ago wiped away. Telemachus
Himself is dust. Yet the bath she put *him* in
Richly proclaims the blessings of survival
Antiquity rephrased and without rival.

HIS LIFE

His life is a mere
  Day's happening:
He feels no fear
  For the evening;

He has always done
  What he had to do
While light of the Sun
  Fell sharp and new.

SURVEYS

SÁNDOR LÁSZLÓ-BENCSIK

SEVENTEEN HAMMERS

Report from a pile of cases

Break for a Smoke

I am sitting two and a half metres above the ground, up in the air on top of a tar-paper covered packing case, letting my legs swing while I'm smoking a bitter-tasting cigarette called "*Munkás.*" The handle of the hammer is still warm, and will not cool down until I had my smoke.

I'm an export-case packer, so this hammer is, at present, what might be called my coat of arms. It is a unique, non-series tool, slim with a long handle. Seemingly light, agile and toyish, yet it is heavy particularly towards the end of the shift. Anyhow, it is lighter than the one I could have drawn from the store. None of my mates uses "issue" hammers. Awkward, with cumbersome head and handle, they only rub off your skin, and so to hell with them! Artfully, pulling nice tricks in a factory here, and a workshop there, we all manage to get hold of a tip-top, easy to hold, shining, nimble hammer. And when all these cheerful tools break into a chorus in a factory yard, a peculiar spectacle will meet your eyes. Two or three fellows rummage about timber boards and beams, and hey presto! in the twinkling of an eye a room-sized framework has been constructed around a big hulking machine. Heave-ho! and up goes the lid with one of us on it nailing down the rim and shaping a black bonnet on top of it, whistling all the time. After some blows with the hammer, a few straps and hinges have still to be fixed, and one can idle for a while high up on the case.

I had many fellow-workers and among them several friends. Now, again I have others. And I have written these pages for the very purpose of introducing them to you and to get you acquainted with our work, the common ground we formed a friendship on. I am not a tourist or a visitor to this factory; I am the narrator who highlights matters while he, too, appears in the image reflected by the mirror he holds. I transmit observations while gauging the influence they exert on me.

Before Goods Get Under Way

From the very beginning I felt that the term packer is too limited for designating this trade: the work done transcends by far the interpretation this word usually covers.

Many firms and factories found that it does not pay to maintain a packing department of their own. These enterprises make a contract with the firm I work for and charge it with packing their export consignments. In due time a packers' team appears at the factory of our customer and goes ahead with the work. There are plants where we pack goods into cases all the year round, but generally our working place changes every month or week. The team I work with

packs many kinds of machines, instruments and mechanisms from gigantic chemical autoclaves to telecommunication equipment for a journey that is, sometimes, subjected to the rigours of bad weather; in addition, we have also packed refractory bricks, dyes and various sorts of commodities, even expedition equipment.

The idea is that commodities should reach their place of destination without breakage, deformation or even a scratch. The greatest danger, however, is corrosion and it does not suffice to preserve goods from becoming rusty by oiling and greasing, particularly if they are conveyed overseas or to the tropics. There are some very sensitive calibrated instruments that might be damaged by a dislocation of only 1 mm. or by a change of air, not to mention being tossed about. Sometimes it seems easier to carry a heavy steel globe in a thin glass ball on a farm cart over hill and dale than to forward a sensitive instrument to a neighbouring country by freighter plane.

Machines and equipment cannot be transported in the state they are turned out in the factory. They have to be taken apart, broken down into larger or smaller parts and then packed by units or pieces. Machines are, generally, taken apart at the plant itself, however, quite frequently we have to do this job. However, there are non-detachable mechanisms too, which have to be fixed by careful manipulation. One has to creep right into enamelled autoclaves of several hundred or thousand litres capacity in order to prop up and fasten the moving elements. But small units also have to be packed and these dwarfs fidget and tumble about far more than the giants. Sometimes putting a strait-jacket on them is quite a problem.

After assemblage and internal fixing—which is only the first phase of the manipulation—the larger bodies are hoisted onto the bottom of cases (on the beam sledge) and braced with screws, yokes, hoops, wires and wedges, and immobilized on sleepers made for this purpose. Subsequently they are dressed in polyethylene foils, vaseline-impregnated paper, corrugated cardboard, tarred paper, and finally a great coat of tarred mill wrapper is fastened on them with a network of cords.

The smaller units, e.g. instruments and more sensitive structural elements, are placed into boxes before being encased. Delivered in a semi-finished state the boxes have first to be folded and pasted. However, the apparatuses to be packed are not always cubiform or brick-shaped. Sometimes special polygonal-shaped bodies have to be cut out in order to fit the profile of the instruments. The more common instruments are only packed in corrugated paper or wadded in cotton wool. Special instruments are wrapped in polystyrene or polyurethane bandages. It has happened that for certain objects wooden frameworks had to be made, padded with zigzag foam rubber dominoes and stripes.

The final phase of our work, the casing of goods, seems spectacular, of course for unlookers only, for us it means even more rush. The time norms assessed for the various machines and materials, or to be more exact, the norm minutes of packing imposed on us can best be cut down in the course of this working process. You might ask: how? By the most simple and primitive means, namely, by sheer force. Overcome by the excitement of the finish, each one of us is on his mettle to reach the goal first. It should not be forgotten that each case weighs 20–30–40 kg. The first cases are carried, set up and adjusted easily, but round the twentieth or fortieth one has to tighten one's grip so that it should not slip from one's hands. And our hammers are splendid tools but if one has to strike with them not ten or a hundred but a thousand times, that's a different story! The three-inch (No. 65) nails are not so bad, they penetrate into the wood easily, even towards evening. But for the beams and wedges, which support the bulky bodies, No. 120 and No. 160 nails are used and to knock these in, more than just one or two blows are needed.

Fit together the side-pieces, line the case, put in the packed goods, fasten and prop them, pad it with wood-shavings, nail on the lid, cover it with tarred paper, fix it with corner irons and, sometimes, with steel bands—that is all there is to it. What remains to be done is to write on the address, stamp on it international conventional symbols, and the case is fit to set out on its journey.

Naturally, the method and the order in which things are done may change for each case, but the essentials are always the same. From time to time news get around, sometimes from very far, sometimes from the neighbourhood, that one or another consignment could have reached the moon. In such a case we look at each other and think it couldn't be otherwise for we did the job. We know, of course, that praise is not really due to us for we overdo things in a typically Hungarian way, squandering material and time and, therefore, the way we work is expensive. I do not want to reform my trade, though some changes are going to take place, but the breath of new methods has not yet reached us.

So this is, by and large, our job. There is nothing very difficult about it and a university degree is not needed. It is by no means routine work and not so easy either. Easy working processes blend with difficult ones. Variety is its spice, variety in place, materials and work. There are quite a lot of negative features, too, for instance, it is technologically obsolete while another drawback is the fluctuating market, that is, there are periods when we just idle, while at other times we can hardly keep up with requirements.

Everybody is, of course, proud of his work and role in production. We flatter ourselves that it is due to the sweat of our brow that material, machines and equipment are forwarded by train, ship, truck or aeroplane and finish the long and complicated process of becoming economic assets in some part of the globe. Without our work these machines would not be turned into foreign currency, raw materials and import goods. Owing to the work of our team of seventeen only, thousands of cases worth many thousand millions of forints were exported in the last six months to the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, Sweden, East and West Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Algeria, Egypt, Israel, Syria, India, Vietnam, Korea and Cuba. So it is understandable that we are proud of our work, of course only when the shift is over. During work we have no time for meditating on lofty ideas. Naturally, the mind wanders during work, too, in more prosaic spheres though.

Labour not only produces but also calculates

Our hourly rates are 6.00, 6.35, 6.70, 7.40, and 7.75 forints and what we get in addition to the hourly rate depends on the results achieved.* The inflexible norms imposed on us settle every minute of our work, yet a good part of our time gets lost by pernickety jobs, and in addition, one has to count with interruptions and bottlenecks in the work and so one can imagine how many hammer-strokes are needed to boost our earnings to 2,000 forints monthly or above. Since there are 210 normal working hours in a month, our basic wages amount to 1,260, 1,333, 1,407, 1,480, 1,554 and 1,627 forints per month. If we are lucky and there are plenty of export goods, overtime work can be done. So we work extra hours and add to the normal 210 hours thirty, forty or fifty hours. This is a "Pyrrhic" wage increase though, for the pay-packet means that we have worked 10–12 hours a day. (For overtime there is no additional payment

* As a comparison it should be noted that in Budapest the tramway fare is 1.00 forint, and a bus ticket costs 1.50 forints; two pounds of bread cost 3.00 forints and a packet of cigarettes (cheaper brand) about the same. [Ed.]

on a percentage basis, only a supplement of 1.00 to 1.20 forints per hour overtime is paid.) Thus, working overtime plus payment by results over 100 per cent output, swell the pay-packet. However, we must be careful not to overdo work performances on a percentile basis for this may give rise to a revision of the norms. And if time norms are tightened we may be in a bad fix. The increasing results are not due to new methods, more modern technology or machines but to our personal efforts. The putting one's shoulder to the wheel business sounds quite alright but it does not pay to overdo it. Zeal to work must make sense. We do not plan to work for a day or a week but in the long run. The speed of our hammer-strokes is fundamentally determined by interest. The more we feel that our labour is fairly rewarded the more we work.

In the first weeks and months newcomers are given plenty of work to do. There is a knack in passing the more awkward work to him. This is by no means done to pull a fast one on him, but we want to find out what he is worth, what he can endure and to get to know if he is a handy-man. *The Hill*, an English film I saw at the time I was a newcomer, encouraged and supported me to ascend the hill again and again even if the work was beyond me, moreover, in such a way that it should not be noticeable on my face, by the way I walked and the way I handled the hammer. In the first week each hour was a hill, however in the second month only days meant hills. Then also this period passed and I was admitted to the team. I experienced that physical strength is not only useful for production, it is, at the same time, capital that has to be reproduced and be taken care of. Very soon, food and sleep became more important for me than anything else.

All brigade-members eat well. One soon finds out that titbits are no good for they do not invigorate the organism. Therefore, bacon stands first in our menu for it is of high calorific value, in the second place come sausage and mixed cold meat. Since short rations won't do, it's no wonder that a hearty breakfast costs two hours' wages. Lunch amounts to only a quarter or half of the costs of breakfast because we either line up for canteen meals that are available at a reduced price and consist of two courses, or we reheat, on the workshop's gas-ring the leftovers from yesterday's dinner, such as stewed meat with paprika, "letcho" (a dish made of stewed onions, tomatoes and paprika) and sausages, or stuffed cabbage. Many of us have cold snacks for lunch also, however, this is far more expensive than cooked food. Working time lasts, generally, till the evening, so one has to eat again at about 4 p.m. In addition, human beings have not only stomachs but taste buds too, so mere food in itself does not suffice. Seasonable garnishings, onions, cucumbers, tomatoes, paprika, are also very important. After a year I had ample opportunity to learn what our daily consumption amounts to:

one pound of bread	1.50 Ft
35 oz. of bacon plus 35–50 oz. of sausages or mixed cold meat	10.00 Ft
onions, paprika, tomatoes	2.00 Ft
canteen lunch	4.50 Ft
miscellaneous (fruit or pastry or cheese)	3.00 Ft
	21.00 Ft

To this sum a few forints should be added for cigarettes. Most of us smoke *Munkás*, 3 forints for 25. It is, after all, the cheapest brand.

Thus, overtime is necessary, so we can eat it. Whichever way I try to work it out, the members of my team eat 300–500 forints per head and month just during working hours. Some of us drink at least as much. Only two of the seventeen aren't the slaves of drink. The majority does not go beyond, or only rarely, half a decilitre of spirits early, and one or two glasses of wine-and-soda or a bottle of beer in the evening. How-

ever, there are quite a few who step over the limits—and like to do it.

There are days in every quarter, and weeks at the end of each year when we are rushed off our feet by the pressure of work. Commodities accumulate, and delivery has to be executed on the dot. In such a case nothing matters, work is kept up at a stiff pace, and the amount of materials used—paper, boards, nails—does not matter a scrap. Our customers need not worry because of us, for three or even four times as much is loaded in waggons during one shift than usually. When it comes to that, the calculator of norms also shuts his eyes, for the time-limit of delivery is an even greater potentate than he. After a rush period, two or three weeks are needed to regain one's former weight. This is the time when we are irritable although just at such times we become conscious that we are good value for the money we get paid.

Two or three years ago, an important personage expounded at a political meeting that the root of our economic problems was to be found at the work-bench. He told us that there are too many absentees, no discipline of labour, workmen discuss the Sunday football match and what is even more shocking, complete their football pools in working hours. He concluded his philippic by waking memories of the bogey-man, the capitalist! At that time, the idling worker was a standing joke in comic papers and music-halls, and has become a well-known figure.

I want to make a few remarks on this subject and state—seen from the lowest rung of the ladder—that this is a false representation. Throughout the country people work hard and conscientiously. True, in a "gently does it" way and without overdoing it. There are, of course, pauses when football matches, news and the pools are discussed in a good mood, and jokes are cracked. Maybe, that is why production is at its peak after the morning break. Cheerful and calm work yields better results than exacting work performed with teeth clenched. It also should be noted that love of work—mentioned alas! so often—is not a banner flying in front of us. It is not this that gets you to work day after day, but the compulsion to be active, natural to man, and self-interest. The individual ceased to be, whereas the team became the unit of measure in norms, work performances, targets and in substantiating our earnings.

None of us considers packing a vocation, but once it became our job we want it to have some sense, effect and result. Our work in fact includes some enjoyable aspects too. For example, there are five young workmen in our team for whom nailing cases is a delightful game and sport at the same time. One of my mates enjoys to cut out, fold and paste paper profiles. The hobby of another one is to repair things. However, after two thousand nails have been driven in, the hundredth paper profile cut out and innumerable repairs carried out, ardour cools off, and it appears that the pleasure that derived from these activities was but of short duration and did not last until the end of the shift.

There is no doubt that a man—whether he takes pleasure in his work or does things merely out of self-interest—will not stand any nonsense when it comes to the work he has done. This means that the common saying: work is a matter of honour, is the unwritten but fundamental law of our life.

Time and space

The crowd that starts work at six in the morning includes the most shabbily-dressed, ugliest, ill-shapen, worn-out fellow-passengers. In the crowded trams and buses the offensive smell of sausages seasoned with garlic and home-distilled rot-gut dominates. Those travelling just before seven are much quieter and calmer. Many of them read books and newspapers. It is clearly visible that the two groups follow different profes-

sions. The majority of passengers at dawn are manual workers whereas those who start work at seven perform more important, higher-standard work. Thanks to the transport services they are one in one respect, namely, that they all arrive at work tormented and in a state of nerves. A very small minority has to suffer transport for only 5–10 minutes. Going to and coming home from work takes up about one and a half to two hours of my 24 hours and it might be said that this is about the average.

Eighty to ninety per cent of the work of my team is performed at Kőbánya, in the former Lampart factory. Beginning and end of our shift depends upon the work to be done. Half of the working days we work from six in the morning to seven in the evening, 30 per cent of working days last from six to six, whereas the unmber of normal working days, i.e. from seven in the morning to four in the afternoon, amount to only 20 per cent. Six of the seventeen brigade-members travel from Üllő, Pilis, Dánszentmiklós and Monor, villages in the neighbourhood of Budapest. Coming from various parts of the city seven from the team of 17 reach the workshop in 40–60 minutes. Four live relatively close to the plant, so that they can reach it by foot or take the tram and get off after a few stops.

For simplicity, the chart below will give a good picture on the schedule of our working days:

Team-members from	Worktime		Work-time hours	Trans-port hours	Mis-cel-laneous hour	Going to bed at	Getting up at	Sleep-ing	Leisure hours
	from	to							
	a.m.	p.m.				p.m.	a.m.		
The provinces	6.00	7.00	13	3 1/2	1/2	9.30	3.30	6	1
	6.00	6.00	12	3 1/2	1/2	9.00	3.30	6 1/2	1 1/2
	7.00	4.00	9	3 1/2	1/2	9.00	4.30	7 1/2	3 1/2
Budapest	6.00	7.00	13	1 1/2	1/2	9.30	4.30	7	2
A	6.00	6.00	12	1 1/2	1/2	9.00	4.30	7 1/2	2 1/2
	7.00	4.00	9	1 1/2	1/2	9.00	5.30	7 1/2	5 1/2
Budapest	6.00	7.00	13	1/2	1/2	9.30	5.00	7 1/2	2 1/2
B	6.00	6.00	12	1/2	1/2	9.30	5.00	7 1/2	3 1/2
	7.00	4.00	9	1/2	1/2	10.00	6.00	8	6

The heading "Miscellaneous" includes the time spent in the lavatory and the dressing room, and ten minutes in the workshop before work begins.

However, leisure hours are not as clear a matter as one might think looking at the column of figures. This does not refer to the minutes required by getting up, going to bed and supper but to the fact that if a man comes home after having worked for 12–13 hours he just sits down and does nothing for a while. Food and sleep are necessities of equal importance. In the first months I tried to steal some time from sleep with the result that overcome by tiredness my head bumped against the table at nine o'clock.

Saturday afternoon from five to nine plus the whole of Sunday is the only free time available, and a very short time it is. Now, if we take into account that the greater part of our holiday is fritted away on some

troublesome business or another, and on days off out of necessity, no wonder that sometimes we ask each other: what is the sense of life? When I first heard this question I pricked up my ears because of the Gorkyan humour of the question. I wanted to answer but said nothing—and it was better to keep silent. Since then I have learned that these people refuse to believe in mere words; being children of a tangible world they only believe in, and are shaped by facts. Changes in their lives could provide answers to their questions.

After the ordeal of travelling we reach a factory whose walls and yard could provide a good location for a film set in the past.

Lampart is an old and obsolete factory with gloomy, bleak buildings and an overcrowded factory yard; if one has crossed the yard—that is either muddy and full of puddles or covered with thick dust—and gone up the dirty and worn staircase one gets into a ghastly, big and uncomfortable dressing room. We change in this sparsely-furnished room, on rickety benches, in front of wrecked lockers, within bare grey walls with a labyrinth of rusty tubes that are leaking all the time while bulbs flicker that are attached to the ceiling with blank wires. Be careful when entering the lavatory, for the wash basins are filthy and the hot water in the shower-bath attacks you from the side all of a sudden, the drains are in a bad condition and one wades in filthy water to the ankles. The workshop, too, is in a hopeless state.

To do justice it should be noted that in the Lampart Works considerable building has been in progress for some time now. New halls and workshops are being built and the back-yard will be covered in concrete. In time they will, perhaps, rebuild the places where we work, bathe and change. For the sake of completeness it should be added that in the major part of the plants such conditions do not exist any more. However, among the 10–12 factories where we packers are the usual customers, the situation is about the same, and only in two or three the setting might be called up-to-date. Circumstances are often connected. The same duality can be experienced in working conditions, organization and means of production.

Once engineers of a factory from abroad, which delivered electric trucks, visited Lampart. When they saw the moving wrecks they shook their heads in disapproval, these are not our products... they seemed to say. On the other hand, they examined the new huge enamel furnace for a long time and showed their appreciation.

Is this duality characteristic of our factories? I do not think so, for in spite of all these we pack more and more export goods of world-standard and from the stick-on labels we see how our orbit expands more and more, primarily due to intellectual and physical efforts.

Vector experiences

Fortunately, the two most forceful factors that shape our development are work and collectivity. On the one hand, these effects compensate the retroactive tendencies of time and space—of circumstances and environment—while on the other they determine the trend of our development in a positive way. Being a "novice" workman I am, of course, influenced by these factors to a greater extent than my mates.

The first great experience was when I discovered the joy of creation, to work without a hitch. To turn out tip-top work that couldn't be more accomplished than it was, for it was the peak of perfection.

Another experience is related to the calmness work provides. I don't mean rest during worktime, but the peace of mind after it, however long and however much one has drudged, once the workshop is left behind, one does not drag along one's grinding cares, a weighty bagful of pressing problems and plans, disappointments of the past and wor-

ries of the future. It is a pleasant sensation and lends wings to weary steps.

Delight in one's strength also became a new experience. At first the heavy bodies, gigantic paper bales and huge, beam-bottomed cases seemed unmovable. Later, when one has learned the knacks of the trade one's legs are not so shaky as at the first attempts, and it, so to say, helps to carry the loads if one knows how to cooperate with the others. My shirts that became narrow-chested after a few months proved that I grew considerably stronger.

It was a far less elevating experience when I noticed that pulsation of life and intellectual activity slacken. During 9–12 hours one has to watch, in addition to one's movements, proportion and size, weight, grip and manipulation, the same things over and again, moreover, with regard to one's fellow-workers, too. Ideas, full of pep in the morning, turn round and round within increasingly narrow bounds and in the evening they rotate rigidly within this circle. After work is over one has a feeling as if one's mind has frozen. It needs some time till it thaws, in order to take up intellectual activity again. I noticed that most of my colleagues have no desire to make such efforts. A human organ out of use becomes weaker and degenerates. The same applies to other spheres of activity. I speak for ourselves—we seventeen live within a very narrow orbit.

And yet this collective which lives within a narrow orbit has given me a sense of the effects and experiences of the wider sphere of the corporate spirit.

When I became a team-member I was, at first, surprised that nobody asked questions who my kith and kin was, whence and why I came? They sort of found my being there natural, they showed me what to do and made me work like a nigger for weeks on end. Later I found out the simple wisdom underlying their attitude. A newcomer can tell you anything. First let us see if the chap can be trusted.

This indifferent reception came in useful. I was neither stared at nor sympathized with. I had to prove that I was trustworthy, not by words or my past, but by my work and attitude.

In time it turned out that in the winter the team had read a story I had written earlier, and in the spring they heard me speak over the radio. By that time, however, I was admitted to the team and these events did not change either their opinion of me or our relationship, they became fond of me.

After I entered service, ten recruits tried to take up work but only five struck roots. There are no particularly interesting people in our team, but no two are alike. However, common work rubs the corners off, polishes and licks them into shape until they become a homogeneous community, which won't stand that any member should be at a disadvantage. This "rubbing off the corners" is, of course, not done in a courteous way. Harsh words are exchanged, accompanied by rough treatment and coarse language.

My position within the community does not exceed what is due to me in accordance with my work. I participate in conversation, in evaluating matters, and I experienced that when we are talking about God, nuclear physics, politics, art or whatever it may be, a simple explanation of one-two sentences, questions which raise doubts and passing on plain knowledge yield better results than to jump down somebody's throat.

There is, however, a field where conversation comes to a stop when questions are raised. It concerns the new economic mechanism, for at this point I am at a loss. At first I tried to explain concepts, such as price, value, market, economic regularities and so on. However, I was asked not to speak in general terms, but to get down to facts. For example, what has the future in store for us, will our earnings rise, won't our wages decrease and will it be possible to obtain additional earnings when worktime will be reduced? A recurring question was: shall we be kept busy or are we going

to be out-of-work? Won't injustice prevail with wages getting more differentiated? I could not answer these questions and each of them only raised new doubts in me, the more unanswered questions the more I felt defenceless. Avoiding the issue is humiliating. This situation was aggravated by the fact that nobody came to explain whether and how our situation is going to change. Moreover, there were some occurrences that frightened us. For example, one day a crane operator did not dare to lift machinery weighing several tons and insecurely placed, for it seemed perilous for both the craneman and the machinery. The boss settled the dispute by saying: "Well, we shall see who will decide such questions under the new mechanism." The crane operator took a deep breath and lifted the load. Luckily, it went off well. But it could have turned out badly.

The perspectives of the coming years continue to be indefinable and our concrete questions unanswered. It is hoped that we shall be able to earn our bread by manual work in the future too, this was the only conclusions we came to.

I am fully aware that my report does not give a complete picture. Due to the character of work our team does, and the continually changing working places, our profession is not a typical one. It is hardly possible to describe something perpetually on the move. It was unavoidable to overlook small matters, details that are so characteristic of our everyday life, that vivify and lend variety to our days. Many of them were valuable contributions to my experiences.

LÁSZLÓ ORSZÁGH

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ENGLISH WORDS IN THE HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE

I

The vocabulary of no civilized nation is entirely of one piece. Every language borrows and assimilates words from other languages as long as it is spoken and written. Thus besides basic words of Anglo-Saxon origin the English vocabulary contains word-material taken over in relatively recent times from a number of other tongues, European and non-European, languages great and small. Tracing the absorption of these words into English is the task of the etymologist. In the last two centuries British linguists have taken great pains to ascertain what words of the English vocabulary were assimilated from Latin, Greek, French, Dutch, Spanish and a host of other languages, including even Hungarian.

The same basic characteristic, i.e., etymological diversity, holds true of the Hungarian language as well. Our Magyar vocabulary is just as much a congeries of words from many sources, as English is. Only in our case the contributors and the numerical proportion of their contributions are different from what they are in English. In Hungarian on the basic Finno-Ugrian stock of words, words of Turkic, Slavic, Latin, German, French, Greek, Italian origin were grafted. And of course quite a few words that may be called English have found their way into the Magyar language in the last two centuries. A fair number of these loans from English came to stay, while many more were merely transient guests, words that made their bow, flourished for a time on Magyar soil and then disappeared almost

without a trace. The task of this paper is to find out what English words embedded themselves permanently in the Magyar vocabulary, what others had only a short-lived career in our tongue, how all this came about and why; finally, what shape these Hungaricized English words assumed in their new linguistic environment.

2

Before making a survey of English words that are now living parts of the Hungarian vocabulary and describing in what ways they were assimilated to Hungarian language habits we first have to decide what could and should be regarded as an *English* word for our present purposes. This question is not as simple as it looks, in view of the already mentioned etymological diversity of the English vocabulary. The term "English word" will be used here in a fairly inclusive sense. We shall deal here not only with words the ancestry of which goes back to the original Anglo-Saxon stock (as *breeches*,* *club*, *film*, *hall*, *match*, *star*, *start*, etc.) and with words born on British soil, shaped from native local material, as *bluff*, *cake*, *coke*, *flirt*, *goal*, *handicap*, *hobby*, *jam*, *jockey*, *ping-pong*, *pullover*, *snob*, *trolley*, *zip*, etc. including words that were originally proper names, as *boycott*, *Burberry*, *cardigan*, *derby*, *lynch*, *raglan* or *sandwich*.

We shall have to take into account non-Germanic words as well that derive from Latin or French sources, words that have acquired their characteristic phonetic shape and semantic properties in Britain, such as *bar*, *closet*, *comfort*, *partner*, *sport*, *standard*, etc. Then there are some Celtic words that became common European currency through the mediation of the English language, as *hooligan*, *plaid*, *whisky*. Similarly there were also quite a few words that are not of European origin but became known in Hungary as English imports, such as *canoe*, *kangaroo*, *shampoo*, *taboo*, *tattoo*, etc.

A special problem is posed by those pseudo-Latin and pseudo-Greek words that were coined or compounded in Great Britain or the United States in relatively recent times by persons whose mother-tongue was English, to denote modern concepts non-existent in Greek or Roman times. The number of such words is very large, and though they are internationally known, the etymologically uninitiated seldom suspect that they emanated from the English language area, together with what they denote. Here are some of them: *appendicitis*, *bicycle*, *coeducation*, *detective*, *harmonica*, *kaleidoscope*, *locomotive*, *propeller*, *revolver*, *tractor*, *utopia*—their list could easily be trebled. For our present purposes they will be regarded as English (though slightly spurious English) words.

3

For several centuries the English language made no noteworthy contribution to the languages of the Continent. British civilization remained very much of a peripheral phenomenon in Europe, even as late as Shakespeare's time. But towards the end of the seventeenth and in the early decades of the eighteenth century, as Logan Pearsall Smith and others have shown, continental western Europe "discovered" British civilization. The enthusiastic descriptions by travellers of the much admired political institutions of Britain, her system of government, her science and philosophy, and her prosperity popularized scores of English words and expressions, first in French, and

* For the convenience of the English reader English loanwords in Hungarian are spelled in the English way in the present chapter. Elsewhere their present Hungarian spelling has had to be employed to demonstrate processes of assimilation. In a few instances where the divergence between the original English and modern Hungarian spelling is so great as to obscure the British origin of the word, care was taken to indicate the English spelling in brackets after the Hungarian one.

later in German and other languages. It was mostly, though not always, through these intermediate sources that, with a considerable time-lag, half a dozen English words made their way into Hungarian. One of the very first to gain a relatively wide currency in Hungary, around 1790, were the words *club* and *jury*, popularized by the French revolution.

In Hungary, English linguistic infiltration remained sporadic till about the end of the second decade of the nineteenth century. As Alexander Fest in his study of English literary influence in Hungary and Paul Berg in his essay on the history of the teaching of English in Hungary have demonstrated, a veritable "Anglomania" took hold of the more advanced sections of the Hungarian educated classes in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. The result was an influx of English words. At first this came about—as in Western Europe—through the travel-books of Hungarians returning from Britain, "the most advanced country in the world." In this period it was mostly English political, literary and occasionally even economic terms that were borrowed, beginning their life at first as alien words in the Hungarian environment. The catastrophe of 1849 put a dampener on Anglomania in Hungary. A change of emphasis became evident in matters of linguistic borrowing in the epoch between 1849 and the First World War. As Prof. S. Ullmann has shown in another context, the predominance of material loans over spiritual ones is characteristic as regards the meaning-range, and conceptual aspect of words borrowed from English. Hungarian linguistic indebtedness became especially noticeable in such fields as words for machinery and tools, communication and transportation. Textiles and clothing articles, to a lesser degree words for certain foodstuffs and drinks, had also a share in enriching the Hungarian vocabulary. In the middle decades of the nineteenth century some additional political expressions, also quite a few English commercial and financial terms, were naturalized, at least temporarily, in Hungarian. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, when a number of sports and games were introduced from Britain, a veritable flood of sporting terms appeared both in the daily press and on the lips of the enthusiasts. Around the turn of the century even a few words from the fields of architecture, upper-class social life and amusements appeared. What was conspicuously absent throughout—as compared with most European countries that absorbed English words—were nautical terms, Hungary being a landlocked nation with little interest in matters navigational.

As apart from a few well-to-do Hungarian travellers and a sprinkling of Hungarian political refugees in Great Britain and the United States after the failure of the War of Independence of 1848–49 there was no direct contact between the English-speaking countries and Hungary, the greater part of our lingusitic borrowing at least in the nineteenth century was through French or German channels owing to various geographical and political factors. That is why so many English words appeared in a Germanized or Gallicized phonetic form in Hungarian. The same factors are responsible for the circumstance that among words borrowed in Hungary from foreign sources, in general English only plays second fiddle to genuinely German and French words in our present-day vocabulary.

Of course, not all the hundreds of English words that can be documented from the Hungarian press in the nineteenth century penetrated deep down in the many-layered language community or stayed there for long. Some dozen became part and parcel of everyday educated speech. By the beginning of the twentieth century a score or so of them had penetrated even into socially much deeper lying layers. It is these few dozen that we may regard as our genuine English loans, all the more so because they underwent all the processes of phonological,

graphemic, morphemic and semantic adaptation to their new environment. We shall deal with these in the following chapters of this paper.

The rest remained on the outer fringes of language consciousness, alien elements of the recognition vocabulary of the literate classes. Their numbers run into several hundreds. A large part of the latter were either learned words or semi-technical terms, occasionally mere vogue-words. As such they had but a precarious foothold, and were liable to disappear with the development of modern technology, social change or shifts in fashion. Yet even these aliens, if they stayed long enough in Hungary, were Hungarianized to some modest extent. The number of English words in Hungarian in the second half of the nineteenth century may be gauged from the fact that according to a word-count made by Vilmos Tolnai in 1920 sixteen words out of every one thousand words in longer Hungarian texts could be regarded as of English origin.

After the First World War a reaction against alien words set in. In the early thirties a carefully concerted campaign by the Hungarian sporting press succeeded in completely eliminating some fifty or sixty English sporting terms not only from the press and broadcasting but also from everyday speech. This process took a good two decades to produce results. It owed its success to several factors. One was that sporting fans were generally people of low cultural level to whom a semantically well motivated Hungarian compound word or the metaphorical extension of the meaning of an old Hungarian word made much more sense than an alien word that was of necessity unmotivated for them. Secondly only the vocabulary of the most popular spectator sports was de-Anglicized, and even here the moving spirits of this language reform campaign were careful not to attack along the entire front-line, but proceeded piecemeal, replacing not more than four or five English words a year in Hungarian broadcasting and the press. The result has been that today those who are under thirty use only two English words in the entire range of mass-appeal sports, and these are the irreplaceable *gól* and *fodbal* or *futbal* (as *football* is pronounced today in Hungary). And, of course, the word *sport* itself.

In other fields of human activity the influx of English words continued, except during the two World Wars and a good decade after the second. Even during the latter period, when direct contact with the English-speaking countries was reduced to less than minimum, a very modest number of English words entered Hungary. This time, however, not directly from their countries of birth, nor through Germany or France, but through Russian-language technical publications translated into Hungarian. Thus it was that the words *diszpécser* (i.e. dispatcher), *kombájn* (combine), *dömper* (dumper), *kontiner* (container), *tübbing* (tubbing) and one or two more gained currency in Hungarian industrial terminology.

The great social transformation in Hungary after the Second World War spelled death to some English words fashionable earlier in contemporary ruling circles. Thus *garden party, shocking, five-o'clock tea, lady patroness,* and the word *fashionable* itself were forgotten, and in other walks of life *moral insanity, jamboree* (with the abolition of boy-scouting in Hungary), *clown, star* (in the theatrical sense) lost currency and disappeared, together with the more or less natural death of the names of some popular dances of the interwar era, as *simi* (shimmy), *foxtrott, vansztep* (one-step), etc.

In the period after about 1960, and partly as the result of various political developments, there has been a great increase of freshly arrived English words in our language. The same process seems to be at work in practically all languages of western and central Europe, as may be deduced from the studies in the Netherlands of Prof. Zandvoort, in the German Federal Republic by Prof. Carstens and Hans Bungert and

others. English was suddenly rediscovered by Hungary as something highly useful in international intercourse, as the principal means of getting acquainted with the much-admired efficiency and know-how of British and American civilization. Almost overnight English has become a prestige language. A new and discretely subdued Anglomania, and also a sort of circumspect Americomania has swept over some occupational layers and age-groups of Hungary, among the members of which the use of English words lends a surreptitious glamour to talk and print. It is mostly in the technical field where a crop of brand-new Anglicisms and Americanisms is most abundant now. But one may find freshly arrived English words in other fields as well, mostly in the world of the younger and youngest generation, words such as *kemping*, *motel*, *dzsip* (jeep), *sort* (shorts), *tviszt*, *tinézser* (teenager), *sztriptíz* (strip-tease), *nonstop*, *drinkbár*, *konvoj*, *pop-art*, *teddyber*, *fifty-fifty*, *stressz* (stress), *szong*, *stewardess*, *radar*, *dózer*, *csau* (brown colour of the chow dog), and many more. It is highly characteristic that about half the quite recently founded dance orchestras in Budapest, purveying deafening beat music to youngsters, have English names (some of them almost nonsensical), this being all the rage now.

It would however be a mistake to think that this new-found interest is likely to call forth a strong reaction on the part of the purists as was the case 35 years or so ago in the field of sports. It is most unlikely that an Etiemble-like personality will raise his voice in this country warning of the non-existent danger of a *Hunglish* language ousting the Hungarian tongue.

4

When examining the career of those approximately two or three hundred English loanwords that in the course of time have become an integral part of present-day educated Hungarian vocabulary, we must bear in mind the phonological, morphemic, semantic and social aspects of assimilation in the host language. In all four areas the changes have been considerable. In the course of *phonological* adaptation to the Hungarian sound-system there has been no exception to the general rule that all Hungarian words are stressed on the first syllable. Thus we have *A*merika, *de*tektív, *li*nóleum, *re*volver, *ri*porter, *u*tópia, etc.

Another general rule requires that unstressed English syllables in which the vowel sound has long been reduced to an indistinct shwa vowel (London, Byron) are given full articulation, and are consequently of the same quantity as the stressed syllable. Hence Hungarian *dzsungel*, *dollár*, *fesztivál*, etc. Thereby English monosyllables become bisyllabic in Hungarian and bisyllabic ones trisyllabic.

Somewhat similarly, the English post-vocalic [r] sound, generally unpronounced in the Received Standard (unless intervocalic), is given a full, rolled, trilled pronunciation, similar to Scottish [r]. Thus the r is quite emphatic when the words bár, fair, farmer, korner, flört, görl, park, bestseller, etc. occur in Hungarian contexts. This is one proof, among others, that the majority of English words adapted into Hungarian come via the printed page, through the eye, and not as an auditory experience of English sounds.

An inconsistent but fairly frequent feature of the Hungarian assimilation process concerns the English unvoiced plosives *p*, *t*, *k*, which are often duplicated or rather lengthened in intervocalic or terminal position, as in *bojkott*, *debatter*, *fitt*, *klott* (cloth), *klozett*, *suttol* (to shoot), *szett*, etc., or *dopping*, *kepp*, *stopp*, *tipp*, or *bekk*, *dokk*, *dukkóz* and occasionally *vikkend*.

The opposite process, i.e. shortening of English long vowels, also occurs fairly frequently, as with *farm*, *fodbal*, *görl*, *korner*, *park*, *start*, *sztori*.

The monophthongization in Hungarian

of English diphthongs is evident in such words as *dózer, fer (fair), gól, keksz, klíring, póni, Seksz pir* (Shakespeare) or *tréner*.

The behaviour of the English initial *s* sound is of some interest when it is being naturalized into Hungarian. In the majority of cases this English unvoiced alveolar fricative becomes a Hungarian unvoiced palato-alveolar fricative (which would be spelled with an *sh* digraph in English) but only when followed by an unvoiced plosive. Instances are the Hungarian pronunciation of the words *skalp, skribler, spaniel, spencer, spiritiszta, sport, sprintel, spurizik* (to spurt), *start, starking* (apple), *stencil, stenografál, stopp*. In a smaller number of cases the English alveolar pronunciation of the *s* sound is retained, as in *szkeccs, szkunksz, szpíker, sztár, sztrájk, sztriptíz* (and also in *sznob, szmoking*). In two or three cases, as with the English words *standard, stress* and *spray*, that are definitely rare words in Hungarian, both variants are current. Whether the initial *s* in all these two dozen words is rendered with an *s* or an *sh* sound depends on the date of arrival of the word, the linguistic background of its first popularizers in Hungary and the character of the intermediary language.

An interesting instance of phonological compromise—to use Prof. Filipovic's term—occurs when words with English sounds that have no Hungarian allophone are assimilated into Hungarian. In such cases substitution takes place, as with the English voiced and unvoiced dental or interdental fricative, the so-called *th* sounds. Nothing similar to these sounds exists in Hungarian. Fortunately very few English words containing *th* sounds have ever made their way into Hungarian. The initial unvoiced *th* occurs only in a numeral, *thirty*, when employed as a scoring-point in the game of lawn-tennis. It is replaced in Hungarian pronunciation with the equivalent of the English unvoiced alveolar fricative *s* (i.e. as if spelled in Hungarian 'szörti'). In the case of intervocalic and terminal unvoiced *th*, as *Jonathan* (apple), *Othello* (person and wine), and *cloth, Macbeth* the substitution produces a *t* sound: *jonatán, otelló* (wine), *klott*.

No English loanword containing the interdental voiced fricative *th* exists in Hungarian, unless we remember the short-lived popularity of Lord Rothermere's name in Hungary in the late twenties, causing untold difficulties for Hungarians of limited education trying to come to grips with this once ubiquitous and to all Hungarians unpronounceable word.

Phonological substitution occurred with the English bilabial semivowel *w*. It is invariably replaced by the labiodental voiced fricative *v*, probably owing to German mediation. That is why one so frequently meets in Hungary with the spellings *szvetter, szving, tviszt, vagon, víkend, viszki*, etc.

The greatest variety of phonological substitution can be found whenever Hungarian assimilated English words with the vowel sound found in the word *but*. This half-open, central, unrounded, short English wovel phoneme has no counterpart in standard Hungarian. The most frequent substitution was with what is spelled in Hungarian with the letter *ö*, as in *blöff, dömper, löncs* (lunch), *piköp* (pick-up), *rögbi, römi* (rummy), *rön, tröszt*, etc., or with the Hungarian *u* sound as in *humbug, klub, pulp, puncs, rum, szkunksz* and *mumsz* (mumps). Other vowel phonemes effected the substitution in *ramsztek* (rump steak), *taccs* (touch), *lemberdzsek* (lumberjack), *tübbing* and *büdzsé* (budget), in the latter two cases undoubtedly under French intermediary influence.

An interesting instance of spelling pronunciation is observable at all social levels in the case of two English acronyms. Toilet or lavatory is colloquially called *vécé* (W.C.) by all Hungarians. The abbreviated name of the United States is pronounced *USA* (like Ooshaw), but this is regarded as substandard usage.

It is noteworthy that the influx of English words brought some new phonemes, or rather consonant clusters previously nonexistent in our tongue. If we leave initial *j*

out of consideration—because the loan of English *dzsem, dzsessz, dzsungel, dzsentri*, etc. only strengthened the position of the previously solitary instance in *dzsida*, a loan from Osmanli—then mention may be made of such terminal clusters as exist in *farm, reform, platform*, or in *film, napalm*, non-existent in Hungarian in this position. In the case of *bicikli, dribli* and *szingli* to the English terminal cluster -kl, -bl, -gl (unpronounceable for an average Hungarian) was added an anaptyctic or euphonic syllabic vowel. Field-work on the Hungarian Lingusitic Atlas has proved that among semi-literate elderly peasants some other initial consonant clusters were also simplified, thus *szvetter* (sweater) became *szetter* or *cetter*.

5

The *graphemic* aspect of assimilation need not detain us long here. Suffice it to say that—proper names excepted—the majority of English loanwords in Hungarian tended, fairly soon after gaining wide currency, to assume a Hungarian spelling. In other words, the presumed and more or less current English pronunciation of the word was transcribed with the letters and sound-values of the Hungarian alphabet. (This sort of transcription is always the sign of naturalization.) Thus we have—besides the ones already given in this paper—such spellings as *bukméker, csekk, makadám, zsüri, nörsz, szendvics, bifsztek, menedzser, ofszájd, koksz*, etc.

In a number of cases both the English spelling and the Hungarian transcription live inconsistently side by side: *jazz* and *dzsessz, cocktail* and *koktél, sex-appeal* and *szexepil, baby* and *bébi, yankee* and *jenki*, etc.

A considerable number of words have retained their English spelling and have done so not only in the cases where English and Hungarian spelling would have produced more or less identical phonemic results (as in *ball, lift, ring, bulldog, lord, tank*, etc.) but also when the English word was of limited currency. This was especially characteristic of educated usage, as in *copyright, team, messenger, gentleman, lady, spleen, meeting, champion, sherry*, etc.

6

When we come to what may be termed the *morphological* aspect of assimilation we must first look at the grammatical category ("part-of-speech") of English words borrowed into Hungarian. The vast majority of them are nouns, with only three or four adjectives, as *fair, fess* (from fashionable), *fitt* (the first and last of these used only predicatively) and only one or two dozens of verbs. The disproportion of nouns may be due to two facts. First, the borrowed nouns are always or mostly concept-words, denotators of such things or ideas that were of necessity conspicuous, new and desirable objects of actual or "notional" importation. Second, there is a sufficiency of adjective-forming suffixes in Hungarian. Full use was made of them to form Hungarian adjectives from English nouns or verbs, as (to give merely four examples out of hundreds): *liliputi, komfortos, parkoló, tetovált*.

English nouns ending in *-ism* and *-y*, and noun-adjectives ending in *-an, -al, -ic, -ist* were occasionally given a fuller form, as in the case of *utilitarizmus, terminológia, rotaryánus, szentimentális, szuperszonikus, utópista*, etc. This was in effect a sort of re-Latinization, probably due to the fact that Latin was the first foreign language for the majority of the Hungarian cultural élite up till about the First World War. Latin could well make its force felt in words within the sphere of educated speech, especially words that were of Latin or Greek origin in English anyway.

At the other end of the scale, in the language of the scantily schooled we find a back-formation or two. The First World War word *trench-coat* was and still is the name of a popular type of raincoat in Hungary. It lives in the form of *trencskó*, because

the terminal *t* was felt to be a Hungarian accusative case-ending. The files of the Hungarian Linguistic Atlas show that among the semi-literate the English plural termination of *breeches* (in Hungarian standard: bricsesz) was identified with the Hungarian adjective-forming denominative *-es* suffix and consequently *priccses nadrág* construed as a kind of trousers having something to do with a *priccs*, i.e. plank-bed.

The English plurals *breeches* (bricsesz), *cakes* (keksz), *cokes* (koksz) and *notes* (notesz = notebook), together with *ham-and-eggs* have the value of a noun in the singular in Hungarian, i.e. a noun with zero morpheme. Of *bricsesz* and *notesz* Hungarian plurals are formed with a -k morpheme: bricseszek, noteszek, that are in reality double plurals.

Among our English loan-verbs we have no simplicia, i.e. no English verb was taken over without adding first a verb-forming denominal suffix to it. This suffix is either *-l*, as in *blöfföl, bokszol, interjúvol, mixel*, (labdát) *passzol, skalpol*, (labdát) *suttol, sportol, szervál, szpícsel* (to speechify), *tetovál, tippel*, and many more, or the suffix *-z*, as in *bendzsóz, dribliz* (to dribble), *filmez, futbaloz, kábelez, krikettez, patentíroz, römiz, tréningez, víkendez*.

The tendency is toward simplification. The nineteenth-century loans: *skalpíroz, tetovíroz, treníroz*, bearing evidence in their first suffix of German mediation, have for the last forty years or so lived only in the reduced form: *skalpol, tetovál, tréningez*. In the case of the first two a change in the Hungarian verb-forming suffix is also noticeable.

All English loan-nouns and loan-verbs can and do receive all the many case-endings and other suffixes like any other Hungarian word of the same grammatical category. Thus the original English root word may on occasion appear as a mere fraction of a fully suffixed Hungarian word: *bokszolásával* (with his boxing), *elkokszosítatlanul* (in an uncoked state), *sportszerűtlenségében* (unsportmanslike as he was), a *legfairebbeknek* (to the ones behaving in the fairest way).

7

One may ask whether the process of being assimilated into Hungarian and consequently undergoing so many changes of spelling, pronunciation and grammatical properties did not lead to changes of *meaning* in the English words. It is not easy to give an unequivocal answer. In the majority of cases Hungaricized words have retained the basic English meaning unaltered in their new environment. This was the case with practically all long technical terms and learned words, as *antediluviális, bulldózer, detektív, koedukáció, logaritmus, maltusiánus*, etc., probably because their semantic content had become stabilized through having risen to the rank of international terms even before they became part of the Hungarian vocabulary. And for yet another reason: the longer a word the fewer meaning variants it possesses.

It was slightly different with English monosyllables and quite a few bisyllables that were polysemic in English, i.e. had more than one meaning-variant. Thus *dzsem, gól, görl, keksz, klott, lift, meccs, sport, tank, tröszt*, etc. underwent considerable restriction of meaning—one only of their several semantic variants being taken over into Hungarian—and a few disyllables, as *boyler, csencsel, rekord, riport, szpíker, troli, vagon*, etc. fared likewise.

The opposite case of semantic extension was exceedingly rare. Among the curiosities of semantic adaptation may be mentioned the word *gem* or *gém*, the Hungarian word for paper clips, from the British registered trade name: Gem paper clips.

A few, very few English words were borrowed into Hungarian more than once, each time with a different meaning. Instances are *boszton, boksz* and *szet*. The last-named long stood for the name of a scoring unit in the game of lawn-tennis. To this was added fifteen years ago the meaning "knitwear ensemble for ladies consisting of a cardigan and a pullover," and more recently "a series of six or more identical doilies."

8

So far all these have been fairly obvious examples of borrowings from English, visible even to the untrained eye. A much less direct, a fairly hidden form of English linguistic infiltration into the Hungarian vocabulary is constituted by calques, the *loan-translations*. There are hundreds of them, about as many as overt loans, adding up to a very considerable enrichment of the Hungarian vocabulary. Louis Deroy called calques the most tactful, the least blatant form of linguistic influence. Exigencies of space forbid me to deal with them as extensively here as their importance would demand. All I can do is to sketch out in three sentences their typology from the Hungarian point of view. First of all we have a fair number of instances of semantic borrowing from English in such sentences as *a lövés a kapufát érte, a Házat feloszlatták.*

Next to them we have—to use the terminology of the late Uriel Weinreich and others—loan renditions as *felhőkarcoló* (cloud-scraper) and *labdarúgás* (ball-kicking).

The type that could be documented most abundantly is the calques proper, or loan-translations of English compound terms, as *csúcstalálkozó* (summit meeting), *előregyártás* (prefabrication), *forró drót* (hot wire), *füstköd* (smog), *gőzhajó* (steamship), *lóerő* (horse power), *munkaebéd* (working lunch), *rövid ital* (short drink), *vastüdő* (iron lung). Scores more could be listed. Finally the loan hybrids as *boyvállalat* (messenger boy enterprise), *dalfesztivál* (song festival), *dzsesszegyüttes* (jazz ensemble), *láncreakció* (chain reaction), *légkondicionálás* (air conditioning), *összkomfortos* (with all comforts), *tehervagon* (goods truck), *víkendház* (weekend house), etc.

A good part of them, viz. various types of semantic loans, especially those that were naturalized before the First World War, were not directly translated from English, but were taken over from French or mostly German calques of the English compounds. Direct calque-ization has greatly increased since 1918 when Hungary became a fully independent state.

Calque production has greatly contributed—as linguistic loans always do—to international standardization and stabilization of semantic structures and word-values without which the effectiveness of communication is constantly endangered by the possibility of misrepresentation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

PROBLEMS OF PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE*

International public opinion badly needs a work which deals with the questions of peaceful coexistence and their implications from the socialist point of view. A study of Frigyes Puja, head of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Central Committee of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party and a member of the Central Committee, published by Kossuth Publishers at the end of last year, helps to shed light on this and related problems. The author treats the subject most efficiently, in lucid language, and investigates it, naturally, on the basis of the ideological and political principles of the socialist countries. The reader of this small book of 130 pages understandably will not find unknown propositions and conclusions. It is a merit of the work—and at the same time proof that it was needed—that the reasoning running through it gives something new which is more than a simple sum of its propositions.

By way of introduction, as it were, the author states that the policy of peaceful coexistence is an important foreign policy principle of the socialist countries; its primary importance lies in the fact that, if proved to be successful, it exercises a positive influence on the relations between socialist and capitalist countries and is conducive to the prevention of war, and to the maintenance and consolidation of peace. From a general point of view this assertion can be regarded as the basic essential, the most predominant motive. This motive is the connecting link of all elements of the complex question of theory and practice. But it is not the only guiding idea. After expounding the above basic principle the author, summing up the position of the world communist movement, points to another link in the chain of implications stating: "It is of utmost importance to realize that the results and successes of the struggle for peaceful coexistence offer the most favourable opportunity for social progress, for bringing closer and attaining the socialist revolutionary objectives."

This assertion is not of recent origin either, but it certainly needs repeating in such a comprehensive work. Moreover, we have to bear in mind that in recent years the concept of peaceful coexistence has been overlaid with many fallacies, too, not only by the "leftist" and "rightist" critics of the principle, but sometimes even by the propaganda of socialist countries. The "left" makes use of the latter to denounce "gross mistakes" committed by the parties and governments which follow the line of the Moscow Declarations of 1957 and 1960. "We have no reason to deny," writes the

* Frigyes Puja, *A békés egymás mellett élés problémái* (Problems of Peaceful Coexistence), Kossuth Press, Budapest, 1967, 130 p.

author, "that the parties and governments of the socialist countries have now and then made mistakes in pursuing the policy of peaceful coexistence. But those mistakes have had no substantial influence on the struggle waged for the realization of peaceful coexistence. The mistakes... were committed rather in the theoretical analyses of the policy of peaceful coexistence, in the work of propaganda."

In his approach to the problem of peaceful coexistence the author established its place in history and recalls international events, stressing that the conception and its political expression have been in existence since the time when the evolution of the world led to the formation of two antagonistically opposite social systems, that is since the October Revolution.

It follows from its formulation that the principle is not simply identical with the notion of peace and, accordingly, cannot be identified with the cold-war relations of capitalist and socialist countries either. What determines whether or not the relationship of a socialist and a capitalist country can be called peaceful coexistence is compliance with the requirements and norms established in practice. An essential condition is the renunciation of war as a means of settling international disputes. Another relevant condition is respect for the national independence, territorial integrity and the equal sovereignty of states. It is likewise an essential condition for the success of peaceful coexistence to accept the simple rule which says: Governments shall refrain from interference in the internal affairs of each other's countries.

We cannot claim today that we are witnessing an absolute observance of these norms in the relations between socialist and capitalist countries. It is beyond question, however, that these rules are slowly getting to be accepted. Without wanting to lose our way either in a maze of examples or mutual accusations, where are the days now when the policy aimed at the overthrow of the socialist governments was openly proclaimed from the other shore, when parliaments appropriated not inconsiderable funds for subversive activities, where is the "roll back" doctrine today? The practice of peaceful coexistence—and this is vigorously stressed by the author—cannot be regarded as a rigid, immutable condition. In other words, from the initial stage, from the renunciation of war as a means of settling international disputes, there is still a long way to the condition under which capitalist and socialist countries establish extensive relations and cooperate in resolving the vital problems of the world. It follows from this, however, that the reality of peaceful coexistence in our days is not served on the same level in the relations of all capitalist and socialist countries.

In outlining the historic and theoretical background of the concept, Frigyes Puja deals at length with Lenin's theoretical work, with the preconditions of socialist revolutions, with the development of the foreign policy of the Soviet state, and with the efforts of the people's democracies to put peaceful coexistence into practice. The explanations serve in fact to bring out the known basic principles of Marxism–Leninism which bear evidence that the policy of peaceful coexistence springs from the inmost nature of the socialist system.

It is a comparatively recent phenomenon in our world that coexistence should be looked at with scepticism not only by the supporters of the "roll back" but also by the followers of Mao Tse-tung.

"The imperialists are only too pleased to hear somebody claim that peaceful coexistence is practicable," Liu Ning-ji, a member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, said at the Peking session of the World Federation of Trade Unions in June 1960. This position is well known and, condensed in one sentence, is tantamount to denying the history-shaping role and influence of socialism, of socialist construction. On the plane of world

politics it means at best the perpetuation of the cold war and otherwise an eternal threat of dangerous adventures.

Frigyes Puja's study is an analytical confutation of the views which scorn the policy of peaceful coexistence and accuse its followers of betraying the cause of the international proletariat, the revolutionary movements of the peoples, etc. In his logically constructed arguments, which we can reproduce here only briefly, he points out: it is precisely the attractive example of the socialist countries that provides the greatest assistance to the working classes of various countries in winning as large masses as possible of workers for the cause of socialism. Without the maximum growth of the economic, political and military power of the socialist countries there can be no hope for the world-wide victory of socialism; socialism, communism can be built up most efficiently under conditions of a lasting peace.

As concerns the "revolutionary" praise of the cold war, the author warns us, recalling the events of the past two decades, that cold-war conditions provide the progressive forces with a less favourable ground, for they are usually accompanied by the mounting persecution of communists, the molestation of communists and other progressive-minded people, repression of the working class and its revolutionary organizations; and that in the tense atmosphere of the cold war and the increased hysteria associated with it there is a greater chance for successfully justifying the measures designed to suppress socialist revolutions and national liberation movements.

Where the national liberation movements are concerned the argument is similar. The measure and efficiency of aid are directly proportional to the growth of the political, economic and military power of the socialist countries, and to the spread of the influence of the world socialist system. If we start from the policy practised by the developing nations, from the pronouncements of their politicians, we again arrive at an unequivocal position: they do not wish to become parties to military blocs and do not in the least want to play the role of client states. Only under conditions of peaceful coexistence can they expect to receive multilateral aid, the terms of which, just because of the existence of the socialist countries and their practices of aid, may become more and more favourable. The story of the Aswan dam may be a thought-inspiring example in this context.

Which means to say that this way of approach investigates the concept of peaceful coexistence not in an abstract manner but in its social interrelations and in its movement. When Frigyes Puja devotes a separate chapter of his study to the statement that peaceful coexistence itself is also class warfare, a special form of class war, he in fact crosses his t's and dots his i's. It is special, for that is what it is made by the arena in which the struggle is going on, by the ways and means in which it is conducted. It is therefore a class war of the kind which is carried on on an international scale, at international organizations and conferences, or on a bilateral basis, between states, by means of diplomacy and similar methods.

And what is on the other side of the class struggle? It is the self-evident truth that the capitalist world tries to strengthen its own positions under the conditions of peaceful coexistence. This cannot be otherwise, and whoever would like to exclude this "risk" would limit the scope of peaceful coexistence, and this attitude, if we look into the essence of the matter, reflects the fear of competition. It is our conviction that there is no escape from this dilemma, and the aim of the struggle is to make sure that socialism is more capable of creating a life worthy of man.

It is by no means without interest that the policy of peaceful coexistence, even within its limited scope, can take pride in a good many results. This holds for the expansion of economic relations just as well as for the prolific forms of other types of contact. It is sufficient to refer to only three

examples, or rather processes: expanding relations gradually dispel the belief entertained by many that the Soviet Union has aggressive intentions against western countries; the development of relations acts in the direction of further cooperation, because it is popular and welcome to the majority of voters in western countries; the hundreds of thousands of visitors from the West who have been to Hungary, may have noticed this or that they would have preferred otherwise, but none returned home as supporters of the cold war. Quite the contrary.

In analysing the class-war aspects of the problem, the author categorically rejects the obsolete vulgarian conceptions: "The dogmatic critics of the policy of peaceful coexistence claim that the more people are jobless in the capitalist countries, the sooner the conditions will become ripe for the socialist revolution. With such views, however, the communists of the developed capitalist countries would become isolated, for the workers want to live better already under capitalist conditions, they want no unemployment, no uncertainty of existence... Today we are already past believing that economic crisis and the privation of the working class automatically bring about the socialist revolution."

Contacts, communications, cooperation are all essential bricks in the building whose unfinished front bears the inscription "Peaceful Coexistence." But neighbourly relations have a law which cannot be evaded by this "living together" either: ideological conflicts do not cease to exist, nor do they merge into a sort of hybrid ideology. Opinions continue to clash without compromise.

Frigyes Puja then proceeds to clarify the conceptual differences between peaceful economic competition and peaceful coexistence, explaining that the latter is "the foreign policy of the socialist state in relation to capitalist countries, while peaceful economic competition is a race between the two social system." Stating the score and outlining the prospects of the competition, he adduces convincing figures to illustrate the rapid pace of development of the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries, but he does not fail to notice the relative backwardness of socialist agriculture and the lower rate of labour productivity either. He points to the conclusion that the successes scored in economic competition have repercussions on the policy of peaceful coexistence. And as far as the manifold race between the two social systems is concerned, "its ultimate outcome will be decided in the sphere of material production taken in a narrow sense."

The study thus shows us in broad outlines the main principles of peaceful coexistence, the character of this policy, its effects and its scope of assertion. The international political background is set, on the one hand, by the world socialist system which "is increasingly becoming a determining factor of international development, and whose effect makes itself increasingly felt in international politics," on the other, by what is styled in current use the capitalist half of the developed North and the developing South, as well as by coups, overt interventions, local wars—and by Vietnam. Vietnam is the danger point, the fulcrum by which our world may be heaved out of its hinges, where for this very reason not only peaceful coexistence but peace itself may eventually fail. It is a war which neither sophisticated people nor the man in the street can believe will end in military surrender and military victory; and it is a war about which even friends of the United States are alarmed and pose the question: Where and how far does global strategy lead?

It is not irrelevant with what moral force this question is raised in the opposite side of the world. As a matter of fact, it depends on this what answer will be given to the other decisive question which follows from the subject of the study:

"When a situation like this arises in the world, the socialist countries have to ask the question: Can the problem or the mass of

problems be solved without leading to a world war? It is not that the socialist countries want to avoid a world war at any cost, even at the price of abandoning the socialist system of one or another country; it is rather that everything possible must be done to avoid a world war so as to profit the common cause of socialism. But the question must be raised: where would it lead if, as is demanded by the ultra-revolutionaries, the socialist countries opened a new front against the U.S. imperialists, say, in Europe? Provided this would not grow immediately into a world war, it would mean the involvement of more and more socialist and capitalist countries in the war, which would then spread further and further.

"How would things stand, under such circumstances, with peaceful coexistence between the European socialist countries and the United States? We think the socialist countries, despite the present tension of the international situation, should not abandon the policy of peaceful coexistence in relation to the United States either. The socialist countries strive to expand and broaden their international relations. If the United States keeps on going its present way, the events may inevitably plunge the world into war. That is why, from the point of view of peaceful coexistence between socialist and capitalist countries, there is no greater and more pressing task than to curb and repel the U.S. aggression in Vietnam."

It is naturally not by chance that the discussion of this problem confronts us with all vital international problems, for, in the last analysis, the policy of peaceful coexistence is the result of all power factors. It is thus understandable that the panorama surveyed by the author shows the policy of the German Federal Republic as a negative factor counteracting the principles of peaceful coexistence, and includes an analysis of the mutual relations of capitalist countries, the role of China, and of course a brief sketch of the foreign policy of Hungary.

The reader closes Frigyes Puja's book with the feeling that he knows more about, and sees more clearly, the principles that decide our present and may decide our future. The more people see this book, the better the principles which inform it will be served.

LAJOS KOROLOVSZKI

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

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ARTS

THE 1968 SALON

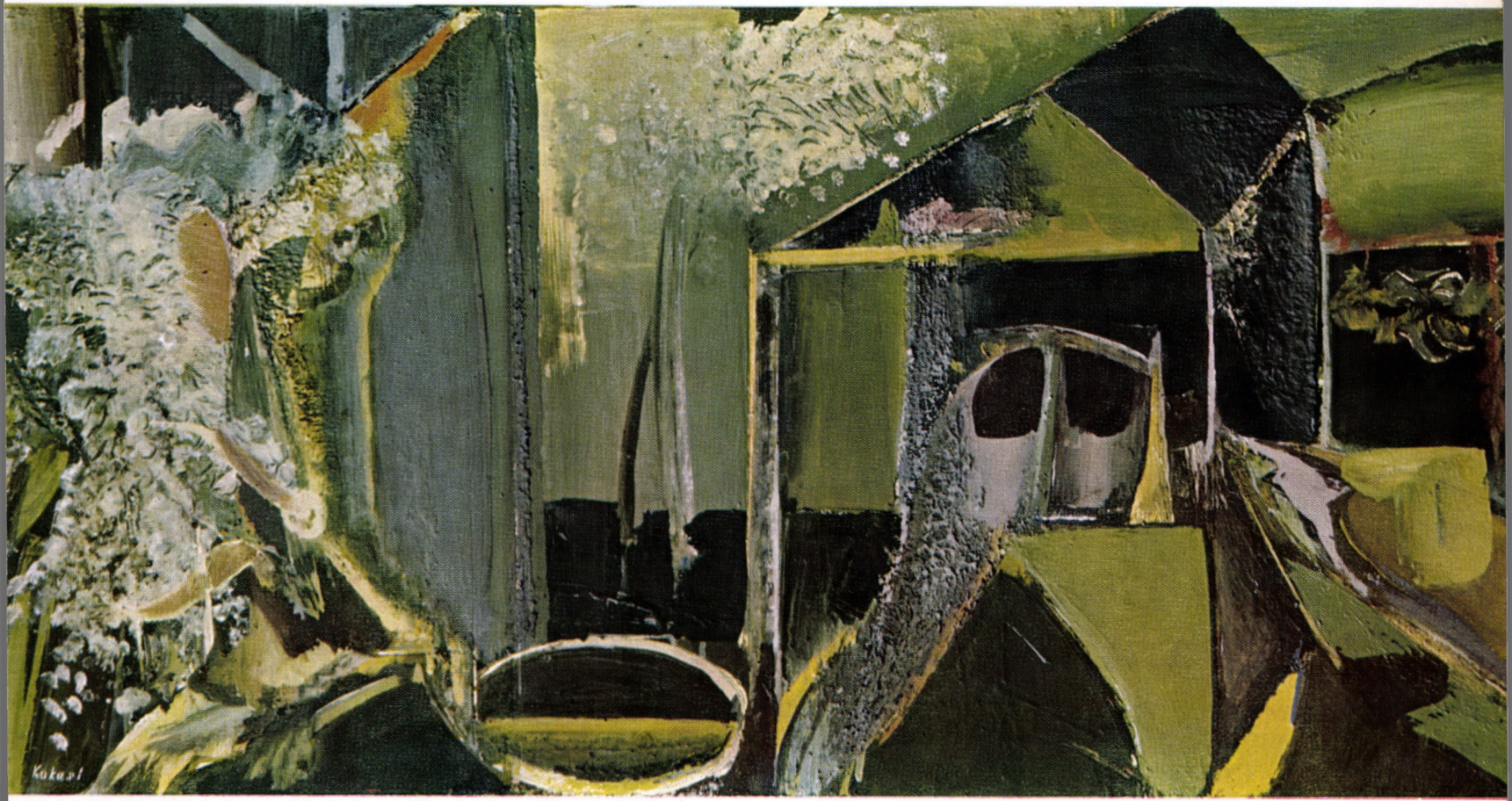
The Eleventh Exhibition of Hungarian Fine Arts

It is now for the eleventh time that the national exhibition—which used to be held annually and, in recent times, every second or third year—has been staged. From its beginning its aim has been to measure the way covered and to present high level works of art created since the previous national exhibition. However, gradually this task has become more and more difficult. The number of works set up in public places and decorating public buildings has increased and the absolute domination of easel paintings and small plastic works has come to an end. It goes without saying that only designs, sketches or cartoons of monumental works can be shown at the exhibition and their effect is quite different from that of works produced in the material concerned and composed to fit given architectural surroundings. Therefore the sketches displayed at the national exhibition are necessarily mere indications pointing to the fact that art and public life are no longer identical with exhibitions, for the real field where sculptors, nay even the majority of painters, can find scope for their talents is the monument in a public place, the relief, the mosaic and the fresco.

Nor it is only the rise in the number of monumental works that prevents such a national exhibition from giving a wholly reliable picture of the state of Hungarian fine arts; for different reasons a great many outstanding artists have kept aloof from the exhibition and even those who have shown their works did not in all cases submit their latest and best works. Such an artist as Endre Bálint, the best representative of surrealism, is missing and so is Dezső Kornis, the most original Hungarian master of calligraphy and tachisme, or Ferenc Martyn, one of the pioneers of Hungarian non-figurative art. In vain do we look for the work of Lili Ország, who scored great success when she showed her works last year, or of János Orosz, an artist looking for the tone of folkmyths, of the romantic-lyrical Gábor Karátson, of Imre Szebényi, who represents new endeavours in plastic art or, among the graphic artists, of Vladimir Szabó, Dóra Maurer, János Major—and we could continue the series. Some artists have shown works of lesser importance, e.g. Tibor Vilt, one of the Hungarian representatives at this year's Venice Biennale, or Ignác Kokas; Jenő Barcsay has exhibited only the cartoon of a mosaic and József Somogyi the sketch of a monument. For this reason every generalization, the outlining of the principal trends of development in contemporary Hungarian visual arts would be rash notwithstanding the endeavours of the hanging committee to facilitate a survey of the material by trying to group together related trends, moreover—contrary to past practice—hanging, if only possible, the same artist's works side by side. In spite of all this even this incomplete exhibition reflects up to a

Béla Kondor: Woman with Guitar (oilcrayon, 60 × 50 cms)

TAMÁS VIGH: TRUMPETERS (COPPER, 150 CMS)



Ignác Kokas: The Silent House (oiltempera, 50 × 105 cms)

József Somogyi: Design for a Monument (plaster of Paris, 60 cms)

point the state of Hungarian fine arts, for amidst the number of mediocre pictures and sculptures we can find works testifying to high aesthetic values.

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It was a recurring statement in the reviews of former national exhibitions that our sculpture was inferior to our painting and particularly to our graphic art, that it did not keep abreast with the up-to-date international movements and had not assessed its own possibilities and its own course. The fact that in previous exhibitions Miklós Borsos, Jenő Kerényi, Erzsébet Schaár, József Somogyi and Tibor Vilt and other mature artists always showed sculptures of a high artistic level, did not change that judgement, for the prevailing average proved to be either imitators of the two leading sculptors of the period between the two wars: of Ferenc Medgyessy and Béni Ferenczy, or else their works showed the marks of neo-classicism degenerated into formalism. From among the five artists mentioned above Jenő Kerényi and Erzsébet Schaár presented significant works again at the Exhibition. The former, having overcome the danger of mannerism now and again discernible in his previous sculptures, now displays works more dramatic in their spirit and more severe in their structure; the geometrical rigour of his composition "Mother" is a new voice in his art, whereas in his statue "Rider" the spirit of Marino Marini's plastic art has been blended with that of his own, former work. Erzsébet Schaár has again exhibited a portrait testifying to her sensitive insight into human character and a sculpture of a seated girl, etherealized and subtle. Miklós Borsos has also shown a powerful and moving piece; his tragic portrait of the painter Derkovits belongs amongst his best works. The designs exhibited by Vilt and Somogyi only suggest the values of their monumental works.

But the characteristic feature of the present exhibition is that the promising new generation has started lining up beside the above mentioned mature artists, nay, some of these young ones have grown up to match them. First of all Tamás Vigh. He is represented by several works, every one of which radiates his individual approach, his singular talent. Only the design—a copper repoussé work one third the original size—of his monumental welded plastic work "Trumpeters," which is to be set up in front of a new post-office is shown. But even the design is brilliant and conveys to perfection the qualities of the original. The masterly composition of the three dynamic figures, shaped slab-like, the contrasts counterbalancing each other, the brilliant circular composition, the closed silhouette and the explosive tension are all evidence that Tamás Vigh known until now rather as a master of lyrical, small size plastic works, is one on whom new, monumental Hungarian plastic art can rely. It is also a sense of monumentality that characterizes the works of another young sculptor, András Kiss Nagy. Thus the finely wrought, cubistic plaques and small sculptures reveal that their maker knows internal dynamism, so very important with sculptures, that he is well versed in the principles of the spatial composition of masses, in the possibilities offered and the requirements to be met alike. Expressive-surrealistic plastic art hallmarked with the names of Vilt and Schaár has also found a follower in the person of Imre Varga, a real virtuoso in modelling. In its noble and simplified forms his statue of Madách is an example of the traditional idiom of sculpture in the best meaning of the term, whereas his composition in iron entitled "Hommage à Chagall" is as witty a product of illustrative surrealism as is his small bronze referring to Proust's "A la recherche."

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Compared with the Xth National Exhibition there are fewer surprises among the paintings. For, however joyful the fact is

that among the members of the oldest generation Aurél Bernáth, Béla Czóbel and János Kmetty, as well as Jenő Barcsay, whose mosaic-design is monumental and impressive even as a cartoon, have exhibited works worthy of their name—this in itself does not mean any advance in Hungarian painting. The generation following theirs is represented by the three best painters: Gyula Hincz, Endre Domanovszky and László Bartha. Hincz is, at the same time, a dynamic and witty draughtsman, equally well-versed in graphic art and monumental genres. At the present exhibition he has shown, in addition to some sheets displaying a real bravura of technique, a large-scale tapestry, in which the dynamism of the design is set off to perfection by the colours.

Domanovszky's and Bartha's art is a transition between figurative and abstract styles; their painting could be best termed concealed or semi-abstraction. In Domanovszky's pictures, particularly in his still-lifes, there are more motifs tending towards the representation of objects, but in Bartha's works too it can be felt that the system of forms has been abstracted from the magic interplay of colours and lights of Lake Balaton and the original impressionistic-colouristic experience shines forth from the depth of iridescent, intermingled colours. However, with both of them the motif of nature is a mere starting point which has no longer much to do with the aesthetical message of the paintings; the meaning of the pictures originates from the relationship of colours correlated with one another. Domanovszky's art is the more dramatic of the two; it is almost reminiscent of the brutality of gesture-painting; Bartha's is the more artistic one, that is to say, the former proceeds rather towards expressive abstraction and the latter towards lyrical abstraction. Among young artists Károly Klimó continues with the greatest talent among Domanovszky's road. From among members of the older generation Géza Fónyi has shown mature still-lifes and Pál Miháltz one of the most beautiful pieces of his life work entitled "Requiem," a picture striking a dramatic tone.

Representatives of the Hódmezővásárhely School have been grouped into a separate room. This room is the more interesting as, along with young artists' pictures, there are hung there some canvases by György Kohán and Dezső Kurucz, for it is their art that connects the first generation of the School of the Great Plain with the Hódmezővásárhely School. The dramatic paintings in exuberant colours by György Kohán, who died last year, can be considered late products of expressionism, whereas objectivity, exactitude and terseness are characteristics of Dezső Kurucz. Today's young painters tend to the latter. Among these young artists József Németh, Ferenc Szalay and Csaba Fejér are the most interesting. Németh is engrossed in a mythical approach and expresses himself in a lapidary, decorative style; as a matter of fact this style is getting more simple and purified without his making use of simplification. Ferenc Szalay is ironical and naive; he consciously utilizes solutions derived from the neo-primitive style and blends them with the realistic spirit of old peasant art (Wedding). Csaba Fejér economically restricts his colouring and endeavours rather to explore the depths of the psyche in his simple motifs. In this respect he is most closely linked with Ignác Kokas (Silent House) and with János Somogyi, who has shown excellent pictures in this exhibition (On the Water-front, Busó Carnival).

No doubt, the most remarkable artist of this generation, those around forty, is Béla Kondor. His works exhibited both among the paintings and in the graphic art section are equally outstanding. The transfigured faces, overlapping montage-like, the hand suggesting tragic meanings in his oil pastel "Woman with Guitar" testify to a psychic sensitivity rare in modern art; nevertheless Kondor is neither an illustrator nor intellectually abstract. He has been able to

create a sovereign, individual style and so he cannot be pigeonholed in any category of popular styles. He is an artist of tragic temperament, whose painting responds to the great ethical questions of our age, but, at the same time—and this separates him from his western contemporaries—he can render his strict criticism of society, his angry passion or his most profound feelings in an intellectually pure form. Although he has descended to the realm of the pre-conscious he is never content to simply project what is amorphous and although he preserves the strength of elementary passions he selects from an aesthetic point of view too.

Beside Kondor, other talented representatives of this generation are Pál Gerzson, who has revived in an individual manner the elements of cubism and orfism, Viola Berki, who has created a naive world of tales and Pál Deim, seeking for an equilibrium between constructive and organic painting. Among the even younger artists László Lakner is the most promising. His oil-painting "Study of a Cigarette Smoker" has sprung from an individual interpretation of pop-art, it is montage-like and associative and, on the same time, a bravura from the point of painterliness. His graphic work produced in a mixed technique of etching and linocut which he calls "Studies from the Front and from the Back" exerts its effect by the throbbing beat of positive-negative forms, of dark and light.

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In general, the strongest part of the national exhibitions of the past was the section of graphic work. In the present show the graphic material is less characteristic, which is, first of all, due to the fact that the exhibition "Ten Years of Hungarian Graphic Art" was staged in the Hungarian National Gallery not long ago, moreover, several exhibitions of Hungarian graphic art are on show in foreign countries. In spite of that some sheets of outstanding value—apart from the graphic works of Hincz, Kondor and Lakner already mentioned—can be found in the present exhibition. First and foremost the coloured etchings of Arnold Gross, a representative of playful surrealism. In his fairyland, created by fancy, Arcadian peace reigns, his microcosm is controlled by the laws of guileless friendship (Talks about Friendship, The Town of Blue Dreams I–II). He has found the graphic form adequate to this simple-minded, paradisical and pure world: the naive charm of children's drawings, their ironically transparent symbolism and a colouring, as delicate as a dragonfly's wing. An ironical but loving aspect of Hungarian peasant life is characteristic of Kálmán Csohány's etchings with their vibrating lines, which are playful transcripts of old photographs. A conscious naiveté, like the one imbuing Szalay's picture of a peasant wedding, permeates these etchings. An ironical evocation of the style of nineteenth century engravings is blended with a surrealistic flight of the fantasy in Liviusz Gyulay's linocuts. Expressionism is mingled with a puritanical "sachlich" aspect in Béla Stettner's monotypes. Gábor Pásztor is the representative of avant-garde endeavours; in his zinc-etchings it is meditation and free association that shape the decorative system of forms of plastic symbols.

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The XIth National Exhibition, too, prove that contemporary Hungarian visual arts are in a state of fermentation. The results are not so much fruits of an atmosphere that might create schools and styles but rather of such as produces individual achievements, often profoundly different from one another in spirit and form alike. However, this exhibition also testifies that impressionistic painting of the perceptual image is taking up more and more defensive positions and a sovereign interpretation of motifs—be it with a penchant for surrealism, for constructive-cubism or even for abstraction—is getting more and more established.

LAJOS NÉMETH

THEATRE AND FILM

THEATRE REVIEW

Theatre and Economic Reform

Since January 1968 the economic reform has been in force in all Hungarian theatres and its impact has not failed to effect their programmes, their staffs, practically every aspect and even style in the life of the theatre.

It should not be forgotten on the other hand that demands for the introduction of the new system had started earlier here than in any other field, and—seemingly—independently from the rest. In this struggle two aspects in the socialist character of the theatre had been at loggerheads. In Hungary the nationalization of the theatres happened in 1949, in the course of which the new proprietor, the state, had, as a first gesture, guaranteed the permanent status of the actors, and all other staff: it was no longer possible to dismiss actors, technical and administrative staff, or—as was customary in the old provincial theatre—sack them at the end of the season: no member of the theatrical staff could any longer cease to be employed—unless at his own request—except as a result of disciplinary action or if he retired as an old-age pensioner.

In the course of time, however, there were many changes in the theatres. Managers and directors who were appointed by the Ministry of Culture were changed—too frequently at times—and the theatres themselves changed their characters and what they set out to do. The staff itself had remained rigidly unchanged as nobody could be dismissed and few wanted to leave on their own, it being impossible to get into another equally rigidly static company; managers themselves could engage new actors only if their places were vacated by voluntary departures. Recruiting young talent was just about impossible and theatre ensembles began to grow old. For a complete break with this situation—and perhaps not merely in the field of the theatre—two points of view had to fight it out. One of these preached the sentimental trades-union doctrine that in a socialist state it is the interest of the worker that matters, and above all their material interest and welfare; the principle that nobody employed by a theatre could be dismissed and rendered unemployed could not be jeopardized; the great achievement that nobody should be dismissed by a theatre where he had been employed could not be sacrificed. The other principle which I shall call the objective, economic and expert aspect of socialism (the adjectives are my own and they are not very precise) professes that in socialism the interests of culture come before those of the individual, and the interest of the economy as such before that of an individual worker since the interests of the individual directly or indirectly depend on the whole. Nevertheless it took a long time, actually years, to prove the truth of this basic principle, defeat the

former and introduce the latter into effective practice. At long last, even before the new economic reform came into force on January 1, 1968, a new theatre employment bill had been passed which broke with the old procedure concerning the final employment of theatre staffs, introducing the practice of subjecting employment to contracts of one or two years duration. Any contract may be renewed or cancelled and its terms of employment altered before expiration. Older actors and those given important prizes and distinctions have a certain security, they are not under contract but permanently employed. These, however, may also leave their theatres, accepting the offers of other theatres, should they feel that in this way they can better satisfy their ambitions.

One would imagine that free movement had started between the theatres with the old rigour gone, and that the companies gradually changed in accordance with their own natures. Theatre managers had after all themselves insisted that many actors in their companies were redundant, there being too many for the same roles, whereas other, mainly provincial companies, were badly in need of them, and that they could then employ new actors in their stead who were needed for types of roles which until then had not been satisfactorily filled. In actual fact, however, since the introduction of the contract scheme, practically nothing has happened in the theatres, movement between the seasons is no livelier than it ever was, perhaps there is less of it, and new engagements are still restricted to filling the places of those who had left on their own free will.

Before the introduction of the contract scheme its conservative opponents scared theatrical opinion with the prophecy that the highways and by-ways would be full of actors in search of employment. It was easy to predict that in a closed society this was impossible. The theatres in this sense form a closed society. They need a certain number of actors whom they can only pick from those who are available, perhaps now, according to the more natural rules of supply and demand. Nevertheless, none of the managers, the very same who had voted for the new system, not wanting to be "nasty," so far made use of the possibility of not renewing old contracts. Thus though on paper the new procedure had won, in practice the old one prevails, people being afraid to break with the past, preventing the course of natural development, and last but not least the break-through of the younger generation. This experience has its relevance from the point of view of the new economic reform as such.

Nevertheless the new economic reform has directly affected the theatre. One of the main principles being that of making the economy profitable, the thought that the new situation might commercialize culture by giving preference to lighter, better-selling stuff against and at the expense of high-quality literature has caused some anxiety. To express the same in theatrical terms, will not cheap "boulevard" plays flood stages at the expense of works of great value? Consequently the state decided that more superficial plays could be subjected to an extra tax (not necessarily in every case) from which a special fund is to be established to offer financial aid for the production of high-level drama. As managers don't run theatres out of their own capital, they have no means to pay the extra tax, which in due course is passed on to the theatre-goer who can only see these plays at a raised price. There has been much controversy over this provision and to the best of my knowledge so far only one play had been subjected to extra tax, Agatha Christie's *Murder at the Vicarage*, produced by the Attila József Theatre.

There are other factors in the new economic reform which influence the theatre repertoire more directly. The principle of profitableness also involves strict economy with hard currency. There are a good many plays on in the theatres of Budapest for which the royalty has to be paid in hard

currency. In the theatrical season of 1967–68 the following plays figured on the repertoire of the Budapest theatres: Arthur Miller: *After the Fall*, Tennessee Williams: *The Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Tennessee Williams: *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Jean-Paul Sartre: *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu*, Samuel Beckett: *Waiting for Godot*, Edward Albee: *Who is Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, G. B. Shaw: *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, G. B. Shaw: *Too Good to be True*, Friedrich Dürrenmatt: *The Great Romulus*. (The last four were produced for the first time in this season.) The number of light comedies involving royalties in hard currency is as large: Marcel Archard: *L'idiote*, Marcel Feydeau: *Une dame de chez Maxim*, Scarnicci–Tarabusi: *Caviar and Lentils*, Marcel Mithois: *Croque Monsieur* and Ann Jellicoe's recently produced *The Knack*, Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*, not to omit from the list Weingarten's thrilling play *L'Été*, etc. etc. The performance of other foreign plays is also planned for this season (e.g. Sartre's *The Prisoners of Altona*, etc.). I have not mentioned the musical plays yet (*My Fair Lady*, *Hallo Dolly*, etc.) nor the provincial theatres which produce more plays than those of Budapest. Nevertheless it seems as if more Hungarian plays had been produced lately, and this too can be explained partly by the need to economise hard currency. In my last chronicle I discussed various Hungarian plays produced during this season and in my present account I would like to continue this series.

The Thália Theatre which in its short existence has proved to be the most original, most up-to-date and most challenging fact of post-war Hungarian theatre, showed itself true to itself in the way it presented Hungarian authors. The experiments in this field did not show themselves very promising in the beginning. The principle of "Hungarian plays at whatever price" not being workable, there followed a lull in the production of Hungarian plays. Later attempts were on a higher level, such as Endre Fejes's *Rozsdatemető* ("Scrap Iron Yard") which was a great success. The 1966–67 theatre season achieved deserved success with the production of István Örkény's *Tóték* ("The Tót Family"), a grotesque tragicomedy, the most remarkable for some years past, successfully shown abroad too. Encouraged by this the Thália Theatre whose work bears the stamp of the personality of its artistic director Károly Kazimir, increased the number of Hungarian plays it produced this year. In their regular theatre, they also have a small studio stage, they produced three Hungarian plays this season. Out of these two, though the works of authors reckoned classics, were produced on stage for the first time, which shows Kazimir's liking for making discoveries. The third is the work of a living playwright, a costume play set in the sixteenth century. Truth to tell the Thália did not earn much applause with these plays, though their authors are writers of the first rank, two of them being amongst the greatest figures in the history of Hungarian literature.

The Thália Theatre began as a modern theatre but recently there have been certain signs that the theatre is beginning to lose interest in the new, and that it attempts to replace it with something merely different, something out of the ordinary. But it seems that Kazimir's passion for the new does not really fall asleep for any length of time. In the last theatrical season he established a small studio theatre seating less than a hundred, in the rehearsal rooms of the theatre, for the production of plays which are not of general interest, because he judges them to be of interest only to a narrow intellectual stratum, or—because they are judged problematical by official cultural policy. It was here that Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* was produced, charging high prices for tickets, and with great success, and a stage version of Kafka's *Trial*, with less success. Kazimir decided that in 1967–68 the studio theatre should become the home of young Hungarian dramatists. The first production was Sándor Somogyi Tóth's first play *Sze-*

rencse vagy halál ("Luck or Death"). He had made his name with a novel, *Próféta voltál szívem* ("You Were a Prophet, My Love"), dealing with the psychological problems of a young journalist. The play produced in the Thália Studio deals with moral problems, the plot hinging on the question of responsibility for lives which as it were got into a skid. The drama, however, does not display high qualities. It was very much like many others, particularly by young authors, produced by Hungarian theatres in the past few years. But Kazimir continued to produce the plays of a younger generation, though of a more modern tone. His next venture was István Eörsi's *Sírkő és kakaó* ("Tombstone and Cocoa"), a play more congenial to the producer and decidely of avant-garde character.

The stage of the Thália Studio is an area of a few square feet in the middle of a smallish hall, not even raised by a platform. The spectators sit in a square, reminiscent of the "Circle in the Square" in New York's Bleecker Street, although it is considerably smaller.

In Eörsi's play the tiny square of the stage is divided into two sections, with parquet on one side of the floor and planks on the other. There is a chandelier over one, over the second a bare electric bulb on a flex over the other. The spectator knows straight away that he is looking at two rooms in a middle-class home in Budapest: the sitting room, and the maid's room. The flat belongs to an old woman of ninety-five, the servant's room is let to a younger couple. Fifteen years previously the couple entered into a contract with the old woman. They agreed to keep her in exchange for the servant's room, with the proviso that after her death they would get the whole flat. The young couple scrupulously observed the terms of the contract, providing the old woman with all necessities, they put off having children and they patiently put up with the mean tyranny of the old woman in the hope that it may not last for ever. But she seemed to have seven lives and her bullying had become unbearable. The young people in their desperation decided to finish her off, but in the fight with the dreadful hag it is they who perish. The old woman found new tenants who enter into a similar contract with her.

The play is not written in the conventional realistic style employed in our theatres, but it is absurdly grotesque, close to an avant-garde style, interspersed with songs reminding of Brecht, and it obviously has great deal more to say than a bare description of the action can possibly convey.

The basic situation of "Tombstone and Cocoa" is remarkably similar to Örkény's most successful *Tóték* ("The Tót Family").* Örkény's piece takes us back to wartime Hungary. A provincial family has invited an army officer, a major, to spend his leave in their home in the country. He is the commanding officer of their son who is in front-line service and the family hope that the major returning would favour him, secure him less dangerous service and thus save his life. But the major is a dreadful bully and the family has a hell of a time suffering humiliation at every instance. At last the father revolts, and in the grotesque spirit of the play, kills the major.

Both plays obviously speak about fear, tyranny, self-assumed servitude, compromise and humiliation, about a petty-bourgeois, but fundamentally very human, or even sub-human situation. In "The Tót Family" they put up with all the humiliation of the world, although—by that time their son was no longer alive. In Eörsi's play, the miserable couple try to put up with everything for the sake of their unborn son, although—in point of fact their son will not be born. More interesting than the points of contact are the differences between the two plays. In Örkény's drama the husband who revoltes disposes of the bully. In Eörsi's play the revolting husband fails in his attempt. The basic difference is explained if

* For an excerpt from the play see The N.H.Q., No. 28.

we consider that Örkény's play happens during the Second World War, in the Hungarian fascist period, and the events are recalled not described as they happen. It being a historic fact that Hungarian fascism failed, the murder at the end of the play is introduced as a kind of happy ending. Eörsi's treatment of his subject in "Tombstone and Cocoa" is more generalized, and could be valid today just as well as tomorrow, consequently he is less of an optimist.

"Tombstone and Cocoa" is far from being as good a play as "The Tót Family." Eörsi, the talented young poet and essayist who is teeming with original ideas, has not yet been able to treat his subject with the desired dramatic economy. He has no experience in building up dramatic situations and his many repetitions become boring.

The performance is not suggestive enough. The meagre plot may do for the diminutive stage of the Studio but the young director, Péter Léner, was disturbed by the closeness of the public which prevented an adequately daring style to enhance the grotesque character of the play. Neither is the play well cast. The actress playing the old woman is not bad but there is nothing intimidating or demoniacally tyrannical in her performance. The young couple show real talent, but neither are real personalities (one of them is still studying). But insignificant people can only be properly shown on stage by great actors, otherwise, as in this case, the effect is that of grey painted on grey.

The third production of the Thália Studio, Gábor Görgey's *Komámasszony hol a stukker* ("Who Has the Gun?") seems to suggest that the theatre is developing a definite policy. This is not the first play by the talented dramatist* who is also a poet and critic. The plot as in so many other modern Hungarian plays goes back to fascist times. This is not to be wondered at as fascism in Hungary produced a historic situation when no one could have remained unaffected. Its most constant feature was to produce enmities and hostilities, setting friends, groups, ideologies against each other, provoking hidden and open conflicts. The problems of power, individual and social liberty occurred so unambiguously that a writer who intended to tackle his problem from a distance can find the most obvious situations in that period. Görgey has also found the basic situation of his grotesque absurd play there. Cuki, a member of the arrow-cross fascist party, a sort of underworld gangster, forces four men at gun point down into a cellar, but it is not at all clear what their offence could have been. The four men are a petty bourgeois, an intellectual, an aristocrat and a peasant respectively. The four prisoners are fundamentally enemies of the arrow-cross movement and of violence as well. Yet they are kept at bay by the gun, they themselves being not so much types, says the dramatist, but the representatives of their particular classes which makes them craven and ready to compromise, they willingly subject themselves to the total terror of the arrow-cross man, their bodies, thoughts and imaginations included. Then by some unexplained chance the arrow-cross man drops his gun which falls into the hands of the aristocrat. It soon turns out that the situation has not basically changed, it is the aristocrat and not the arrow-cross man who holds the others at gun point: there are again four at bay. The scene changes again rapidly. Now the aristocrat looses his gun which falls into the hands of the peasant. But it produces as little change in the situation as before. The peasant is the next to drop his gun which is picked up by the intellectual. But nothing happens again, each holder of the gun uses it to terrorize the others, if not to kill them, and the others subject themselves sheepishly, accepting the threat. Those who face the gun are the democrats, those who stand behind it are the bullies.

When months before the performance I read the manuscript of Görgey's play, I could not rid myself of the *déjà vu*, or more

* See Görgey's *Afternoon Tea*, a one-act play in The N.H.Q., No. 27.

precisely, *déjà lu*, feeling. Not wanting to assume the attitude of the *blasé* theatre-goer, I wanted to make sure what particular play I was thinking of that should have left its imprint on my mind. Not being able to spot anything definite made me uneasy. The obviously clever situations, witty dialogue, original ideas nevertheless did not impress me, and the play has left me with an empty feeling. Why should that be? I believe there is a sort of ambivalence that makes the dramatist unduly cautious. The obvious irony of the title *Komámasszony hol a stukker* "Who has the gun," reminds of a children's game, and among the characters there is no worker. This may cover two different points of view. Either the dramatist believes that a worker would act differently when facing or behind a gun not like the criticized classes, therefore there is no worker among them because otherwise the action should have to be modified, and a generalization would not have been possible. In the latter case what we saw on stage is only an illustration of a political pamphlet: behold the rottenness of the defeated classes. Or does the dramatist believe that the worker would have acted in the same way and that it is not proper to show this in a country where the workers hold power? Whichever may be true, the play does not impress as particularly sincere, it, as the Hungarian saying goes, fires shots at retreating armies. Another weak point of the play, and obviously not unintentional, is its stereotyped characters of the play, because there are hardly any characters, political commonplaces given a certain life.

The production, on the other hand, is much better than that of "Tombstone and Cocoa." The cast was picked more carefully. The five roles had been allotted to five experienced character actors, each fitting like a glove. The director, on the other hand, has done his best to enhance the merits of the play, and dim, as far as possible, its weaknesses. The play itself is more carefully written than Eörsi's crude venture, it shows more skill and caters more to the requirements of the stage. It may be inferior in value to Eörsi's play, but it is more effective, more entertaining, and the production is certainly superior.

The Conflicts of Violence

The National Theatre clearly was successful in this period with its productions of Hungarian plays. In earlier productions and revivals of this season, the National Theatre showed that it aimed to offer the public high-level and interesting performances of the plays of exceptional playwrights. The greatest success of the season however was the production of the first play of a young Hungarian writer.

The title of the play is *Szerelmem Elektra* ("Elektra, My Love").* Its author, László Gyurkó, although thirty-eight years old, still counts as a young writer, since whatever he has written so far seems to be a preparation for his last achievement. He has matured. He has written critical work, essays, reviews, monographs of varying length, and is also known as a translator. A few months ago, on the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution his strangely interesting book on Lenin was published. This remarkable critical achievement was awarded state recognition and its merits acknowledged by a vast number of readers. As member of a Hungarian delegation he attended an intellectual conference in Havana, where his controversial address provoked much debate and criticism. These were the antecedents to the performance of his first play, "Elektra, My Love." It was an unprecedented success and it was not surprising that a few weeks later Mr. Gyurkó was awarded the Attila József literary prize.

The title, "Elektra, My Love," is not meant to mislead. The heroine is in fact Agamemnon's daughter, and "mourning"

* See three scenes from this play on pp. 101 to 110 of this issue.

indeed "becomes her." It is not surprising either that Gyurkó goes back to the classical story of Elektra and her brother Orestes for his subject. Since Aeschylus and Sophocles, until Giraudoux, O'Neill and Sartre and several after them, the subject has been treated in more ways than one. If Giraudoux was right in calling his Amphitryon, *Amphitryon 38*, because to the best of his knowledge, his was the thirty-eight elaboration of the theme, Gyurkó could have safely called his play, "Oresteia 380," it being at least the three hundred and eightieth elaboration, not counting insignificant dramatic versions which (unlike O'Neill's) do not disclose that though the action may be transposed and the characters may have new names, they are nevertheless the figures of the Orestes myth.

Gyurkó starts with the familiar figure of Elektra, the uncompromizing woman who considers the murder of her father foul and calls the reign of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra usurpation. She disapproves of her sister Chrysothemis who, like the rest, gives up fighting and reconciles herself to the new order and accepts the kinder and friendlier face of the tyrant. Elektra revolts in the name of the oppressed people, even instead of them. Her only hope is her brother Orestes, in exile in Argos, who per chance returns and helps her avenge Agamemnon's death and finish with the cynical, tired tyrant who despises people. A handsome, witty, playful young man arrives from Argos who, not knowing that it is Elektra, the princess, he is talking to, falls in love with her. Elektra herself, for the first time in her life, falls in love with the high-spirited young foreigner. The young man had managed to win the confidence of Aegisthus, mainly by recounting the death of Orestes, in other words that there is no one left to take revenge. He subsequently kills Aegisthus and makes himself king; it is evident that he is Orestes. The real conflict has not yet developed. Orestes is determined after the hard years of desperate struggles and slaughter to bring peace to the people. In the interest of this he tries to persuade Elektra, she must give up the idea of an endless series of calling people to account and of course their love too. Elektra considers this attitude shameful compromise, an attitude she fought throughout her life. Is there any love between them? Yes! If so one should take responsibility for it in public! And those who collaborated with Aegisthus, what should happen to them? Their responsibility must be evident as Aegisthus could not have ruled without them! There can be no equal treatment of the criminal and the victim after the liberation! In this connection what does the peace of the people matter, or the people itself? With his attitude Orestes only serves the interests of base compromise and not that of justice, he rewards falsehood and hypocrisy. Who is there to reproach them for their love, the people who put up with oppression while they have opposed it...? Orestes sees that his sister has come to despise the people just as Aegisthus did, and in order to save the people, peace, and peaceful work he kills Elektra after a long emotional clash, Elektra his sister, his love, his only comrade in arms.

Gyurkó's play does not lack the virtue of a great drama and his lesson follows closely from the action. He does not have to attach a moral from without and force it on the play, here he differs greatly from other adaptations of the subject. There is no *anagnorisis* when the characters recognize each other prior to the revenge, in an effective grand scene. Here sister and brother do not recognize each other, in consequence of which they fall in love, producing an impossible situation and an acutely tense dramatic one. Thus the conflict necessarily evolves in a direction bringing about a clash, a denouement and final solution. The last difference lies in the final action: Elektra is killed by Orestes.

The topicality of this play for Hungary is obvious. Between the lines, implicitly and

not in a literal sense the play is concerned with some conflicts in which the way Hungary is governed today is involved, or rather the way it looks at history, and its point of view in home and foreign policy. The present government removed the leading politicians of the Rákosi régime and for the sake of peaceful building it declared a period of consolidation and instead of retaliations, attempted to unite the people and the nation. There was no question of killing the tyrant, just the same as the avenging Elektras were also left in peace. Nevertheless the play was looked on as controversial and its première started a discussion in the press. The play received unanimous praise in the press. Even in the party paper, the *Népszabadság*. That paper's critic did not neglect to emphasize that the play showed the value of political realism as against an ultra-radical donquixotism. A highly honoured member of the older generation of writers, József Lengyel, however—who had been a victim of the personality cult—felt that the reviewer in *Népszabadság* sided with the dogmatists. The paper printed Lengyel's letter who insisted that the reviewer had misunderstood the play by trying to blacken the figure of Elektra whose justice shines out clearly throughout the play. The reviewer answered and stuck to his point of view. Moreover he referred to the harmful role of Chinese radicalism and China's disastrous policy in Indonesia.

The problems raised in the play can be interpreted in a good many ways. There can be no doubt, however, about the playwright's intention in the writing of his play and the performance as well, which is more than obvious, and were rightly understood by the reviewer of *Népszabadság* too. Elektra's character in Gyurkó's interpretation stands out clearly in all her purity. But the dramatist is uncertain that her ideals could be carried out unequivocally. That is the tragedy of Gyurkó's Elektra.

What is the attraction of the play beyond its unobtrusive yet tangible topicality? There are literatures were outspokenness—how enviable to the Hungarian critic—has not been regarded as an aesthetic category. But in Hungarian literature it has been regarded as such for many centuries. The mere fact that Gyurkó presents his conflict daringly, showing the core of the clashes, openly arguing even in favour of the love of sisters and brothers, makes his play peculiarly attractive. The strength of Gyurkó's play is its strong intellectuality. There are many lyrical dialogues interspersed which do not appeal with their spontaneous character but with their intellectual exactness. Gyurkó's passionate attitude to life is always rational and highly intellectual and his excellent dramatic situations create an unparalleled overheated atmosphere on the stage.

The production of the National Theatre is characterized by the same high intellectuality. The play was directed by Béla Both, the Theatre's manager. The bare stage suggests a classic stage, though there is no attempt to be historically accurate. The costumes are not specifically Greek but ancient in a general way and there are only few features to refer to the ancient world. The actors' behaviour is classic with minimal movement, no gestures but the inevitable basic motion, killing and embrace. The actor is thus obliged to concentrate all his capacities on the intellectual element and on passion. The cast is excellent. Katalin Berek who plays Elektra is not the sort of actress who establishes a character by the strength of her personality, but her high intellectual qualities and sensibility can recreate a figure. She recites her lines brilliantly—the stock in trade of the Hungarian actor—and her diction is perfect within the puritan atmosphere of the performance. Her only shortcoming is to be extremely conscious of her brilliance, not wanting to forget for a single instance that she is playing the role of a great classical heroine. This moves her so much that she always carries herself in a more solemn manner than she ought to. György Kálmán's Orestes is remarkable. Kálmán is an experienced actor, rich in in-

tellectual tricks, but here as in Miller's *After the Fall* he could not employ spectacular devices and he had a chance to display his intellectual abilities to advantage. He created a sober, clever Orestes who could at times be wittily playful, with peculiar tenderness for Elektra. The role of Aegisthus, though of minor importance, is played by Ferenc Bessenyei with wonderful virtuosity, with the peculiar weight of his personality and his beautiful elocution. In Clytemnestra's role Margit Lukács has least succeeded in bringing into focus the intellectual style of the play. No doubt, "Elektra, My Love" is the most considerable theatrical production of the 1967–68 season.

During this season the National Theatre has produced another interesting play, although inferior to Gyurkó's in dramatic value. It was in the chamber theatre of the National Theatre, the József Katona, that Ferenc Sánta's *Éjszaka* ("Night") was put on.

Ferenc Sánta's name may not be quite unfamiliar to our readers. He is best known as the author of the short novel which furnished the script for Zoltán Fábry's excellent film *Twenty Hours* which had won several prizes at film festivals. His play "Night" is also the dramatic version of a short novel, *Az áruló* ("The Traitor").

The title indicates that we will see on stage what happened during one night. In point of fact not the events of a night will be presented on the stage, but the meditations of a night, more precisely the conflicts present in the mind of the author during his nightly meditation. The writer while at work—on the Hussite wars, and the problems of the present day—receives a visitor. He is Vaclav, the former Hussite champion, who left the Catholic faith from conviction, to fight against the feudal order for the rights of the poor Czech peasantry. The next man to appear is a poor peasant who had buried Vaclav and all the dead of both armies, peasants and landlords, he himself being dragged either here or there as luck had it to fight for the real faith, his right cause, for himself, although he did not want to fight at all, but to be left in peace to be able to bring up his brats with the sweat of his brow or any other means left to him. The third man to appear is the Dominican friar Eusebius who regards the whole war as blasphemous. The only holy thing to do, to his mind, is to enjoy the carnal pleasures of life, pretty verses, women, wine and other pleasures. Last to appear is Jan Zhitomir, a fighter in the army of Catholic lords, the greatest enemy of the revolutionary hero, Vaclav. He considers the violent riots of the rabble as scandalous, as they ruin the peaceful lives of the peasants, burn down castles, rape and cause havoc. He was buried by the same peasant as Vaclav. The night reveals the spiritual clashes of the five men, from their own point of view and from that of others. The play ends with a clever *coup de theatre*. When each of the figures has expressed his ideas and the contest cannot be continued by means of words, the dramatist wants to order them back into the past, into non-existence. Vaclav answers him menacingly, disclosing that he will not leave until he finds out on which side the writer feels himself committed, whom he wants to send away and keep with him. He thinks that the man who does not commit himself is more detestable than one's worst enemy. On this the dramatist calls upon Eusebius then on Zhitomir to leave. Before he can address the peasant he finds out that he has left, thus he finds himself face to face with Vaclav as if he had been his choice. At last the writer is left to himself and nothing the lessons of the night, he starts writing his novel.

Ferenc Sánta is not a communist and he makes a point of emphasizing this frequently and firmly. In point of fact the play has more to disclose than simply stating that truth should be on the side of the people or of the lords. This question was more or less decided at the end of feudalism. Nor did Sánta call to life these figures to discuss the right of revolutions in general terms. The play

essentially deals with the question of violence.

If we consider the main productions of the Hungarian theatrical season it will become evident that each has something to say about this question. May violence be used at all, and when it is used, for what length of time? This is in the centre of Eörsi's play and of Görgey's, Gyurkó would like to find a right answer to it and so does Sánta. The plays want to find an adequate answer to the bitterest problem of our times. The same has formed the centre of the debates of socialist countries in the matter of peaceful coexistence, of the revolutionary movement of Central and South American states, of the student demonstrations of West Germany, and we can say that any country can call itself happy where it has not been an acute problem. The figures of Sánta are debating the same question. They are sincerely concerned about the question of violence and they do not accept defeat from the writer himself. Eusebius when dismissed, speaks as follows: "Take care, because you will bitterly repent this, when it will be too late... Your sons will not be in a singing mood. And you will have to make peace on earth—shedding bitter tear, tears, tears!"

Before departing Zhitomir also turns back from the door, but he does not speak about lost and confiscated lands, poverty and wealth, when saying: "Take care of yourself, Sir! Mind you have a knife, rope, poison and a whip with you! But mind that you should not be the first to be killed! The knife can stab also its owner! It will be best to get rid of everybody on earth, that no one should feel miserable! As long as there is anybody alive, the very last man will bewail the tragedy of reason!"

The peasant has these parting words to say to Vaclav:

"This is most becoming, see! A knife in your hand, thrust it in my throat: you either go straight or else you die! If one can speak of straight behaviour at all! When you are so stupid that you either live and kill and face it to remain alive alone! Is there not enough blood on your hands? Does your honesty depend on the knife in your grip?"

Seemingly the writer had not an easy task to decide in favour of revolutionary force. Sánta's inner conflict is clearly confirmed by the play where a couple of figures through inner monologues carry the whole intellectual burden and yet it can captivate the whole audience. It proves his impartial honesty that he lets his adversaries give free vent to their passion in defence of their rights. His verbal expression clearly helps him to succeed. Nevertheless there is a basic difference between Sánta and Gyurkó—beside a good many others—we have the feeling that in "Night" our *cause* is being decided, whereas in "Elektra, My Love" he decides over our *fate*. To give a classical example, *tua res agitur* in the former and *de te fabula narratur* in the latter. It is the dramatic qualities of fate that make playwrights use situations from Greek myths so frequently.

"Night" has been aptly produced and the cast is excellent with István Avar in Vaclav's role, János Makláry as the peasant and Lajos Básti as Eusebius.

Out theatres have lately revived old Hungarian plays although their literary merit does not seem to justify these productions. Such a play is *Lila ákác* ("Lilac Acacia"), written by Ernő Szép in 1919 and produced by the chamber theatre of the Hungarian Theatre, and *Csók* ("The Kiss"), a comedy written by Lajos Dóczi in 1871 produced by the Pest Theatre, the chamber theatre of Vígszínház. The vogue of the *fin de siècle* is coming back, nevertheless these plays can only be rendered effective if the sentimental elements which entranced the public of the past are given an ironical twist. These revivals very likely owe their return to the stage to the currency restrictions of the economic reform which forced theatres to rely on such discoveries.

JÓZSEF CZIMER

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WALLS

András Kovács and his new film suggested "Walls" as a theme*. He is responsible for the vogue of a new concept which we can elaborate further. It is a grateful symbol that can be interpreted in more ways than one.

What sort of walls are these? Walls that hide our complacency, our self-satisfaction, our tranquil pleasure in compromise. But going further in our strict scrutiny we can ask where exactly those walls are situated, are they actual walls blocking human endeavour, individual enterprise and responsibility? We can go even further beyond the example of the actual film and ask the question in terms of the present Hungarian film production: what sort of walls surround our lives, are they beneficial to our present existence or do they shut off wider horizons?

Two new Hungarian films which have caused considerable interest have provided new material for the above problems. It seems evident that recent films by András Kovács and Miklós Jancsó attack certain walls. In two entirely different manners obstacles for long believed to be insurmountable, habits of thinking, of self-knowledge and of taste that have become ossified are taken by storm. Kovács tackles the problem overtly, with polemical intent. His method this time does not follow the many-layered style of *Cold Days*, where the past is confronted with the present. His only point of contact remains an analytical attitude, cool calculation and scrutiny as his starting-point, and a critical manner throughout. In his manner and theme, however, he reverts to a previous work, *Difficult People*, a film produced four years ago, where the problems of the social machinery are discussed with the means of the *cinéma vérité*, and apt solutions for change are offered. The plot is supplied by the clash between the "difficult people," pioneers, avant-gardists, restless men and the walls around them. At that time the wall-obstacles had been identified with bureaucracy, interference, the lack of expertise, which had to be defeated and overcome in order to open the way for development. In his present film the problem is tackled from another angle.

In *Walls* the dramatic situation is first studied from within. The author presents behaviour-patterns to demonstrate cowardice, caution, power-complexes and other evils working in human beings which prevent them from action. A simple situation is devised, as a frame for his plot, a scene in the life of an office. It is obvious from the start that the situation is schematic, the picture of a larger entity in miniature. In other words: it could happen to anybody, anywhere. The "puppets" are also schematic, representing a pattern: there are all sorts of types to make the "experiment" successful. It is obviously an experiment. We see a strange, artificially devised community, the circumstances of an event, the motives which are responsible for it, presented with the objectivity of a scientist, the exact circumspect behaviour of a bookkeeper. The scene is actually a decision-taking: the reaction of colleagues to the unjust sacking of one of them.

It is clear from the above that though Kovács obviously meant to produce a story film, with actors playing roles in an invented plot, there isn't much art about it. I would rather call him a clever journalist who places some of his favourite problems under the microscope. There is a statement in the film which gives him away: how is it possible that we are more gifted, original and lively in our private life than in our work or in public life? What happens to our talent, to our ideas? This is pronounced in the best episode of *Walls* by one of the characters. There is a party on, with engineers, econo-

* Hungarofilm have given this film the tentative trade title *Lost Generation*. The final one is not yet known.

mists, teachers and their highly intellectual wives present, who argue most passionately with each other. When they leave around midnight, one of them exclaims: "Parties like this ought to be forbidden," he says with undisguised bitterness, "here we express our energies and passions!"

András Kovács is deeply interested in this anomaly. He wants to investigate the cause of this strange schizophrenia while looking for an answer to his question. However clear his starting-point, it is debatable whether his diagnosis is as correct. Kovács believes that our reluctance to make a clean breast is due to the fact that our own partition-wall is in the wrong place, we are afraid to take risks, and not being able to control our conscious thinking we become more sterile than ever. No doubt, Kovács is right, but he did not succeed in showing the social impact of our reluctance, and the outward reasons responsible for it. It is only possible to abolish the imaginary walls when the actual ones are obviously there, and their social function is clearly demonstrated. It would be more important to demonstrate the actual objective and structural causes of our passive behaviour! There are not only subjective reasons for our positive or negative attitudes. There are not only moral reasons for a character's right attitude, it is also determined by the contradictions in society. Returning to the direct alternative in the film: we are not entirely responsible for the right attitude in our actions, and it is not the easiest alternative to consider the false walls as real ones. Does the strength of the wall not depend on its real foundations, on the depth of its defences?

Kovács only wanted to open a debate with his film, leaving it to the viewers to develop it further, taking each argument and discussing it over and over again. Whether he succeeded in producing a discussion-film, as he called the new genre in an interview, still remains to be seen. It is true that instead of a plot, talk, argument and conversation is supplied in the film. But for an innovation this cannot suffice, I believe that the new genre must bring new, original thought, constructive debate and a new personal attitude to become convincing. Kovács unfortunately has not expressed the new thoughts, or the original ideas we so abundantly find in the great masters of discussion. He only summarizes important commonplaces, there being no question of new ideas. What is then the point of his new trend? Let me quote a witty statement made by Louis Delluc, the prematurely dead film critic. "A film can afford to exist without artistic devices." It is not a small matter to undertake this and exploit this opportunity. The liveliness of Kovács's journalistic approach, his vivid reactions, his appeal to the spectator to enter into the debate are not futile devices. Even though his film may not be included among the masterpieces of the cinematic art, it is a useful attempt pointing towards the future.

Kovács and Jancsó represent the two opposite poles of the Hungarian film. In style, conception and passion they are entirely different. We have characterized Kovács as a keen debater of matters of public concern—Jancsó on the other hand looks for poetic solutions in an abstract manner to bring his problems into focus. His new film, *Silence and Cry*, called by one of the critics the final piece of his "passion series," has uncompromizingly proved that Jancsó is one of the most original film directors in Europe.

The title itself tells every film-goer that Jancsó meant to pay homage to Bergman and Antonioni. But beyond any artistic indebtedness, the film itself is highly controversial. It actually speaks about silence, but not peace of the mind, but the silent reaction following oppression and exploitation. The outcry is not the expression of the painful challange of loneliness, but it is a passionate outcry, the expression of revolt.

As I have said above, the picture is regarded by some critics as the concluding piece of a trilogy and indeed it is the im-

passive reconsideration of our historical past, teeming with convulsions and revolutions that failed and as such *Silence and Cry* seems to be a sequel to *The Round-Up* and *Soldiers*. They are not connected through the plot, but through the final lesson they convey. *Silence and Cry* takes us back to the Hungary of the White Terror of 1919, at the time of taking over power. Jancsó, however, does not want to describe the dreadful atmosphere of murder and revenge. He endeavours to recall the dreadful atmosphere of reality, the consolidation of violence and the poisonous atmosphere of its horrible machinery in everyday life.

The means by which he conveys that atmosphere are not unfamiliar. He revives the life of a remote homestead which encircles human existence with its closeness like a prison. The screen only shows the life of a single family in various stages of torture and humiliation, tragedy in all its variations. Nevertheless two attitudes are brought into direct focus, that of passive reaction and that of active reaction, revolt. Most people naturally assume an attitude of passive reaction. Women are convinced that the only law for them is to survive, at whatever price. They cannot grasp or understand that at that price life may not be worth living. It is true that the truth of life is overpowered by the truth of nature and any private calamity and pain becomes insignificant in that larger context. But here bare human existence is confronted by daily terror, the cynical inhumanity of oppressive power. Here as in *The Round-Up* craven destruction caused by this invisible enemy is shown in different aspects. People are kept in insecurity which is the psychological basis of being delivered up. We are appalled by this discipline by the expression of passive resistance, and silent suffering. It is only very rarely that these people show their despair and the mask of impassivity is relieved by acute pain, love and the feeling of brotherhood. But at most times they are passive, destroyed day by day by various manifestations of oppression and terror. They become numb and impassive owing to their own personal attitude, the keener they are to serve their masters the more crudely they are deceived.

The film enters deeply into the analysis of this numb difference. The director follows the method of his previous films. He is a ruthless realist, unaffected by sentiment or compassion. He will not let us cherish illusions, the picture shows but two alternatives: crime and martyrdom. Fates become intermingled and prisoner and gaoler become inseparable, indispensable, one needing the other. Every scene imprints the lesson: you are made inhuman even by getting to know inhumanity. Compunction does not help you, passivity may make you just as guilty as the gendarme who actually shoots. The first victims are the old women, but with pressure increasing, the farmer also succumbs. If he has not the strength to survive as many tough old women do, let him die. But he does not die violently, shot or wounded, but through the poison he takes quietly every day to avoid the anger of the gendarmes.

There is a young man, however, who defies these laws. He cannot be made to bow his head by force, love or the hopeless situation. He does not surrender, though doomed to fail, he goes on fighting to the very end.

Human destinies fall into a simple, ordered shape in Jancsó's presentation, but the meaning of each scene and action is intense, the sentimental associations rich in colour. Serious thought is not conveyed in dialogues, the clear-cut meaning of words, but by means of a peculiar system of signals which is riper and tenser and purer than in the *Round-Up*. We are addressed by gestures, movements, creating a strange atmosphere where physical tension becomes a tangible fact for the spectator. We are impressed by the dance of demonic figures: a macabre, hopeless passage into death and destruction.

However painful and exasperating the film might be its effect is not to disarm but to unsettle. It makes you face the dramatic

issue. But it means more than Jancsó's previous films. *Silence and Cry* is a mature summary which takes great strides forward in ruthless self-analysis. The message of "do not give up, go on" is irresistibly conveyed to the spectator. It is not inevitable, yet the formal means are simpler, tending towards a harmonically classical style. We are reminded of the chamber music of great masters, where an inner economy suggests an intimacy between instrument and theme.

The two different worlds of the two pictures will raise many thoughts in the spectators. What sort of reception can they possibly get outside Hungary, we ask ourselves most anxiously? Are they not far too introspective, deeply rooted in our historical past, with an intrinsic significance only for ourselves? Can we hope that these films can be successful abroad too?

We do not want to indulge in prophecies, simply to recall certain past experiences. Some Hungarian quality films succeeded in overcoming these difficulties. The examples of *The Round-Up*, *The Father*, *Cold Days*, *Twenty Hours* and *Ten Thousand Suns* seem to show that it is possible to penetrate beyond the walls of European conventions, that impersonal and slick elegance. The mere fact that they carry a message from the past and present of different societies and civilizations and convey new authentic information about a distant world is significant. But the message must be carried on a high artistic level, and only poetry seems adequate as "a means of delivery." Only poetry can produce a common medium, a universal system of signals. In these pictures the climate of the events, the inspiration of the contents, a passionate sincerity culminate in terms of poetry. Their meaning is conveyed in a kind of inspired truth. If this generalizing force fails to impress, we are bound to remain inside the walls. But we have no reason to underrate the significance of these pictures. There is enough to weed in our own gardens, and there is plenty to do in every field. It is possible that the pictures cannot reckon with success outside Hungary. There are films in every country with a local appeal only, it is not possible to express everything in the overheated terminology of poetry. In this sense the walls reveal their double significance, affecting in a beneficial manner the film-making of a small country which has to satisfy many demands.

YVETTE BÍRÓ

MUSICAL LIFE

CONCERT CHRONICLE

There is every indication that Budapest is becoming an integral part of the European concert circuit, important concerts follow one another in quick succession. I have had to select the following out of more than a hundred important concerts and recitals given in the first three months of 1968.

Pierre Boulez visited Budapest as the conductor of the *Residentie Orkest* of The Hague.

The music of our times finds a responsive note in the audience at a single stroke when it is sounded by an experienced and expert hand. This happened in the performance of a work by Webern, composed in his early years, *Five Movements for String Orchestra (Op. 5)*. Boulez did not raise any sort of battle standard, he did not put on any airs of heading an army for a triumphant "assault" on the fortress of modern music, hitherto believed invincible. There was not the slightest gesture of proclamation in his performance—he concentrated purely on the music itself. He knows—and perhaps better than anyone else—that this Webern work, which will be just 60 years old next year, is above all, *music*, sound impressions of emotional and intellectual elements. Boulez sought and found the homogeneous stream of Webern's music, he probed and brought to the surface the latent melodic line, which, like some underground spring, flows at times before our eyes, and occasionally disappears, but is always present in Webern's works.

A few really modern musicians—and Pierre Boulez is the leading one—now know that the elements of music broken in tiny fragments and particles, appear to us as parts of a single, monumental stream. Up till now we have approached the music of our century mostly from a negative aspect. We usually say: it is non-functional, non-total, non-melodic, etc., and we are pleased when we succeed in rendering our negating system even more complete with newer and newer negations. But this completeness is absolutely illusory, and has at last reached the point where with a single powerful assertion we can integrate it, that is, chuck it out.

We can evaluate Boulez's Webern interpretation as such a strong assertion. And this is valid not only for the *Op. 5*, but also for the much more problematic, and much more difficult to understand the *Symphony (Op. 21)* in two movements. Without a doubt during the more than two decades that separated the two works Webern made tremendous strides in the direction of a more detailed analysis of the musical material. If in the *Op. 5*—to strike a literary parallel—he omitted only the conjunctions and ignored the punctuation, then in the *Op. 21* occasionally a rest replaced even the subject or the predicate. Boulez restored and completed everything, he gave us a glimpse of unity and reason, in other words: he motivated the character of the work. He thereby did everything that a performance could do.

Now as for Boulez's conducting technique, one can hardly discuss it in the abstract. He is far too great a musician to have striven at any time for the development of some kind of conducting technique all in itself. Every one of his movements is determined by his objective, each gesture is deliberate. He has no superfluous gestures whatever, he devotes nothing to making his production, his activities spectacular. Outwardly he seems a cold personality, but in reality his music glows to seething white heat.

Boulez's interpretation of Bartók evoked a stormy controversy. The *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* featured on the programme.

The Hungarian critics split into two camps. One of them extolled Pierre Boulez, and the other condemned him for laying considerably less stress on Bartók's national features than is customary in our country. In my opinion both lines of approach are wrong. The truth is that the music of every limited sphere—Bach's protestant church music, just as much as Schubert's *par excellence* Austrian music—necessarily relinquishes part of its elements of content in exchange for the possibility of becoming world music. In the given instance a French Catholic listener will obviously feel differently from Bach's people and the members of his church, on hearing a German protestant chorale. Add to this what a great difference is represented by the two and a half centuries that have elapsed in the meantime between Bach's contemporary audience and those of today—we can readily appreciate that music, when it comes before a world forum, meets with claims entirely different from its original state, the way in which its composer must have first pictured it.

We are just witnessing today how Bartók's life work is in the process of becoming international music. We are compelled to face the fact that Bartók has quite outgrown the protective wings of his native country, all the more since we obtained these wings largely from him. Boulez's performance is not an ideal for us, because for the time being, certain intimate ties still link us to Bartók's music. But then sooner or later these ties will loosen, we must be aware of this, thus it will not be possible for us to handle Bartók's music as a national monopoly for much longer.

Particularly not when such an outstanding musician as Boulez takes Bartók's masterpiece into his hands. It is quite true that on this particular evening this work did not start out from such depths of hell as we have been accustomed to hearing it—but it is equally true that it rose to heights above the clouds. Boulez did not approach Bartók's music from its Hungarian aspect, but from the standpoint of his life work. What was strange and new in his interpretation was, above all, his approach to the intonation of the last movement of the *Concerto:* he reproduced the last movement of the *Music* in the same spirit as the corresponding section of the *Concerto*, elevating it to the atmosphere of some kind of delirious round dance.

Éclat, by Boulez, was given its first performance in Hungary at this concert.

Melodious percussion instruments—the harp, the celesta, the *glockenspiel*, the cimbalom, etc.—have the main role in this work, which give it an entirely pointed effect. It is seemingly fragmented and disconnected, without any contour whatever, but if someone submits himself freely, without any prejudice to the effect of the music he will become aware that the work assumes form with incredible accuracy. Above all it is unmistakably French music; the *Éclat* emerges as the consequence of French artistic development up to now, as it were. The colours and patches of sound envelop the listener with impressionistic richness and give him almost hedonistic pleasure, and seem to pull the ground from under him. Unintentionally one was compelled to think of Couperin, and French painting of his time in which the gaudy

brilliance of ornamentation and light almost blot out man himself, where the figures actually appear always as participants of a masquerade ball and the masks always depict the other person: the blondes wear dark wigs, and the brunettes wear blonde wigs, young ladies intended for the veil turn into Spanish dancers, and those constantly yearning for love appear to be unapproachable abbesses.

Without a doubt there was something—and perhaps even in the pejorative sense of the word—artistic in all this, nevertheless, the *Éclat* was so lovely that the audience happily yielded to its spell.

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The *Wiener Symphoniker* are practically standing guests in our concert halls. Budapest audiences always welcome this excellent orchestra with great enthusiasm. If their appearance on this occasion seemed somewhat pale in comparison to past years, this was not entirely their own fault. János Ferencsik, the Hungarian conductor of the orchestra's two concerts which were pretty nearly identical, appeared to be indisposed, and offered less scope for the orchestra to reveal its full capabilities.

The one objective that the *Wiener Symphoniker* players always set themselves is the realization of a full orchestral sound image, and on most occasions they accomplish it. Individually their skill falls below the standard of similar players in Hungarian orchestras—but the disciplined ensemble playing of the orchestra is most impressive and to be envied. In Brahms' *First Symphony* —and particularly in the slow introduction of the first movement—it was a great pleasure to listen to the full-bodied healthy sound of the strings, the wonderfully disciplined and cultured playing of the wind ensemble, even if occasionally the viola voice was not particularly sweet in itself and in places the first violin section lacked that precious-metal lustre one invariably finds in the greatest orchestras: there was sometimes a slightly garish, sharp and hard violin tone.

The nervousness originating from the conductor throughout the concert also communicated itself to Dénes Kovács, the soloist in Mozart's *Violin Concerto in A Major*, although we usually hear performances of this work from him that set standards for others. Nevertheless the cantilena of the slow movement left the audience with an impression of genuine and exceptionally beautiful music.

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The *I Musici di Roma* had not visited Hungary for a good five years, but on this occasion they gave two full evening concerts. In the past we had come to know the group as the living symbol of chamber music ensemble playing and even today we still regard it as such. Obviously we looked forward to their newer appearance with tremendous expectations. Perhaps it was due to this heightened anticipation that on this occasion the orchestra's performance produced a slight disappointment.

Of course, they can only be judged by their own standards which they set in the interpretation of Baroque, and particularly Vivaldi's works. Even now the ensemble's discipline was fabulous, the shadings of sound were ideal, only that immaterial beauty, that lightly flitting, moist and rainbow-hued ringing of the violin tone had become partially lost that had always been an immediately recognizable speciality of the *I Musici di Roma*. Beyond this there seemed to be a striving towards the creation of a greater, and more effective sound image comparable in certain respects to that of the big orchestra. Because of this the manner of playing of the *I Musici di Roma* had become somewhat constricted, and forced. In place of the rapt, natural beauty we were given a production worked out to virtuoso perfection which to some extent lacked the direct pleasure of music.

Put more simply, in the course of rushing to concerts and numerous recordings, whether they had become aware of it or not, the ensemble's playing had become slightly worn. They do not have the time to allow every single work they perform to mature in the full, musician's sense of the term, and to present it to the audience as something fully in their grasp. This accounts for the fact that in many places we heard solo parts in concertos that had remained unperfected technically, and not infrequently we detected poor intonation.

Unfortunately the ensemble's leader, Roberto Michelucci, is not a world-class violinist. His tone is not particularly sweet, his bowing is a bit rigid and therefore not always clean, hence his technique is choppy. He performed Bach's *E Major Violin Concerto* in a manner somewhat reminiscent of the German school, and with all its negative features. There are also shortcomings in his rhythmic sense. The ensemble's ragged sound image can be traced in no small measure to him. In Vivaldi's concertos Michelucci, just as the orchestra, were immediately on firm ground, and in some places—particularly in the *F Major Concerto* for three violins and orchestra—the sound image of the old *I Musici di Roma* emerged. The performance of Anna Maria Cotogni, as soloist in the *E Major Violin Concerto*, should be singled out for excellence, and this particularly holds true for Maria Teresa Garatti's solo harpsichord playing in Paisiello's *Concerto in C Major*.

Once again it should be stressed, of course, that the ensemble caused somewhat of a disappointment in a comparison with their earlier performances; nevertheless the numerous Baroque concertos heard from them will long be remembered.

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In recent months two great conductors made their first appearances in Hungary.

Lovro Von Matacic appeared with the Hungarian Radio Symphony Orchestra as the conductor of an all Beethoven concert. His programme consisted of the *Six Minuets*, and the *Second* and *Fifth Symphonies*.

His robust figure looms so hugely over the orchestra that one cannot help but watch him. He knows the score like the palm of his hand, his intentions are always precise and his movements are unmistakable. Von Matacic is truly a master of conducting. He realizes everything that is written in the score, and he asserts his will with respect to his musicians, and his audience. Each of his crescendos elevates the listener practically to the realm of ecstasy: we feel as if we are being crushed by an enormous steamroller, irresistibly, yet with a feeling that we are yielding to him, as to some kind of superior power.

This virtue is at the same time his weakness. Quite often Von Matacic's strength turns into force. He does not always seek and find the manner in which the music is allowed to speak of its own accord, the simplicity in which—as though in a natural medium—both the musicians and the audience surrender themselves to the conductor without being conscious of the latter's will.

Von Matacic carries and bears his music in a somewhat complex manner and with enormous effort, but it is true that he reaches his goal. And in his case the goal is not primarily success, but the presentation of Beethoven's robust genius to the audience. The poetic feeling of the *Second Symphony*—particularly of the first two movements—was almost crushed in von Matacic's iron grip, and for this reason the last movement could not fully compensate us. But he succeeded in carrying the *Fifth Symphony* to triumph. It is curious that he achieved the breath-taking sweep of the last movement with a much slower than customary tempo, by the fact that he lent weight to every single note, he seemed to engrave every musical motion into rock.

Claudio Abbado's personality—particularly

as regards strength and will—is somewhat similar to Von Matacic's, naturally *mutatis mutandis*.

Abbado is a rare orchestral virtuoso. Sometimes he presents the impression of some kind of young, and slightly unkempt Greek god, who with a single movement of his hand can create lightning and thunder, or possibly command fearful, deathly silence. In spite of his youth he has an incredibly confident knowledge of the score and the orchestra alike. His advantage, in contrast to Von Matacic, is that his physique, the quality of his movements, have also predestined him for orchestral conducting. He is a superb musician who cues in not merely the notes of certain melodies, solo instruments or chords with perfect accuracy, but he also follows up the course of the chord or melody once it has sounded. He is not above striving for effect, to some extent, but at this level of conducting skill one can forgive him for it.

But the hopeless love of Italian musicians, Brahms, did not yield to him either: with respect to Abbado his music behaved like some kind of lady with deep feelings and a reserved manner, whose impetuous suitor, both in age and mentality—could well have been her son. Interestingly enough the orchestral part of the *Piano Concerto in D Minor* was more successful, particularly the first movement, Dino Ciani was the soloist in the work. It is true that the Hungarian Radio Symphony Orchestra's splendid, sonorous tone towered over the head of the lyrical rather than heroically disposed soloist like a mountain—but this did not detract from the pleasure we felt in Abbado's performance. The slow introductions to the first and last movements of the *First Symphony* were equally masterful examples of dynamic intensification, but in the fast sections the Italian temperament gained ascendancy and at times was on the verge of annihilating Brahms's most individual qualities. In these places Abbado exposed the texture of Brahms's music as if with a fluoroscope, and covered it all with a glistening, and ostentatiously brilliant glaze. Consequently the sound realm of the *First Symphony* came disquietingly close to the opera finales of Verdi's middle period.

Abbado "misplayed" Brahms, but at this standard even misplaying is worthy of note. The suggesting force and insurmountable tension of Abbado's conducting imbued the music with an electric charge that could be felt everywhere and at all times.

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The French pianist *Vlado Perlmuter*, Ravel's pupil, visited Hungary early in March, and treated us to a moving experience with his performance of Chopin's *24 Preludes*. Without a doubt there was something in his playing that now belongs to museums—but to hear the finest, the noblest traditions of the old school performed at this standard is truly a pleasure to be long remembered by every music-lover.

Gerard Souzay's aria and song recital was made memorable primarily by his rendition of French works (Lully, Debussy, Poulenc, etc.); Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle gave the impression of an eminent pupil reciting his lesson. Souzay's real knowledge was demonstrated in the two Lully arias, they showed his light virtuoso technique, whereas in Poulenc's *Chansons villageoises* he earned acclaim directly with musical humour that in places verges on the chanson.

Margaret Tynes, a frequent and welcome guest on the Budapest operatic stage, gave a recital of arias and songs. We heard a few lovely moments in the songs of Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss, but she hardly knew how to approach the works of Scarlatti, Piccini and Schubert. And most surprisingly the Negro spirituals brought the greatest disappointment: Margaret Tynes presented them in the manner of white singers, as if she had first been introduced to them, not in her own native country, but at such and such a German music academy.

ANDRÁS PERNYE

CORRESPONDENCE

Sir,

I have been greatly distressed in recent years to see that in the West, Hungary almost always seems to be presented with an unfavourable bias in the press and on the screen. No voice is raised to emphasize the other side of the story—Hungary's great historical past, her culture, her achievements in the fields of art and science and her tremendous courage and vitality in preserving a fine civilization through centuries of foreign aggression.

I am a Scot, but my husband is Hungarian, I lived as a married woman in Hungary from 1934 to 1946, our three children were born there and I think of it always as my second home. For most of the time we lived in the country and I really got to know the villagers and the peasants. I was welcomed unreservedly and was never made to feel a "foreigner." Among these people I realised the meaning of the expression "a gentleman born," in the sense that a man of the humblest birth can be endowed with the finest qualities of courtesy, goodness and integrity.

During the difficult years of the war everyone showed us the greatest kindness, helping out with the carting of firewood, bringing a few extra eggs for the children, a precious ounce of tobacco for my husband and in a hundred other ways. We in turn did what we could for them, they knew that they could come to us at any hour for help or advice. There were no betrayals and no informers among us and my love for the Hungarian people was enhanced by a great respect and admiration.

Of course every nation has its weaklings, its self-seekers and its bad characters, but surely one cannot generalise from these. I think that much of Hungary's "bad press" stems from the fact that until recently relatively little was known in the West about Hungary as distinct from the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Many legends, based on hearsay, have survived from the distant past when travel was difficult and Hungary was thought of as a far-away land of barbarians where almost anything might happen to the luckless traveller. And then there are the numerous articles which appear in Western periodicals, by writers who come from the countries where there are large Hungarian minorities, articles which often give a biassed view of the Hungarian situation.

All this makes it at least understandable if people in other countries, who have no first-hand knowledge of Hungary and the Hungarians, are prejudiced. But what I find incomprehensible and saddening is that many of the articles and films which present Hungarians in so unfavourable a light emanate from Hungary itself. The scene in the film "Round-Up," for example, where a naked woman runs the gauntlet between two rows of gendarmes with whips, shocked me and those of my English friends who saw it on television. As a film it is exciting and dramatic and is of course intended to show what happened in "the bad old days," but again one cannot generalise. The very nature and character of a people does not change according to the conditions of the times or what regime happens to be in power. It cannot have occurred to the makers of this film that foreigners who know very little about Hungary, and who are not politically minded, will simply be left with the impression that *that is what Hungarians are like.* I have read a good deal of Hungarian history but have never come across anything comparable with that scene in "Round-Up."

In another film, "Ten Thousand Days," a scene is described where the peasants working in the fields dig their small children into the soil up to the waist to keep them out of mischief. This seems to me quite incredible—the child might be

trampled by passing animals, or have its eyes scratched out by swooping birds. In all the time I was in Hungary I heard of no such occurrences, nor have I found anyone since who could corroborate them, so I feel it is a little unfair to present them as though they had once been common practice.

And then when I read the short story "Alien in the Village" in the 1967 Spring number of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*—a periodical of so high a standard and of such great value in giving the English-speaking peoples an understanding of the people of Hungary as they really are—I felt that I could not keep silent. This story, about ordinary country folk, emphasises all the baser human emotions which are so completely foreign to such people as I knew them. This sort of thing happened, no doubt, but it was not characteristic of these people in general, so that the story will leave your readers with a wholely false impression. Indeed, the incident in which a photograph of two men in SS uniform is carefully and incredibly preserved by one of the men through six years in a Soviet kolkhoz, somehow suggests a deliberate intent to exaggerate a few unfortunate cases of pro-Nazi feeling—a point on which people in the West are particularly sensitive.

My own experiences left me with quite a different impression. I remember a heart-warming incident in 1940, after the fall of France when Britain stood alone against Hitler's Germany. We were living in a small village on the Lake Balaton, where Endre Bajcsy-Zsilinszky had a summer villa. He had invited us to supper and while the meal was being prepared I sat on the garden wall with a heavy heart, watching the colours change on the quiet surface of the water. Suddenly I heard the strains of "God Save the King" in the distance. "Bandi bá" had put on the record to cheer me up. There was a large company gathered there that evening—writers, politicians, two generals and a colonel—and they all stood to attention while the British National Anthem was being played.

If there was a country in the Danube basin which was strongly and often openly opposed to Hitlerism, it was Hungary. Nowhere in this part of the world were the Jews of Central Europe given refuge, and help in emigrating overseas, so generously as in Hungary. The Polish troops who escaped there after the defeat of Poland were given the warmest welcome. The leaders of the Arrow Cross organisation, which was supported by the Germans, were arrested and imprisoned in 1941 and 1942 and were later released only on strong German representation, but their role remained insignificant. Until the Germans occupied Hungary in 1944, soldiers of all ranks in the Polish, French and British armies who escaped into Hungary from German prison camps lived freely and were helped to find jobs. We ourselves had visits from many French officers in our home by the Balaton.

I remember in particular the meeting of the Hungarian Writers' Association at Lillafüred, in 1943, when those present unanimously refused to participate in the propaganda campaign in support of the German war effort. The speakers at this meeting openly declared that in their view the war was not in the interests of the Hungarian nation. It was only after the Germans occupied Hungary that the small pro-Nazi element in the country gained the upper hand, but even then it was impossible to arouse any feeling of anti-Semitism among the great masses of the Hungarian population. The persecution of the Jews in Hungary began only after the deportation of the Regent Horthy and the Kállay government in October, 1944, but the people were still reluctant to take any part in it—on the contrary, they helped to hide those Jews who sought refuge in the countryside, and small villages, among whom were several of our personal friends. I think it is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of the Jews who were saved in Central Europe

were saved in Hungary, where more than 250,000 survived the German occupation.

I have often heard English people ask: "Why did Hungary side with the Germans in the last war instead of helping to resist the German invasion?" They forget that according to the terms of the Treaty of Trianon Hungary was the only Danubian country which was not allowed to rearm after the first world war. Without arms and deprived of all economic resources except the land in the central plain, for whose produce there was no market, her hands were tied. Surely Hungary is the last country to deserve this reproach.

I got to know Hungary and the Hungarians during a period of great hardship and stress and from what I learned of them I am convinced that no amount of pressure or incitement could ever undermine their innate gallantry and goodness. Foreigners visiting Hungary are welcomed with true hospitality and minorites at all times have been able to live in security on Hungarian soil. These, I am sure, are the characteristics which will always prevail, and they deserve a fair representation at home and abroad.

Nations, like individuals, have their faults and to give a true picture of either we must not attempt to gloss over the shortcomings. But it is just as important, if we want to be objective not to exaggerate the faults. This, I think, is what is happening in Hungary today. Much that was bad in the past has been altered for the better, but too much emphasis on past evils makes it appear that the past was all bad. It is high time, I feel, that we heard more about Hungary's great contributions to our civilization and culture. As a Scot, I write this Letter in tribute to the people of Hungary—to quote Gyula Illyés's closing words in his address to the Conference of Poets in Budapest, 1966: "...a much afflicted people—perhaps the most sorely tried nation in Europe—but one that is staunchly loyal to its ideas and ideals."

Anne Bodnár (Mrs.)
London

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Bodnár's view of Hungary and Hungarian history, however flattering and gratifying, is based on sentimental memories and she has got most of her facts wrong.

The scene in "The Round-Up" is but a mild example of the horrible atrocities often committed by the gendarmes; children dug waist-high into the soil by peasants were described by "populist" writers in the 30s; the story "Alien in the village" (The N.H.Q., No. 25) is based on actual facts; the deportation and extermination of Jews was going on long before Horthy's captivity, and on a mass scale and, let's face the facts: there was considerable anti-semitism and pro-Nazi sentiment in Hungary during, and even before, the war. Forgetting or concealing all this would be a grave blunder, or worse, a crime. At the same time it is of course true, as Mrs. Bodnár writes, that the great majority of Hungarians were not Nazis, and what is more put their feelings into practice, often at great risk, by helping and hiding those who were in greater danger than themselves. Amongst these were not only ***Allied*** *airmen who had bailed out over Hungary, but also large numbers of French and an even greater number of Polish servicemen, and many of their own fellow citizens who were Jewish. The numbers involved were large enough not to be explicable merely as the heroism of a few individuals of outstanding moral stature. It would be as wrong to gloss over all that was valuable as to ignore all that which is unpalatable.*

We think it extremely important that a sincere and realistic view of the Hungarian past should prevail in works of art, literature and in books of history. We think the new wave of "demystification" and soul-searching that is so evident in some recent films, plays, novels and scholarly works is essentialy healthy and useful. Many tragic turns in the history of this "much afflicted people" could have been avoided by a more realistic view of what we are, and what we are not.

Sir,

I have been an admiring reader of *The N.H.Q.* for two years and I consider your publication to be excellent in every way. My personal preferences would be

for more articles on aesthetics and the arts, especially music and architecture. My only criticism is that some articles read in English like translations from German, a language in which one can all too easily confuse profundity and obscurity. The one need not result in the other, and obscurity, no matter for what reason, always impedes understanding.

Anthony Buckingham

London

Sir,

I should like you to know how much I appreciated the article by Dénes Radocsay on The Nativity in Hungarian Medieval Painting in the current issue of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* (Winter, 1967). The recent exhibition of Hungarian Medieval Art Treasures in London had aroused my curiosity in these paintings and I was therefore very pleased to be able to read more about them and the tradition they represent. One of the paintings that impressed me at the Exhibition was, in fact, the one by the Master P. N., the tenderness and anxiety in the face of the Virgin and the wonder and curiosity in the expressions of the animals make this a very moving representation—and I am very grateful that, thanks to the *Quarterly*, I now have a reproduction in colour.

The London Exhibition was, I may add, also very much appreciated by those who saw it. Several of my students returned from it with a totally new insight into the role of Hungary in European culture, an insight which, I am sure can only prove of value to them. Among the other works of art that they found very impressive was the Keszthely Pieta, a work which seems to convey the grief of all mothers everywhere at the loss of a child and can thus serve as a symbol of our common humanity.

Apart from the article by Mr. Radocsay I was also very interested in the account of the Christian-Marxist dialogue held last year in Mariánské Lazne. This was one of the most encouraging things I have read for a long time—all the more so, as I had completely failed to find any report of this debate in the British press. The article by Dr. József Bognár has also given me much food for thought and I have passed it on to my friends for further comment.

Margaret C. Ives

Girton College, Lecturer in German
Cambridge

Sir,

I have been reading "NHQ" with the greatest pleasure ever since I discovered it a few years ago. I believe it to be the most stimulating, well organized, beautifully put together "Quarterly" I have ever seen. (And, incidentally, it certainly flies in the face of the distorted ideas the average person in the U.S. has about life in Hungary!)

I really have no quarrel with the *Quarterly* as it is, but I would like to see two things: 1) a letters to the editor dept., 2) more detailed articles on contemporary art, and in this respect: the relationship of new art in Hungary with that in other countries, socialist as well as non-socialist. . .

Harold Clayton

Washington, D.C.,

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. In No. 30 we published a part of "Psicogramma" by Zsolt Durkó as a supplement to Imre Fábián's article on the composer. "Psicogramma" was published by Editio Musica, Budapest in 1966. Editio Musica kindly consented to the reproduction of the sections which appeared in the supplement.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ÁDÁM, György (b. 1911) Economist. His main field of research is the economic and social implications of the scientific-technical revolution, particularly in relation to automation, scientific research and impact on world economy. Author of *Új technika — Új struktúra* ("New Technology — New Structure"), Közgazdasági és Jogi Kiadó Publishers, Budapest, 1968. See his "The Rate of Scientific Progress and Higher Education" in No. 19 of The N.H.Q.

BIRÓ, Yvette. Film expert and critic, our regular film reviewer. Graduated in French at Eötvös University, is now research worker at the Budapest Institute of Cinematography and Editor of the bimonthly review *Filmkultúra*, published by the Institute. Has written a book on the dramatic structure of the film, and another on film language. See her reviews and articles in Nos. 21, 22, 27, 29 and 30.

CZÍMER, József (b. 1913). Theatre critic, translator, a psychologist by training. Has translated plays by Anouilh, Tennessee Williams, James Baldwin, Cassona, etc. In addition to two collections of articles, has published numerous essays on the theatre. See his theatre reviews in Nos. 15, 18, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 of The N.H.Q.

DEVECSERI, Gábor (b. 1917). Poet, essayist, translator and classical scholar. Has translated many Greek and Latin poets (including the Complete Hungarian Homer), classical tragedies and comedies as well as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and a number of English and other lyrical poets. His collected essays on classical poetry appeared in *Műhely és varázs* ("Workshop and Magic") in 1959. Has made important contributions to the theory of verse-translation, published eleven volumes of poetry, several verse-plays, and a travelogue on Greece. See his "A Guide to the Odyssey" in No. 20 of The N.H.Q.

FÜST, Milán (1888–1967). Poet, novelist, playwright, student of aesthetics. The first half of his literary career was devoted chiefly to poetry; his poems, whose rhythm was reminiscent of the Greeks and the Old Testament, made him one of the initiators of a new variety of free verse in Hungary. In his novels and stories he is a master of psychological detail and description; his plots are often set in fictitious surroundings outside society. His dramatic works glow with tragic passion and his aesthetic writings are genuine comments on artistic creation. His novel *A feleségem története* ("The Story of My Wife") has had considerable success in French and Polish translation. See his "The Visual Power of the Written Word" in No. 7 of The N.H.Q.

GYURKÓ, László (b. 1930). Journalist, writer, translator. Member of the staff of *Valóság*, a journal of philosophy and sociology in Budapest. Main works: *Emberség* ("Humaneness," 1960), *Bűnösök* ("The Guilty," 1963), *Csütörtök* ("Thursday," a novel, 1963), and *Lenin októbere* ("Lenin's October," 1967).

HEGEDÜS, Géza (b. 1912). Writer, since 1945 Professor of Literature at the Budapest Academy of Theatre and Cinematography. His numerous novels, both historical and set in the present, are rich in conflicts and made him extremely popular. Has also published a great number of essays on various literary topics and a popular work on prosody, and written a number of highly successful radio plays. Some of his works have been published in German, French and Italian translation. See his "Shakespearean Voyage" in No. 2, "The Merchant of Venice and Problems of Civil Law" in No. 13 of The N.H.Q.

JEMNITZ, János (b. 1930). Historian, specializing in the history of the international labour movement. Published a study, *Az 1926-os angol általános sztrájk előzményei* ("The Background of the 1926 General Strike in England"), and a number of articles in historical reviews. See also "Keir Hardie in Hungary" in No. 10, "Mihály Károlyi and the English Left" in No. 20, of The N.H.Q.

KASSÁK, Lajos (1887–1967) Poet, novelist and painter, an important figure in Hungarian literature and art. A self-made man of working-class origin, he travelled on foot all over Europe before establishing himself as a poet and painter. A Socialist, most of his life he actively engaged in politics and edited important magazines which became organs of the Hungarian avant-garde both in literature and in art. In 1919 he became a member of the Commissariat of Education of the Hungarian Council Republic. He had to leave the country when the Council Republic was overthrown. Lived in Vienna until 1927. See another excerpt from his autobiographical sequence, "The Life of a Man" in No. 19, some of his poems in Nos. 23 and 28, and his short story "Jacob the Monkey" in No. 28 of The N.H.Q. An illustrated appreciation by Éva Körner in No. 28 discusses his painting.

KOROLOVSZKI, Lajos (b. 1915). Journalist, foreign editor of Hungarian TV. For a time he was London correspondent of MTI, the Hungarian News Agency; for two years he worked as a staff member of this review. See also his "Between Edo and Tokyo" in No. 18. of The N.H.Q.

LÁSZLÓ-BENCSIK, Sándor (b. 1925.) After a number of odd jobs such as farm hand, potter, etc. he studied linguistics and folklore at Bolyai University in Kolozsvár (now Cluj), but left without a degree to become a folk dancer and choreographer in Budapest. Later he organized a pantomine group, worked in folklore and folk dance choreography, published a number of sketches, articles, stories. Now works in Budapest as a packer of goods for export.

MÉSZÖLY, Miklós (b. 1921). Novelist and playwright. Studied law at Pázmány University in Budapest, worked for a time as editor and literary manager of a puppet theatre company. His novels and short stories usually have a somewhat bizarre athmosphere and show an intellectual approach. His preoccupation with psychological detail as well as an interest in existentialism place him among the experimenters in current Hungarian fiction. Some of his works have been published in France and West Germany. See also "The Window-Cleaner" (part of an absurd play) in No. 15. of The N.H.Q.

MORGAN, Edwin (b. 1918). Poet, critic, Senior Lecturer in English at Glasgow University. His publications include volumes of poetry, translations and anthologies. For some time has been interested in Hungarian poetry; a number of his translations from modern Hungarian poets appeared in The N.H.Q. See also his "Poetry and Translation," in No. 25 of The N.H.Q.

NAGY, Zsuzsa. Historian, research worker at the Institute of History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Secretary of the Hungarian Historical Society. Graduated in History and Hungarian from Eötvös Loránd University. Published numerous studies on the history of the revolutions in 1918–1919, a book on the problems of revolution and counterrevolution and *A párizsi békekonferencia és Magyarország 1918–1919* ("The Paris Peace Conference and Hungary, 1918–1919," 1965).

NÉMETH, Lajos (b. 1929). Art historian, our regular art critic. Studied at Eötvös Loránd University and Eötvös College in Budapest. 1953–54 edited the periodical *Szabad Művészet* ("Free Art"). Published

works on Piero della Francesca, on European art at the beginning of the 20th century and on the Hungarian painters Tivadar Csontváry and Simon Hollósy, as well as numerous essays and reviews on Hungarian art in the inter-war period. See his previous contributions in Nos 14, 24, 26, 27, 29 and 30 of The N.H.Q.

ORSZÁGH, László (b. 1907). Professor of English at Kossuth University in Debrecen. Studied at Hungarian and American Universities. Is the author of a book on Shakespeare (1948). Has also edited a large Hungarian–English, English–Hungarian dictionary (1935–1960), as well as the seven-volume Dictionary of the Hungarian Language (1959–62). Toured the US on a Ford Foundation Scholarship in 1965. Is a member of our Editorial Board. See his "Lexicography at Its Best"; "A Programme for American Studies in Hungary"; "Shakespeare Through the Centuries" and "California Revisited" in Nos 17, 23, 24 and 26 of The N.H.Q.

PERNYE, András (b. 1928). Musicologist, critic and broadcaster, our regular music critic. Also on the staff of *Magyar Nemzet*, a national daily in Budapest. Studied at the Liszt Ferenc Academy of Music. His special fields of study are baroque organ music, Italian romantic opera, the history of jazz, and the aesthetics of music. See his reviews in Nos. 28, 29 and 30 of The N.H.Q.

RADVÁNYI, Ervin (1931). Author, translator, graduated from Eötvös University in Budapest in Russian and Hungarian. Works as reader at Európa Publishers. Has published humorous sketches and stories and written radio plays. Has also translated a number of Russian authors.

SOMLYÓ, György (b. 1920). Poet, translator, essayist, secretary of the Poets' Group in the Hungarian Writers' Association. Son of Zoltán Somlyó, a distinguished early twentieth century poet, he began to write at the age of 19, and has since published about a dozen volumes of poetry, several collections of essays and a great number of translations, the latter including works by Shakespeare, Keats, and modern English, American and French poets. A volume of his poems has been published in French translations by Seuil in Paris. His latest publications are a volume of prose-poems, and the first two volumes in a series of essays on poetry. See also his "The Solution of the Insoluble" in No. 22, "Instead of a Credo" (poem) and "A Short Introduction to Contemporary Hungarian Poetry" in No. 23 of The N.H.Q.

VAJDA, Imre (b. 1900). Economist, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Professor Emeritus at Karl Marx University of Economics in Budapest, member of the Editorial Board of, and a frequent contributor to, The N.H.Q. His latest contributions include: "The Changing Role of Hungary in the International Division of Labour," No. 19, "Economic Growth and International Division of Labour," No. 22, "Brakes and Bottlenecks in Hungary's Economic Growth," No. 25, "Automation, Alienation, Socialism," No. 27, and "The Devaluation of the Pound" in No. 29 of The N.H.Q.

VÁLYI, Péter (b. 1919). Economist, a chemical engineer by training, was first deputy president of the National Planning Bureau, became Minister of Finance in 1968. Has been active in comprehensive central planning of the national economy for fifteen years. President of the Hungarian–Yugoslav Committee for Economic Cooperation. See also "Hungary's Twenty-Year Economic Development Plan," in No. 11, and "The Third Hungarian Five-Year Plan," written in collaboration with István Hetényi, in No. 25 of The N.H.Q.

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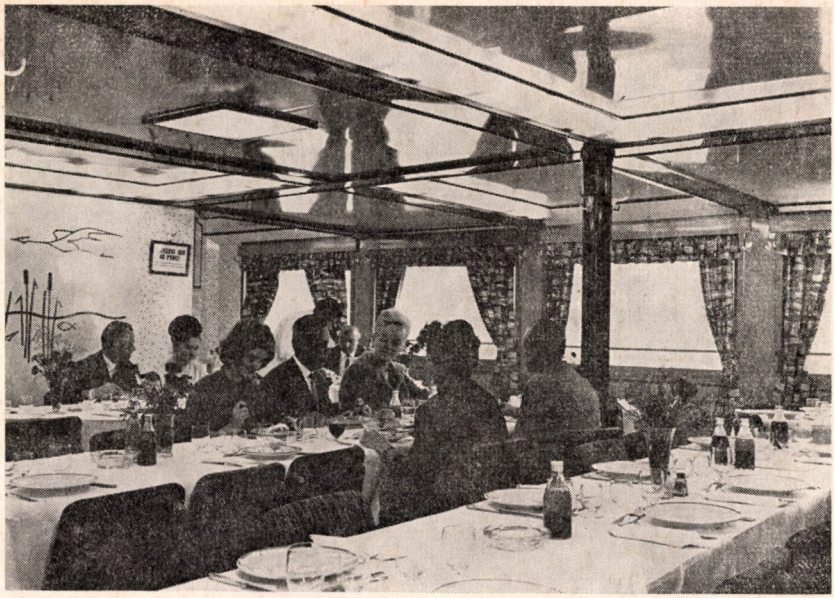

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